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INDEX TO VOLUME XLIX.

FROM JANUARY 18 TO APRIL 12, 1905.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Churchill, Winston Spencer, 200
Marriage of William Ashe, The, 302
Old Gorgon Graham, 144
Truth About the Tsar, The, 172
See also "Literary Lounger"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advertisements Illustrated: Drawings by Dudley Hardy, 28, 61, 97, 133, 175
Alexander's (Mr. George) Home, 80
Antwerp Diamond Exchange, The, 202
Ape, The "Human-Miracle," 48
Ardath Tobacco Company's Works, 336
Aristolochia Gigas, The, 320
Art and the Man, 338, 370, 402
Ascoli Cope, The, 328
Ashford House, 7, 121
Assassination from the Life, 203
Bachelor Peers, Some, 353, 354
Badger Drawing A near Bath, 343
Baggage, Some Imperial, 300
Balloon, M. Santos-Dumont's New, 224
Bambino, The Miraculous, 160
Barrie Players, The, 442
Beasts that Might Have Been, 18, 60, 132, 176, 211, 242, 267, 290, 331
Beauty Well-Adorned on the Paris Stage, April 5
Beauty's Eyes, March 22
Boat-race, Oxford and Cambridge, March 29, 385
Boughton, The late Mr. G. H., 78
Brontosaur Skeleton in the American Museum of Natural History, 250
Brontosaurs "in their Habit as they Lived," 308
Brown-Potter, Mrs.: A Royal Gift to, 48
"Brummagem" as Current Coin, 327
Buckingham Palace Lion and Unicorn, 125
Bull, René: Drawings by—
Motor Story without Words, A, 305
Motors de Luxe: The Perfect Car, March 22
Tramps' Ruse, The, 203
"Burn" Challenge Cup, The, 340
Burns Statues for America, 243
Cage, A for Vagrants, 167
Carlton (A Future) for Babies, 50
Chesworth, Frank: Drawings by—
Curtains Caricatured, 332, 370, 370, 434
Oyster Season, The, 57
Proposal, The: An East-End Idyll, 300
Churchill, Mr. Winston: A Boer Valuation of, 200
Cinematograph, An Assassination Revived for a, 203
City Notes, 30, 70, 115, 151, 187, 210, 251, 285, 315, 347, 370, 411, 443
Cleaver, Ralph: Sketches by—
Coco, A Morning with, 83
Diplodocus (A Seventy-Foot) Presented to the King, 415
Edouin, Mr. Willie, and Others in "Off the Rank," 287
"Gather Ye Taxes," Etc., 319
Gold from Sea-Water, 110
Ju-jitsu for the Police, 255
Jumbo Junior, Interview with, 223
"Lotus Girl" v. "Cingalee," 301
"Mollentrave on Women," 155
Our Polyglot Police, 351
"Silent Worshipper" and "Shy Lady," 43
Clubman, The, 4, 44, 84, 120, 156, 192, 224, 259, 288, 320, 352, 412, 440
Connaught, Duke and Duchess of: Arrival at Algiers, 87
Crombie, Charles (Drawing by): Irony of the Mat, The, 207
Curtains Caricatured, 332, 370, 370, 434
Czarevitch's First Toy, The, 380
Dawn of a New Community, The, 314
Dinosaur Diplodocus, A, 419
Dogs—
Pistol II., Waterloo Cup Winner, 218
San Toy, Miss Magill's Pekinese, 48
Tibetan Mastiff, A, 312
Water-Baby, A Beautiful Newfoundland, 312
Dream (The) of the Woman of Char, 239
Dutch Fisherman's Collection of Faience, A, 197
"Eroïca": Drawing by S. H. Sime, 431
Exhibition, A Giant, 157
Eye, Who's?, 277
Eyes of Well-known Actresses, March 22
Fantastic Side of Things, The, 32
Fencing-Match in Paris, A, 424
Fire, The in Long Acre, 247
Fire-engine, An Antique, 192
Fishing Story from France, A, 238
Fishing Through the Ice, 229
"Fool-killer," The, 161
Foot, The Smallest in Paris, 365
Foxhounds, A Meet of the South Devon, 183
General Notes, 114, 158, 226, 346
Gibraltar, Picture of the Siege of, 44
Golf: Fishermen v. M.P.'s, 385
Gordon-Bennett Cup Trophy, 147
Great Boulder Gold-mine, The, 317
Great Southern Cross Pearl, The, 228
Greek Theatre, The at Taormina, 410
"Halls" from the Stalls, The, 10, 55, 95, 131, 169, 212
Hardy, Dudley (Drawings by): Advertisements Illustrated, 28, 61, 97, 133, 175
Harmsworth Motor-boat Trophy, The, 35
Harrison, Charles: Drawings by—
Professor Jinks, 62
Skater, The and the Boy, 62
Hassall, John: Drawings by—
Cook, The, and the Fire-Escape, 360
Dickens' Characters Ball, The, 90
Future Carlton, A for Babies, 50
Illogical Humanitarian, The, 273
Left in Charge, 333
"My Grandfather was Killed at Waterloo," 427
"Pity the Unemployed," 136
Problem of the Unemployed, A, 20
"Real Picture" (A) for the Academy, 401
Tramp Sarcastic, The, 241
Hicks Theatre, The, 289
Horses—
Ambush II., His Majesty's, 248
Mottaa, the King's Purchase, 248, 370
Humorous Drawings, Some—
"Are You One o' them Aliens?" 174
Bus-driver and Tramp, 274
"Called for the Poor Rate, Have You?" 138
Cook, The, and the Fire-Escape, 360
"Double," A, 67
English as She is Spoke, 52
First of April, The, 369
Gods Up-to-Date, The, 128
Humanitarian, The Illogical, 273
"I'll Give you Something to Ache For," 304
Insult Added to Injury, 85
Irony of the Mat, The, 207
"It's a Mercy it's Only ma Heid," 164
"Just becos' She's a Play-Hactress," 201
Left in Charge, 333
Magicians, The Fashion in, 62
Matinée (A) by Gramophone, 404
Mudlarks, Rival, 398
"My Grandfather was Killed at Waterloo," 427
"Nah then, Guv'nor, 'Urry Up," 22
On the Hire System, 433
Oyster Season, The, 57
Pickwicks, The Two, 20
"Pity the Unemployed," 136
Proposal, The, 300
"Real Picture" (A) for the Academy, 401
"Revolutions Produce Great Minds," 271
"Ships are but Boards," 102
Signs of Spring in Suburbia, 336
Skater, The and the Boy, 62
Stout Artist and Thin Artist, 337
Sunday in Scotland, A, 367
Tramp Sarcastic, The, 241
Tramps' Ruse, The, 203
Unemployed, A Problem of the, 20
Window-Cleaner and Lady, 235
"Wonderful Machines, these Pianolas," 204
Ince, Charles (Drawing by): "Revolutions," Etc., 271
Inter-'Varsity Sports, The, 384
Japanese Theatre, Interior of a, April 5
Japanese Town-Crier, A, 358
Japan's Older Method of Wrestling, March 29
Ju-jitsu: "The Soft Art," March 22
Ju-jitsu for Ladies, 425
Jumping Extraordinary at Pau, 440
Kaffir Kraal on Pigg's Peak, 115
Key-notes, 34, 74, 110, 146, 182, 214, 240, 278, 310, 342, 374, 406, 438
Kyang (A) Caught at Lassa, 123
Ladies' Pages, 37, 77, 113, 149, 185, 217, 249, 281, 313, 345, 377, 409, 441
Leno (Dan) as a Scene-Painter, 181, 405
Literary Lounger, The, 22, 62, 102, 138, 174, 208, 240, 272, 304, 336, 368, 400, 430
Literary Misfits, 368, 400, 430
Los Angeles Mine, 151, 210
"Lotus Girl" v. "Cingalee": Snapshot, 340
Man on the Car, The, 35, 75, 111, 147, 183, 215, 247, 279, 311, 344, 375, 407, 439
Menu (A) by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, 114
Mesquital Mines and Buildings, The, 143
Mining Village, Upper Wassau, 70
Motley Notes, 2, 42, 82, 118, 154, 190, 222, 254, 286, 318, 350, 382, 414
Motor Story without Words, A, 305
Motors and Motorists—
Crichton (Miss Madge) and her Father, Feb. 1
Delhi-Bombay Reliability Trials, The, 111
Eccentric in Automobiles, The, 375
Edge (Mr. Cecil) on his Napier, 407
Gordon (Miss Kitty) and her Husband, Feb. 1
Harmsworth Trophy, The, 35
Hedges and Butler's Motor-Van, 410
Humber, The New 16-20 Horse-power, 180
Leigh, Mrs. Gerard, 183
Levitt, Miss Dorothy, 215
Macdonald (Mr. Arthur) on a Napier Racing-Car, 75
Monaco Motor-Boat Meeting, The, 375, 430
Motor-Ambulance for Dogs, A, 183
Motor Monsters at Daytona Beach, 108
Panhard-Levassor, Engine of a 100 Horse-power, 407
"Rexette, The," 147
Rothschild's (Dr. de) Car at Berrian, 270
Shilling Model, A, 215
Shooting-Car, An Ingenious, 35
Sousa, at Worthing, 247
Motors de Luxe: The Perfect Car, March 22
Mozart Rondo, A Newly Discovered, 278
Musical and Theatrical Notes, 38, 180, 250, 314
My Morning Paper, 12, 52, 92, 128, 164, 201, 232, 264, 296, 328, 360, 392, 424
Necessidades Palace, Lisbon, 291
Niagara in Winter, 100
Nice Carnival, The, 250
Orova Brownhill Mine, The, 283
Paintings by Royal Artists on Exhibition in Paris, 207
Paris Theatres, The, 410
Pelf for the Papuans, 327
Personal Notes, 150
Piccadilly Hotel, The New, 45
Playgoing in the Far East: Interior of a Japanese Theatre, April 5
Post-card, A Talking, 400
Port Sunlight, Views at, 314
Premier Diamond-Mine: Mechanical Haulage Road, 30
Prince of Science, A: The Ruler of Monaco, April 5
Python, A and its Meal, 408
Queen's Theatre, Old Pay-List of the, 84
Reynolds, Frank: Drawings by—
Art and the Man, 338, 370, 402
"Halls" from the Stalls, The, 19, 55, 95, 131, 169, 212
Rondo by Mozart, A Newly Discovered, 278
Roskilde Cathedral, 387
Sandy, H. C.: Drawings by—
Fantastic Side of Things, The, 32
Signs of Spring in Suburbia, 336
Titles Travestied, 170, 208, 232, 272
San Juan de Oro River, 315
Santos-Dumont's New Balloon, 224
Sheba Company: Trolley from Mine, 411
Shield (A) for the Hands of the Motorist, 344
Shield for H.M.S. *Bedford*, 378
Shield for H.M.S. *Lancaster*, 150
Ships, Etc.—
Brighton, The: Cutter on its Way to Australia, 125
Jeanne Blanche, Yacht for M. Loubet, 355
Lord Ardilaun's "Navy," 121
Palatsato II., Motor-Boat, 344
Submarine "A 5," 102
Thames Steamboats, 125
Thistle, Mr. R. E. Tod's Yacht, April 5
Yachts that will Race Across the Atlantic, April 5
"Siege of Gibraltar," A, 44
"Silent Worshipper" and "Shy Lady," 43
Sime, S. H.: Drawings by—
Beasts that Might Have Been, 18, 60, 132, 176, 211, 242, 267, 290, 331
Beethoven's Funeral March, 431
Dream (The) of the Woman of Char, 239
Sunday in Scotland, A, 367
Small Talk from the Boulevards, 218, 442
Small Talk of the Week, 7 to 10, 47 to 50, 87 to 90, 123 to 126, 159 to 162, 195 to 200, 227 to 230, 259 to 262, 291 to 294, 323 to 327, 355 to 358, 387 to 390, 419 to 422
Social Notes, 6
Society in Search of Treasure, Etc.: Drawing, 3
"Soft Art, The" (Ju-jitsu), March 22
Stables (The Royal) at Copenhagen, 387
Stampa, G. L.: Drawings by—
"Gran'-Pa; I say, Gran'-Pa," 240
"It's a Mercy it's Only ma Heid," 164
"Ships are but Boards," 102
Stanford University, Memorial Arch of the, 204
Statuary: Burns Statues from Cremorne Gardens, 203
Submarine "A 5": The Disaster to, 102
Suffolk, Lord: A Wedding-Present to, 114
Su-mo, Japan's Older Method of Wrestling, March 29
Tibetan Drama, A, 420
Titles Travestied, 170, 208, 232, 272
Train-Robber in America, The Survival of the, 388
Trotting-Race (A) on the Ice, 280
Ugly London, 45
Unemployed, A Problem of the: Drawing, 20
Venner, Victor (Drawing by): 'Bus-driver and Tramp, 274
Violin, A Stradivari, 120
Waldorf Theatre (The), its Manager, and Some Artistes, 423
"When Winter Frosts Constrain the Field with Cold," 100
With the Silver Spoon, 104
Woman of Char, Dream of the, 239
Wood, Lawson: Drawings by—
"Coming, Sir! Coming!" 3
First of April, The, 369
His Way of Taking It, 337
Insult Added to Injury, 85
Mudlarks, Rival, 398
Window-Cleaner (The) and Lady, 235
Wood, Starr: Drawings by—
Matinée (A) by Gramophone, 404
On the Hire-System—Without Security, 433
Stage Door-keeper (The) and a "Double," 67
World of Sport, The, 36, 76, 112, 148, 184, 210, 248, 280, 312, 343, 370, 408, 440
Worsdale Court, Newington Causeway, 125
Yachts that will Race Across the Atlantic, April 5

NOVELS IN NUTSHELLS.

Algy's Mamma, 330
Bat in the Bath-room, The, 209
Blackmail, 105
By the Wayside, 307
Captain Tolroy's Double, 243
Duchess at the Theatre, The, 372
Eyes Front, 178
Haven, The, 50
Holiday Touch, A, 275
Inventor, The, 371
Just Impediment, A, 403
Phyllis and Corydon, 435
Shield of Privilege, The, 139
"Sir Headstrong's" Engagement, 71
Sweet Slugabed, 308

POETRY.

Valentine Song, A, 180

PORTRAITS.

Abercorn, Dowager Duchess of, 356
Adams, Mme. Suzanne, 214
Alexander, Mr. George, 420
And his Concert Recital Company, 362
And his Doubles, 50, 160
Anglesey, Marchioness of, 324
Anglesey, Marquess of, 353
Anglesey, The late Marquess of, 325
Applin, Mr. Arthur, 160
Arbuthnot, Lady, 324
Ardilaun, Lady, 87
Ardilaun, Lord, 7
Arundale (Miss Sybil) in her Garden, Feb. 1
Asche (Mr. Oscar) in "Hamlet," April 12
Ash (Miss Maie) in "The Catch of the Season," 20
Augarde, Miss Adrienne, 285
Austria, Emperor of, 269
Baird, Admiral Sir John and Lady, 292
Balfour, Lady Frances, 47
Barnes, Mr. Justice, 120
Barrington, Viscount, 10
Barrow, Mrs. Robin, 356
Basche, Mrs., 80
Bateman, Miss Jessie, 396
Bates, Mr. George Dudley, 251
Battenberg, Prince Louis of, 228
Battenberg, Princess Louis of, 231
Bavaria, Prince Leopold of, 342
Beadon (Miss Phyllis) in "Peter Pan," 167
Beauchamp, Mrs., 5
Behrend, Mr. Max, 341
Bellingham, Miss Augusta, 262
Bensusan (Miss Inez) as Yo-San, 270
Beringer, Miss Esmé, 270
Bernhardt (Mme. Sarah) as "La Tisbé," 213
Bernstorff, Countess, 389
Birch, Miss Cicely, 326
Birch, Mrs. Arden, 10
Blight, Miss Alice, 159
Boat-race, The: The Crews, March 29
Bottomley, Mr. Horatio, 187
Bottomley, Mr. Roland, 330
Bowman (Miss Nellie) as Little Black Sambo, 54
Brand, Miss Tita, April 5
Brayton (Miss Lily) as Ophelia, April 12
Brodie, Miss Sydney, 200
Brooke, Lord, 47
Brooke, Miss Sarah, March 1
As Katharine, 1
Brown-Potter, Mrs., March 15
Drawings by Gilbert Holiday, 320, 303
In "Du Barri," 428
Buckhurst, Lord, 104
Buckley, Mrs. James, 311
Bulgaria, Prince Ferdinand of, 268, 203
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 143
Burke, Miss Billie, 120
On a Favourite Mount, Feb. 1
Burnham, Lord, 199
Burns-Hartopp, Captain J., 148
Butcher, Miss S. M. Kay, 387
Bute, Marquess of, 262
Cairns, Olivia, Countess, 142
Campbell, Miss Claudia, 159
Campbell, Miss Marie, 58
Carton, Mr. R. C., 94
Cassel, Sir Ernest, 190
Castellane (Countess de) and her Sons, 389
Cavendish, Mrs. Henry, 335
At Home, Feb. 1
Cawdor, Countess, 380
Chaplin, Right Hon. Henry, 198
Charcot, Dr., 230
Chase (Miss Pauline) in "Peter Pan," 167
Chatsworth, The Royal Shooting-Party at, 36
Chelsea, Viscountess, March 22
Chesterton, Mr. G. K., 200
Chinese Coolies on the Rand, 420
Chiquita, Mlle., 157
Cholmondeley, Thomas Pitt Hamilton, 104
Churchill, Mr. Winston Spencer, 200
Cinderella, The Modern, 365
Clements, Miss Miriam, 130
As Hero, March 1
Clements, Miss Tina, 115
Clifford of Chudleigh, Lord, 160
Coco, the "Human-Miracle" Ape, 48, 145
Coffin, Mr. C. Hayden, 163
Colle, Mrs., 80
Connaught (Duke and Duchess of), their Daughters, and Prince Gustavus of Sweden, 326
Connaught, Princess Margaret of, 250
At Various Ages, 260
Cooper, Lady Paston, 200
Cooper, Miss Violet, 309
Crichton, Miss Madge, 177
Cromartie, Countess of, 142
Crossley, Miss Ada, 374
Cutler (Miss Kate) in "A Man's Shadow," 304
Daly, Mrs. Allan, 200
Dancing Dolls, and Others, at the Empire, 98
Dare (Miss Phyllis) and Miss Maidie Andrews, 165
Dare, Miss Zena: Photographic Study, Feb. 22
Darling, Mr. Justice, 303
Darnley, Jemima, Countess of, 142
Darragh, Miss, 304
Darrell, Miss Maudi, March 15
In "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8
Davies, Mr. Ben, 214
Deane, Mr. H. Bargrave, 120
Dearly, Mr. Max, 341
De Busch, Baroness, 5
De Faya, Señorita Carmen, 373
De Grey, Countess, March 22
De La Warr, Constance, Countess, 143
De Mandas, The Duc, 261
De Montignoso, Countess, 358
Denmark, King of, 269
De Noailles, Countess Mathieu, 355
Derby, Earl of, 300
Desino, Colonel, 87
Desprès (Mme. Suzanne) in "La Gioconda," Feb. 15
De-Vesci, Viscount, 353
Devonshire, Duchess of, March 22
De Vries (Mr. Henri) in "A Case of Arson," Feb. 22
Doneraile, Viscount, 353
Drury Lane Comedians, 73

Allen
FEB 6 1924
399467

Dublin Castle Ball, Guests at the, 257
Dudley, Countess of, 253
Dugdale, Miss Hylda, 58
Durand (Sir H. Mortimer), Miss Durand, and Embassy Staff, 216
Eden, Lady, 261
Edmunds, Mrs., 311
Elias, Miss Hannah, 357
Elman, Mischa, 342
Elvanna, Mlle., 278
Emery, Miss Winifred, 69, March 1
As Beatrice: Drawing, 41
In Some of her Most Famous Parts, 68
Esher, Lord, 199
Esty, Mme. Alice, 181
In "Il Trovatore," 246
Evett (Mr. Robert) in "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8
Fairbanks, Mr. Frederick, 310
Fairbrother (Miss Sydney), in "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8, 361
Fairfax, Miss Lettice, 383
Fane, Miss Ethel, 326
Fane, Miss Lucy Evelyn, 227
Fealy, Miss Maud, 179
Fellowes, Mrs. Ailwyn, 358
Ferguson, Andrew Henry, 104
Fitzgerald (Mr. Aubrey) in "Véronique," 432
Fitzwilliam, Lady, 125
Fitzwilliam, Lord, 8
Flanders (Prince and Princess Albert o) and their Children, 49
Forbes, Mr. J. Colin, 261
Forester, Captain Frank, 216
Fraser (Miss Agnes) in "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8
Friends of the King, 108, 199
Fuller (La Loie) in a New Dance, 235
Garcia, Mr. Manuel, 438
Garcia, Señor, 310
Genée, Mlle. Adeline, 165
In "The Dancing Doll," 13
George (Miss Marie) as Cupid in "The White Cat," 53
George (Mr. A. E.) as Fluellen, 265
Gerard, Lady, 321
Gerard, Lord, 353
German Emperor, The, 269
In Spanish Uniform, April 5
Ghica (Prince Albert) and Miss Madge Dowling, 161
Girling, Mr. Sydney, 430
Gleichen, Lieut.-Colonel Count, 199
Glynn, Miss Gertrude, 153
Gordon (Miss Kitty) in "Véronique," 329
Gordon Bennett, Mr. James, 422
Gorky, Maxim, 87, 288
Gosford, Countess of, March 22
Gough-Calthorpe, Hon. Dorothy, 421
Go-Won-Go-Mohawk, Indian Actress, 73
Graves (Mr. George) in "Aladdin," 204
Greece, Crown Prince and Princess of, March 22
Grenfell, Ivo, 104
Grenfell, Lady, 93
Greville, Maynard, 106
Grey, Miss Sybil in "Véronique," 432
Grimston, Miss Dorothy, 304
Grossmith, Junior (Mr. George), in "The Orchid," Feb. 22
Grossmith (Mr. Weedon) in "The Lady of Leeds," March 1
Grosvenor, Hon. Mrs. Algernon, 291
Grundy, Mr. Sydney, 94
Guerrero, Señorita, 373
Gwynne, Mr. Rupert, 421
Hall, Miss Marie, 74
And her Brother, 342
Halstan (Miss Margaret) as Juliet, 14
Hamilton, Lady George, 7
Hanbury, Miss Lily, 421
Hankey, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, 162
Hardinge, Lady, March 22
Hawke, Lord, 353
Hawker (A.) with a "Valet," 48
Hawkins (Miss Iris) as Little White Barbara, 54
In "Everybody's Secret," 317
Hedgcock, Mr. Walter W., 342
Helmsley, Viscountess, 350
Hely-Hutchinson, Lady Norah, 355
Herbert, Lady, 419
Herschell, Lord, 353
Hesse, Grand Duke of, 231
Hesse, Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of, March 22
Hicks (Mr. and Mrs. Seymour) and their Baby Daughter, 189
Holland, Queen Wilhelmina of, 269
Holmpatrick, Lord, 353
Howe, Countess, March 22
Hughes (Miss Annie) and her Baby, Feb. 22
Ireland (Modern) in the Dress of the Empire Period, 257
Irving, Miss Ethel, 330, 340
Irving (Mr. H. B.) as Hamlet, April 12
Drawing by F. Ernest Jackson, 381
Sketch by Mr. J. B. Mulholland, 208
Irving (Mrs. H. B.) and her Baby Girl, 9
Italy, King of, 268
Italy, Princesses Mafalda and Yolanda of, 49, 227
Jaffray, Mrs., 5
James, Mr. William, 108
James, Mrs. Willie, 126
Japan, Emperor of, 269
Japan, Sons of the Crown Prince of, 49
Japanese Town-Crier, A, 358
Jay, Miss Isabel, 335
At Home, Feb. 1
Jeffreys, Miss Ellis, March 22
Jeffries (Miss Maud) as Yo-San, 127
Jenkins, George, 48
Jeune, The late Sir Francis, 418
Jeune, Sir Francis and Lady, 124
Keith-Falconer, Lady Ethel, 88
Kemp, Mrs., 5
Kenmare, Earl and Countess of, 107
Keppel, Albert Edward G. A., 106
Keppel, Captain Colin R., 338
King, The, 269
Kinloss, Lady, Feb. 22
Kinnaird, Hon. Emily, 10
Kinnaird, Lady, 10
Kinnaird, Lord, 160
Knollys, Hon. Charlotte, March 22
Knollys, Lord, 108
Kubelik, Herr, 438
Laking, Sir Francis, Feb. 22
Lama Door-keeper, A, 124
Langtry (Mrs.) in "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," 15, 101
Lawrence (Mr. Gerald) and his Daughter, 166
Legarde, Miss Millie, 270
Le Hay (Mr. John) in "Véronique," 21
Lessing (Miss Madge) as a "Coliseum" Witch, 27
In "Rosa Anna," April 12
Leven and Melville, Earl of, 293
Levitt (Miss Dorothy) on her Napier, 215
Lewis (Miss Mary) in "Henry V.," 205
Lewis (Mr. Eric) in "Mollentrave on Women," March 15
Liebling, Miss Estelle, 34
Lind (Miss Letty) and her Pet Donkey, Feb. 1
Lindon, Miss Millie, 58
Linlithgow, Marquess of, 120
Lister, Martin Douglas Bathurst, 106
Little Laplanders, Feb. 8
Lloyd, Miss Marie, 109
Loch, Lord, 353
Loftus, Miss Cecilia, 165
Long, Lady Doreen, 324
Lorraine, Miss Violet, 334
Loubet, M., 269
Lovat, Lord, 353
Lyceum Operatic Company, Members of the, March 8
Lyttelton, Master Oliver, 9
Lyttelton, Miss Mary, 9
Lyttelton, Rev. and Hon. Canon Edward, 316
Lytton, Dowager Countess of, March 22
Lytton, Miss Ruth, 58
Lytton (Mr. Henry A.) and his Pet Gorilla, 182
In "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8
McConnell, Mr., 219
MacDonnell, Sir A., 228
Machnow, "the Modern Gulliver," 145, 157
Magheramorne, Lady, 88
Makaroff, Mlle., 259
Makaroff, Mme., 259
Malmesbury, Earl of, 421
Malmesbury, Susan, Countess of, 142
Manners, Lady Marjorie, 8, 293
Mansell, Miss Ada, 421
Marconi, Signor, 88
Marlborough (Lily, Duchess of) as a Driver, 76
Marlborough, The First Duke of, 206
Marsh, Mr. Richard, 376
Marshall, Captain Robert, 94
Marshall, Miss Gwendolen, 9
Marshall, Miss Nellie, 9
Mascagni, Signor, 374
Mason, Miss Delia: Some Studies of, 107
Mason (Miss Kitty) in "The Orchid," Feb. 22
Maude (Mr. Cyril in "Everybody's Secret," March 29
Maurel, M. Victor, 110
May, Miss Maggie, 307
May, Miss Olive, 160
Mayo, Earl and Countess of, 87
Meath, Earl of, 227
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Grand Duchess Anastasia of, 291
Ménard, Madame, 12
Mensdorff-Pouilly, Count, 199
Messager, M. André, 277
Mexico, Beauties of, 141
Millais, Lady, 261
Millar (Miss Gertie) at Home, Feb. 1
Milne, Professor John, 413
Milton (Miss Maud) in "Hamlet," April 12
Mitchurina, Madame, 150
Molesworth (Miss Ida) and her Horse, Feb. 1
Mollison (Mr. William) as Pistol, 265
Monaco, Prince Albert of, April 5
Monks, Miss Victoria, 341
Moore (Miss Decima) in "Barney in Connemara," 109
In her Drawing-room, Feb. 1
Moore, Miss Eva, 359
Morgan, Bishop Robert George, 156
Morocco, Sultan of, 229, 268
Morrell, Miss Olive, 301
Drawing by Gilbert Holiday, 305
In "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8, 301
Morris, The late Mr. John, 379
Moss, Mr. H. E., 123
Murray, Mr. David, 84
Murray, Right Hon. A. Graham and Mrs., 121
Nairn (Mr. Ralph) in "Véronique," 432
Nansen, Dr. Fridtjof, 262, 388
Neilson (Miss Julia) in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," 135
Nesbitt (Miss Miriam) in "Peter Pan," 167
Neumont, M., as a Postillion, 294
O'Brien, Miss Beatrice, 88
Odell, Miss Maude, 59
Oppenheim, Mr. Alfred, 200
Otero, La Belle, as Nun and Dancer, 233
Paderewski, Mme., 246
Paris Stage, Beauties of the, April 5
Parker, Viscountess, 143
Parlow, Miss Kathleen, 110
Parry, Judge, 288
Passmore, Mr. Walter, 437
In "The Talk of the Town," Feb. 8
Patti, Mme., 105
Paulet, Mrs., 280
Payne Gallwey, Miss Winifred, 355
Peeresses Married Out of the Peerage, 142, 143
Penrose, Miss Judith, 159
Persia, Shah of, 268
Pigeon-Shots (Some Famous) at Nice, 102
Pigeon-Shots (Some Well-known) at Monte Carlo, 60
Platt, Mr. John R., 357
Pless, Princess Henry of, 161
Porel, M., 437
Portland, Duchess of, 8
Portugal, King of, 269
Portugal, Queen Maria Pia of, 324
Pounds, Miss Louie, April 12
Powell, Miss Maud, 34
Powys, Thomas Atherton, 104
Price, Miss Nancy, 137
In "The Lady of Leeds," March 1
Prussia, Prince Frederick Leopold of, 196
Prussia, Princess Henry of, 231
Queens, A Trio of, 387
Raleigh (Mrs. Cecil) in "Becket," March 8
Ramsay, Sir William, 126
Randall (Mr. Harry) as the "Gibson Girl," 205
Ray, Miss Gabrielle, March 15
As a Dainty Basketful, 109
Raymond, Mr. Walter, 437
Rennie, Miss Gladys, 320
Richepin, M. Jean, 277
Ridd, Mr. W. H., 440
Ridley, Miss Stella, 421
Roberts, John: Billiard-player, 112
Robinson, Miss Lou, 191
Robinson, Mr. B. Fletcher, 327
Rodin, M., 196
Rodoshefsky, Baroness, 90
Roosevelt, Mr. Theodore, 268, 323
Rorke (Miss Mary) in "Henry V.," 205
Rosebery, Lord, 199
Rosslyn, Countess of, 357
Rosslyn, Earl of, 357
Rothschild, Lord, 108
Rothschild, Mr. Alfred de, 8
Rothschild, Mr. Leopold de, 199
Rouvier, Mme., 300
Royal Children of the East and West, 49
Russell, Mr. Henry, 406
Russia, Czar of, 195, 268
As a Cossack, 172
Russia, Dowager Empress of, 90
Russia, Empress of, 231
Russia, Grand Duchess Sergius of, 231
Russia, Grand Duchess Tatiana of, 90
Russia, Grand Duchess Vladimir of, 90
Russia, Grand Duke Michael of, 195
Russia, Grand Duke Serge of, 193
Russian Huntsmen and Pack, 148
Russian Literary Men, A Group of, 288
Russian Royalties at Tsarkoe Selo, 105
Russian Stage, Some Beauties of the, 91
Saqui (Miss Gladys) in "The Orchid," 270
Sassoon, Sir E. A., 198
Sassoon, The late Mr. Reuben, 204
Saxe-Coburg, Duke Charles Edward of, 102
Saxe-Meiningen, Hereditary Prince and Princess of, March 22
Saxony, Princess Anne Monica Pia of, 358
Schaumburg-Lippe, Prince and Princess Adolphus of, March 22
Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, Princess Victoria Adelaide of, 288
Scott, Rear-Admiral Percy, 228
Selborne, Countess of, 201
Selborne, Earl of, 256
Servia, King Peter of, 268
Seymour, Admiral Sir Edward, 228
Shakspere, A Hitherto Unpublished Portrait of, 422
Sheffield, Mrs. Evelyn Diana Turner, 224
Singer, Mrs. Washington, 184
Sketch Club Members of the at their "Unemployed" Dinner, 416
Slaughter, Mr. Walter, 110
Somers, Lady, 201
Soveral, Marquess de, 198
Spain, King of, 268
Spencer, Lord, 106
Stanley, Lady Alice, March 22
Stead (Mr. W. T.) at Grindelwald, 197
Stoessel, General: Studies in Expression, 292
Stoessel, General and Mme., 221, 230
Stoessel (Mme.) and Children of Officers Killed during Siege, 225
Stonor, Francis, 106
Stonor, Hon. Henry Julian, 199
Strafford, Cora, Countess of, 143
Suffield, Lord, 109
Sutherland, Duchess of, 8
Sweden and Norway, King Oscar of, 156, 269
King (The) and Queen of, Etc., 260
Syveton, Madame, 12
Tebbit, Mr. Albert: Skating Champion, 112
Tempest, Miss Florence, 171
Tempest, Miss Marie, 171
Tenterden, Lord, 353
Terry, Miss Ellen, March 29
Terry, Misses Ellen and Kate, 422
Terry (Miss Marion) in "Mollentrave on Women," March 15
Teynham, Lady, 311
Thorne, Miss Mabel, 58
Thorold, Mr. W. J., 50, 51
Thurston, Mr. E. Temple, 160
Titheradge (Miss Madge) in "Little Black Sambo," 33
Tolstoi, Countess, 90
Tolstoy, Count and Countess, 123
Tolstoy (Count) at the Plough, 350
Townshend, Marquess of, 224
Tree, Miss Viola, 108
As Hero, March 8
Tree (Mr. Beerbohm) as Benedick, March 8
Treves, Sir Frederick, Feb. 22
Tryon, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. George, 230
Turkey, Sultan of, 268
Vanbrugh, Miss Irene, Feb. 22
In her Drawing-room, Feb. 1
Vanbrugh, Miss Violet, 173
Vedrenne, Mr. J. H., 245
Verne, The late M. Jules, 352
Victoria, Princess, 117, 123
Villiers, Mr. E. A., 416
Vincent, Lady Helen, 47
Vincent, Miss Agnes, April 12
Vincent, Miss Madge, 331, April 12
Vincent (Miss Ruth) in "Véronique," April 12
Vincent (Mr. Robert) in "The Cingalee," April 12
Vivian, Lady, 229
Waldorf Theatre Manager and Artistes, 423
Wales (Prince of) in Ireland, 121
Wales, Children of the Prince and Princess of, 105
Waller, Mr. Edmund, 269
Waller (Mr. Lewis) as Henry V., 1, 205
As "Monsieur Beaucaire," 359
Study by F. Ernest Jackson, 81
Waller (Mrs. Lewis) as "Miss Jack," 234
In "The Admiral's Lady," 269
Wanklyn, Mr. James L., 294
Ward, Daughter of Miss Fanny, 165
Ward (Mr. Hugh J.) as the Missing Link, 33
Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 269
Warrender, Lady Maud, 120
Welch (Mr. James) as "Mr. Hopkinson," 205
Drawing by F. Ernest Jackson, 303
Wendover, Viscount, 100
Wermland, Gustaf, Duke of, 156
Westmeath, Earl of, 353
Wilkinson, Mr. Spenser, 126
Williams (Mr. Harcourt) as Romeo, 14
Williamson, George: Jockey, 376
Wills, Sir W. H., 228
Willshire, Lady, 220
Wilson, Miss Muriel, 126
Wimborne, Lady, 10
Wingfield, Mr. Charles, 227
Wood, Hon. E. F. L., 47
Wright (Mr. George Smith) as George Alexander, 50
Wright (Mr. Huntley) at Home, Feb. 1
Wyndham, Mr. George, 228
Yaw, Miss Ellen Beach, 278
Zorn, Mr. Fritz, 196

SUPPLEMENTS.

Beauty Well-Adorned on the Paris Stage, Etc., April 5
"Case of Arson, A," Etc., Feb. 22
"Everybody's Secret," Etc., March 29
"Hamlet," at the Adelphi, Etc., April 12
In the Playhouses of Paris, Feb. 15
"Lady of Leeds, The," Etc., March 1
"Mollentrave on Women," Etc., March 15
"Much Ado About Nothing," Etc., March 8
Sisters and Brothers-in-Law to the Modern Cæsar, Etc., March 22
Stage Celebrities at Home, Feb. 1
"Talk of the Town, The," Feb. 8

THE THEATRES.

Agatha, at His Majesty's, 298
Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, at the Duke of York's, 420
America's Lads in Blue, at the Hippodrome, 405
Amphitryon, at the Théâtre-Français, Feb. 15
Angelo, Tyrant of Padua, 213
Butterflies in Fairyland, at the Hippodrome, 70
Case of Arson (A), at the Royalty, 202, Feb. 22
Chérubin, at Monte Carlo, March 1
Chopin (Le), at the Palais-Royal, Feb. 15
Chosen People (The), at the Avenue, 4
Crucible (The), at the Pavilion, 191
Dancing Doll (The), at the Empire, 13
Die Weber, by the German Company, 14
Diplomatists (The), at the Royalty, 202, Feb. 22
Dragons de l'Impératrice (Les), March 8
Du Barri, at the Savoy, 298, 321, 362, 428
Everybody's Secret, at the Haymarket, 330
Faust, at the Lyceum, 146
Gioconda (La), at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, Feb. 15
Grand Opera at the Lyceum, March 8
Hamlet, at the Adelphi, April 12, 426
Heard in the Green-room, 33, 73, 109, 145, 181, 213, 245, 277, 309, 341, 373, 405, 437
Hopkinson (Mr.), at the Avenue and at Wyndham's, 234, 295, 303
John Bull's Other Island, 199
King Henry V., at the Imperial, 265
King Lear, at the Coronet, 237
Knights of the Road (The), at the Palace, March 8
Lady Ben, at the Comedy, 304
Lady Madcap, at the Prince of Wales's, 63 to 66
Lady of Leeds (The), at Wyndham's, 137, 166, March 1
Man's Shadow (A), at His Majesty's, 394
Mollentrave on Women, at the St. James's, 155, 202, March 15
Monkey's Paw (The), at the Haymarket, 298
"Mr. Pipp," on the American Stage, March 22
Mrs. Dering's Divorce, at Terry's, 15, 54, 101
Much Ado, at His Majesty's, 94, March 8
My Lady Nicotine, at the Alhambra, March 15
Off the Rank, at the Strand, 330
Orestes, at the Coronet, 236
Our Flat, 202
Pantaloon, at the Duke of York's, 426
Patrimoine (Le), at the Paris Odéon, Feb. 15
Peter Pan, at the Duke of York's, 23 to 26, 167
Petite Bohème (La), at the Variétés, Paris, Feb. 15
Petite Peste, at the Paris Vaudeville, Feb. 15
Prince Charlie, at the Great Queen Street Theatre, 352
P'tites Michus (Les), March 8
Scarlet Pimpernel (The), at the New, 16, 17, 134, 135
Siege of Port Arthur (The), at the Coliseum, 309
Sire de Vergy (Le): Drawing, 11
Stage from the Stalls, The, 14, 54, 94, 130, 166, 202, 234, 266, 298, 330, 392, 394, 426
Talk of the Town (The), at the Lyric, Feb. 8
Thieves' Comedy (The), at the Court, 394
Three Daughters of M. Dupont (The), by the Stage Society, 330
Véronique, The New Phase of, 432

The Sketch

No. 625.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1905 SIXPENCE.



[*Photograph by Langfier.*

MR. LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V. AND MISS SARAH BROOKE AS KATHARINE IN "KING HENRY V.," TO BE REVIVED AT THE IMPERIAL ON SATURDAY NEXT.



"Wooton-in-Arden,"
Saturday, Jan. 14.

MORE frost this morning, and my garden—if "E. K. R." will pardon me for mentioning the fact—is flaked, here and there, with white. The singing-birds still refuse to sing, the fact of the matter being that the little wretches are sulky. Even the robin and his newly-rejoined wife had a row this morning. So far as I could make it out, their conversation ran in this way—

MR. ROBIN. Rotten cold again to-day.

MRS. ROBIN. Beastly.

MR. ROBIN. I can't think why we stay in this miserable country all the winter. Why don't we clear out like other folk?

MRS. ROBIN. I've no choice in the matter. If you care to go, I'll come too.

MR. ROBIN (*under his breath*). That's the worst of it.

MRS. ROBIN. What's that?

MR. ROBIN. I was merely observing that the children might miss us so dreadfully.

MRS. ROBIN. Don't you flatter yourself, my dear. That "little red-breast" business is played out. There wasn't a crumb on the window-sill all day yesterday.

MR. ROBIN. All right, all right. It's no use getting snappy with me about it. What about being the "poor man's friend," eh? It was only the other day you were pluming yourself on the title.

MRS. ROBIN (*severely*). Indeed? I don't remember the circumstance.

MR. ROBIN. No, but I do. And you said you thought that picture of us peeping out of a kettle was perfectly sweet.

MRS. ROBIN. So it was, if only they hadn't made me quite so red about the—er—throat.

MR. ROBIN. I thought the whole thing simply ridiculous. I shall take care never to build my nest in a kettle again.

MRS. ROBIN. I think you might consult me before coming to a decision of that kind.

MR. ROBIN. I know what that would end in.

MRS. ROBIN. Thank you. I've no wish to hear.

MR. ROBIN. No, because you know jolly well it's true. You always get your own way when building-time comes round. I wonder you don't make the bally nest in a motor-car.

MRS. ROBIN. Our family has always been noted for eccentricity in that respect. My grandfather and grandmother once built their nest in a church-clock. There was a photograph of it in the *Illustrated London News*.

MR. ROBIN. Vulgar advertisement, I call it.

The missel-thrush put an end to the squabble by trying over, in a hoarse voice, a little tune of his own composition. The robins darted one reproachful glance at him, and then fluttered sadly away.

Some of my cabbages, I notice, are feeling the cold. I can soon put a stop to that, however, by having them boiled. And that reminds me to get a couple of fowls killed this morning. They have been fed so generously all the winter and have done so little work that they are beginning to put on side.

I went for a walk in the fields yesterday, and made the acquaintance of an old cow. She was standing, forlornly, by the side of a twisted fence. I forbore to address her, thinking it possible that she might be chewing the cud. There are few animals more dangerous than cows, of course, when they happen to have indigestion. It seemed, however, that I was mistaken, since she began to talk of her own accord. We discussed many topics, among them being Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy and the fall of Port Arthur. We disagreed, I regret to say, on the former subject, with the result that, on leaving the field somewhat unexpectedly, I discovered my acquaintance to be a direct descendant of the cow with the crumpled horn.

It will be chilly again to-night, especially in the cottage of my gardener. The silly fellow left a wheelbarrow where I was bound to fall over it. On picking myself up, therefore, I reduced his wages for the third time this week.

Our social excitements, in this quiet corner of the world, are not many. I understand from the local paper that a concert was held in the village schoolroom last week, followed by a dance. Both events appear to have been a great success. All the ladies who performed at the concert are described as beautiful and talented, all the gentlemen as popular and talented. The distinction is subtle. As to the dance, I read that "upwards of twenty couples indulged in the art of Terpsichore until the small hours of the early morning, when, after a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Sotherethen and all the other ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to a most enjoyable evening." The writer forgot, I suppose, to finish his principal sentence, or it may have been "cut" by the sub-editor in order to make room for the usual catalogue of "drunks and disorderlies." I hasten to add that none of the latter attended the dance, or are on visiting terms with anybody who is anybody in Wooton-in-Arden.

Talking of social excitements, though, I must not omit to mention that we have recently built some almshouses in the village. That is to say, they were built with some money set aside for that purpose by a benevolent gentleman who died a short time ago. There are four almshouses, and they are built on the flat-system. There is water and gas laid on, there are spacious windows of the most approved artistic pattern, there are cupboards, and coppers, and ranges—everything, in short, that the heart of a housewife could desire. Now, just to show you how difficult it is to please the poor, more particularly the very poor, I may tell you that many of the eligible inhabitants have refused to take up their residence in these desirable flats, on the score that they are too grand. Only yesterday afternoon I was passing by the new almshouses when I saw an old lady, long known to those in authority as a deserving case for assistance, shaking her fist at the handsome building. Guessing that it would be interesting to talk the matter over with her, I crossed the road. As I approached, she turned and eyed me sourly.

"Good-afternoon," said I.

"Arternoon," she replied.

"Taking a look at the new almshouses, then?"

"Looks like it, don't it?"

"Been inside?"

"No, nor don't want."

"They're very comfortable inside."

No answer.

"I say, they're very comfortable inside."

"I 'eard yer."

"I hope to come and call on you in one of those nice flats some day soon."

"Yer 'll 'ave ter wait long enough before yer do that."

"Really? Has your application been refused?"

"I never arst ter go in. Let them as built 'em live in 'em; that's what I say. I've no patience with 'em, what with their bay-windys, an' brass knockers, and letter-boxes, an' one thing an' another. A waste o' good money, I calls it. Better by 'alf 'ave given us a couple o' blankets an' a bit o' coal."

"But you haven't given the places a chance yet. They'll be snug enough when you've got your furniture in and the fires going. I tell you, I should like to live in one of them myself."

"You? Ah. That's just about what they're fit for." And she hobbled off.

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DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



"COMING, SIR! COMING!": THE WAITER FINDS THE EXCITEMENT, BUT NOT THE TREASURE.

"——Waiter badly injured, landslide—gone hospital. Others all well."

—[EXTRACT FROM DAILY PAPER, GIVING NEWS OF LORD FITZWILLIAM'S TREASURE-PARTY.]

THE CLUBMAN.

Palermo—Its Shops and Theatres.

THE sun, which I have chased as far south as Palermo, has not deserted me now that I am there. Thunder-showers have come up from the south now and again and deluged the streets with rain and powdered the hills with snow; but I have lived for a week with my windows open, and there has been no day when the sun, rising over the mountain, has not called to me to look over the deep-blue bay to the white lighthouse, the broad red roofs of the arsenal, the many domes of the city, and the great valley, shell-shaped, amidst the snow-capped hills.

There is no Italian town more picturesque than this Sicilian capital. In its port lie crowded the queerest coasting-craft I have ever set eyes on. Sailing-ships of all rigs, their hulls painted all the colours of the rainbow, nose up against the quay, where mule-carts, whose drivers are shouting at the top of their voices, wait to take away the merchandise. The narrow street where the Custom House officers examine the goods brought ashore is a place of terrific noise. When a driver, two clerks, and two Custom House officers are discussing the contents of a bale or a cask, it seems as though murder must be committed within the next few seconds. But somebody signs something, the cart moves on, and everybody laughs.

The side-streets at Palermo seem always to be keeping holiday, for the family washing is hung across the streets from all the windows, and every day seems to be washing-day in Sicily. The shirts and other garments are all of bright colours, and the effect is as though every alley were beflagged in honour of some great festival. The humble shops and the craftsmen who do their work in the streets add to the brightness of the town. On the stairs of an alley-way the maker of sticks and whips sits, his finished masterpieces ranged along the wall beside him, filing industriously at a long, knotty piece of wood; the water-seller is near by with his zinc tray, glasses, and lemons, and his great earthenware jar; the flower-pedlar has roses and violets and orange-blossoms in bowls and a row of little plants in pots made of withies; the vendor of roast chestnuts fans his little oven and sweeps a clear space for his baskets.

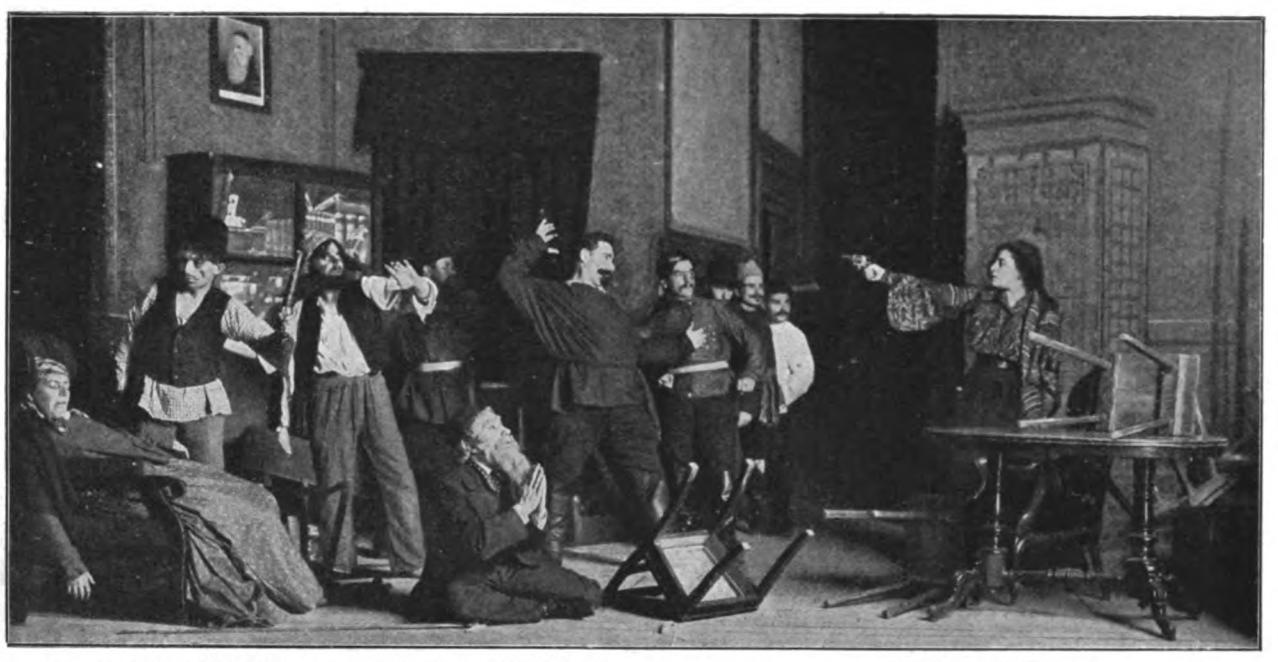
In each of the little shops somebody is at work, and his wares are strung round the great opening which is window and door all in one. The turners, the basket-makers, the polishers of beautiful stones, the bakers, the shoemakers, the tinsmiths all turn, or hammer, or plait in the sunlight and chat to their neighbours as they work. The bakers' shops are, I am sure, just as they were when the old Romans ruled the island: the ovals of bread piled one on the other and a fancy piece of baking, a wreath of white bread, put up as a sign.

There is a vegetable-shop I pass every day, when I walk in from the big hotel at Aqua Santa to the town, which is a perfect harmony of colours. I should fancy that the owner of it counts his day's profits in halfpennies, but he arranges his fruits and roots with the eye of a true artist. The garlands of red-peppers, the green and purple of the cauliflowers, the pink of the onions, the yellow and salmon of the fruit of the prickly-pear, the gold of the oranges and lemons—all are contrasted; every colour fits into its right place in the picture. The paste-shops, with the vermicelli hanging like rain from laths, and baskets full of macaroni, small and big, and twists and twirls and little rounds of the paste, are good to look at; and so are the potters' shops, with their rough pots and pans glazed green and white inside and their reproductions of old Roman and Grecian shapes for common household uses.

The marionette theatres have an attraction for me, and I hang about the doors like a small boy without the necessary halfpenny for admission. The doorways are not inviting, generally leading to a flight of filthy stairs, and the glimpses I have had of the interiors have yielded views no better than the stairs. The pictures over the entrance are enthralling, however. A knight in golden armour fights twenty or more men in steel; heroes slaughter dragons and fly away from towers upon cockatrices; a gallant gentleman chained to a pillar pulls the whole edifice down upon the Saracen who is about to cut his throat; devils and hobgoblins rollick round gibbets—there must be an immense amount of variety in the marionette drama of Sicily.

Mr. Pinero's theory that a high-tea before the drama is all that is necessary would not find favour with the Sicilians. In Palermo the curtain does not rise until nearly half-past nine, and then not half the audience is in its place. The Theatre Massimo, an immense building which towers above everything else in the town, does not open its doors till February; but in the meantime the Bellini, one of the smaller theatres, is giving a season of comic opera, and I have been to hear "L'Amico Fritz," which is of Mascagni. The theatre is the after-dinner lounge of everybody, newspapers are sold at the doors, the audience knows all the members of the orchestra and chats to them, and each singer has his personal friends "in front" who applaud him vigorously; but if anyone on the stage falls short of the requirements of the audience he or she is promptly informed of the fact.

There is a cathedral and a palace, a museum, and many other buildings which the guide-book insists should be seen; but I think that the only memories I shall retain of the orthodox sights are the view from the garden of the monastery of Monte Reale, a town half-way up the mountains, and the Chapel Palatine, a beautiful little royal church of grey marble and mosaics of scriptural subjects on a ground of gold glass tesseræ. The view from the garden on the cliff over the valley of orange-gardens, the "Golden Shell," is lovely beyond description.



Aunt Sarah (Miss W. Kriashewa). Reb Leiser (Mr. N. Orloff). Lia (Miss A. Nasimowa).

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FIRST MURDERER: *You cursed fool! Why, she's got a revolver in her hand.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZANDER AND LABISCH. (SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")



[*Photos. Thomson.*

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†WATERLOO	,,	10 37	(Changing at Tonbridge.)		
*LONDON BRIDGE ...	,,	10 57	HASTINGS	,,	9 10
†LONDON BRIDGE ...	,,	10 42		,,	11 5
†NEW CROSS	,,	10 50	DEAL	,,	11 0
ASHFORD	,,	8 32 to 12 35	MARGATE SANDS ...	,,	11 25
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RED HILL	,,	10 33	CANTERBURY WEST ...	,,	12 14
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SOCIAL NOTES.

THE famous Lord Lyons always considered thirteen an exceptionally lucky number, and this is, perhaps, the view held by the latest of his successors at the Paris Embassy, Sir Francis Bertie, for last Friday saw him spending his first day in the beautiful, spacious house which was once the favourite residence of the lovely Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's cleverest sister. Lady Feodorowna Bertie will find many old friends in the French capital, for her own father was British Ambassador there during the brilliant days of the Second Empire, and his daughters, who were always specially distinguished by the Empress Eugénie, earned in the Court world the charming nicknames of "Les Anges du Silence." Sir Francis, who will probably receive a peerage within the next twelve months, was a great favourite with Queen Victoria, and the story is often told of how, on one occasion, the kindly Sovereign much startled the young diplomatist by suddenly addressing him at the beginning of a Royal dinner-party with the words, "I must ask you, Mr. Bertie, to be good enough not to sign your telegrams announcing your arrival 'Bertie,' as it makes me expect my eldest son and so causes me disappointment."

County and hunt balls seem more popular than ever, and large parties are being entertained in connection with these cheery functions all over the kingdom, among the smartest being those gatherings at Wilton House, where Lord and Lady Pembroke have a large family party for the Wiltshire County Ball, and at Grimsthorpe Castle, for Lady Ancaster always brings friends to the Stamford County Ball; while the new Countess of Suffolk is expected to make her début in her bridal rôle at the next county ball given in the neighbourhood of Lord Suffolk's splendid country home. Perhaps the most notable of coming hunt balls is that to be held at Derby on Feb. 1; there members of the Meynell Hunt will muster in great force, and the principal hostess will be Lady Noreen Bass.

Lord Moncreiff, who has retired from the position of a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, springs from a very ancient family which has taken in many generations a leading part in Scottish affairs. His father, the first Lord Moncreiff, was Lord Advocate in several Administrations, and was for twenty years Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland. In the late Lord's lifetime, the present Peer sat on the bench as Lord Wellwood, that being a name taken by ancestors who were eminent divines. He succeeded to the title of Baron Moncreiff ten years ago. He has been much esteemed as a careful and solid Judge, and his judgments were models of clear, good reasoning. The heir to the barony is his brother, who is Vicar of Tamworth, Warwickshire. His sister is married to Lord Kinross, Lord President of the Court of Session.

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city which owes so muc
largest in the world. Ashford House, w
be entertaining one of the most remarkable ho
together in Ireland, is a very imposing and splendid country
situated close to the village of Cong, where died, something like
nine hundred years ago, Roderick O'Connor, last King of Ireland.
Ashford is one of the best sporting estates in the kingdom, and
His Royal Highness will there indulge his decided taste for woodcock-
shooting. Lady Ardilaun was, before her marriage, Lady Olivia White.
She is one of the three feminine representatives of the extinct Earldom
of Bantry, and not long ago Lord Ardilaun purchased Muckross Abbey,
which was at one time in the possession of his wife's maternal ancestors.

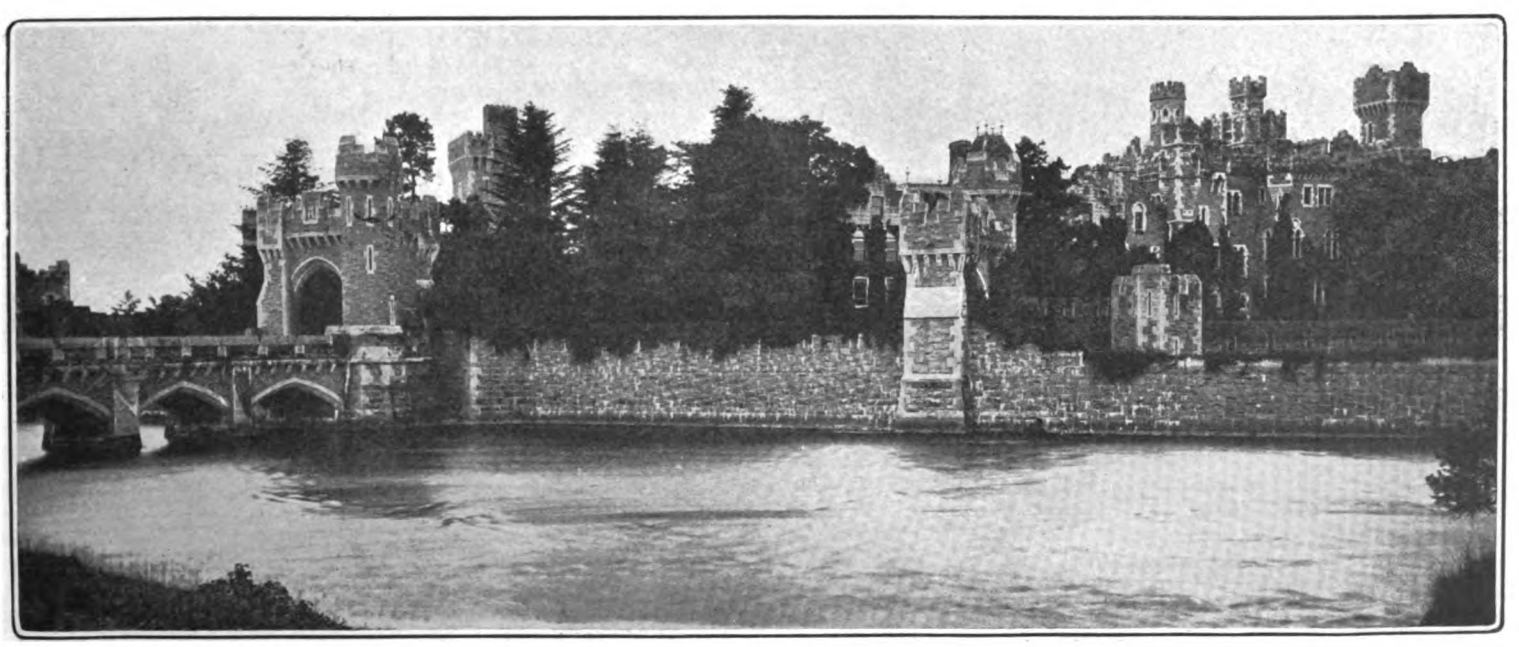
The Czar's Orders. An extraordinary story concerning the Czar, certain of his officials, and Professor Tuxen, the well-known Danish painter, has been going the rounds of Copenhagen.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S IRISH HOST: LORD ARDILAUN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin

range House, with
faces and new manners,
Mr. Cheetham has been re-
turned by Stalybridge. He left
it nearly twenty years ago, after
being the colleague of the Duke
of Devonshire's brother, Lord
Edward Cavendish, in the representation of North Derbyshire. Since
then he has made four unsuccessful efforts to get back, and now, at
the ripe age of seventy years, he has been consoled for his defeats by
capturing a seat for his Party. Mr. Cheetham is a type of member
which is always welcome at St. Stephen's—the member with great local
interests, who can speak from experience of the business of his
constituency; he is a Cotton Prince of Stalybridge.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES IS TO BE ENTERTAINED BY LORD AND LADY ARDILAUN: ASHFORD HOUSE NEAR CONG.

Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.

of both host and guest. Not
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ring the South African War was merely
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ittle cause to grumble on this occasion. They may, indeed,
echo the words written on the Japanese arch through which the
heroic garrison of Port Arthur marched out of its fallen stronghold—"This is the road to Peace"! For, although "Russia's sorrow is Germany's sorrow," Japan's joy, as the *Vorwärts* has it, is evidently Germany's joy.

A Treasure-Se...
Earl.

gold-hilted swords, gem-...
silver ingots—in view. His destination would seem to ...
Cocos Island, which lies some five hundred miles south-w...
Panama and has its chief claim to fame in the fact that it is the reputed stronghold of two hoards of hidden treasure of fabulous value. The first of these is said to have been deposited in the year 1821 by a British ship that had turned pirate; the second to consist of the treasures of the Peruvian town of Callao, which, threatened with revolution and pillage in 1835, entrusted her wealth to the crew of the barquentine *Mary Dier*, only to be betrayed and to have her valuables stolen and buried in some place unknown. Lord Fitzwilliam, the head of the supposed expedition, was born in Canada in 1872, and succeeded to the title when he was thirty years of age. He is a Captain in the 4th Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, served in the Transvaal War, was M.P. for Wakefield for some seven years, is patron of a score of livings, and is married to Lady Maud Frederica Elizabeth, daughter of the first Marquis of Zetland.



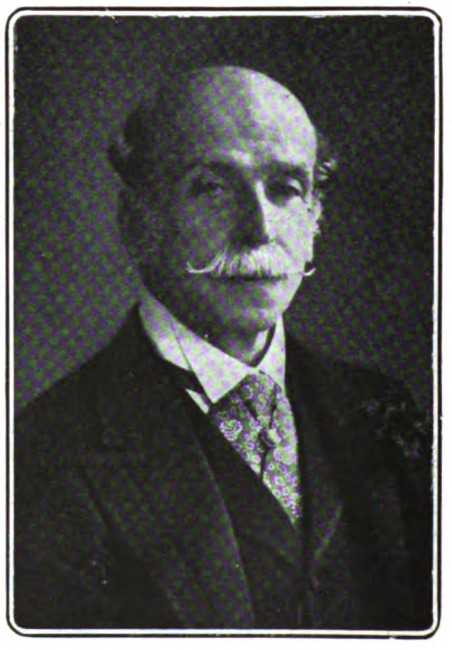
A TREASURE-SEEKING EARL: LORD FITZWILLIAM.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

Lord Fitzwilliam's Companion.

Amongst Lord Fitzwilliam's party on the *Véronique*—formerly, by the way, the *Harlech Castle*—was Admiral Palliser, and it is his presence with the Earl that accounts in large measure for the romantic rumours that

There seem to be fewer bachelor-hosts than was once the case in London Society, but of those who remain to show the twentieth century how to entertain none can rival Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. "Mr. Alfred," as he is universally called, comes, as regards age, between Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold Rothschild, but, in spite of their example, he has preferred to remain single. His beautiful house in Seamore Place contains one of the finest private art-collections in the world, and yet the lovely rooms have a singularly uncrowded look. Of Mr. de Rothschild's treasures, perhaps his favourites are the Romneys—which include a Lady Hamilton—Reynolds' "Miss Angelo," the three Gainsboroughs which shed the light of their beauty on the dining-room, and two of the most famous Greuzes in existence. Mr. de Rothschild's country home, Halton, is curiously like a French château in architecture and arrangement, and here again our host has collected many priceless works of art.



A POPULAR BACHELOR-HOST: MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The Children of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

Few children belonging to the great English world start life with fairer chances than do the youthful son and daughter of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Already, Master Oliver Lyttelton is proving himself a chip of the old block in the matter of our national game, and, doubtless, he will in due course become a famous Blue. Miss Mary Lyttelton, who owes her Christian name to her great-aunt, the late Mrs. Gladstone, should inherit an exceptional literary gift, for both her parents write, and write well, and her mother is one of our few lady playwrights. When in town, Mr. and Mrs. Lyttelton and their children live in Great College Street, one of the oldest and most picturesque thoroughfares in Westminster, bounded on the one side by the Abbey Garden. In the country they possess the quaintly named estate of Highlaws, near Gullane Links.



MISS MARY LYTTELTON, DAUGHTER OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by McCaul.

The King of Saxony.

If the King of Saxony is not more careful he will run the risk of being had up for *lèse-majesté*. When he was swearing in his recruits at the end of the year, he made a speech which has not attracted as much attention as it deserved, not so much for the matter of his speech as for the words which he used in delivering it. The King established a precedent by addressing the recruits not by the usual pronoun "Ihr," which is a sort of second-class "you," but by the pronoun "Sie," which is far more polite and has never before been used on such an occasion. What the Kaiser said when he heard of this innovation has not yet been made known, but it was, no doubt, something very much to the point.

King Leopold's Japanese Palace.

The prediction, made not so very long ago, that in a few years everything would be Japanese is receiving slight confirmation. We learn from the *Standard* that King Leopold has now entered into possession of the new Japanese Palace in the Royal Park at Laeken, and, what is still more important, that the Palace is really Japanese. Each of its several wings contains half-a-dozen drawing-rooms, and for each of these drawing-rooms the best artists in Tokio have been employed to provide furniture, ornaments, sculptures, screens, and paintings. The Shah will be received in the new Palace when he visits the King next summer, and will, doubtless, be duly impressed with the glory emanating from the two thousand electric-lights by which it is illuminated.



MASTER OLIVER LYTTELTON, SON OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by McCaul.

"Domesticity and the Drama."

Under the title of "Domesticity and the Drama," a contemporary publishes an amusing interview with Mrs. H. B. Irving, whose little daughter, Elizabeth, is said to already show signs of her famous grandfather's wonderful histrionic gift. Few baby girls start life so pleasantly and with greater chance of ultimate distinction in the most absorbing of professions, for while her father is Mr. H. B. Irving, her mother is still affectionately known to playgoers as Miss Dorothea Baird, the first and unforgetable Trilby. Mrs. H. B. Irving, much as she loves domesticity, is devoted to the drama, and she was delighted to return to the stage, after a two years' absence, in a fairy-play as whimsical as "Peter Pan." Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving are among the increasing circle of well-known Londoners who have set up their household gods in Bloomsbury, and there they live with their two children, of whom the eldest, Laurence Irving No. 2, is eight years old, and the most devoted of his baby sister's many slaves.



DOMESTICITY AND THE STAGE: MRS. H. B. IRVING (MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD) AND HER BABY GIRL.

Photograph by Garstin and Antrobus.

A Fox in a Pantry.

A hunted fox will take refuge in all sorts of queer places—for instance, up a chimney—but quite as awkward a place as any for a kill is a pantry. On the last day of the old year the Tedworth hounds met at Idmiston and ran a fox across the downs to Little Durnford and into the grounds of the daughters of the late squire of the village. The hounds were close at his brush, and, seeing the door open, the fox dashed into the house and into the pantry, followed by three or four of the pack. The door of the pantry got shut by the struggling animals, and it was all that the huntsman could do to force it open. The fox was quickly killed and the brush was presented to the ladies whose house he had so unceremoniously invaded. Happily, the glass and china escaped without any damage, in spite of the scrimmage and kill.

The Monaco Regatta.

Visitors to the Riviera will be interested to learn that the regatta at Monaco promises to be a great success this year, and that last week the number of entries was already a hundred and three as against eighty-one last year, and, no doubt, before the entries closed the number was increased. There were thirty-nine racers entered against thirty-five last year, and fifty-one cruisers against thirty-three. The number of smaller yachts is also larger than it was last year, and there is every prospect of a splendid race for the Mediterranean Cup.



MISS GWENDOLEN MARSHALL,

DAUGHTER OF SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, AS A "SPANISH GIPSY" AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Wayland.



MISS NELLIE MARSHALL,

DAUGHTER OF SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, AS A "FRENCH FISHER-GIRL" AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Wayland.

This Week's Wedding. To-morrow (19th) will take place, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, the marriage of Viscount Barrington and Mrs. Arden Birch. The latter, a charming and cultivated woman, will be an admirable addition to the twentieth-century Peeresses. She comes of good military stock—she is the daughter of the late Major Stopford—and the wedding will bring together many well-known people. Lord Barrington's best man will be Sir William Barrington, and the future Viscountess—who is to be married in petunia velvet, instead of in the traditional grey or mauve—will be given away by her son, Mr. John Stopford Birch.



Photograph by Jenkins.



[*Photograph by Lafayette.*

VISCOUNT BARRINGTON AND MRS. ARDEN BIRCH, TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

The New Viscount Hawarden. The Earldom of Montalt became extinct with the death of the first holder of the title a few days ago, but the Viscounty of Hawarden, an older creation by some five-and-ninety years, and the Barony de Montalt, an older creation still, descend to the late Peer's cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Henry Maude, a grandson of the first Viscount, and son of the Hon. and Rev. R. W. Maude, Dean of Clogher. The new Viscount is in his sixty-third year, but is still a straight rider to hounds, as well as a devotee of the rod and the gun. He served in the 7th Fusiliers for four-and-twenty years. Since his retirement he has fallen back upon rural pursuits, and has settled down to a quiet life at White Hill Chase, West Liss, Hampshire. Mr. Cyril Maude is amongst his relatives.

Titled Revivalists! There has always been a section of the great English world taking an intense—it might almost be said, a painful—interest in the religious movements of the day. The latest of these, which is to take the form of a series of revival meetings at the Albert Hall, has many distinguished supporters amongst that party which hails Lady Wimborne as its chief. One of the remarkable daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, Lady Wimborne has great organising power, and her Ladies' League has adherents all over the kingdom. Associated with her in connection with the forthcoming religious revival is Lady Kinnaird, who, together with her husband, is so well known in the Low Church world, the Dowager Lady Leitrim, the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, and the Dowager Lady Lichfield, who is a sister of the Mistress of the Robes and of the Duke of Abercorn. Many other well-known leaders of evangelical society are taking a deep interest in the proceedings, which are to open on Feb. 4, and amongst those who are in a sense connected with the Court world may be mentioned Lady Edith Acheson, the sister of Lord Gosford, and Lady Susan Byng, who was an attached younger friend of the late Queen Victoria.

Zola's Manuscripts. The manuscripts of Émile Zola, which have been presented to the French nation by his widow, are now shown to the public in the Bibliothèque Nationale, bound in ninety volumes, of which sixty are manuscripts and thirty are corrected proofs. It took several months to bind the volumes, for Zola wrote all across the paper, without leaving any margin whatever, and so each leaf had to be mounted separately on a guard. The manuscripts show Zola's method of writing his novels. First of all, he drew up a scenario; then he collected all the documents, personal experiences, and newspaper cuttings which bore on his subject, and then, finally, he went straight ahead with the writing of the novel. Both his manuscripts and his proofs are remarkably free from corrections and alterations.

Cecil Rhodes's Sister. The obituary notices of the late Miss Edith Rhodes were in error in stating that she was the only sister of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. As a matter of fact, the eldest sister, Miss Louisa Rhodes, is still alive, as is also a half-sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Rhodes, who married her cousin in 1855. Miss Edith Rhodes was five years older than her brother, of whom she was very fond, and frequently kept house for him both in England and in South Africa. The late Canon Rhodes had by his second wife, Louisa, sister of Anthony Peacock, M.P., of Rauceby Hall, Lincolnshire, a family of nine sons and two daughters, of whom Cecil was the seventh child and the fifth son, not the fourth, as is usually stated.

London's New Police Magistrate. London has now a new Metropolitan Police Magistrate in the person of the Hon. John Augustus de-Grey, son of the fifth Baron Walsingham, heir-presumptive to his half-brother, the sixth Baron, and a member of the Bar of over thirty years' standing. Mr de-Grey, who, of course, takes the place of Mr. James Shiel, has been Recorder of Sudbury and Recorder of King's Lynn. He is married to Elizabeth Henrietta, daughter of Patrick Grant, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

Golf in Italy. The Italians have taken up golf with much energy of late and the game has now become quite fashionable amongst them. Several Clubs have been established already. A few days ago, the Rome Golf Club played a match against the members of the Florence Golf Club, and in the evening gave a grand dinner to the Florence team, at which the table decorations took the form of the Club-house at Rome and of the links belonging to the Club, the whole being artistically designed in flowers.



LADY KINNAIRD.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.



LADY WIMBORNE.

Photograph by Lafayette, London.

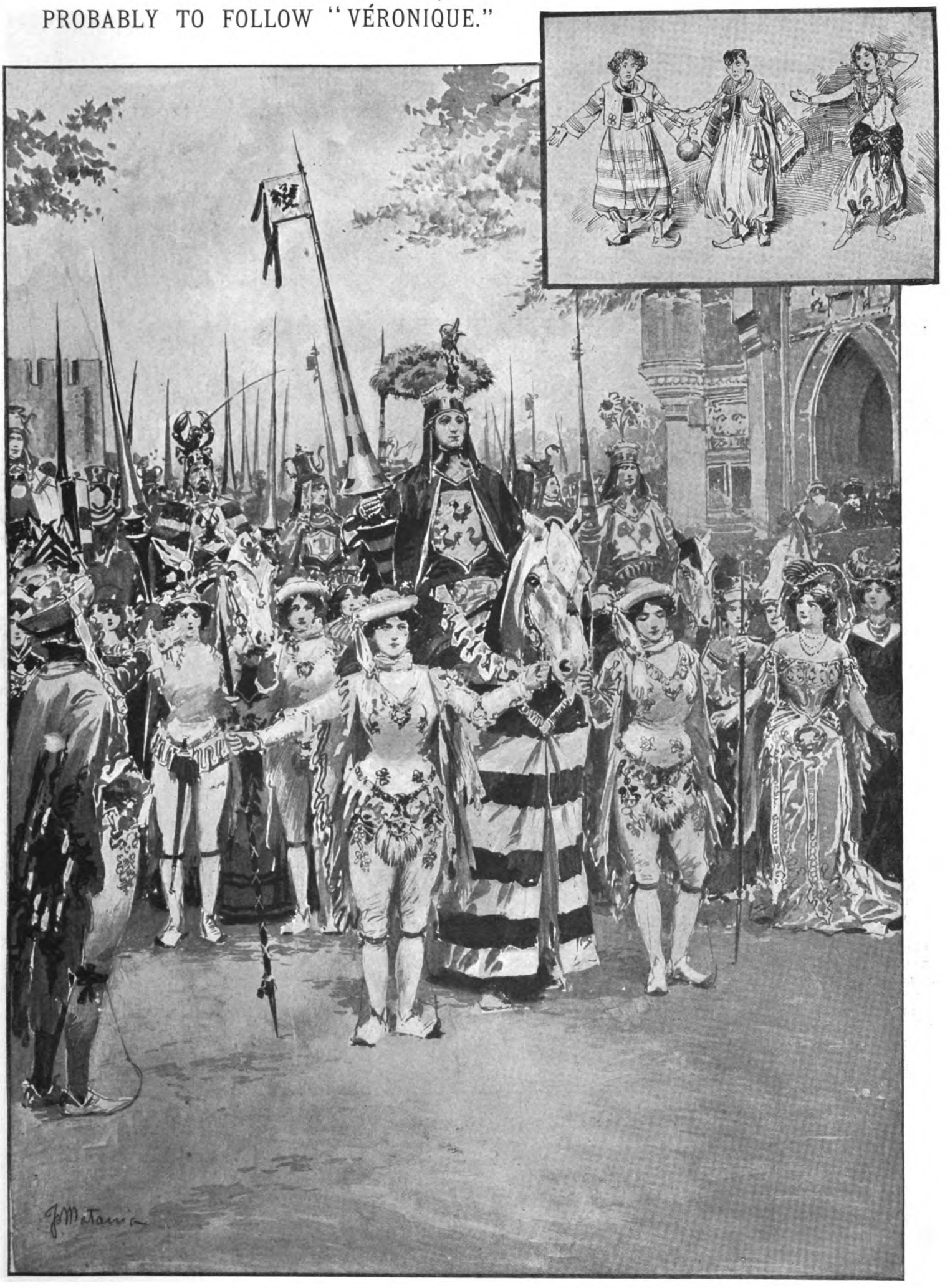


THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

TITLED REVIVALISTS: LADY WORKERS ON THE ORGANISATION COMMITTEE OF THE PROPOSED EVANGELISING "MISSION," TO BE OPENED AT THE ALBERT HALL ON THE FOURTH OF NEXT MONTH.

PROBABLY TO FOLLOW "VÉRONIQUE."



M. CLAUDE TERRASSE'S COMIC OPERA, "LE SIRE DE VERGY"—SCENE TWO OF THE SECOND ACT.

It is understood that an English adaptation of "Le Sire de Vergy" will be presented at the Apollo when a successor to "Véronique" is needed. Mr. Arthur Sturgess will be responsible for the translation.

DRAWN BY FORTUNINO MATANIA. (SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT is an unfortunate fact that genius is not hereditary and that brilliant men are frequently the fathers of duffers. Apparently Count Leo Tolstoy, son of the celebrated author, is a case in point. His father's name will be handed down to future generations, and the son—well, his recent article in the *Novoe Vremya* speaks for him in terms that cannot be considered flattering. Writing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, he declares that by her compact with the "yellow skins" Great Britain is preparing her own downfall, and that a people cannot bring itself into contact with "savages" without subsequent demoralisation. Indeed, this sapient observer goes on to state that the Anglo-Japanese alliance shows Great Britain to be tending already towards savagery, and to be paving the way for her own moral bankruptcy. All this nonsense would be unworthy of notice but for the glamour lent to it by the author's parentage. At a time like the present, when Russia's power has received so shrewd a blow and her Asiatic prestige has suffered so severely, some random writing may be expected in the interests of the highly-placed men who brought the *débâcle* about, and it may be condoned accordingly, but there are circumstances that make young Count Tolstoy's vapourings particularly absurd. They are worth noting here.



Madame Ménard. Madame Syveton.

CHIEF FIGURES IN THE SENSATIONAL SYVETON AFFAIR: MADAME SYVETON, THE DEAD DEPUTY'S WIDOW, AND MADAME MÉNARD, HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Stebbing.

In the first place, the attack upon "yellow skins" came most unfortunately, at a moment when the gallant defenders of Port Arthur were being treated with all possible consideration by their brave conquerors. Had the Japanese really been uncivilised, they would have treated the poor remains of the fort's defenders in quite another fashion. It has been one of the redeeming features of the unhappy struggle now raging in Manchuria that where slaughter has been avoidable the Japanese have avoided it. If the Russians had been victorious, massacre would have been hard to avoid, because Russia has built up her position in Asia upon the basis of terrorising the Asiatics, and would not, perhaps could not, have departed from it. Even to-day, educated Russians are speaking of the possibilities of a Russo-Japanese alliance. These matters should be well known to Count Tolstoy the younger, and might well have served to curb his irresponsible pen.

London Rumours. Surely there are few cities that can boast finer rumours than those that come to London and enjoy a wide circulation without suffering publication. In cold print they would look absurd, but moving from man to man and gathering strength of details in their flight they become quite worthy of attention. In the past fortnight, for example, what a number of idle tongues have been wagging about our strained relations with Germany! First, the Kaiser had told the Czar that, if this country took decisive steps in the matter of the Baltic Fleet outrage, he would invade England at the head of four hundred thousand men. The disposition of our fleet and the despatch of certain men-of-war from the then Channel Squadron to Portland have been held to confirm this rumour. Since then we have been assured that Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse are quarrelling violently, and the Sim Tappertits of Clubland say, gloomily, "Something will come of this. Let us hope it will not be human gore." Official denials do nothing to check these stories. "If there had been no truth, there would have been no denial," say the wiseacres.

For some months past we have been suffering from public inquiry into the condition of our faith, and to-day we are threatened with a book that is to embody the wisdom of the sages who took prominent part in the discussion. I did not follow the inquiry very far, and my brief pursuit left me with an idea that belief is not very firmly fixed in these islands. Since then it has relieved me to find that there is a part of the world where Christians believe so firmly that they are prepared to do battle for their beliefs. Reports from Palestine show that the Latin and Greek clergy have had some serious fighting. This would be regrettable at any time, though one realises that, from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee, Palestine is full of men who like to make bitter expression of their faith. But, to make matters worse, the place that saw the free-fight was Bethlehem, the actual damage was done by the northern entrance to the Grotto of the Nativity, and the occasion was the celebration of the Christmas Midnight Mass (Greek date). Surely these brawling men would do well to exchange a part of their superfluous belief for some of the reverence of an educated Agnostic.

Why did the late M. Deputy Syveton assault General André? The proceeding was not dignified, it was not humorous, and, outside the Dual Empire, such unprovoked attacks are not even considered good form. If M. Syveton had been more restrained, the fierce light of publicity would not have shone upon his painful end and we should not find the friendly nation divided into hostile camps and offering at the shrine of the dead the reputation of the living. "L'Affaire Syveton" threatens to assume the ugliest proportions, and, as is always the case in France, it is being turned to political account, as far as the perverted ingenuity of a section of the Press can work the transformation. There are occasions when one regrets the liberty of the Press and wishes that a certain wise censorship could be established to forbid references to cases like this until the duly constituted authorities have decided them on their legal merits. Then a brief announcement of the judicial decision would satisfy the public mind, without pandering to the public's lower instincts.

MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE IN HER LATEST TRIUMPH.



THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE EMPIRE AS BÉBÉ

IN THE NEW BALLET, "THE DANCING DOLL."

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.
("*Monocle.*")

"DIE WEBER"—"PUBLIC QUESTION PLAYS"—LIMITATIONS OF OUR DRAMA—EXTENSION OF THE MERMAID SOCIETY.

SINCE last week there has been no noteworthy event in the playhouses save the production of "Die Weber" at the German Theatre, and I write half apologetically concerning a work so utterly foreign to the spirit of modern English drama. Yet Hauptmann's piece, "The Weavers," has made a prodigious stir on the Continent, and may be regarded as the most important production during the present season of the Teutonic players, who for some years past have been setting an excellent example to our managements by reliance for success exclusively upon quality of play and excellence of acting throughout even long casts. Let me describe "Die Weber" in the manner that would be adopted by those who talk scornfully of "the serious student of drama." It is a play almost destitute of a plot, gloomy and painful, ending without a conclusion, possessing neither hero nor heroine, and making no concession to the public taste for gaiety, prettiness, or humour. On the other hand, it is a deeply moving, intensely interesting, severe tragedy which, represented by an able and enthusiastic Company, caused a deep impression. The facts of it may be stated simply. It concerns a strike, ending in bloodshed, of a number of German factory-hands, weavers who revolt against a reduction of their wages, already inadequate—hardly, indeed, enough to pay for black bread and water. Scene after scene, Act after Act is devoted to showing the birth and growth of a rebellious spirit in the down-trodden workers, egged on by one of their number who, having become a soldier, has broader ideas of life than those who have stayed at home. The climax and conclusion come at the death of old Hilse, a weaver who, despite his suffering from grinding poverty and that of his household, opposes the movement because he thinks it is in opposition to the wishes of God, who would not permit the weavers to be so oppressed if it were not his will. Hilse is killed accidentally by the soldiers sent to suppress the strike, and the play closes without showing what is the fate of the really hopeless rebellion.



MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS AS ROMEO—APPEARING IN MANCHESTER.
Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Wherein lies the interest, even fascination, of this work which has enthralled thousands of playgoers? In the fact, no doubt, that real technical skill is allied with sincerity and with a stubborn determination to keep to the subject, and yet that in some mysterious way it is illuminated by imagination. The piece is what one may call a "public question" play—a term I use because the valuable phrase "problem play" has acquired an unfortunate secondary meaning confining it to matters concerning illicit love. It is a remarkable fact, or must seem so to a foreigner, that we import all, or almost all, our "public question" plays. With little effort of memory, I can remember several of the class given of late years: "The Lower Depths," "The Power of Darkness," "Drink," "A Doll's House," and "The Good Hope," all of them foreign. I can recall none of English origin, save those in which the "public question," after making a great show for an Act or two, has become mere accessory to an ordinary conventional piece. "It is Never Too Late to Mend," with its prison business, is a good example of the English method. I do not doubt the existence of other pieces that can be said to belong to this "public question" group, such as "Judah," "The Middleman," and "Man and Wife," but they and the rest appear subject to the remarks I have made concerning Charles Reade's melodrama.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN AS JULIET—APPEARING IN MANCHESTER.
Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Now there are many people quite contented that drama should keep off public questions, and it is generally assumed that the Lord Chamberlain takes this view. It is, I believe, a fact that he prohibited a scene dealing with the matter of "ragging" in the Army. Nevertheless, in a country such as Germany, which in many aspects of life is groaning for lack of liberty, a play like "Zapfenstreich," bitter against the army spirit, has fought its way to admittance, whilst "Die Weber," despite the scandal it created, has, after a struggle, received official sanction. It seems strange that in the land which we proudly regard as the mother-home of liberty there should be any censorship of plays, except perhaps—and even this is doubtful—on the ground of decency. Probably it is this exclusion of the large questions of human life from the domain of drama which has obliged our dramatists to pirouette in the air and has caused the present peculiar stagnation. Without an occasional return to earth and descent to dealing with the real facts of human life, our playwrights, naturally, are apt to exhibit some want of virility. It would be idle to put all the blame upon the Censor, whose hand could, I believe, be forced by the public, except, maybe, in the matter of party politics.

Possibly it is wise to exclude party politics from the stage, where certainly they could not be treated with impartiality. It is, however, unfortunate that such a powerful medium for the propagation of ideas should remain aloof from other themes of public life and occupy itself exclusively with the lives of particular individuals or, worse still, particular puppets; for not only is a powerful agency for reform lost, but our drama grows anæmic for want of fresh ideas—it is becoming moribund, as families and clans do from inter-breeding. The constant confinement of ideas for the theatre to ideas from the theatre is bound to have the sterilising result commonly seen in limited classes kept artificially pure by limitation of area of marriage. What on earth would have become of our drama but for the foreign invasions and services of the adapters and translators? Perhaps, in despair, our dramatists would have gone to the human life around them for aid.

An interesting announcement is made by Mr. Philip Carr in connection with the Mermaid Society. Although some of its recent productions did not set London aflame, they attracted the attention and interest of some people of power who see in Mr. Carr and the Society the means of making a tentative effort to establish the repertory theatre so often talked of. It is to be a theatre for Shakspere, old English comedies and tragedies, and modern works (foreign and English) "not likely to be produced in the ordinary course"—such, for instance, I hope, as Ibsen's splendid, thrilling tragedy "The Pretenders." A London theatre (West-End, I believe) is to be engaged this year for a spring and autumn season, and in 1906 the theatre, perhaps, will be running during the whole twelve months.

"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE," AT TERRY'S.

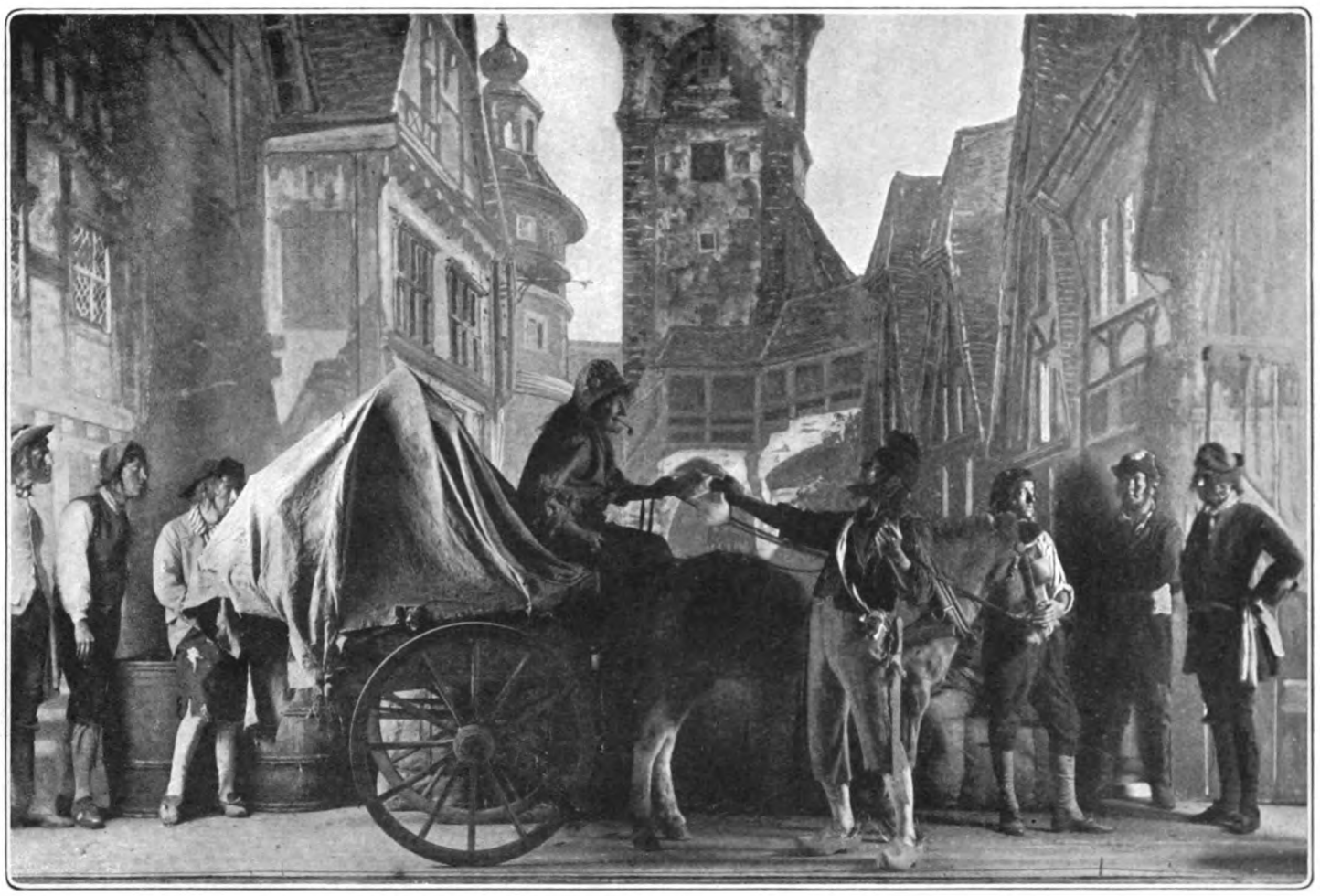


MRS. LANGTRY IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF MR. PERCY FENDALL'S LIGHT COMEDY,

TO BE PRODUCED TO-NIGHT (WEDNESDAY).

Photograph by the Photolinol Studios.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr. Fred Terry).

Sir Percy Blakeney makes it his business in life to rescue "cursed aristocrats" from the clutches of the French mob, and to convey them to England. For this purpose, he is known to his familiars and assistants as "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and under cover of this name he is singularly successful in his enterprise. He is here shown, disguised as a carter, smuggling refugees past the West Barricade, Paris (1792).

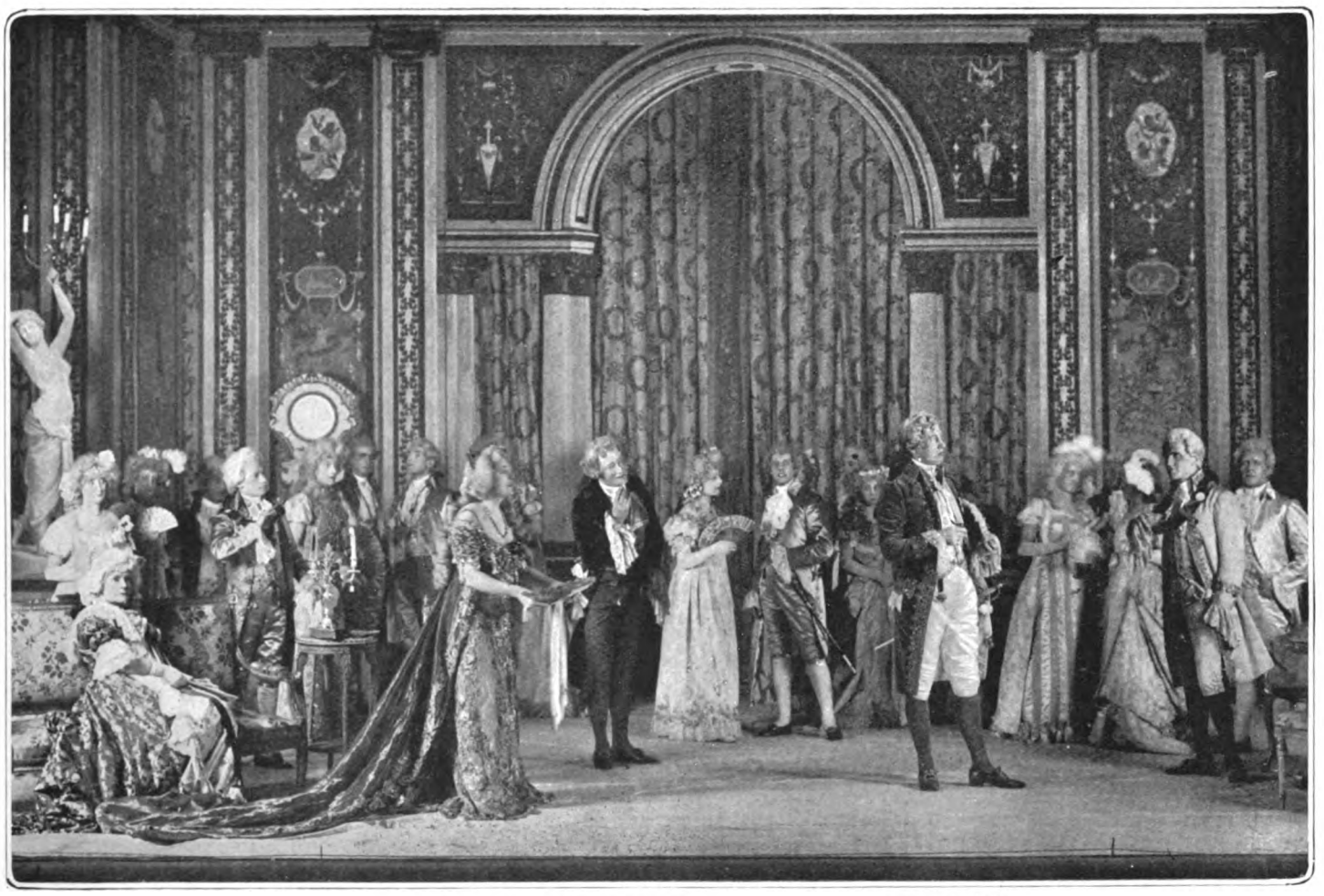


Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr. Fred Terry).

Chauvelin, an Envoy from the French Revolutionists, who is charged with the task of discovering "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in order that his Government may wreak its vengeance upon its defier, learns that the man he seeks will be found alone in the ball-room of Lord Grenville's house in London at a certain hour. Accordingly, he puts in an appearance at that time, only to have the chagrin of finding the apparently drunk and helpless Sir Percy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" AT THE NEW THEATRE.



Lady Blakeney (Miss Julia Neilson). Sir Percy Blakeney (Mr. Fred Terry). Prince of Wales (Mr. Rudge Harding).

The ball-room at Lord Grenville's house is held in suspicion by Chauvelin, who knows that the mysterious "Scarlet Pimpernel" will be amongst the guests there. The spy is welcomed to the ball as the accredited Envoy of the French Government, and loses no time in following his trade.



Chauvelin, the French Envoy (Mr. Horace Hodges). Lady Blakeney (Miss Julia Neilson).

Chauvelin persuades Lady Blakeney, who is not aware of the dual identity of her husband, to spy for him, using as a lever his power over her brother, Armand St. Just, who has been proven an enemy of the Revolutionary Party in France. She does his work for a time, but eventually discovers the true state of affairs, is instrumental in rescuing her husband and her brother, and aids in the outwitting of Chauvelin.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I.



The Wily Grasser.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



I.—THE LION COMIQUE.

"WELL ROARED, LION."—*"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."*

MISS ZENA DARE'S SUCCESSOR IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."



MISS MAIE ASH AS ANGELA AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

MR. GEORGE GRAVES'S SUCCESSOR IN "VÉRONIQUE."



MR. JOHN LE HAY AS MONS. COQUENARD AT THE APOLLO.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE *Booklover's Magazine* contains a careful and almost exhaustive article on Stevenson's view of Woman by Kate Leslie Smith. Miss Smith explains that the dedication of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is to Stevenson's cousin, Katherine de Mattos. The longest and most interesting of the dedications to woman is that in "Prince Otto" to his sister-in-law, Nellie Van de Grift (Mrs. Adulfo Sanchez, of Monterey). Stevenson's devotion to his American wife is described as whole-hearted and all-absorbing. "It seems to be the general opinion of their friends that the attachment was founded on esteem, congeniality, admiration, and sympathy on both sides, and had in it also the elements of a grand passion. . . . It is certainly most unusual for a man's devotion to his wife to include her children by her divorced husband—nay, even her grandchild—yet such was the case with Stevenson."

In his book, "Exits and Entrances," Mr. C. W. Stoddard throws a somewhat new light on Stevenson's personality. Mr. Stoddard's wide experience in the South Seas gives him authority when he speaks of the effects of tropical laxity on a man of Stevenson's temperament. He considers the tropics the truest test of a man's moral integrity, and says that Stevenson "was not likely to blanch his cheek at the apparition of a wave crested with nudities, nor was the apotheosis of the flesh destined in any wise to disturb the eye, or distract the imagination, or derange the delicate palate of a valetudinarian such as he." Mr. Stoddard characterises Stevenson as a man whose sympathies were literary and artistic, whose intimacies were born and bred above the ears, and laments that in a man of his nobility, consummate art, and wit he finds no flesh-tint.

No review of Stevenson's attitude to women would be complete without a reference to Mrs. Sitwell, now Mrs. Sidney Colvin, the friend who bore so large a part in his development and encouragement during his transition period. It was under her influence that he began, for the first time, to believe in his own powers. During the most unhappy and unsettled years of his life, he sent her journal-letters made up almost weekly, chronicling his moods and doings, while his letters to his friends in general were snappy and infrequent. A long time after, he wrote to her from Hyères: "If I am here and happy I know to whom I owe it; I know who made my way for me in life, if that were all, and I remain, with love, your faithful friend, Robert Louis Stevenson."



"NAH THEN, GUV'NOR, 'URRY UP, AND YOU'LL CATCH THE 2.40!"
DRAWN BY "PIRKIS."

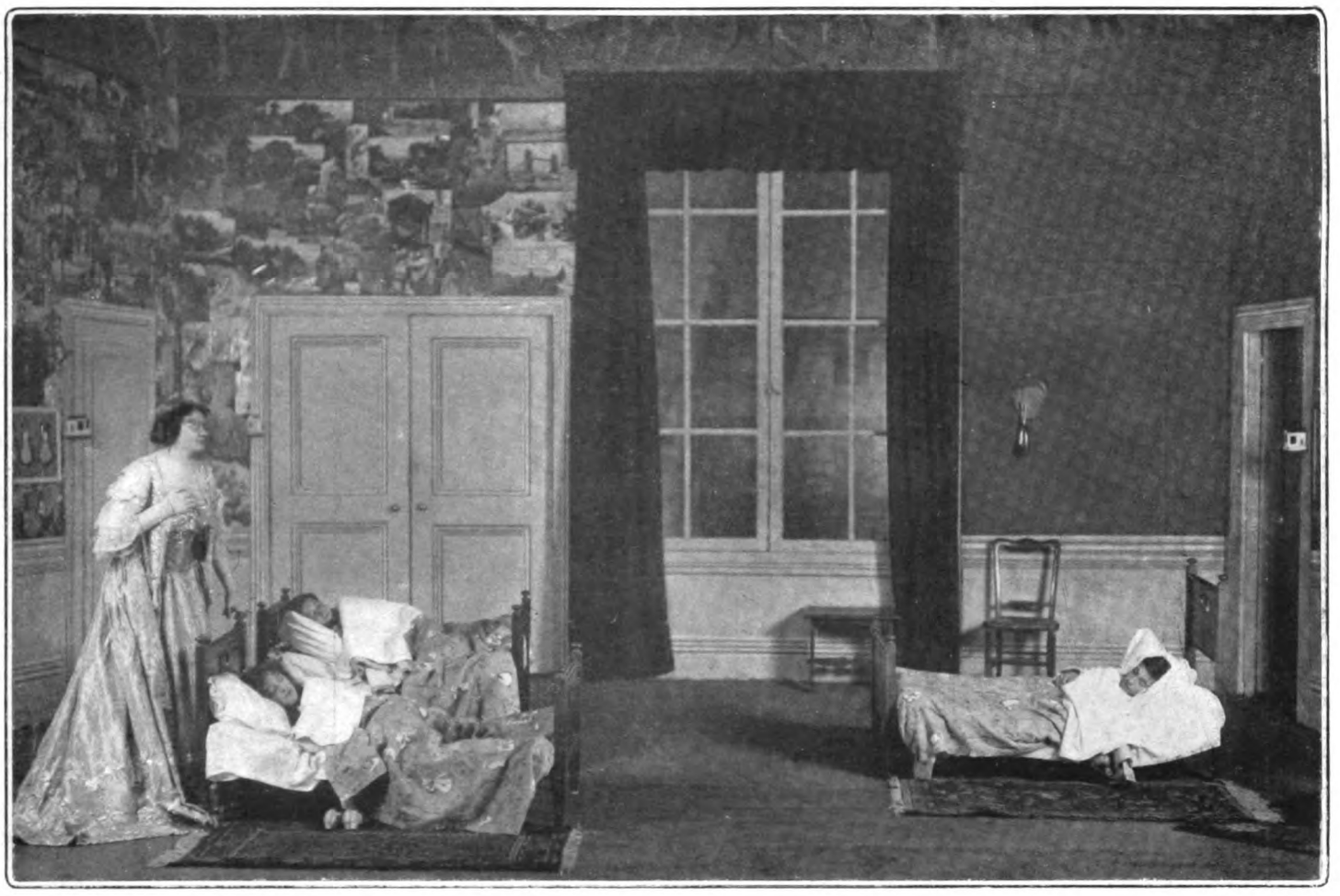
Mr. W. H. Griffin, who is, I believe, a brother-in-law of Mr. E. V. Lucas, contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a valuable paper on the relations between Alfred Domett and Robert Browning. Domett was the original of Browning's fascinating picture of Waring, the man of a thousand possibilities. Domett's early promise as a poet was hardly realised. He had a fairly successful career in New Zealand, and returned late in life to publish a volume which attracted little attention. After his return to England in 1872, Browning for thirteen years kept a diary, to which Mr. Griffin has had access. This contains reminiscences of Browning's earliest days. Browning as a schoolboy went to the academy of the Rev. Thomas Ready, at Peckham. It is believed that this was the school at which Goldsmith was a most wretched usher. The place is pulled down now. Browning had unhappy recollections of his experience. His years there seemed in memory to have been passed in undiluted misery. Of the Browning circle in these far-off years at Camberwell, Domett gives an attractive picture. The mother was proud of her son, and he was most affectionate towards her. The father was a dry-as-dust, undersized man, rather reserved, and very fond of old engravings, which he collected. He used to speak of his son as beyond him, and this was very pardonable, considering "Paracelsus" and "Sordello." But father and mother and only son and only daughter formed a most united, harmonious, and intellectual family.

In the new edition of D. G. Rossetti's poems are included three pieces not previously published: "Dennis Shand: a Ballad"; a sonnet, "After the French Liberation of Italy," and a sonnet, "After the German Subjugation of France." "Nuptial Sleep," the poem withdrawn by Rossetti partly on account of the comments of Robert Buchanan, has been re-inserted. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has contributed nearly thirty pages of characteristic notes.

The statistics of new books and new editions published during 1904 show that 6,456 new books appeared, and 1,878 new editions. There is a decrease on the new books from 1903, which yielded a harvest of 6,690. On the other hand, there is an increase in new editions, of which 1,682 were published in 1903. The fiscal controversy has been the theme of many works; novels are stationary; books of biography and history have increased by eighty; in *belles lettres* there is a falling off of nearly a hundred. Novels are still by much the most numerous class, 1,731 being issued during the year. But too much stress must not be laid upon these figures. The register of new editions is very imperfect. Many publishers distinguish between an impression and an edition, confining the word "edition" to issues where there is some change in the text, and there are other sources of error. Happily, the number of new books is not increasing in any marked degree, though it is not likely to decrease.

Among the novels already announced for the spring are "Progress," by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham; "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Elinor Glyn, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"; "Gossip," by Benjamin Swift; "The House of Barnkirk," by Amy McLaren; "John Fletcher's Madonna," by Mrs. Comyns Carr; and "In Search of the Unknown," by Robert W. Chambers. O. O.

"PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



MRS. DARLING (MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD) BIDS GOOD-NIGHT TO HER CHILDREN, WENDY MOIRA ANGELA (MISS HILDA TREVELYAN), JOHN NAPOLEON (MASTER GEORGE HERSEE), AND MICHAEL NICHOLAS (MISS WINIFRED GEOGHEGAN).



PETER PAN (MISS NINA BOUCICAULT) AND THE OTHER LOST BOYS WHO HAVE FOUNDED A COLONY IN THE NEVER, NEVER, NEVER LAND ADORE THEIR "LITTLE MOTHER," WENDY.

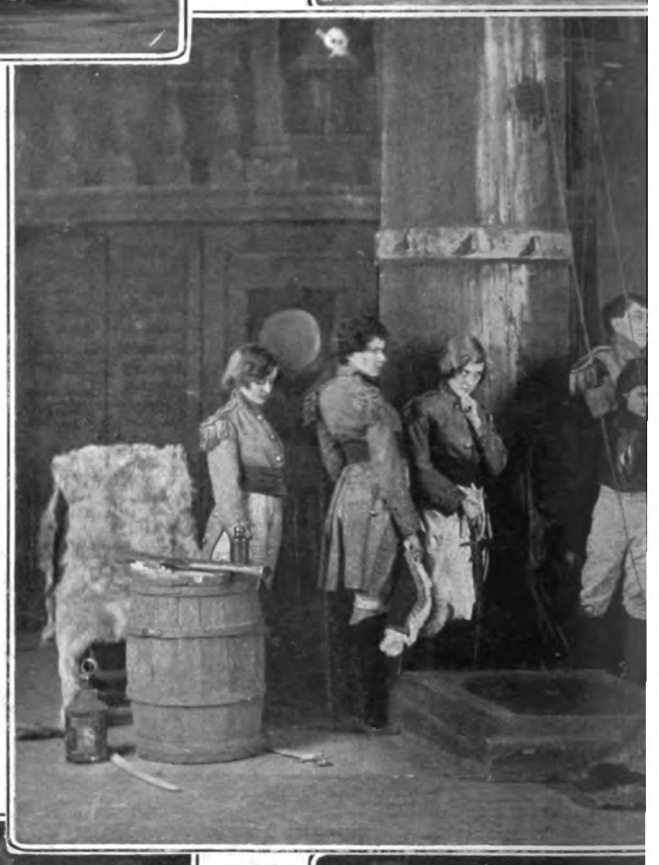
Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

"PETER PAN, OR THE BOY WHO WOULDN













1. THE ALLIES OF PETER PAN AND HIS BAND, THE REDSKINS OF THE NEVER, NEVER LAND, ON THE LOOK-OUT. 2. MR. DARLING (MR. GERALD DU MAU

4. PETER PAN MOURNS HIS LOST SHADOW, WITHOUT WHICH HE CANNOT REST. 5. PETER PAN SAVES HIS BAND FROM THE

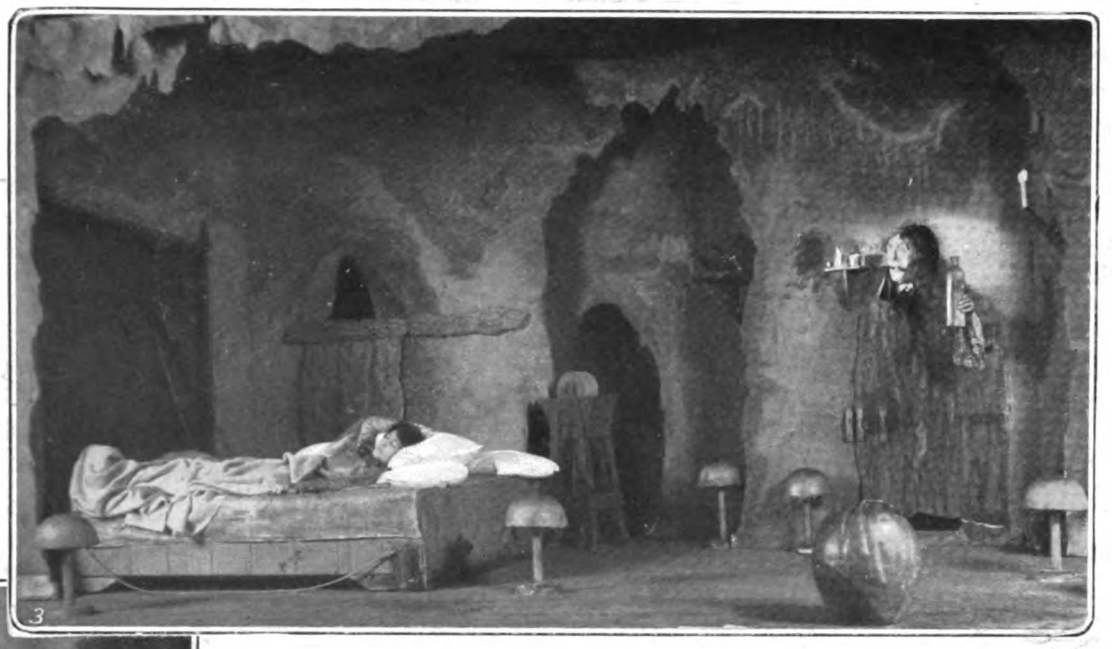
7. WENDY TELLS PETER PAN AND HIS BAND A FAIRY-TALE BEFORE THEY GO TO BED IN THEIR HOME UNDER THE GROUND. AND, INCIDENTALLY, PAR

8. MRS. DARLING AND HER DOG, NANA MR. ARTHUR LUPIN

Photographs by E

T GROW UP," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.













TER) AND MRS. DARLING FIND PETER PAN'S LOST SHADOW.

UTCHES OF THE PIRATES, ADOPTS A NAPOLEONIC ATTITUDE,

IES MR. ORCHARDSON'S FAMOUS PICTURE.

., WHO ACTS AS NURSE TO THE LITTLE DARLINGS.

3. PETER PAN, ALONE IN HIS HOME UNDER THE GROUND, COMES UNDER THE OBSERVATION OF HIS IMPLACABLE FOE, JAS. HOOK, THE PIRATE CAPTAIN (MR. GERALD DU MAURIER).

6. PETER PAN RECOVERS HIS SHADOW.

9. THE MEMBERS OF PETER PAN'S BAND, WHILE ON THEIR WAY HOME, ARE CAPTURED BY THE PIRATES.

s and Walery.

"PETER PAN" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



PETER PAN AND WENDY ABOVE THE TREE-TOPS—IN THE LAST SCENE OF THE PLAY.



THE CHILDREN RETURN TO HOME, SWEET HOME, AND ARE WELCOMED BY THEIR DISTRACTED MOTHERS.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

A "COLISEUM" WITCH.

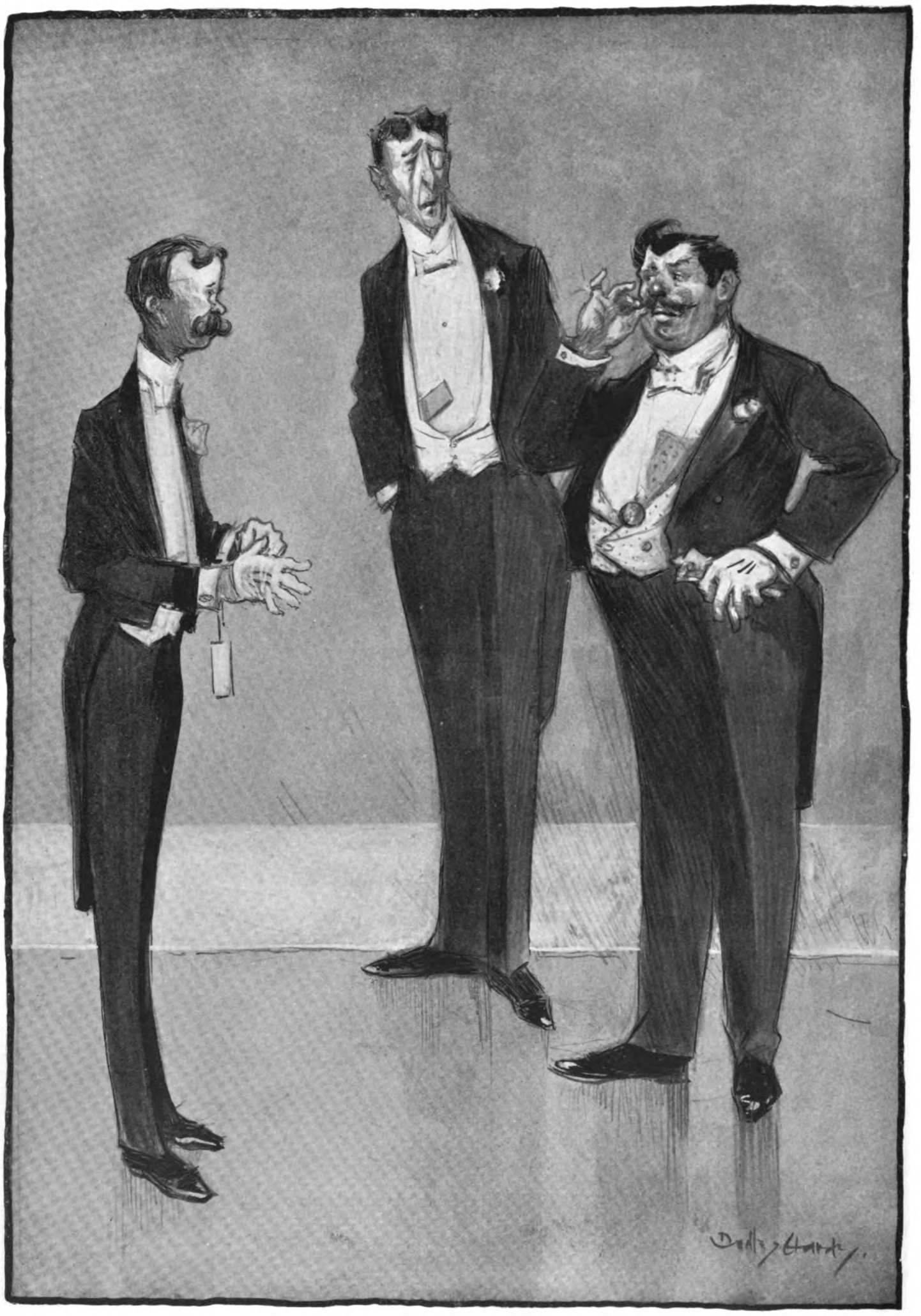


MISS MADGE LESSING.

"WHEN DE OWLS AM A-HOOTIN', AN' DE STARS AM A-SHOOTIN',
JUST WATCH OUT——"

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Advertisements Illustrated. *By Dudley Hardy.*



VIII.

"DANCING—A FEW SMART, YOUNG DANCING-MEN SUPPLIED AT SHORTEST NOTICE."

A PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.—EXPOUNDED BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE WOULD-BE SAMARITAN: Well, my poor man, and how is it you cannot use those tools?
THE WOULD-BE UNEMPLOYED: Well, lidy, yer 'as ter know 'ow, don't yer, lidy?

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL



THE HAVEN.

By EDWARD CECIL.

"MISS COLLIER! If it is still Miss Collier?"

The girl started and turned her head. The voice was familiar. Afterwards, she was surprised that it should have sounded familiar at once, for, when she heard it that May morning at the corner of Grafton Street and Bond Street, she had not heard it for three years.

"Mr. Barlow!" she exclaimed, with frank pleasure, as she held out her hand. "I did not know you were back in England."

For three years they had neither seen each other nor exchanged letters. But they met now as old friends.

"I have been back in England a month," Barlow said, as he shook hands; "but I have been with my mother in Devonshire, and I only came up to town yesterday. How good a May morning in Bond Street seems after three years of Ceylon!"

But, for Ethel Collier, three years' intimacy with Bond Street had made enthusiasm impossible. She followed Barlow's gaze towards Piccadilly with grave eyes. It was evident that she would not have felt any regret if she had been told that the scene lay before her for the last time.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," she said, with a little, mordant laugh. "But why did you ask if I were still Miss Collier?"

"I met a man in Colombo who knew Lewis Calkin. You may remember, I know him slightly. We belong to the same Club. You and Calkin were engaged, he told me."

"That was a year ago. It was broken off," she explained.

Barlow was not deft enough to avoid a moment's pause, and it seemed as if that pause contained an unspoken question.

"It's best to admit a mistake before it becomes irretrievable," she added.

"Of course!" said Barlow. He was wondering how the mistake had been discovered.

They turned and walked together up Grafton Street. Both had a few minutes to spare, Barlow before he went to keep an appointment in the Strand, Ethel before she was due at her tea-rooms. She did not disguise her pleasure at meeting Barlow. She asked him a string of questions. She was honestly anxious to know whether his work in Ceylon had been successful, and she was also eager to turn the conversation from herself. She was conscious that he was seeking to read in her face whether the past three years had been years of happiness for her, and she talked rapidly and gaily, guarding the truth from discovery.

But, as they walked slowly up Grafton Street, he read something of what those three years had been. He saw that Care had eaten beneath her beauty. Her throat had shrunk a trifle, her eyes were less bright, her lips were a little compressed, and at the corners of her mouth the lines were beginning to gather. It was not the natural passing of youth. Barlow knew that. Youth does not pass at twenty-five. But he did not betray that he read beneath the surface. When they reached the corner of Bond Street again and stood for a moment outside the stream of passers-by before parting, both were conscious of pleasure. They were glad that, after a space of years, they had met again.

As Barlow walked South towards Piccadilly, he was thinking of the cynicism which Ethel had shown during the few minutes of that meeting. He remembered her as a light-hearted girl. Being a large-hearted and clean-minded man, it repelled him. To what did it owe its birth?

As Ethel Collier walked Northwards up Bond Street, she was recalling the past. She was unfeignedly glad to meet again a man whom she had always known she could trust. The three years had left their mark upon her life, twisting and torturing her trust and belief in what is good. But of what the same three years had done for Barlow she did not inquire. Neither the steadiness of his eyes nor the grip of his hand had altered.

The story of Ethel Collier's life up to the day on which she met John Barlow again, after an interval of three years, was one which, unfortunately, is not uncommon. The daughter of an Army officer who had lost his life in Egypt, she had been left motherless when a schoolgirl, almost at the time when she was leaving her school at Bath. With that criminal folly of which so many parents are capable, she had been educated as the daughters of the rich are educated, without the possibility of her having to earn a living being considered. When she left school, at eighteen, she possessed many accomplishments, but few definite qualifications, and an aptitude for enjoying the luxuries and refinements of life coupled with a profound ignorance of the hard facts of existence.

For three years she lived with an aunt, her mother's sister, in a small country-town in Hampshire. She grew to be a tall, handsome girl, with the high spirit of her father and an eager and natural desire to feel the throb of life. She was not slow to discover that life in a little Hampshire town stifled her. She rebelled against it, and, having forced herself to become proficient with a typewriter, she went up to London to do what it had never been thought she would have to do—earn her bread. By good fortune and the help of some of her father's old friends, she began to do so at once; and, for a while, the cruel forces that were against her were not evident.

After a time they became evident. They pressed upon her and threatened to crush her. Her life became a struggle. It began when her work at the Typewriting Agency which had first employed her ceased. Business became slack at the Agency and she lost her post. It was soon after Barlow's going out to Ceylon that this happened, and for three years she became acquainted with a variety of ways in which a girl, having her qualifications, can earn a living.

It was not long before she discovered that her life centred round Bond Street, and it was in various posts in or near Bond Street that for three years she earned a living, gradually gaining more and more knowledge of certain phases of West-End life and learning to use her knowledge to good effect. She possessed from the first one great asset: her education and upbringing enabled her to add to her physical beauty an air of distinction which, she was quick to perceive, had a definite market value. To this first and great asset she soon added a second. She became well versed in the ways of Bond Street. Thus for three years there was no time when she was not paying her way, and the little flat in Chelsea, which she shared with another girl who, like herself, lived in the Bond Street world, was always secure. She was, therefore, successful in a life in which many would have failed. She never lacked the physical comforts of life, and not a few of its pleasures fell to her lot. Her life was not monotonous, neither was it starved. But, at the end of the three years, as Barlow saw, there was weariness lurking in her eyes and her lips were more compressed than was natural.

. . . . . .

Barlow came back to London life with a new zest. There were friends he had not seen for three years, men he had not seen or heard of since he went out to Ceylon, interests and pleasures which for three years he had perforce abandoned. To all these he came back, and time was not idle upon his hands. But there were many occasions on which he saw Ethel. They took up their old friendship and did not know that it was changing.

One night, at the Welcome Club at Earl's Court, he first learnt some details of what her life had been. They were sitting in the low wicker-chairs, looking out on the crowd which circled round and round the band-stand in a slow-moving mass. The chairs near them were all occupied; outside the enclosure the crowd was dense. Yet in the presence of that crowd there was a real solitude of which they took advantage.

"What is a 'manikin'?" Barlow had asked, in the course of commonplace, impersonal talk.

"Why do you ask?"

"Ignorance. I was talking to some people last night, and they spoke of a girl who was a 'manikin.'"

"What did they say?"

"They said it was light work and well paid."

"Nothing else?"

"Someone said the life was demoralising."

"Well, I will tell you what a 'manikin' is. A 'manikin' is a girl of more than ordinarily good figure and carriage who walks about a Society dressmaker's rooms in one of that dressmaker's latest 'creations,' and so shows it off to the best and fullest advantage. For some months, soon after you went to Ceylon, I was a 'manikin.'"

For a moment Barlow said nothing. He blew his cigarette-smoke out before him in a long, thin stream. Ethel watched his face. It was expressionless, but his silence told her he had learned something more definite than that the life was demoralising.

"You left because you got something better?"

"No; I left it because—well, because, as you were told, the life is demoralising. It was after I had left that I got taken on at the Manicure place."

"Yes. And that?"

"Well, there was a good deal I didn't like there also. But it was better than Dover Street. After all, I had to earn a living. The work was light, and I suppose I was getting hardened. I found some amusement, too, at the Beauty shop. But, of course, at a Beauty shrine the priestesses have to be beautiful themselves, and when that is a reason for one's getting taken on there are always drawbacks." For the first time she spoke with deep and undisguised bitterness. Barlow felt the stab of its sting.

"Why didn't you go back to the typewriting?" he asked.

"Typewriting is much harder work than Bond Street or Dover Street, and I was not good enough to get a really good post in competition against others. You see, for Dover Street or Bond Street it may be said that I have a natural advantage. Perhaps, after a year or so," she added, after a pause, "I found I had made a mistake. But it was too late to go back. I made the best of it."

Barlow was greatly interested. He was beginning to see what the past three years had been.

"And why did you give up manicuring?"

"It became unbearable. And I got the chance of being in the new tea-rooms, the Ashley House. You know what a success they have proved. Well, I have benefited by that success and I am there still. I am used to the ways of Bond Street now—hardened, if you like. At any rate, I know the rocks, and—I can avoid them."

"And, after all this, you still stay in Bond Street, still live in the midst of a life you hate!"

"The hatred has become tolerable. I have to earn my living. What can I do? After all, even a 'manikin's' is an honest livelihood, and there are plenty of manicure-girls before whose lives, if I told you them, you might stand uncovered in respect."

"Couldn't you go back to Hampshire?"

She laughed. It amused her that he should suggest as something new what she had argued out with herself time after time.

"To the sleepy life of a little country-town! Don't you know what it would be like? Don't you know that it would be a confession of failure to go back? Don't you know what the little, provincial nobodies would say? And in my Aunt's house, you know, there is the atmosphere of a generation that is dead. And I; well, I should be dependent—mildly, affectionately misunderstood."

The life of the little Hampshire town came vividly before her. After all, she was not ready to bury herself. The throb and interest of life still appealed to her, her pulses were still young, the "joie de vivre" of youth still called her.

"Still, it would be a better life than Bond Street," Barlow urged.

He had been sitting in dogged restraint. He had said little, but he had read a good deal that had been inferred and not spoken. The hard, cynical note in the girl's voice hurt him. He guessed rightly what the temptations were which had besieged her. Though they had not conquered her, he judged that she had been soiled by contact with them. And in the background of his thoughts an inevitable question arose. Had she yielded even a little? Had she dallied on the edge of the precipice? Had she played with fire? She was beautiful enough, high-spirited enough, and, of course, many did, getting amusement and enjoying the sweet incense of flattery without actually getting their fingers burnt.

And her engagement with Calkin—what had been its history? Why had it been broken off? Thoughts formed themselves and Barlow crushed them, but he urged the return to Hampshire again.

Again Ethel laughed, half in amusement, half in bitterness.

"What a typical John Bull you are! What a typical strait-laced moralist! If I had been toiling away in some City office as a typewriting clerk, you would have nodded your head in benevolent approval. But because I have earned my living as I have, you as good as tell me that I have been touching pitch and am defiled."

And yet, even as she laughed, she was telling herself that she was thankful that Barlow was the honest, remorseless John Bull that he was. She had met a good many men who were different. His slowness of speech, his distrust of what he did not fully understand, his anxiety that she should go back to Hampshire, were all what she would have expected, having once felt the strong grip of his hand and met his steady eyes.

And when he said nothing in answer to her raillery, she bent forward and laid her hand upon his knee, and the bitterness vanished suddenly from her voice and the laughter from her eyes.

"It is good of you to be anxious that I should go back to Hampshire," she said, with gentle seriousness, "good of you to care so much. But you are wrong. That sort of life wouldn't be possible now. I have chosen my life, and I must keep on with it. After all, it is very easy to exaggerate its drawbacks. Perhaps I have done so."

She was deeply thankful that night, for whatever had happened in the past three years they had contained nothing that she need ever conceal. She could face John Barlow's steady eyes.

That night Barlow determined that he would discover what the history of her engagement with Calkin had been, though, in reality, it mattered very little what that history was, so far as the new birth in his life was concerned. Whether for pain or for joy, his love for Ethel Collier had been born. Even though as yet he did not admit its existence, the light of it had for a moment been in his eyes, and, in that moment, she had seen it.

. . . . . .

At the back of a box in a suburban theatre, Barlow and Ethel Collier were sitting alone. The two others who had completed the party had left them to sit out the last Act, as the journey home from the outlying theatre was a long one, though to the two who sat now in the back of the box the last Act of the play was wholly uninteresting. They were, indeed, quite ignorant of what was going on on the stage. A climax had been reached in their lives.

Barlow had asked that question which for many days had been upon his lips. He had asked it bluntly and simply, without beating about the bush, without any periphrasis or disguise. Although very much depended on what he might learn in answer to his question, he asked it coolly and steadily, without the slightest trace of emotion.

"Why was your engagement with Lewis Calkin broken off?"

And, as if he wished to court a rebuff, but, without doubt, because he wished to penetrate to the heart of the story, he did more than ask the question. He displayed the thoughts that had been in his mind.

"Lewis Calkin is a rich man," he said. "He loved you. Since there was an engagement, you must have returned his love in some degree. Why was it broken off? There would have been an escape at once from the Bond Street life?"

For a moment Ethel Collier said nothing. She could have claimed a right to resent Barlow's inquisition. But she was wise enough not to do so. In the secret places of her thoughts she had already yielded him a right to question.

"You are right," she said. "It would have been an escape. But for the escape I should have paid a price. It was not Calkin who broke off the engagement. The way of escape was there. He wished to marry me. I shut my eyes to it. The price was too heavy."

"Calkin loved you," Barlow persisted, remorselessly.

"Yes—if you employ a euphemism. And, at first, I believed I returned his love—sufficiently. But he cared for nothing beyond my physical beauty. Perhaps I was flattered. As you say, he is a rich man. Not only should I have escaped from the Bond Street life, but, as his wife, I should have won a position which many would envy."

"Yet you let it go. Why?"

She hesitated. It was not easy for her to explain. "Can't you guess?" she asked.

Suddenly he understood. "Yes. When you came to see his love closely, you realised what it was?"

She turned her head from him, remembering how Calkin had revealed himself. "And I learnt that mine was only a mistake," she added.

Barlow remained silent.

"Yet most girls would have married him, placed as I was placed,"

she urged, in self-excuse. "I sacrificed a life of comfort and took up my life again where I had thought to leave it. I sometimes think I was foolish."

For Barlow, however, all doubts were now past. "No," he said, "you were not foolish."

Then, simply and directly, without protestations, he offered her his love and asked her to be his wife. It had come slowly, he told her, the great love he bore her, but it would last as long as he lived. Had she done as she wished, she would have yielded then, without condition, without question, with absolute trust. But she remained silent and her silence deceived him.

"I cannot offer you much. I cannot lay at your feet all that I would," he admitted. "I have no large share of the world's goods. There are things Calkin could have given you which I cannot offer. But these things are not happiness, Ethel, and it is happiness, the richest happiness, the joy of life, that perhaps we might know together——"

He pleaded now as a true lover pleads. Yet so hard a thing did it seem to her to win joy that she still fought against yielding. She had made a mistake once; she had become intimate with the false, so intimate that she now doubted what was true. She mistrusted her love, her own longing to yield.

"Is it because you pity me," she asked, at length, "because you wish to give me a way of escape, because you think that we have so long been good friends?"

"Can you think that it is that?" asked Barlow, mystified.

"Perhaps you are thinking that, in refusing Calkin, I made a sacrifice which many girls wouldn't have made. Don't think I did anything heroic, John. Don't exalt me into anything I am not."

"It is because you refused him that I know you understand what many never understand," he said, plainly. "You understand what the richest joy in life may be—in its fulness—when it is not only a thing of the physical senses. Calkin did not offer you this. It is I who offer it to you—now."

As he said this, Barlow conquered. Ethel Collier let her doubts vanish. She turned to him and met his gaze.

"And I accept," she said, in a whisper.

Suddenly she bent forward, and for one swift instant their lips touched. Then, while the rest of the house sat silent, engrossed in the last Act of the play, they stole quietly from the box and left the theatre, before the exits were filled by the outflowing crowd.

Outside they found a hansom, and in a few moments were being driven towards Chelsea.

. . . . . .

After a time Barlow asked a question. "Why did you doubt me? Why did you think it could be pity, or respect, or anything else?"

She laughed softly. The miracle of her happiness was strange to her still. "I wished to make sure," she answered.

"Of what?"

"Of my own happiness."

"You are happy?" he asked, foolishly, in his joy.

There was the echo of the past three years in her reply. "I had never thought to know so great a joy," she said.

Ethel Collier had reached a haven. She had been very near to the rocks, very near to the whirlpools round which so much of life's wreckage is strewn. But, in the end, she had reached a haven where the fulness of joy was secure.

At the great block of flats in Chelsea, Barlow left her. He got out of the cab and helped her to descend. She passed him and went up the steps.

"I shall see you to-morrow," he said.

She paused for a moment, looking back over her shoulder. It seemed that already some of the writing of Care had vanished from her face.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!" she said, with a gay, little, joyous laugh. Then she passed out of sight.

The cabman took in the situation without hesitation. He had his own home in a mews in Kensington, where perfect happiness reigned. He, therefore, recognised at once that bright, joyous thing that is real love.

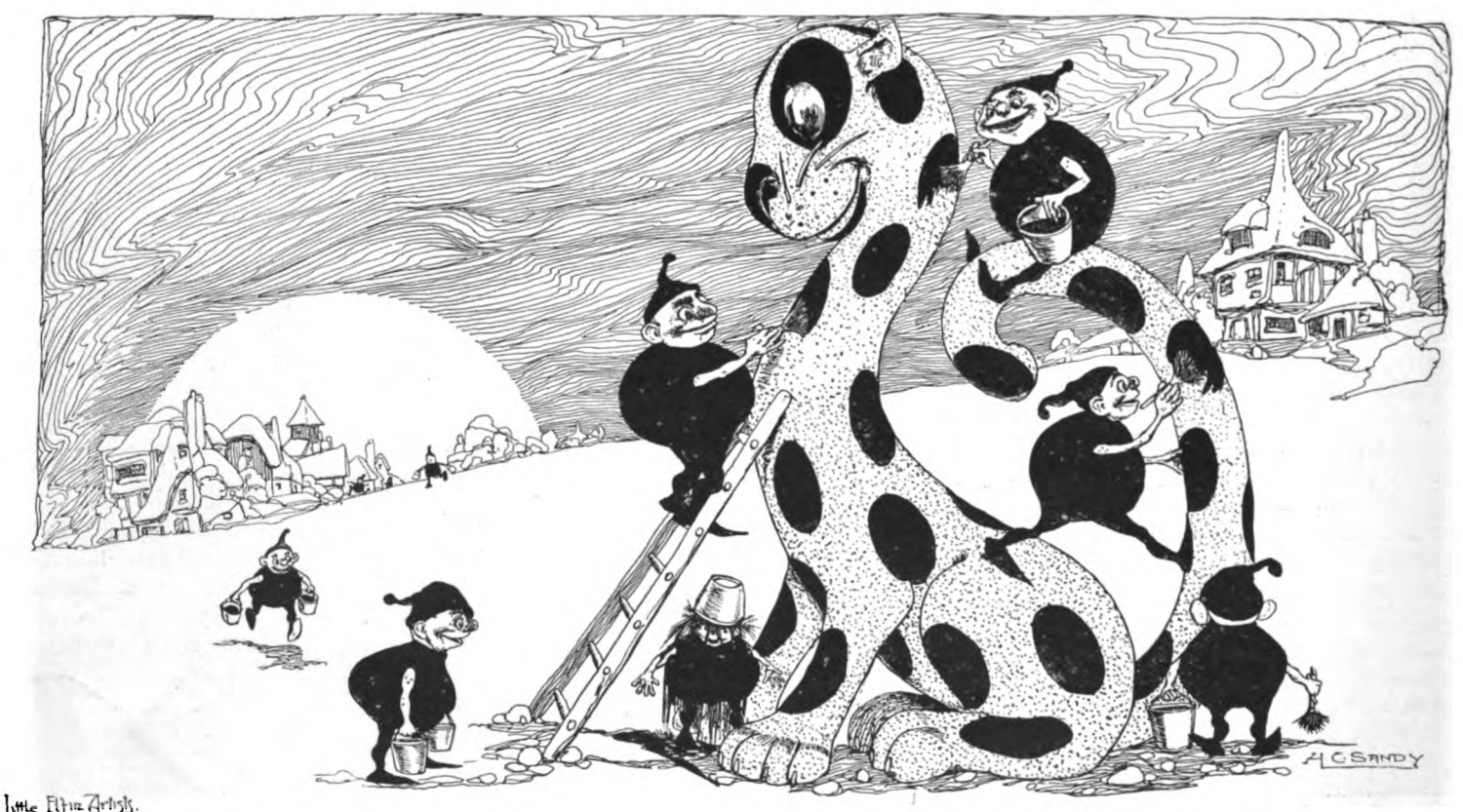
"It 's a nice night, sir," he said to Barlow, who stood looking up the steps long after Ethel had reached her flat.

"There never was a better," said Barlow.

He took out his cigar-case, selected a cigar, and lit it. Then he handed up one to the cabby.

"I wish you happiness, sir," said the cabby.

"You are right," said Barlow, as he got back into the cab; "I am going to be very happy."



THE FANTASTIC SIDE OF THINGS. PICTURED BY H. C. SANDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NATURALLY enough, considerable interest is being manifested in the elaborate preparations which have been made by Mr. Beerbohm Tree for the production of "Much Ado About Nothing" at His Majesty's Theatre next Tuesday evening. That the play is divided into what Mr. Tree calls three Acts everyone knows, though each scene will, as usual, be separated from the next by the fall of the curtain.

In every production of a Shaksperian play the question of new readings is bound to attract notice. A startling one has been considerably discussed in the world behind the scenes. It will be remembered that, in discussing Claudio's love-affair, Benedick describes Hero as "Leonato's short daughter." As Miss Viola Tree, who plays the part, is close on six feet tall, Mr. Tree speaks the line satirically, and points it by raising his hand well above his own head.

It will be interesting to note what the sticklers for Shaksperian accuracy will have to say about it. That it is incorrect Mr. Tree will probably be the first to acknowledge, even though its ingenuity is admitted to be unquestionable and not without a humour of its own. It is, however, only by the written word that a dramatist can make his intentions known, and if this is twisted so as to mean exactly the reverse of what is set down, there is no value in words. Another reason why the sticklers will probably protest is because the new reading divorces "Much Ado About Nothing" from its association with "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," with both of which it is in time-relation. The same boys undoubtedly played the corresponding parts in each, for the leading ladies are tall and fair and the second ladies short and dark, as reference to the text will distinctly show.

The appearance of Mr. Laurence Irving as Don John is interesting in more ways than one. In the earlier days of his theatrical career he acted several of Mr. Tree's own parts in the provinces, notably Svengali in "Trilby," and the leading part in "A Bunch of Violets." When, too, "Much Ado" was last played on the London stage—at the St. James's—Mr. H. B. Irving played the part, so that the two brothers will have acted it in the two succeeding revivals. What would have given additional interest to their impersonations would have been the association of Sir Henry Irving's name with the villain of the piece. Strange as it may seem, although Sir Henry must, in his time, have played dozens of the smaller parts in his Shaksperian répertoire when he was a member of various Stock Companies in the provinces, Don John was one of those which he never acted.

Mr. Lewis Waller has completed his arrangements for the staging of "Henry V." at the Imperial Theatre, where it will be revived on Saturday evening next. It goes without the saying that Mr. Waller will himself appear in the title-rôle, and Mr. William Mollison will resume his impersonation of Pistol, the character he played when Mr. Waller and he were joint-managers of the Lyceum. Miss Evelyn Millard, however, will not be associated with Mr. Waller in this play. Miss Mary Rorke will be the chorus, the part which at the Lyceum was taken by Miss Lily Hanbury.



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE

AS LIZA, A QUADROON, IN "LITTLE BLACK SAMBO" AND "LITTLE WHITE BARBARA."

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

It was the strain incidental to standing on the small platform raised high above the level of the stage while declaiming the stirring lines between the Acts of the play which was in great measure responsible for the illness which for some time deprived the playgoing public of Miss Hanbury's presence.

Since Miss Fay Davis's departure from London, where she was held in such high esteem, little has been heard of her doings in America. For the sake of Auld Lang Syne, however, many playgoers will extend a kindly wish to her this evening, when she makes her appearance at the Savoy Theatre, New York, in a new play bearing the curious title, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." It is written by Mr. Augustus Thomas, who will be remembered as the author of "Alabama," which Mr. Willard produced at the Garrick Theatre some years ago, as well as by "Arizona," which was acted at the Adelphi. Among Miss Fay Davis's chief supporters is Mr. J. H. Barnes, who, not long ago, gave up his position as one of the Professors at Mr. Tree's Academy of Dramatic Art to enrol himself as a member of Mr. Charles Frohman's forces.

Sixteen towns make up the tale of the provincial tour which Sir Henry Irving has arranged to occupy him for eleven weeks, beginning on Monday next at Portsmouth and concluding at Wigan, where he opens on April 6. Sir Henry's répertoire will include some of his most famous impersonations, Shylock, Becket, Louis XI., the dual parts in "The Lyons Mail," Corporal Brewster in "Waterloo," and, it need hardly be said, Mathias in "The Bells," for as long as he remains on the stage his admirers will clamour for his performance of that character.

The use of the stage for what may, not incorrectly, be called propagandist purposes is unusual and invariably unacknowledged. The production of Eugen Tschirikoff's play, "The Chosen People," which is to be given at the Avenue Theatre in its native Russian on Saturday evening and during the following week, is, therefore, notable, for it has for its object not only the display of the condition of the Jews in Russia, but the obtaining of sympathy for "the Chosen People," whose real woes and disabilities are represented in the guise of make-believe. Perhaps not the least remarkable fact to be noted in connection with the actors is that they are not Jews, for it is largely from the members of that community that the greatest actors of the world are recruited.

Whenever a successor is needed to the ever-popular "Véronique" at the Apollo Theatre, rumour has it that it is likely to be found in "Le Sire de Vergy," of which the music is by Claude Terrasse and of which the words are by De Caillet and De Fiers. This comic-opera, which will be adapted for the English stage by Mr. Arthur Sturgess, has already been presented in France and at Milan, in both cases with much success. The plot is the customary matrimonial comedy of three, and is based on the old Boccaccio legend which tells how a jealous husband not only slew his wife's lover, but completed his revenge by making her eat that lover's heart. This same idea, in its original and serious form, was adopted some years ago as the groundwork of the opera "The Troubadour." M. Terrasse's music is said to be particularly fine.



FROM MONKEY TO MASHER: AN EARLY STAGE.

MR. HUGH J. WARD AS SIMEON, THE MISSING LINK, IN "THE WHITE CAT."

Photograph by Bassano.



FROM MONKEY TO MASHER: THE FINAL STAGE.

MR. HUGH J. WARD AS SIMEON, THE MISSING LINK, IN "THE WHITE CAT."

Photograph by Bassano.

KEY-NOTES

WHATEVER one may say of Sousa and his Band, there is no doubt at all that the famous conductor's appearance in London—we speak, for the moment, for London alone—creates a certain atmosphere of pleasurable excitement. Sousa is a name to conjure with; he has been dubbed the "March King" through the length and breadth of the United States, and in some respects he certainly has not disgraced the title. Moreover, he is a conductor of the most peculiar resources. He has trained his band not only exactly to his thought, but also to his gesture, and herein a great deal of the art of conducting lies; but with Sousa the thing becomes also his own and personal art. Smile at his gesture how you will, you must still own at the end of the whole thing that he has produced precisely the effect he set out to produce. No doubt, there is much in his manner that calls for some sort of gentle amusement; but Sousa is never ridiculous. He is alert, ready, and at all times thoughtful for every possible effect which his band of wind-instruments can produce. It is true that he now and then annoys one by introducing work reduced to brass which rightly ought to be taken up by strings, but even in these cases he manages very often to produce a delicate effect which is very rare in brass combinations. Take, for example, the playing of his band, on the opening night of his season, of "In Dixie Land." The opening melody is one of great and singular tenderness, and one would have thought that a brass and wind band would scarcely be able to overcome the delicacies of this initial tune; as a matter of fact, this was his great triumph of the evening.

The programme of the opening night was chosen with a rare insight into the character of a general English audience. Sousa himself held himself in the background; but the multitude of encores brought him forward in many a March mood, and we practically heard him in many of his most "renowned compositions." "The Diplomat" was new to our acquaintance; it is a very clever march, but is so far reminiscent of Sousa himself that one cannot altogether regard it as quite original, seeing that we have so long had the model before us. As one of the encores, again, "The Washington Post" was dished up for us hot and hot; however one may make labouring jests about this composition of world-wide reputation, the fact remains that it keeps its popularity, although it is quite clear that it does not rank among the best, or even among the first or second-rate things of march-music. It is in such a piece as this that Mr. Sousa, as a conductor, remembers his own enthusiastic nature, and with infinite deliberation performs a series of graceful and admirable gyrations, not only with his bâton, but also with his lithe



SOUSA AND HIS BAND AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS ESTELLE LIEBLING, SOPRANO VOCALIST WITH THE MARCH KING.

Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company.

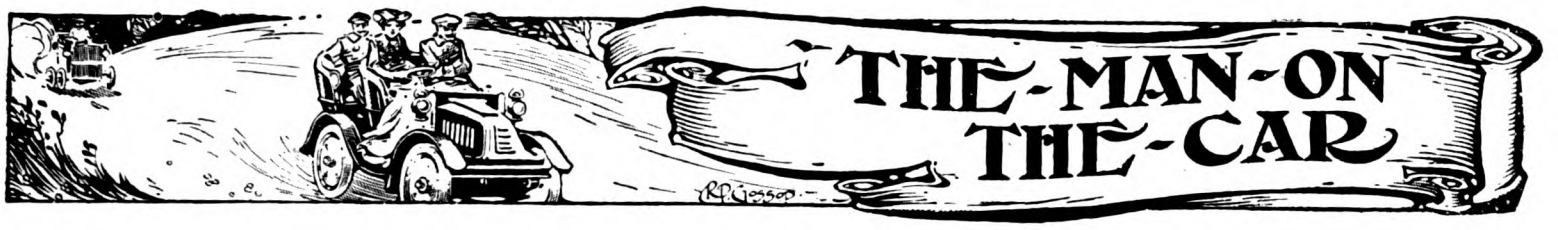
body and with his dancing feet, so that in the end one really is in doubt as to whether one were listening to genuine music or to an amalgam of music, good playing, and a marvellous magnetism on the part of the conductor. Mr. Sousa is not above appealing to the feelings of that class which, though in itself not particularly inclined to religion, is yet powerful in England, by reason of the remembrances of Sundays in the country, where, as Mr. Kipling phrases it, there is a general flavour of wild roses, midgets, and milk. Therefore it gave obvious delight to an enormous audience when Mr. Clark, a most able cornet-player, played as an encore "The Lord is my Shepherd."

A final word must be added about a new composition by Mr. Sousa himself, entitled "At the King's Court." The work is divided into three natural divisions: "Her Ladyship, the Countess," "Her Grace, the Duchess," and "Her Majesty, the Queen." Inasmuch as Mr. Sousa knows very well how to express himself in a certain form of music, it was interesting to note that "Her Ladyship, the Countess" was treated by him somewhat with a sense of humour; he seemed to feel that, though the Countess was quite high in the social scale—there were others; therefore the Countess became practically a frivolous young thing, very charming, and full of little phrases of sentiment that did more justice to her heart than her head. "Her Grace, the Duchess" is introduced by a more solemn prelude, though finally she herself is twined into the "interstices of the mazy." The section entitled "Her Majesty, the Queen," however, has considerable dignity, and also exhibits Mr. Sousa's peculiar skill in pictorial music by suggesting a rather stately progress. Without Sousa there is nothing very much to record, save that Miss Estelle Liebling, in Massé's "Nightingale Air" from "The Marriage of Jeannette," proved that she has a brilliant voice, although it is not touched to any sentimental issues.

COMMON CHORD.

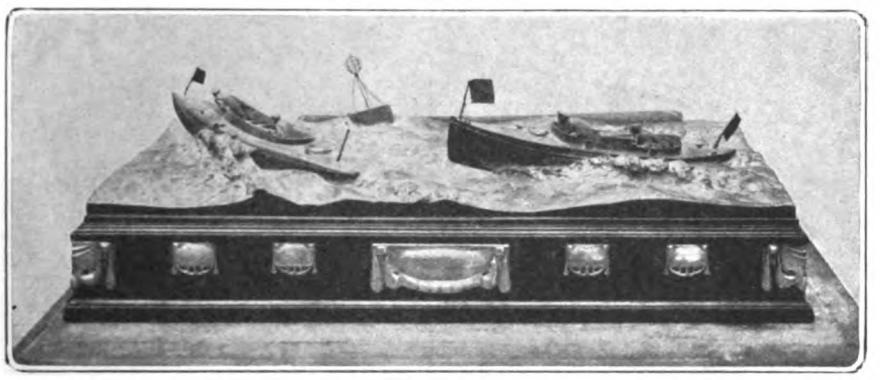


SOUSA AND HIS BAND AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS MAUD POWELL, SOLO VIOLINIST WITH THE MARCH KING.



The Trial of a New Motor-'Bus—The Scarcity of Motor-Cabs—The Coming Gordon-Bennett Race—A Question of Course—A Warning to Owners of Light Cars.

I THINK it would have been just as well if our various Omnibus Companies, who have now, apparently, made up their minds to combat electrical traction on, above, and below the surface of the ground by the introduction of motor-propelled conveyances, had awaited the results of the exhaustive trial just commenced in connection with a Straker-Squire motor-'bus under the auspices of the Automobile Club. This 'bus, which is propelled by a four-cylinder



THE CULT OF THE MOTOR-BOAT: THE HARMSWORTH TROPHY.

Photograph by Rol, Paris.

24 horse-power explosion-engine placed under a bonnet in the usual way, started on a run of two thousand miles last Thursday morning, with the intention of completing the journey by daily stages of a hundred miles. The 'bus will run over the accepted Club trial-routes, but it will not be asked to climb Birdlip Hill, as that ascent would, of course, be out of all reason for a public conveyance of the kind. Those of my readers who feel an interest in the behaviour of this vehicle and may wish to watch it passing on its daily trips must not look out for a motor-'bus. It is, of course, impossible to obtain full human loads for such long daily journeys, and, as it is essential that an average load should be constantly transported, the total moving weight on the road-wheels will be just upon five tons, which will be partially carried in the shape of lead pigs on the platform. Consequently, a motor-lorry with a large, deep driving-hood, and a motor-car in attendance, is what must be looked for. The load above-mentioned is equal to three-quarters of the total weight of the loaded 'bus.

The sparsity of motor-cabs on the London cab-stands is much to be regretted, and I fancy that there would be more profit resulting from the flotation and working of a Company to put good, fast, comfortable motor-cabs upon the streets of this city than in the exploiting of motor-'bus traffic, which is already fairly well in hand by Messrs. Tilling, the London General Omnibus, and the Road-Car Companies. Now and again one sees a smart motor-cab with a hansom-cab body on the cab-rank opposite St. George's Hospital, but seldom, if ever, is one noticed in work. If there were a larger number on the road, and the public were as much accustomed to see motor-cabs in use as are the gay Parisians, it would not be long before the knell of the horse-drawn hansom and growler was rung indeed. Once a motor-cab has been used for town work, and presuming it can be hired at the same price as the horse-hauled variety, the latter would never more be patronised by any user who regards time and comfort. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot once tried to improve, and did vastly improve, our present cab-services, until the base ingratitude of the drivers drove him out of the business. Now that he is so intimately connected with the motor industry in this country, we hope to see him return to the charge, and ultimately eliminate the horse from the cab-services of the streets of this great city.

There is really very little real sporting feeling about a Frenchman, if one go much below the skin. Individually, he would be very much astonished to be told so; but the attitude of the French Automobile Club over and with regard to the Gordon-Bennett race this year is proof thereof and to spare. Sooner than give any other nationality an equal chance with themselves of winning this classic race, the French are determined to hold it over an altogether unsuitable course, and with possibilities of terrible accidents. I am more than pleased to see the Belgian Automobile Club have notified their refusal to take part in the Gordon-Bennett, if it is to be run in conjunction with the newly born Grand Prix International, for which hundreds of cars are likely to enter and start. One would think the Automobile Club of France had had enough and to spare of such death-scurries in the Paris-Bordeaux stage of the ill-fated Paris-Madrid race which lost them so much prestige, and France one of her most talented motor-engineers. But everything is to be sacrificed to the certainty of scoring first honours for the French trade. Our neighbours across the Channel view with something more than apprehension the growth of the motor industry both here and in the States, and feel that the tricolour must be kept flying at all costs. Our own Club have merely protested at present, but, in deference to public opinion, they will have to refuse to race under the conditions sought to be imposed by the French.

My readers who own light cars and drive somewhat in fear of side-slip are hereby warned against fitting a non-skidding device to one of their back-wheels only. By so doing a stress most undesirable is placed upon the differential gear and half of the live-axle where live-axle drive is used, and such stress has in several instances which have come under my notice resulted in serious trouble and expense. A non-skid device which promised to save the car-mechanism from all these side-strain drag troubles was the Sainsbury non-skid, but, promising though this device looked, little or nothing has been heard of it, and certainly nothing done with it, since it was shown round at a Motor Show some two years since. Another non-skid which throws less strain than the attached types on the wheels is the Parsons, but that is not all one's fancy might paint it, although it performs excellently in grease and does not wear the tyres.



AN INGENIOUS MOTOR SHOOTING-CAR.

The owner and inventor of this car, Mr. Leonard Tufts, of Boston, has had a railway-track laid from the Hotel Carolina, Carolina, to and around his game-preserve of some five-and-twenty thousand acres, and on this track he runs his car. Quail-shooting is the sport to which Mr. Tufts is chiefly devoted, and the birds are bred on the preserve in great numbers by protection in the close season and by the cultivation of acres of cow-peas. The hunter's dogs are trained to jump from the car and retrieve the dead birds.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. BALLOU, NEW YORK.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Form—The Spring Weights—Hard Times—Guessing.

IT is well-nigh impossible to find winners under National Hunt Rules by following the book. Horses change quite fourteen pounds in as many days, but how is this to be accounted for? Can it be metallic fever, or is it that horses act differently on different courses? One thing I am convinced about: it is that it is useless to take any notice of the betting which goes on on the course, as so many of the performers over the sticks are backed only at the "S.P." offices in town. Indeed, I am told that at one of the big betting Clubs not more than two horses are backed in any race, and it is really only a question of waiting to see which comes up on the tape as the winner. It is certain that, under the winter rules, owners could not make the game pay by going out for the stakes alone, and there are a few, a very few, who race for the sport. Then how do the majority of the leather-flapping owners manage to keep their heads above water? Aye, there 's the rub. The real professional owners look prosperous, and I doubt if they ever get badly smashed, but they are gamblers and have a happy knack of backing other people's horses as well as their own. They seemingly know the fat horses at a glance, while they are seldom guilty of backing non-triers. This part of the game is left to the gullible public.

Sir Ernest Cassel.
Duke of Devonshire. General Scobell.
Mr. Gilson Martin. Capt. Holland. Earl Percy. Lady Theo Acheson. Lady Mary Acheson. Col. Hon. H. C. Legge.



Duke d'Albe. Hon. H. Stonor. Lady Chelsea. His Majesty the King. Countess of Mar and Kellie. Earl de Grey.
Hon. Mrs. G. Keppel. Lady Moyra Cavendish.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHATSWORTH: THE SHOOTING PARTY.

Photograph by W. W. Winter, Derby.

The weights for the Spring Handicaps will be published on Jan. 26, and until then it would be useless to even try and pick fancies. It may not be out of place here, however, to note that several good judges think that Delaunay will as nearly as possible win the City and Suburban if fit and well on the day. I remember that just prior to the race for the Cambridgeshire it was stated that the horse was not a stayer; then why should he be entered in the Epsom race? He ran very badly at Newmarket, but he is very likely to be favoured by the course at Epsom, and it should never be forgotten that as a two-year-old he was tried to be better than Pretty Polly. The last-named will, without a doubt, go for the Ascot Gold Cup, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see Willie Lane on her back. Lane was always unbeatable as a jockey in a long-distance race with turns, and he had few superiors over the round courses at Ascot and Goodwood. If Presto II. competes at Ascot, the betting over the pair will be fast and furious. I should stand Pretty Polly to beat the other wherever they finished, as I cannot swallow the French form of the pair at any price.

It is estimated by a statistical friend of mine that, in the aggregate, quite a million was netted by those people who promoted guessing competitions on horse-races. I know of one man, reputed to be worth three hundred thousand pounds, who had not as many shillings a few years back. There is something very attractive about sweeps and coupon competitions, and they always catch on; but the bookmakers aver that these contests robbed them of thousands of pounds per annum as long as they were allowed to exist. Little punters now put their odd silver on horses, and the consequence is the bookies get what the promoters pocketed. The big sweeps in Australia still thrive, and they pay their promoters well. The late Mr. Adams, who promoted the big sweeps "down under," left property valued at well over a million. Many big papers in this country were started and made to pay on the proceeds of competitions, which shows that the public are fond of giving their luck a run. All the same, I think it is a good thing that these contests were stopped by law, as they were nothing but huge gambles, and did more harm than good to sport.

I am told that new members for the various Racing Clubs are few in number and that candidates are now hard to procure. The fact of the matter is, the cost of the South African War was a poser for those of our nobility and gentry with limited incomes, and they have to begin retrenching by dropping the luxuries. Again, some few of our well-known Turf *habitués* have resigned the sport in favour of golf and motoring, while others make a rule of attending the chief race-meetings only—say, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Sandown Park. The Club subscription-list forms the big reserve at all the Park meetings, although, I contend, the members get better value for money than anyone else. Still, it must be borne in mind that they have to pay in advance for a year's sport and chance whether they get it or not, and this, by-the-bye, opens up another question. I do not think, when a large Club-list has been obtained, that a meeting should be insured to admit of a possible premature abandonment at the whim of the Clerk of the Course and the acting Stewards. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the time will come when Tattersall's Ring will be run on the Club system. Then the Park meetings will hum; so will the little meetings that could do with a fixed income in these days of depression.

The late Sam Hitt, of Nottingham, better known to the majority of racing-men as "Sammy the Whistler," used to tell the following humorous story with great gusto—though told against himself. "I was once at Birmingham for a steeplechase meeting at Sutton Coldfield, which was not only postponed, on account of frost, from day to day, but also from one week to the next," said Sammy. "I was then living in London, and, the journey being an expensive one, I decided to stay the week-end at Brum. Strolling along Dale End, on the Saturday afternoon, I was accosted by a local sport, who inquired if I was 'staying over Sunday.' Being told I was, he said, 'Then yo' may as well come round to our house an' hev a bit o' dinner wi' me an' t' missis to-morrow.' I accepted the invitation and asked him where he lived. 'Never do yo' mind wheer I live, do yo' come!' replied Brummy, and, with that, he jumped on a passing omnibus, leaving me equally amused and perplexed."

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE winter of our discontent has evidently not been confined to Britain or the British this past few months, judging from the injured, not to say plaintive, tone that runs through letters from one's friends in the South. It certainly is rather piling on of life's little ironies to travel expensively South, with a phalanx of boxes representing another phalanx of bank-notes, and find frosts, blizzards, and all the familiar climatic accompaniments of home awaiting one together with the hotel-bills. Friends in the enviable possession of villas on the Riviera write me that their gardens have been ruined by heavy frosts, and baby oranges nipped in the fragrant bud by untimely rigours of wind and snow. So, both residents and visitors seemed to have suffered unduly. At the moment, however, cabs roll through the Square, taking piles of baggage and undaunted owners on the first stage of their journey South, nor—everything notwithstanding—can one resist an envious thought as they whirl off towards the violets and mimosa, the turquoise sea, and the yellow sunshine of the splendid South.



[*Copyright.*

A PRETTY DESIGN FOR A DÉBUTANTE'S DRESS.

The dressmakers are trying to popularise scarlet for outdoor wear on the Riviera, with the object of domesticating that brilliant tone in our midst later on; but fashion generally gets the worst of it in a hand-to-hand encounter with common-sense, and one, therefore, doubts if scarlet will prevail amidst the unsuitable environment of heat and brilliant sunshine. White is the ideal colour for such surrounding, and nothing looks more charming in the bright, clear atmosphere of the South than it, and such pale colourings as putty, biscuit, ivory, Nile-green, and, above all, cream. The new skirts are quite as voluminous as they can be, and fall in long, graceful folds about the feet. An oyster-white cloth, trimmed with a narrow tracery of gold braid and borderings of sable intermixed with the lace of sleeves and bodice, is at the moment accompanying an acquaintance to Cannes, and infinitely more attractive than another *plein-air* frock of fine crimson serge cut up into little rills and ruches and rivulets of ornamentation in the same material, the only note of opposing colour being the collar, vest, and half-sleeves of Brussels lace, the pattern of which was delicately outlined in black chenille. With snow for a background—up at St. Moritz, for instance—this frock would be a delight to the eye. But in a glare of Riviera sunshine, no!

Talking of suitable occasions and sympathetic gowns, I was astonished into ten minutes' absolute silence when a friend asked me to wander with her to Lola's or Paquin's the other day and help her to choose a "church gown." Seeing my paralysed stare, she added, "I think the essence of such a frock is that it should be noiseless and dark, while always well made. Swishing of silk and violent riots of colour are out of place, and, therefore, bad taste." Now, there was a woman of sense and sensibility, and well-ordered taste. For, if we have tea-gowns, coffee-coats, bridge-blouses, breakfast-peignoirs, dinner-toilettes, theatre-frocks, travelling-gowns, and Olympus knows what besides, why not the suitably sober garb for solemn occasions?

Talking of church, I invariably admire the Job-like patience of preachers at this season of the year, when colds are rife and the opening words of an address are the signal for coughings, sneezes, puffings of breath, and a variety of unnecessary and exasperating noises, which continue intermittently throughout the sermon and cease with the suddenness of electricity when it is over. It does not happen in the theatre, or even at the Royal Institute, so why in church? one asks. Or is it only the pious folk who are affected with nasal and other catarrh? Only last Sunday a well-known and worthy clergyman adopted an efficient means of stopping the intolerable noises in his church by simply closing his book and gazing at his congregation until the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop. To be Hibernian, he, in fact, put down his foot by shutting his mouth. Why the method is not in general force, being so mightily effective, one cannot understand.



[*Copyright.*

AN AFTERNOON-GOWN OF CHIFFON VELVET.

The mention of *mouchoirs* reminds one of some new handkerchiefs that are being introduced. They are neither silken nor linen, but are vaunted as "better than either," and are called the "Excelda." Not having tried them, one cannot pronounce, but in these pocketless days, when fine cambric pocket-handkerchiefs are shed like snowflakes wherever one goes, anything that would look as well and cost less should establish itself.

The country cousin in London is always as vague about the best disposal of his time as thirsty for information as to the way he should go. Theatres especially puzzle the purchaser of stalls with six days in town and sixteen plays to choose from. The lover of charming music and an artless plot to which any child might take her grandmother is advised to see "Peggy Machree," and, in reply to a dozen chaperons, I can assure them that, though there is dancing, there is no dancing doll. Further, there are gusts of inevitable laughter in "Beauty and the Barge," while "The Walls of Jericho" continues to provide an excellent moral, some beautiful dresses, and a delighted audience, after which, if anxious inquirers from the Home Counties wish further light on this dazzling subject, they have but to ask.

People are flocking out to Egypt already, and the *Macedonia*, which started yesterday, carried the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Dalhousie, Lady Donegall, Lady Gorst, with her pretty daughter, and a host of other interesting folk. On the same boat Lily, Lady Elliot, goes on to Bombay, and Major Albert Woods takes his bride, who is, by the way, one of the best amateur violinists in England and sure to be a great acquisition in Shillong, where Major Woods proceeds to take up his appointment as Inspector-General of Police.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

BURMESE.—I candidly advise you not to do so. Women's Clubs are beginning to be as overdone as flower-shops, and tea-shops, and millinery-shops were a dozen years ago. Dressmaking pays more steadily than anything else, provided, first, you have a strong connection to start with, and, secondly, an unimpeachable fitter to whom people will return because they cannot get done better, and, thirdly—being as important as any—provided your prices are moderate.

SYBIL.

A letter by Wordsworth to a Scottish gardener has been dug up recently. It is dated 1845, and has one passage worth preserving: "You were right in inferring that the Scotch pine was a favourite with me; indeed, as, perhaps, I have told you before, I prefer it to all others except the oak, taking into consideration its beauty in winter and by moonlight and in the evening."

We are to have a remarkable series of shilling reprints in Routledge's new "Universal Library." Among the books announced are Palgrave's "Golden Treasury"; Froude's "Short Studies in Great Subjects," First Series; Essays by George Brimley; "Guesses at Truth," by A. J. and J. C. Hare; and, most wonderful of all, an early novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "Adam Graeme."

About three hundred sixpenny novels were published during 1904; in all, about 1700 are on the market, including some of the many standard books. Nearly all the publishing houses are now engaged in this line of business, and it is unusual to find a newsagent or bookseller who refuses to touch it, though at first many publishers and many booksellers were opposed. A good and readable type should be used in these volumes, as they are so largely read in trains and omnibuses. The sixpenny editions do not seem to decrease the demand for the more permanent forms.

The Gramophone and Typewriter Company, Limited, of 21, City Road, E.C., has been awarded the Grand Prize for Talking-Machines and Records in the Department of Liberal Arts, Group 21, St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

Franco Leoni's musical version of "Ib and Little Christina" is to be produced at the Opéra-Comique in Paris in April. Captain Basil Hood's libretto is to be adapted by M. Jean Richepin, whose "Du Barry" play is to be produced by Mrs. Brown-Potter. Dupont's new opera, "La Cabrera," which recently gained the £2000 offered by the well-known Italian editor, Sonzogno, will be produced at the same time.

Messrs. Williams and Walker, who made so well-deserved a success in this country in "In Dahomey," ask us to state that the poster purporting to represent them on their way to Buckingham Palace to call upon the King was not designed by them, but was published, without their consent, by their managers.

In *The Sketch* of Jan. 4, we stated that the popular actress Miss Billie Burke had sailed for America with "The Duchess of Dantzic" Company. As a matter of fact, Miss Burke is playing principal girl in "Aladdin" at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool.

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MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES.

EVERYBODY in England will be immensely interested to hear Dr. Strauss's "Domestic Symphony." A critic who is by no means enthusiastic towards the music of latter-day musicians is delighted to have found a man of memory and research who has discovered that one Chelard, of Weimar, produced in 1845 an orchestral work entitled "The First Sounds of Life." For all we know, there may have been many a composer before who has attempted to render the general effect of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bebée" into music, but we should not exactly say that this was in any way an anticipation of the work composed by Strauss, which will be heard in England on Feb. 25. The writer in question notes that "neither the idea of a domestic symphony nor the development to the point of performance is new." "The man of memory and research" has found out, indeed, that Chelard produced at Jena some sixty years ago the other Symphony in question, but could anything be more crude than this comparison between the work of a Kapellmeister of no particular talent and the work of Richard Strauss, simply because they happen to deal in a general way with the same subject? There is no subject under the sun which may not be treated by a bad as well as by a good artist. The question always is: What will be the result? And in this instance the interrogatory seems a little absurd. One might just as well augur a failure for a modern composer who set the words of the Mass to music simply because many and many a small Kapellmeister during the eighteenth century wrote innumerable Masses.

Madame Suzanne Adams has now for long been a familiar figure at Covent Garden; she is a sound and sensible artist, and the purity of her singing and the fine quality of her voice have placed her definitely among the really interesting soprano singers of our time. It is interesting, therefore, to record that she joins the Grand Opera Company at Covent Garden again during the forthcoming season, thus entering upon the eighth consecutive year in which she will be heard under the present operatic management. Everybody will desire her success.

The statement recently made by Mr. Charles Frohman in *Harper's Weekly*, and reproduced in certain of the London papers, that "the difficulty with the stage to-day lies with the playwright," has naturally been attracting a good deal of attention, especially when Mr. Frohman goes on to add the sweeping remark that "in one year the playwrights of America, France, Germany, and England have not turned out six genuine plays." Such a pronouncement coming from "the Napoleon of the dramatic world," as his friends and admirers like to call him, has the force of an *obiter dictum*, but it is regarded in the Green-room as being unduly pessimistic, though, as one dramatist discussing the question observed, "What is the use of writing 'genuine' plays if Mr. Frohman and other managers won't produce them?"

Miss Compton will, as usual, grace the cast which will act her husband's play when it is produced at the Avenue Theatre some time during the second week in next month. In answer to his own question, "Why temporise with the description?" Mr. Carton has resolved to describe his new work as a farce. It is, however, a farce of the type of "The Duke of Killicrankie"—to use that play merely as a symbol—a farce of manner rather than a farce of matter, instead of the old type of farce which depended for much of its humour on the multiplication of doors in the scene, with the wrong people going into the rooms into which they led. Among Miss Compton's associates will be Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Graham Brown, and Mr. Henry Kemble.

While the public looks at things theatrical from the outside and in the isolated cases presented to its view, those who are inside the movement naturally take a more comprehensive survey of events. One of the distinct signs of the times which have been under discussion during the last few days is the way in which it is becoming possible to book the hitherto unreserved parts of the theatres and music-halls. The example in this direction set long ago by one or two theatres has been followed by the newer variety houses, and now, since practically the beginning of this week, seats in the balcony of Drury Lane can be booked just like those in the more expensive parts of the house. In the ordinary way, it cannot be long before many other houses yield allegiance to the new movement, which certainly makes for the comfort of the majority.

It is said that the recent Italian Opera Season at Covent Garden—despite the facts that the theatre and scenery were lent to the Company, that there was a profit, though a small one, on the Caruso performances, and a large sum to the good on the semi-State performance—resulted in loss. This is certainly regrettable, as it would seem to prove that cheap opera cannot yet be made to pay in London It is worth noting, however, that when Caruso appeared the price of seats was raised, so that it would seem that if people require singing of the very highest class they are willing to pay for it. The Grand Season at Covent Garden, by the way, will probably commence with a "Ring" Circle on May 1, Dr. Richter conducting.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.

THE MARKETS.

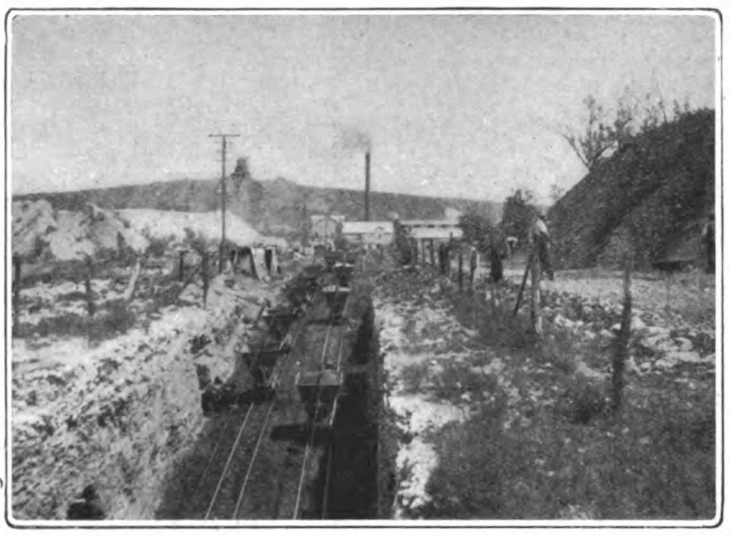
THE markets, which before Christmas gave promise of steady improvement, have during the last few days gone all to pieces, and especially has this been so in the Kaffir and Rhodesian corner. Fortunately pay-day passed off without any failures, although it is notorious that some not very small men were helped over. The excellent gold return for December, which exceeded the most sanguine expectations, has been more than offset by the imminence of the first instalment of the Transvaal Loan, the instalment, our readers will remember, which was guaranteed by the leading Johannesburg firms at the time of Mr. Chamberlain's visit, and which will probably be issued before the Budget. We shall have a word to say about the Chartered Company's Engineer's report later on in these Notes, but it is a curious thing about unfavourable news that it always comes when markets are disturbed.

Readers who have followed our advice cannot be bulls of Chartered, for we have always thought that, if there ever was much payable gold in the country, those wicked ancients probably took the cream of it, and this view has been expressed in these columns and in numerous Answers to Correspondents.

National Telephones have been quite the most interesting security in the Industrial market, and, despite the official denial of the purchase rumours, everybody believes that an agreement has been come to with the Government for the acquisition of the undertaking by the Post Office. Of course, the arrangement will not become binding until the House of Commons has had an opportunity of discussing it; but this is, we fear, the merest form. Too many Members of Parliament are directors of railways and other monopolist—or would-be monopolist—concerns for any Government to be upset or even hard pressed for having agreed to pay too high a price for the telephone or any other monopoly. It is pretty safe to prophesy that something like another job is going to be added to the many which have preceded it. If it were not so, the whole matter would be allowed to rest till 1911, and then the undertaking would be acquired at scrap-iron price.

RAILWAY DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

Despite the fact that upon the published traffics of the last half-year there is, in the aggregate, a considerable decrease as compared with the same period of 1903, we anticipate that, when allowance has been made for the under-estimation which always takes place, the figures will be about equivalent to those of the previous year.



PREMIER DIAMOND-MINE: MECHANICAL HAULAGE ROAD.

On the other hand, extraordinary exertions have been made to reduce expenditure by greater skill and economy in working, to which must be added a saving in the cost of fuel and material that should nearly counterbalance the increase for ever going on in rates and taxes. The growth of capital charges, however, must not be forgotten, and, on the whole, in the aggregate we expect that the dividends will be about the same as for the December half of 1903.

The following table gives the published returns of some of the principal lines for the two half-years, with allowances—

Company.	Traffics. Dec. 1903.	Dec. 1904	Increase or Decrease.
Furness	283,297 ..	243,754 ..	− 39,543
Great Central	1,727,730 ..	1,761,951 ..	+ 34,221
Great Eastern	2,962,200 ..	3,003,800 ..	+ 21,600
Great Northern	3,113,300 ..	3,062,200 ..	− 51,100
Great Western	6,353,600 ..	6,446,000 ..	+ 92,400
Lancashire and Yorkshire	2,877,002 ..	2,951,202 ..	+ 74,200
Brighton	1,773,526 ..	1,782,921 ..	+ 9,395
North-Western	7,593,000 ..	7,534,000 ..	− 59,000
South-Western	2,538,500 ..	2,555,100 ..	+ 16,600
Midland	6,024,652 ..	5,919,603 ..	− 105,049
North-Eastern	4,905,893 ..	4,893,871 ..	− 12,022
South-Eastern and Chatham	2,539,829 ..	2,552,413 ..	+ 12,584

These figures omit, of course, many important lines; this we regret, but our space is very limited, and we must ask the indulgence of our readers on this account.

Within the next few days the distribution of the Brighton, Great Eastern, and Metropolitan Companies will be announced, as well as the working statement of the South-Eastern and Chatham. The Great Eastern will probably show a slight increase of net profits, but not enough to increase the dividend, which will most likely be at the rate of 4¾ per cent. This, with the distribution for the first half-year at the rate of 1¾ per cent., gives a return of 3¼ per cent. for the year, with the stock standing at 92.

The Brighton Company should, with its gross increase and economies, again be able to distribute at the rate of 7½ per cent., and for the whole year the dividend on the Deferred stock will work out at 5 per cent. The present price is 127¾, carrying the whole year's distribution.

The Metropolitan has an improvement in its gross take of about £14,000, but some of the capital outlay on electrification will rank for interest, and the June carry-forward was smaller than in 1903, so that we do not anticipate the dividend of 3 per cent. will be altered. The stock stands at 98¼.

The South-Eastern and Chatham, with an increase of £12,000, can hardly do more than maintain the former distributions at the rate of 4½ per cent. on both South-Eastern Ordinary and Chatham First Preference, which means that for the year 1904 South-Eastern Ordinary will get 2½ per cent., while the Preferred Ordinary will receive 5 per cent. The respective prices are 93 and 132, and the latter carries £4 10s. of dividend.

AMERICANS AND CANADIANS.

One force that the American Market has never had to cope with before to the same extent as now confronts it, is the hostility of the President to the power of the Trusts. Mr. Roosevelt, having widely advertised his determination not to seek re-election after the expiration of his present term of office, is free to campaign to his heart's content against the combinations which he justly declares detrimental to the good of his country. Of these combinations, the Railroads are, with a few exceptions, the most patent examples. So far, in one way or in another, the "bosses" have managed to drive their coach-and-four much as they listed. Now comes a struggle with a power not to be bought with money, and not to be cozened by cheap promises. The result will be awaited with the greatest interest on this side, but the opening chapters of the story are not likely to please the bulls overmuch. Used as it is to scares, the Yankee Market has times ahead of it which are likely to teem with variegated incident, and only the profit-snatcher, as urged before, can speculate with impunity in Americans now. The Canadian stocks offer more scope. Canadas themselves are cheap enough to lock up for investment, but may not move sufficiently quickly to make a speculation in them worth while. The Grand Trunk dividend announcement is due a month hence, and up to that time the market will probably lean, fairly consistently, to the side of the bull tack.

THE RUSSIAN LOAN.

The Continental papers are full of the success of the new Russian Loan, which has been, so they say, subscribed for many times over. We inhabitants of a foggy land, probably from the denseness of the air in which we live, smile an incredulous smile, and ask how much of the money will find its way into the Russian Treasury, when the sums spent on supporting the market for the old issues, the commissions, and other expenses, are allowed for. The net outcome seems to be that present indebtedness at a comparatively low rate of interest will probably be replaced by a larger sum at a higher rate, with a few guns made by Krupp, and, perhaps, some other war-material thrown in at preposterous prices. The more of such successes the nearer our friends of Dogger Bank fame will be to the Bankruptcy Court.

RHODESIANS AS A BLANKET.

Had it not been for the Rhodesian Market, the Kaffir Circus would most likely have been standing in a much less miserable mood than it is at present. To say that everyone knew what Mr. Garthwaite's report would be upon the alluvial discoveries on the Chartered Company's property, is very easy after the event has happened, but Chartered shareholders who missed the chance of selling at 2½ are not likely to receive much comfort from the boasted foreknowledge of the wise ones. So far as we are concerned, these columns have always treated the question of Rhodesian gold with considerable caution, and we adhere steadily to the views so frequently expressed that, while the colony may possibly possess the metal, the payability of the gold industry will never be demonstrated so long as working-costs remain what they are and the grade of ore found in Rhodesia continues so low. The Kaffir Circus is so closely influenced by the adjacent market from the fact that the big houses have interests in both, and, therefore, a movement in one department immediately reacts upon the other. Public attention to Kaffirs remains principally of the academic kind. People look kindly upon the market, admit its attractions, but—courteously decline to come in yet awhile. Nevertheless, there is little "go-down" in prices: in fact, the comparative firmness of the market argues well for another upward start when bullishness comes to the top again.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

They say the Stock Exchange always grumbles, whatever may be the state of its business. As I, for one, emphatically deny this statement, I pass over all references to the condition of trade in the House. But it is hard to resist saying that outsiders who wished us a prosperous New Year are not doing much to follow up this form of words. Nevertheless, I will resist the temptation to say even as little as that.

My wife sighs for a Kaffir boom. She still wears visible evidences of the last, and, Oliver Twist-wise, asks for more. At least, she would if she were less an Angel. She is not, I believe, the only one with hopes in this direction—the direction of a Kaffir boom, I mean: not that of the other angels. Anyway, we members of the House are continually besought to say when the Kaffir boom will come. As if we knew! We have one advantage, perhaps, in being able to tell the tone of a market, but whether this advantage is not seriously outweighed by the liability to be led astray by the look of things at the moment, I, for one, am very much in doubt. The man who punts in Throgmorton Street will probably assure a friend that he never takes House advice for this very reason. Not that the punter gets along particularly well, or any better than other speculators, but there is the fact, and even House circles admit that the ordinary member is far from being a successful operator on balance. The mention of punters reminds one of the old habitué of Throgmorton Street, not a member of the Stock Exchange, who used to stand outside the main door and deal all day long in lines of Rand Mines, Gold Fields, and so forth, in thousands at a time. He ran through a fortune, and has now exchanged Throgmorton Street for South Africa, after paying every penny of his debts. One day a clerk in a neighbouring office thought he smelt something burning. He ran out, and through the open door of the speculator's office he saw the old gentleman fast asleep in front of a huge fire, which was slowly roasting him. For weeks he was laid up as a result of this adventure, after which, upon his return to the City, he slipped and fell down a flight of stone steps, from whence he was borne away unconscious. Few outside speculators were better known; few have squandered so rapidly a fortune it took them years to accumulate.

As an example of quite a different story, it may serve to recall the case of the bookstall boy who was taken into a leading broker's at the time of the Kaffir boom. Smart and intelligent, the youngster quickly began to feel his feet. He exchanged into a jobber's office, saved money and made himself a member, came into a substantial legacy by a most unexpected death, and now makes his couple of thousand a year with ease in the Miscellaneous Market. A score of happy chances aided the young fellow in his industrious search for Fortune, and to-day he is one of the most prosperous members of the youthful generation in the House. Yet they tell us there is no such thing as luck!

No; you 're wrong. It isn't I.

Fortune has smiled, too, in a wonderful way upon those who bought South and Central American Railway stocks a year ago. I believe *The Sketch* was hammering away at the cheapness of the things fully eighteen months since, but, no doubt, the City Editor will see to his own trumpet in this respect. There is nothing so misleading as facts, they say, except figures, but, greatly as a list of prices bores one, the sensationalism of the South American boom only becomes apparent when it is stuck into a brace of parallel columns, with another one tacked on, not so much with the idea of filling up space as that of saving lazy readers the trouble of working out the differences for themselves—

Stock.	Jan. 18, 1904.	Jan. 13, 1905.	Rise.
Antofagasta	109	130	21
Bahia-Blanca Pref.	47	79½	32½
B. A. and Rosario	88	107¼	19¼
Central Uruguay of Monte Video Ord.	60	81	21
Cor. and Rio Pref.	39	122	83
Manila Debs.	57	90	33
Mex. Rly. First	64½	107¾	43¼
Puerto Cabello Debs.	75½	101	25½
Salvador Mt. Debs.	57	81	24
San Paulo	158	185	27

After this tremendous rise, one would naturally expect to find a bear-account in some of the most violently affected stocks. But there isn't. On the contrary, the bulls are in a heavy majority, and the talk is that prices will go still better. They may, of course, but, with regard to the Argentine Rails, at any rate, it seems prudent to take the swinging profits that many people now see. The gamble is fascinating, and the hunt is now to find Argentine things which have not enjoyed much rise. I admit a strong fancy for Argentine Southern Land shares at about 2½. The rush in Santa Fé Lands is pretty sure to turn people's attention to similar concerns, and the capital of the Argentine Southern Land Company is only £140,000, upon which dividends are being paid. Why not buy the shares and not write about them, you suggest? My dear sir, you put yourself into my place and see whether you would not be eager to get hold of what you consider really good "tips" to write about. If it were an absolute certainty that the shares would go to 3 or 4, I should not be such a fool as to sit writing to-night: my fortune would be ready to my hand. But the shares look tempting as a risk, and I am somewhat moved to have a few for myself. There ought to be a turn in them, although it is doubtful whether, intrinsically speaking, the shares are worth more than 2. I speak of them as a mere gamble at anything above that price.

Investors should notice a curious anomaly that has come about between the price of Charing Cross Electric Light 4½ per cent. Preference shares and that of the almost identical shares in the same Company called "City Undertaking." The former cannot be bought under 5 13/16; the latter are to be obtained at 5 or a shade less. Both are £5 shares, carry 4½ per cent. cumulative dividends, and are nearly enough identical to make the real difference more like 5s. than 17s. 6d. Perhaps the "City Undertaking" shares were not well placed when they first came out, and there may be underwriters who sell upon every inquiry. This, however, is a supposition, but, whatever the reason, Charing Cross and Electric City Preference are as good a 4½ per cent. investment of their kind as the ordinary man comes across in a day's march through the Stock Exchange Official List, and it appears to me that the balance in favour of the older shares will soon be redressed by a 10s. rise in the later issue. Dividends are due at the beginning of each half-year upon the "City" Preference, whereas on the old Charing Cross Preference they are paid in February and August, which explains about one-eighth of the discrepancy; but that is not much in a difference, as already indicated, of 17s. 6d. per share.

More than five half-years have passed since Peace was established between this country and South Africa, and still the Stock Exchange walls remain without the mural tablet promised for inscription of the names of those House-men who went to the Front. Manifestly the Managers are not asleep. They have gone on enlarging the Stock Exchange: they have consented to a most excellent bargain (for their shareholders) with the Committee as to restriction of House-membership. The tablet, though, seems to have been completely forgotten. Out of sight is usually the excuse for out of mind, but in this case the Managers have not even this lame crutch to lean upon, because they daily meet fellow-members whose presence is a standing reminder of the veldt. To say nothing of the other reminder afforded by the Kaffir Circus. Now that The Wicked Uncle has more leisure to attend to affairs outside the boundaries of his own business, maybe a move can be arranged. Or are we to wait for the next Committee election?

Every beginning is hard, as the thief said when he began by stealing an anvil. But my chief difficulty lies with the end. It looks so easy, but, to me, it is so hard to find a sentence that, without apparent effort, shall conclude with

"THE HOUSE HAUNTER."

THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

It cannot be said that the past half-year has been a good one for the London Banks. In no case has it been possible to increase the dividend, and in several instances there has been a reduction.

That Bankers have had less money to use is evident from the large reduction in deposits, while the profit margin has been very small, and until the last month or two very little was doing upon the Stock Exchange, so that it is not surprising profits have, on the whole, somewhat diminished. The dearth of new issues has also reduced the Bankers' harvest.

The following table shows the dividends of the leading London Banks for the last half-year, and for the corresponding half of the three preceding years—

	1904.	1903.	1902.	1901.
Barclay and Co.	15	15	15	15
Lloyds	18¾	20	20	20
London City and Midland	18	19	19	19
London Joint Stock	11	12	12	12
London and Provincial	18	18	18	18
London and South-Western	16	16	16	16
London and Westminster	13	14	15	15
National Provincial	18	18	20	20
Parr's	20	20	20	20
Union of London	11	12	12	12
Williams Deacons	13¾	13¾	13¾	13¾

It will be seen that five of the eleven Banks have lowered their distributions, while Williams Deacons do a large part of their business outside London.

The Bank Rate has been 3 per cent. for the whole time and the average market rate about £2 13s. 3d., while for deposits the Banks have been paying £1 10s. per cent., and there has been a lower rate of interest for day-to-day money, which can hardly have been made up for by the improved Stock Exchange demand of late.

In the case of Country Banks the showing is better. Thirteen maintain the old dividend, two reduce distributions, and the Bradford District Bank is able to increase the amount it pays by 1¼ per cent., probably due in part to the recent absorption of the Bradford Commercial Bank.

For the future, prospects are encouraging. Slowly but surely we are recovering from the effects of the South African War, there is a reasonable prospect of a speculative revival during the current year, and our trade, both foreign and home, continues active, and in most branches remunerative. Money is likely to be in active demand, and the Banker will benefit.

SOME INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATIONS.

For those of our readers who desire a reasonably safe investment yielding well over 5 per cent. we would call attention to the Ordinary stock of the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust. The position of the Trust is so good, with its half-million reserve, its freedom from Debenture debt, and its record of 6½ per cent. average dividend over a long period, that at about 117, carrying six months' dividend, it appears a most attractive investment. The Trust has large Argentine investments whose capital-value must have grown considerably of late.

In these columns we called attention to the shares of the Premier Diamond-Mine at 35, and the price is now 73. The shares are now to be divided, each old share receiving two Preference and four Deferred, and, as the Preference dividend is, on last year's showing, overwhelmingly secured and will amount to 12s. 6d., the share at 9¼—which is the market-price—seems an attractive speculative purchase. The Deferred shares are dealt in at 14 to 14½. The dividend in the immediate future looks like one pound a share, but this should easily be increased by degrees to at least double, and, unlike De Beers, there are no Debentures. The Preference should go to 11 and the Deferred to 20 within a year or two.

Saturday, Jan. 14, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

LENA.—(1) You will hardly get strictly Trustee securities to pay 3½ per cent. In some of the Colonial stocks which have lately come under this heading you might get £3 7s. 6d. per cent. (2) It is not easy to get 4 per cent. out of English Corporation stocks. Middlesbrough gives 3¾, Weymouth and some others 3¼. Colonial Municipal stocks are quite safe and will do what you want; say, Auckland 5 per cent., Melbourne Harbour 4½ per cent., and some others. (3) The Irish Railway is fairly safe and not unattractive. The two South Africans are remunerative, but, of course, more risky—not unduly so for the return. There is no liability on Bank of Ireland stock. (4) We have sent you broker's name by post.

SUBSCRIBER.—The Brewery Debentures seem cheap. A good bit depends on the new Act and how it works. The Liberian shares are a gamble. We have not heard of much favourable news of late. The Bank shares with liability would not suit us. It is a poor, second-rate concern.

F. S. B.—The competition is increasing very much, and some of the hotels acquired recently are a drag on the concern. The Ordinary shares are a very speculative purchase.

E. H. C.—Have nothing to do with the bucket-shop you name. Of your list we prefer Aux Classes Laborieuses as an investment. The American Railways are more fit to speculate in than hold. The Cement Pref. is the sort of thing you might buy as a speculative investment with spare cash.

HABITANT.—Some of the Electric Light shares might suit you. See this week's Stock Exchange letter. Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture stock is also very cheap. Bank of Egypt shares are worth buying, also Babcock and Wilcox, and Foreign and Colonial Trust Deferred stock.

J. S.—Your letter has been fully answered privately.

F. B.—The concern is very much bound up with Egyptian mining, and, if you can get out at a reasonable profit, you had better do so.

The Sketch

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THE NEW BEATRICE: MISS WINIFRED EMERY IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY M. A. S.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND":

"Wooton-in-Arden,"
Saturday, Jan. 21.

THE town-dweller, that epicure in pleasure, would be surprised to see how simply we petty country-folk take our amusements. Just at the moment, of course, our chief recreation by day is skating. We have looked out our skates, removed, as far as may be, the accumulated rust of ten years, and have sprawled, and scratched, and shrieked, and tumbled to our hearts' content. All the afternoon, I have been playing hockey on the ice, and now, as I sit down to my pleasant weekly task, my face is still aglow with the sting of the good north wind, and my ankles have a cherished ache in them that carries me back in memory to the hard, cheery winters of my extreme youth. Skating, unhappily, has almost died out in England; it is coming to be looked upon as a rather picturesque, old-fashioned sport. Twelve or fifteen years ago, though, we skated every winter and all the winter. I can well remember—delightful phrase!—how eagerly I would set out from home at ten in the morning, a hunch of cake in one pocket and a packet of bread-and-cheese in the other. The lake was two miles distant, so that, once there, I refused to leave my beloved ice until the winter night began to close in and the last party of skaters set their faces towards the twinkling village. I have been skating on that very spot to-day, but the two miles seemed a small matter, and the size of the lake had diminished in the most alarming manner. Nor, I am ashamed to add, did I content myself with a hunch of cake and a packet of bread-and-cheese. No; of my degeneracy, I lunched before I went, and returned in excellent time for tea.

In the evenings, for the most part, we play "Pit." In case there is any friendly reader living in some remote district who has not had the opportunity of learning the game, I will endeavour to explain it. We will suppose that there are five players. Very well, then. You make up a pack of forty-five cards. Nine of these cards will be marked "Wheat," nine "Corn," nine "Barley," nine "Oats," and nine, say, "Rye." The players are allowed half-a-minute in which to sort their cards; the dealer then cries, "The Pit is open." On the word, the players at once begin to trade, their object being to secure all the nine cards of some particular suit. They do not play in turns, but everybody trades with everybody, so that the quickest player—provided, also, that he has a fairly loud voice—stands the best chance of winning. The trading is done in ones, twos, threes, and so on. Thus, you may give two "Barleys" for two "Wheats," or three "Wheats" for three "Corns." Directly one player has secured a "corner"—that is to say, all the nine cards of any one suit—he holds up his hand and shouts "Corner!" The scorer then credits him with a number of points according to the worth of the cards. These vary in value, the points being marked clearly upon each card. There! Is that quite straightforward?

You can complicate the game by introducing two additional cards known as the "Bull" and the "Bear." Personally, I think "Pit" is better without these complications. At any rate, it is quite good enough, while the novelty of the thing lasts, for me and for everyone that I have seen playing it. It is remarkable to note how the staid, shy people will shout themselves hoarse over it, leaning across the table and attempting to snatch cards—strictly in the way of trade, of course—from people to whom they have been but lately introduced, or of whom they have stood in awe for twenty years. I have seen dear old gentlemen of seventy, after playing a particularly exciting round, fling themselves back in their chairs, gasping for breath and feebly endeavouring to bring their snowy locks into some show of order. I have seen sweet old ladies, grandmothers and even great-grandmothers, waving a handful of cards in the air and shrieking "Corner in Corn!" as loudly as they would shriek "Murder!" if they suddenly woke up and saw a burglar in the room. You *must* get "Pit," friend the reader.

On Thursday last, again, the Railway Company thoughtfully provided a special late train in order to allow us to visit the Birmingham pantomime. By the way, don't jump to the conclusion that Wooton-in-Arden is a suburb of Birmingham. It is true that that city furnishes us with many of the necessaries of life, and that our letters go forth to the world bearing upon their rustic, simple faces the Birmingham post-mark. Yet we are so far from Birmingham that the marks of the builder are unknown, and we still look back with awe and wonder to the afternoon when a queer-shaped vehicle, known, I am told, as a hansom-cab, was actually seen in our winding street. You may imagine, therefore, that a visit to the Birmingham pantomime is a pleasure that partakes, to some extent, of the nature of a pilgrimage. Every year, as the pantomime season comes round, we look forward to this trip with tiny, ill-suppressed thrills of delight. As the very day approaches, we read, again and again, the deliciously enticing advertisements in the Birmingham papers, hugging to ourselves the thought that, though all the city should clamour at the doors of the theatre, nobody can take from us our dress-circles or our pit-stalls. And so, at last, the night of unalloyed delight comes round, when for four hours we may sit spell-bound, gazing rapturously at the stage-beauties, holding our sides over the humours of the comedians, catching at our breath as scene succeeds scene, wonder succeeds wonder. Finally, when all is over, we travel back, in our special train, to little Wooton-in-Arden, and find fresh joy in the knowledge that we are abroad at one o'clock in the morning, and that, on the morrow, we shall have earned the right to be regarded by our neighbours as persons of considerable dissipation.
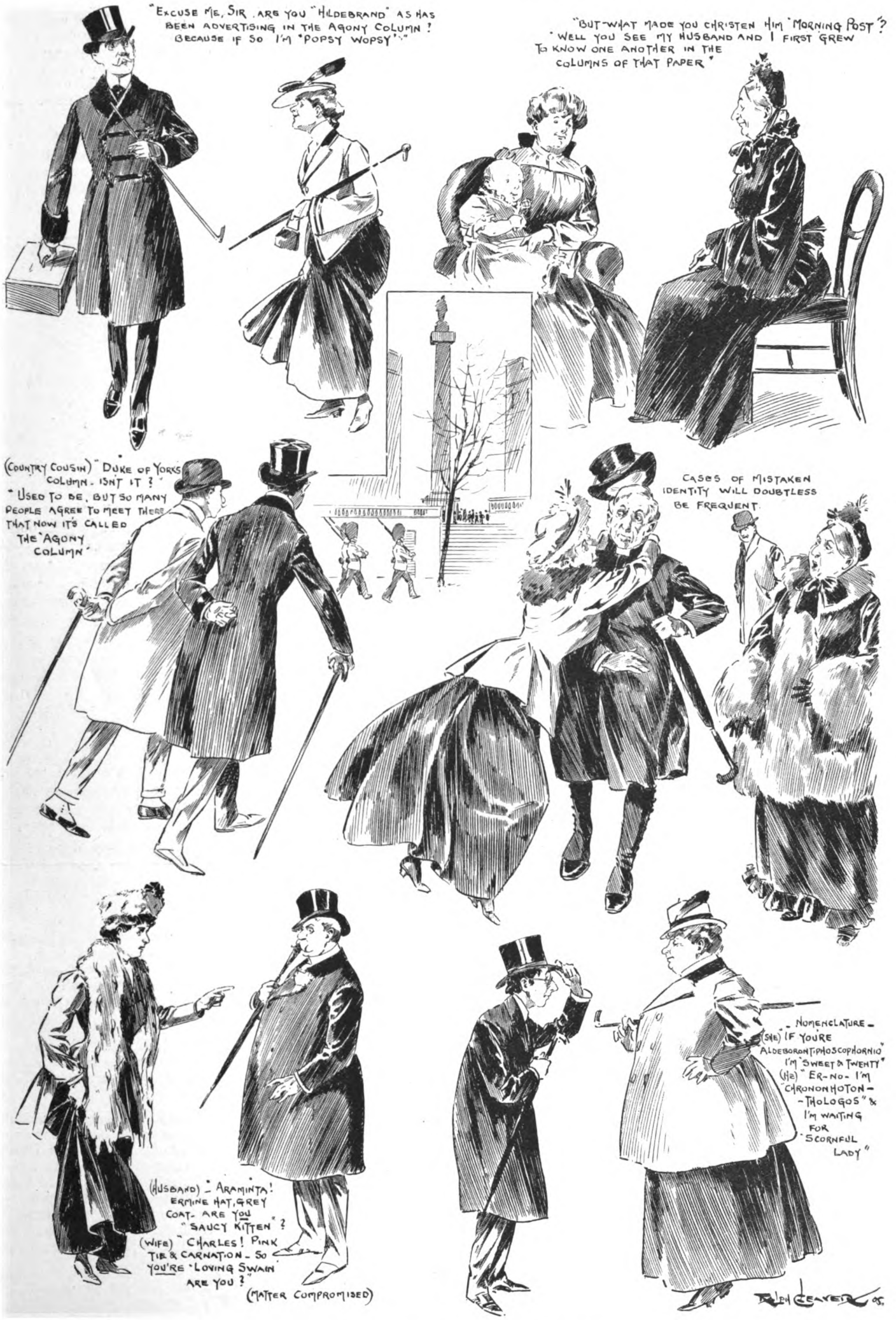
Have you ever heard, I wonder, of a "Confession Book"? If you have—and I am well aware that, nowadays, everyone has heard of everything—be good enough to skip this humble paragraph. If you have not, I may venture to quote the searching questions in a "Confession Book" belonging to a young person of my acquaintance, who handed the volume to me this very morning, with strict injunctions to fill in the answers as truthfully as I could. The insinuation nettled me, and that is why I am making "copy" out of the "Confession Book." Here, then, are the questions—

(1) Your favourite virtue.
(2) Vice you most dislike.
(3) Your favourite character in history.
(4) Your favourite motto.
(5) Your favourite name for a lady.
(6) Your favourite name for a gentleman.
(7) Your favourite employment.
(8) Your favourite amusement.
(9) Your favourite flower.
(10) Your favourite colour.
(11) Your favourite book.
(12) Your favourite song.
(13) Your favourite poet.
(14) Country in which you would most like to live.
(15) Your favourite language.
(16) Your present state of mind.
(17) Your idea of perfect happiness.
(18) Your idea of perfect misery.
(19) Your favourite hero in fiction.
(20) Your favourite heroine in fiction.
(21) Your favourite hero in real life.
(22) Your favourite heroine in real life.
(23) Your greatest desire.

Well, I filled 'em all in, notwithstanding the slur that had been cast upon my well-known habit of truthfulness. Next week, in the hope that I may amuse you, I will record my confessions.

THE "AGONIES" OF "SILENT WORSHIPPER" AND "SHY LADY":

POSSIBILITIES OF A CONTINUANCE OF THE CRAZE.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Naples—Monte Carlo.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago I first saw Naples, and I am glad to say that I have not yet fulfilled the second half of the Neapolitan proverb. No town, not even London, has improved so much in half a man's lifetime as has the city opposite to Vesuvius. Broad roads, with fine, big houses on either side, have been driven through the part of the town between the railway station and the Municipal Square, where the worst rookeries used to be, and Santa Lucia, which is still magnificently picturesque and deplorably dirty, will soon be hidden from sight, for the builders are busy on the great square of land which has been reclaimed from the sea before the old fishermen's quarter.

The first hotel I stayed at in Naples was the Albergo di Roma, which jutted out into the harbour at Santa Lucia. There was a little breakwater of rocks to prevent the waves from beating too violently below the windows of the dining-room, and I recall the pleasure I had in looking from my bedroom window across a miniature garden to the blue water. The hotel has fallen upon evil days now; its shutters have parted company with their hinges, and the family washing is hung out to dry on the "terrasse"; but the breakwater remains high and dry, and a very lean horse was grazing where the blue water used to be.

In thirty-five years the Neapolitans have been taught to be kinder to dumb beasts than was their wont, and it is the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which has effected this. The first Honorary Secretary, who, it is scarcely necessary to say, was an Englishman, was very nearly killed by some ruffians; but the Society has carried its point, and the Neapolitan drivers know that if they overload their carts or ill-treat their horses there is a probability that they will be prosecuted. There is always one of the officials of the Society watching the traffic at the street which goes up the steep hill from the Museum, and drivers dismount and push their carts and carriages, instead of flogging and swearing, as used to be their custom. The Neapolitan has not really become any more humane, but he has been frightened into good behaviour in this one particular.

Vesuvius with snow half-way down its sides is a sight I had never seen before. One unsettled morning, the upper part of the mountain was enveloped in a mist, and when that cleared away all the cone was white with newly-fallen snow. The sun melted it in a quarter of an hour. Vesuvius was behaving very well, far too well to be interesting. Now and again it would puff out lazily some greasy, black smoke, waiting till each little cloud had drifted far out to sea before it emitted the next.

Ermette Novelli, one of Italy's finest comedians, was acting at the Sanazaro Theatre. Italy seems to suffer from a greater dearth of native playwrights than England does, for here was one of her representative actor-managers who in eight performances in a week was playing translations of seven French plays and one English one, the British author thus honoured being Brandon Thomas, and the play "La Zia di Carlo." Novelli is a splendid comedian, with a wonderfully mobile face, much humour, and perfect ease. He played, in the two performances I went to see, the King in "Louis XI." and the self-made, elderly hero in a comedy by Theodore Barrière.

Monte Carlo, which is my last stage on my journey home, is in its most pleasant state. The weather is splendid now, and the people here tell me that they learned more from the London papers about the "cold snap" than they saw and felt themselves. The rush of visitors has not yet begun; there are tables to be obtained without difficulty, and anyone who wishes to gamble can obtain a seat at the board of green cloth at any hour of the day or night.

The gentleman who has invented the calculating-machine which was to ruin the bank has not been in evidence during my stay. I am told by some people that he retired after winning a hundred and twenty-five louis—the exact number was given me; other people say that his machine was broken, and, again, others that it was not the instrument that was "broke." I have seen no high play this year, but I hear that a Frenchman has been winning largely. This is always the time of year at which reports fly about as to great wins, which make every gambler in Europe feel that he is losing the chance of his life by not being at Monte Carlo.

The season of Grand Opera has not yet commenced, and the theatre is occupied by travelling Companies—Mlle. Polaire and her Company in "Le Friquet," and a Company playing "The Geisha," the one of the Daly's musical pieces which I find being played wherever I go in Europe.



THE KAISER'S REQUEST FOR A "SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR": AN ENGRAVING OF THE PICTURE WHICH HIS MAJESTY HAS ASKED PERMISSION TO HAVE COPIED.

At a recent Court of Common Council, there was read a letter from the German Chargé d'Affaires, asking permission for a copy of the picture "The Siege of Gibraltar," the property of the Corporation of the City of London, to be made for the German Emperor. The request was, of course, granted, and the copy will, eventually, be hung in the reception-hall of the Royal Castle at Hanover. In view of the Kaiser's desire, it has been remarked facetiously that His Imperial Majesty, painter and warrior though he be, does not feel himself equal to tackling a "Siege of Gibraltar." For the right to make our reproduction, we are indebted to the courtesy of the Corporation of the City of London, and of Messrs. Graves, the publishers of the engraving.

UGLY LONDON.

THE latest project of hotel-extension aims at excelling anything that has gone before. There can be no difference of opinion as to the site that has been secured. It is an ideal selection, comprising, as it does, the block of property lying between Piccadilly and Regent Street at present occupied by St. James's Hall, St. James's Restaurant, and neighbouring business establishments. Here it is intended to erect an hotel and restaurant, with shops on the ground-floor fronting to Piccadilly, Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place. Regent Street has little to show in street-improvement since Nash built the Quadrant nearly ninety years ago. Nor has Pall Mall much to boast of in the way of architectural design. The new hotel—to be known as the Piccadilly—of which we give an illustration on this page, should do more to embellish and improve this great centre of London than anything that has been erected for many years. No pains will be spared by those responsible for the building to make it worthy of the site upon which it is to stand, a magnificent site for hotel purposes. The rebuilding of the portion of the Quadrant taken in by the new hotel must form the basis for the future design of the whole of the Quadrant, and the introduction of columnar features will enable the most to be made of its fine sweep. On the Piccadilly side there will be a handsome row of shops, with entresol terminated by semicircular arches supporting a handsome continuous balustraded balcony. Shops will also be erected on the Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place frontages. The lower part of the main building will be wholly of light-grey granite, to harmonise with the superstructure, which is to be entirely of Portland stone. The grand entrance to the hotel will be in Piccadilly, and there will be other entrances in Piccadilly Place and Regent Street. Rising above the balcony will be the façade of seven storeys, with grouped columns and ample provision for windows. The two wings of the façade will be terminated by domes, to be covered with Spanish tiles. The façade will be striking in its simplicity. In the Quadrant there will be the main lines of the Piccadilly front, and shops with entresol will extend throughout the front. There will also be the grand entrance to the Restaurant.

The interior of the Piccadilly Hotel should satisfy the most exacting of American visitors. A great feature of the hotel will be abundance of light, natural light, not only in a few special rooms, but all over the house; and this is a matter of the greatest importance in a climate like ours. And whilst the reception and dining rooms at the Piccadilly will excel others in size and height, all the bedrooms will be large, light, and lofty. Amongst other things ministering to the enjoyment of visitors will be Turkish baths.



THE NEW PICCADILLY HOTEL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED.

From what we have said, it will be seen that the Piccadilly, whether we have regard to the improvement it will effect in the architectural appearance of the eastern ends of Regent Street and Piccadilly, or to the sumptuous completeness of its internal fittings, should be welcomed. But if a hotel is to be successful there must be good management, and here again the Piccadilly is fortunate. There will be no ornamental Directors upon its Board.

It is safe to say that the Piccadilly has a brilliant future before it, and hotels that attract and become famous, as the Piccadilly is bound to do, are among the most profitable of industrial enterprises.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8,
Shakespeare's Comedy,
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Benedick ... ... MR. TREE.
Beatrice ... ... MISS WINIFRED EMERY
(By arrangement with Messrs. Harrison and Maude).
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, Jan 28, and
EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10. HIS MAJESTY'S.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—At 8.30 in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred Sutro. EVERY AFTERNOON, 2.30, LITTLE BLACK SAMBO and LADY JANE'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

STRAND THEATRE.—Proprietor Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, SERGEANT BRUE (of the "C" Division), a Musical Farce in Three Acts by Owen Hall. Music by Madame Liza Lehmann. Lyrics by J. Hickory Wood. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. — Lessee and Manager, MR FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. LADY MADCAP. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
EVERY EVENING, at 8, Shakespeare's Historical Play,
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.
Box Office 10 to 10. Telephones, 3103 and 3104 Gerrard.

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TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

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Trafalgar Square end of St. Martin's Lane.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock.
Boxes £2 2s. and £1 1s. Other Seats 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d.
All Seats in All Parts Numbered and Reserved.
COLISEUM BOOKING OFFICES open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Telegrams, "Coliseum, London." Telephone, No. 7511 Gerrard.

THE LYCEUM, STRAND.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 6.30 and 9.
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2.30.
THE LYCEUM OPERATIC COMPANY IN SELECTIONS FROM "FAUST."
Characters by MDLLE. VAN PARRYS, MONS. REY, MONS. ANSALDI, MDLLE. LYDIA NERVIL, MONS. DARDIGNAC.

AL LAWRENCE	Mimetic Comedian.
MICHELE AND SANDRO	Equilibristic Tumblers.
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EDWARD F. REYNARD	America's Premier Ventriloquist and his Famous Mechanical Figures.
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THOS. E. FINGLAS	Inimitable Singer of Character Negro Ditties.
JOSEPHINE CASABONI	Première Danseuse.
ANIMATED PICTURES	Amusing and Instructive.
THE HARMONY FOUR	Harmony and Humour.
BROWNING AND WALLY	Acrobatic and Strong-Teeth Act.
STAIG'S MOTOR SENSATION	Looping the Aërial Circle. Motor-Racing in Mid-Air on the Bottomless Track.

Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone: 7018 Gerrard.
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SMALL TALK of the WEEK



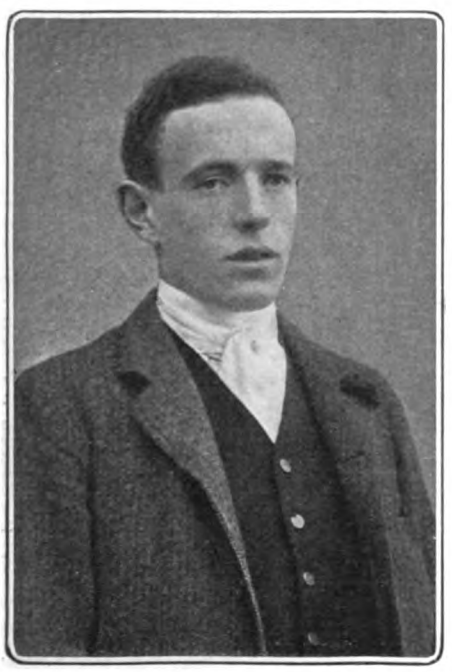
A LEADING POLITICAL HOSTESS: LADY HELEN VINCENT.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

FOR the moment, the eyes of Society are turned towards Ireland, where the Prince of Wales has begun what should be the most notable visit ever paid to that country by an Heir-Apparent. Lord and Lady Dudley are making great preparations with a view to entertaining their Royal guest at Dublin Castle next week, and, in addition to such important functions as an Investiture, a Levée, and a Drawing-Room, their Excellencies will preside at a magnificent ball, to which it is thought those invited will be asked to come in fancy-dress. After his stay in Dublin, the Prince of Wales will honour Lord and Lady Londonderry with a visit to the beautiful Irish home, Mount Stewart, County Down, of which they are so fond.

A Lady Orator. Lady Frances Balfour is one of the best women speakers in this country, and her presence on a platform is always eagerly welcomed by those amongst her audience who have heard her before. In some ways, the Premier's sister-in-law strongly recalls her late father, the Duke of Argyll, and this both in personal appearance and in character. Lady Frances takes an enthusiastic interest in all the affairs of the moment, be they political, social, or literary. She often writes controversial letters to the *Times*, and is an antagonist worthy of any foeman's steel. As is to be expected in one born a Campbell and married to a Balfour, Lady Frances is devoted to Scotland and to things Scottish, but she is ever quite equal to the task of criticising those she loves, and of late she has had much to say and write concerning the Scottish Church crisis. In this connection, it is interesting to recall the fact that her sister, Lady Mary Carr Glyn, is married to an English Bishop.



A PROMINENT WOMAN ORATOR: LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE CHIEF RECIPIENT OF MRS. MEYNELL-INGRAM'S ESTATE: THE HON. E. F. L. WOOD.
Photograph by Russell

Mr. Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, the only son and heir of Lord Halifax, who has just inherited a great fortune under the will of his aunt, the famous Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, of Temple Newsam, will celebrate his twenty-fourth birthday in April. Like his father, the future Viscount went from Eton to Christ Church, and he took his degree two years ago. He has inherited the gracious charm and high-bred courtesy which have endeared both his parents even to the most unbending of Evangelicals, although it is well known that Lord Halifax is the leader of the extreme High Church section of the Church of England.

Lady Helen Vincent. The wife of the great financier who from the first threw the whole of his weighty influence on the side of Free Trade, Lady Helen Vincent has of late taken her place among the leading political hostesses. Both in London and at Esher Place, Sir Edgar Vincent's beautiful house near Claremont, she entertains brilliant parties of noted men and women gracing the worlds of politics and Society. It is in her country home alone that Lady Helen is able to indulge her rather exceptional love of gardening.

Our Little Sailor Princes. The news that Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales are to be sent, before long, to the Royal Naval College at Osborne is a significant proof of the value which both the King and the Prince of Wales attach to the training afforded by the sea-service. Our Sailor King, William IV., was fond of saying that there was no better place in the world than the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war for turning a boy into an English gentleman. Doubtless, Prince Edward will have to enter the Army later on, but Prince Albert is to adopt the Navy as his profession in the same thorough manner as did his father, and his younger brothers could not do better than follow his example. It is pleasing to think that the young Princes will receive their naval training at Osborne, so long and so intimately connected with Queen Victoria.

The Recall of Admiral Kaznakoff. The numerous reasons given for the substitution of Admiral Dubassoff for Admiral Kaznakoff as Russian representative on the North Sea Commission have received a somewhat extraordinary addition. In brief, it is placed at the door of an ailment not altogether unknown in official circles, aphasia. In Admiral Kaznakoff's case, however, the loss of memory is said to be actual, not merely diplomatic. The story runs that the malady developed shortly after his arrival in Paris, and was first made manifest when he persisted in calling Admiral Fournier, with whom he was dining, alternately "Fouquier" and "Marmier." Later, after the official reception at the Elysée, he is said to have startled one of his countrymen by forgetting the name of the President of the French Republic. That same evening the Russian Embassy got into communication with Tsarskoe-Selo, and the consequence was an order to the Admiral to return home and report.

Lord and Lady Warwick welcome their first-born home to-day (25th) from what must have been a perilous expedition. Almost a year ago the future owner of Warwick Castle elected to join Kuropatkin's army as Correspondent for Reuter's world-famous Press Agency, and he has seen a good deal of the operations in Manchuria from the Russian point of view. Lord Brooke, who is a fine-looking, modest, young man, went out to the Front during the late South African War when only just eighteen, and shortly after his return celebrated his coming of age. Few "elder sons" start life under more agreeable auspices; both his



AN ARISTOCRATIC WAR-CORRESPONDENT: LORD BROOKE, EXPECTED HOME TO-DAY.
Photograph by Barnett.

parents are devoted to him, and there seems an idea that he may emulate his brother-in-law, Lord Helmsley, by going into politics.

Consul's Successor. The defunct Consul, most intelligent of monkeys, has a worthy successor in Coco, "the human-miracle ape," who has been a "star turn" in almost every large city in Europe, and who will shortly make his first bow to an English audience from the stage of the Palace Theatre. This further proof of the Darwinian theory, with whose portrait and autograph we have been favoured, is, if report be true, quite a man-about-town, a wearer of fashionable clothes, a diner at fashionable restaurants, a writer of letters, and a signer of photographs. He is said, also, to shine as a mimic, and to reproduce with embarrassing fidelity the idiosyncrasies of those with whom he comes in contact. He has been received in audience by the King and Queen of Sweden, and would have appeared before the Czar had not the advent of an heir to his throne made His Imperial Majesty too busy to see him.

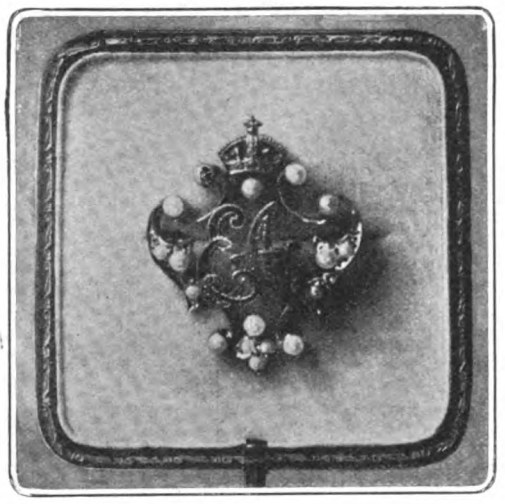
A Royal Gift to Mrs. Brown-Potter. Mrs. Brown-Potter's appearance as Julie, with Mr. Tree, in the performance of "A Man's Shadow" given before the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Portugal at Windsor Castle has brought her an autograph brooch from the King and Queen, on which she sets great value. It will be remembered that Mrs. Brown-Potter joined Mr. Tree's Company specially for this one production, and that she also received the thanks of the Royal host and hostess.



CONSUL'S SUCCESSOR: "THE HUMAN-MIRACLE APE," COCO, AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.

Photograph by Scharmann

Temptations to adopt the seemingly lucrative profession of begging are on the increase. The ingenious gentleman who hovered, a pathetic figure, in the neighbourhood of the Bank, collected small change from the charitably disposed, and regained the use of his limbs when, after his business-hours, he boarded the 'bus that took him the first stage on his way to his comfortable suburban home, has been succeeded in popular interest by George Jenkins, who has sold matches and boot-laces at the corner of Shepherdess Walk and City Road for some five-and-thirty years, and who recently prosecuted his "valet" for robbing him of his watch and chain, some clothing, and a pair of opera-glasses. Jenkins, however, is evidently no impostor, inasmuch as he has been paralysed for some eight-and-fifty years—he is now sixty-five—and he will not admit that his pitch is as lucrative as it may seem. "I shouldn't get on at all," he is reported to have said, "if I didn't get eighteen pounds a year from St. Luke's Local Charities and much kindness from Lady Jeune." In our photograph he is shown wearing a cast-off astrachan overcoat of Sir Francis Jeune's.



A ROYAL GIFT TO MRS. BROWN-POTTER: THE BROOCH PRESENTED TO THE ACTRESS BY THE KING AND QUEEN.

Photograph by the Maidenhead Photographic Company.



A HAWKER WITH A "VALET": GEORGE JENKINS, WEARING SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S OVERCOAT, AT HIS PITCH.

Photograph by Advance Agency.

The New Under-Secretary for India. The late Earl of Hardwicke is succeeded as Under-Secretary of State for India by the Marquis of Bath, who, as Viscount Weymouth, sat in the House of Commons for the Frome Division of Somersetshire for some seven years, broken into two periods. The new Under-Secretary has acted as private secretary to the late Earl of Iddesleigh and as assistant private secretary to Viscount Goschen at the Treasury. He is married to Violet Caroline, daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt, the tenth Baronet; is brother-in-law to the Earl of Cromer; and is the patron of twelve livings.

The Betrothal of Signor Marconi. The apparently authoritative announcement that Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is to marry Princess Giacinta Ruspoli, the daughter of Prince Ruspoli, one of the chief officers of the Papal Court, has aroused considerable interest in social and scientific circles. The coming bride, who is the fifth and youngest child of her father, is in her twenty-second year, and is in the enviable position of being considered the handsomest of Rome's fair daughters. Her father is First Private Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword to the Pope, and a member of a family prominent among the pro-Vatican, or "Black," aristocracy. Signor Marconi, by the way, has been wild-boar hunting with the King of Italy in the Royal preserves of Castelporziano, and has a bag of three to his credit.

Miss Magill's beautiful Pekinese "San Toy" is a veritable aristocrat amongst dogs. Both his grandparents were brought direct from Pekin, his grandfather, "Ak-Cum," being smuggled over in hay. Needless to say, he is a great favourite with his mistress.



AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG DOGS: MISS MAGILL'S PEKINESE SAN TOY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

A Critic and the Managers. History is, in a manner, repeating itself as regards the relations between theatrical managers and dramatic critics. Mr. Walkley's little dispute ended satisfactorily, and was, after all, carried on in a more or less amiable spirit. In America, methods are different, and much excitement has been aroused by the refusal of the authorities of Daly's Theatre, New York, to allow Mr. James Metcalfe, the editor and dramatic critic of *Life*, to witness the first performance of Miss Evie Greene in "The Duchess of Dantzic." The theatrical managers, with a cartoon on the Chicago theatre fire, printed in Mr. Metcalfe's paper, still in remembrance, insist that the critic is not only biassed, but has personal enmity against them, and, some while ago, decided to prevent his entry into their theatres. To this, they received the reply that anyone who cared to pay for a seat was entitled to occupy that seat,

a very
in the Prince
Consort's namesake. Before his marriage to one of the many pretty daughters of the Royal oculist, Duke Theodore of Bavaria,

THE ...HEW AND HEIR TO KING LEOPOLD, ...ILDREN, PRINCE LEOPOLD (BORN 1901), AND PRINCE CHARLES (BORN 1903).
Photograph by Günther.

Prince Albert had travelled much both in the Old and New Worlds, and he made an exhaustive tour of the great British industrial towns. The Prince and Princess live much of the year in the Belgian capital, and the Princess is now recognised as the leader of Society there.

There is something piquant in the similarity and in the contrast afforded by a glimpse of baby Royalties East and West. The children of the Crown Prince of Japan have been born in what seems likely to become their country's most glorious century; and the King of Italy's little

...fresh in the memory; and now comes the announcement that it benefits to the extent of some seventy thousand pounds under the will of the late Mr. Joseph George Lambert, which has just been proved. Mr. Lambert, who was at one time one of the most prominent figures on the Turf, left two thousand pounds and a life annuity of twelve hundred pounds to his wife, and, with the exception of this and minor legacies to the amount of just over five thousand pounds, the whole of his estate goes to the benefit of the hospitals. It is to be hoped that the thirty thousand pounds still required will soon be found, and His Majesty's fund be placed in the enviable position of being able to provide fifty thousand pounds a year in perpetuity.



ROYAL CHILDREN OF THE EAST:
THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF JAPAN, H.I.H PRINCE MICHI-NO-MIYA, ELDEST SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE.
Photograph supplied by Ruddiman Johnston.



ROYAL CHILDREN OF THE EAST:
H.I.H. PRINCE ATSU-NO-MIYA, SECOND SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.
Photograph supplied by Ruddiman Johnston.

never p… ters to appear on the stage at the same time, thus allowing for Mr. Alexander to take the two

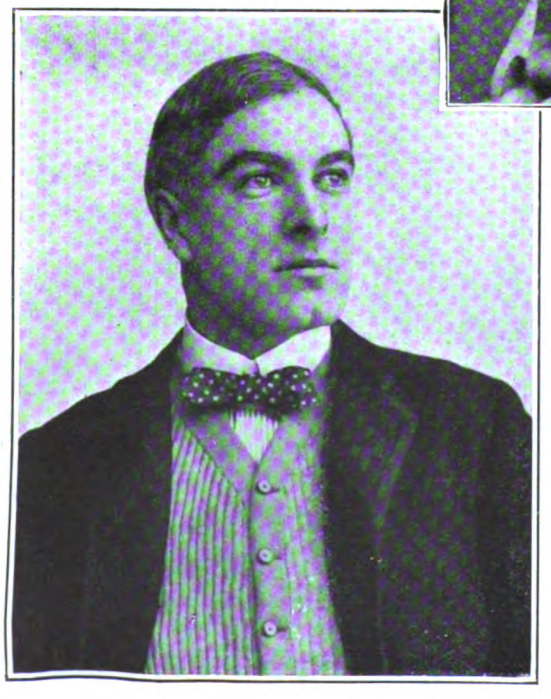


MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

arts of the wig-maker and make-up in order that, if possible, he might be transformed into the outer semblance of Mr. Alexander, or, more strictly, into the outer semblance of Mr. Alexander as he will appear as the drug-soaked politician. Neither of these gentlemen, however, quite filled the want, for the likeness must be absolute, and there was a fear that the production would have to be postponed more or less indefinitely. Then came the very man, in the person of Mr. W. J. Thorold, the editor and managing-director of the *Smart Set*. Not only is Mr. Thorold, to a remarkable degree, Mr. Alexander's counterpart in real life, but he has an additional advantage in that he has been an actor. His ambitions as a dramatist—he is the author of "Near the Throne," a costume drama now in its third successful year in America—early led him to the stage in order

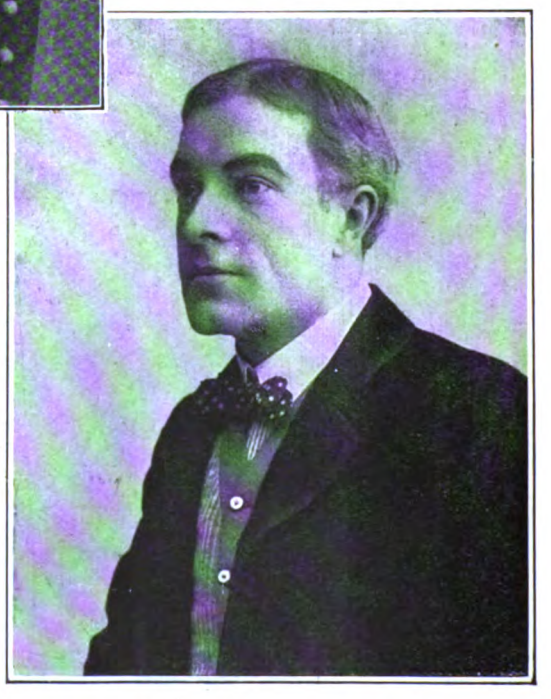
…e the ne… at the St. James's.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S DOUBLE:

MR. W. J. THOROLD, WHO WILL DOUBLE THE POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER IN "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

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MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S DOUBLE IN "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P."



MR. W. J. THOROLD, WHO, IN ONE SCENE OF MR. THURSTON'S ADAPTATION OF HIS WIFE'S NOVEL, WILL PLAY JOHN CHILCOTE TO MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S LODER, JOHN CHILCOTE'S DOUBLE.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS MR. THOROLD WITHOUT MAKE-UP. [SEE THE PRECEDING PAGE.]

Photograph copyrighted by the "Daily Chronicle."

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

ONE is grateful to General Mistchenko for introducing into the daily Press some items of war-news that are calculated to stir the imagination. Thundering at the gates of a fortress does little enough to impress readers who are many thousands of miles away; we have no certain knowledge of the action of heavy guns, and no artist can devise a drawing that shall give us at once a picture of besieger and besieged. Distance forbids. But a cavalry foray excites us all. We know something of what it means; our experience has given us a tolerable foreground, and our imagination fills in a background that, whether it be true or false, suffices. Then, too, we have seen for ourselves what the Cossack cavalry can do in the way of riding—those of us who do not know Russia have seen the cinematograph pictures, and these have recorded cavalry-work under the walls of Mukden itself. Moreover, a cavalry officer is ever one of the world's picturesque figures, and the Russian uniforms are quite becoming. So we may enjoy the vivid story of cavalry raids, not the less when we reflect that intrenched infantry can be relied upon to render nugatory the most brilliant forays that General Mistchenko and his colleagues can devise.

Exit M. Combes. Though "Father Combes" has fallen from his high estate and has succumbed at last to the repeated attacks of a lively and unscrupulous Opposition, his work will be considered favourably by the people of France in time to come. One thought that Waldeck-Rousseau was the strong man and that his sceptre must fall into nerveless hands. In point of fact, the reverse was the case. M. Combes went much farther than his predecessor in the painful but necessary work of rooting out clerical influences from the State, and, even if he has paid the penalty that awaits excess of zeal, there will be no need to do his work over again. It is curiously interesting to read the abuse that has been showered upon him by the clerical party in the light of the actions of this same party when it was in power. After the scorpions used by the political clericals, the whips of "Father Combes" were comparatively stingless. The fallen Minister will, of course, be torn to pieces by the boulevard Press, but his policy will not be reversed. The late Sir William Harcourt's Death Duties were denounced by the Opposition, but the Act was not repealed when they came into power.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"Vat you say? You scharge me von shilling and t'ree-pens for ze mut-ton cutlet, and you say he is sheap!"

"Well, you couldn't 'ardly call it deer, Sir."

DRAWN BY MALCOLM PATTERSON.

Here and There. I have been reading with interest the case of the German privates who disarmed a drunken Corporal. The Corporal had insulted a woman, and when the privates intervened to protect her he drew his sword. He was disarmed, and the soldiers who ventured to commit a technical assault upon their superior officer were sentenced to five years' penal servitude, now reduced, in face of an outcry throughout Germany, to eighteen months. At the same time, I read that an ill-used man of colour serving on a British merchantman wearied of the mate's brutality and, in a fit of sudden passion, killed him. For this he has suffered a few days' imprisonment. Naturally enough, some disciplinarians of the old school are aghast at the Jury's attitude towards the ex-prisoner, but I suppose most of us think he did no more than was almost inevitable. The two cases, read together, show the contrast between the British and German attitudes towards discipline. Each nation must maintain its discipline and must save authority from anarchy, but the common-sense view of justice still animates the man in the English street. Germany is waking up—the reduction of the soldiers' sentence shows that; but she is not fully awake, or they would not be serving a term of eighteen months' imprisonment.

Architectural Vigilance. I did not expect to see any measure of success attending the protest made by the Architectural Vigilance Society in connection with the new façade for Victoria Station. The Directors' reply that contracts had been signed already was, of course, final. But the protest was a useful one, and reminds the citizen who has some regard for the outward semblance of the capital that a powerful voice is being raised on his behalf and on behalf of those who feel as he does. Who knows but that this century will see the release of the world's greatest city from the thraldom of those who seek to disfigure it in the sacred interests of commerce? If public buildings are to be brought within the area of the public control, we shall be on the road that leads to the establishment of a Ministry of Fine Arts, and such an office will take cognisance not only of the state of the streets, but of the sad fields on either side of our railway lines that have been suffering so long from an overdose of patent medicines.

The Alien. In pursuit of the campaign against the destitute alien, one of the morning papers has despatched a special commissioner to their homes—if such a word may be used in relation to the temporary abiding-place of this human flotsam and jetsam. The picture drawn by the commissioner is as pitiful as anything that the public has had to read these many years, and we are warned that the articles have been sub-edited very severely, as much that was sent over is too revolting for publication. Certainly the articles make the alien's desire to emigrate seem very reasonable, but they are intended to direct our attention to the dangers of giving these poor creatures house-room. Apparently the proper method of dealing with aliens is to forbid them the hospitality of our shores and leave them to perish under the most shocking conditions that the mind can conceive. I cannot help feeling that anti-alien propaganda might very well be accompanied by some practical suggestion for improving the conditions under which the aliens exist to-day. We boast, as a nation, that we destroyed the slave-trade, but the condition of slaves was never as bad in any country as is the condition of the "undesirable aliens" against whom so many publicists direct their attacks.

THE GOD OF LOVE AT DRURY LANE.



MISS MARIE GEORGE AS CUPID IN "THE WHITE CAT."

Photographs by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.
("*Monocle*.")

MR. STEAD'S DISCOURSE—"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."

IT was not strange that Shakspere's line, "That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch," came into my mind when listening to Mr. W. T. Stead's recent talk about the drama. Those who have been busying themselves lately concerning the resuscitation of drama are not, perhaps, eagles, nor, indeed, the angels of Pope's modification of the line; but there was a surprising audacity in the promulgation of a scheme for the reform of the stage by the person who had only seen nine plays in his lifetime. According to Mr. Stead, the theatre is shockingly neglected; everybody neglects it. The King, the aristocracy and plutocracy, and even the journalists, are in the indictment. Possibly, in his opinion, the *Era* and the *Stage* neglect it, and, of course, I would agree with him that *The Sketch* allows a painfully restricted space to its dramatic critic. If Mr. S. were to have his way, there would be as many theatres as churches and chapels, and free performances in them once a week, from which it would appear to follow—seeing that a good many persons are needed to present a play, and presumably the players are to be professionals—that a large proportion of the able-bodied population ought to become mummers, managers, scene-shifters, and the like. Enthusiasm is what he demands; enthusiasm is a beautiful thing, but what would happen if all the four classes scourged by him took to building and endowing theatres, and all who profess to feel an interest in the stage were to rush forward with subscriptions? There would be a boom in building, and, subject to the vagaries of the weather, the importance of the unemployed question would diminish; costumiers would become millionaires, and the attendance at churches and chapels would shrink: but what earthly ground is there for thinking that there would be actable plays or competent players for a tenth of these proposed new theatres? Four Nonconformist sects in this country, alone, have 25,000 chapels between them, and up to 1895 there were 293 religious denominations with buildings certified for worship.



WHITE——
MISS IRIS HAWKINS AS LITTLE WHITE BARBARA AT THE GARRICK.
Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

For a time, I suppose, whilst the rage was on, an effort would be made to run the new theatres; but, since the plays to be presented are to have an ethical or moral tendency, without necessarily involving any religious teaching, the existing stock of suitable dramas would be exhausted in a twinkling, and a prodigious number of people would be busy writing unactable, but not unacted, plays of a goody-goody character. Afterwards, the reaction, and probably the Deluge, and, in the meantime, it is not fanciful to imagine that the present theatrical organisations would be swept away. There are a good many who imagine that this destruction of the existing theatre might be a useful clearing of the ground, but even they would think that the procedure had a "roast pig" smell about it and would adopt Peer Gynt's idea that the method of his salvation "was not economical"—a criticism, by-the-bye, that might apply to the rescue of the hero in "The Silver King." No attitude is less agreeable than that of one who is playing the part of a "brake" upon enthusiasm, but we have had too many instances in the world's history of the injury caused by undisciplined enthusiasm, and it would not be extravagant to say that, in a large number of cases, the severest critics of a popular movement have been those most deeply in sympathy with its ideas and ideals. The mere thought of a sudden outburst of playhouses by the dozen is calculated to inspire terror in the bosom of anyone not connected with the building trade. I believe that there is nothing like the dearth of competent dramatists and capable players for the existing theatres often suggested by managers, but it is certain that there is no colossal surplus. Probably Mr. Stead errs through being too entirely ignorant of his subject to know how very difficult it is to write an actable play even when unhampered by the duty of aiming at ethical or moral significance. One has to render enthralling during a comparatively long space of time a necessarily conventional entertainment in which the audience takes no part.

Of the moral and ethical significance demanded by Mr. Stead's discourse, "Mrs. Dering's Divorce" possesses nothing; indeed, it is insignificant from every point of view. What is called in the programme "a light comedy" proved to be a somewhat heavy farce. It deals with people, or puppets, not uninteresting, perhaps, to the social reformer, but regarded by him as our entomologists look upon an obnoxious insect. Captain and Mrs. Dering—of what he was Captain, Heaven and I are ignorant—are specimens of the unintellectual, sensual, middle-class creatures who ape the vices of the aristocracy and have little of the graces believed, perhaps fondly, to be found among the real "nobs." They have married one another because they are two handsome creatures with a bond of sympathy in the non-possession of the elementary virtues. They are vulgar enough to believe that it is "good form" to be dishonest. However, she is, at least, a faithful wife. When the crash comes, inevitable result of always spending thirty shillings in the pound, he suggests that she should get a divorce. There is no difficulty, as far as his infidelity is concerned, and little on the point of cruelty, since she has few scruples. She gets her divorce, her case being undefended.

What a flutter there would be if Sir Francis and Mr. Justice Barnes were to think it their duty really to cross-examine petitioners in undefended cases. The cynical may add, What a boon to the Bar, since most of the "undefended" cases would be defended in order to ensure the success of the petitioner. So perjured evidence was given, a divorce obtained, and a year went by. The dramatist, Mr. Fendall, has an idea—quite a capital idea. The contemptible Captain, a good-looking, dashing, charming fellow, in a way, gets engaged to an intellectual, wealthy spinster, who, when she finds he has been divorced, comes to his wife for his character! A grand chance here for a scene of comedy—a grand chance utterly thrown away. The spinster is presented as the grotesque, ugly monster current in common jokes of past times concerning members of the Pioneer Club. The creature is the sort of ugly sister from a "Cinderella" pantomime, so ridiculous as to drag the play down to the lowest level of the legitimate, and it never succeeds in mounting again. It becomes a farce with little action; but there is a flicker of gaiety just towards the close. Mrs. Langtry shows a gain in technique, but is not the kind of actress for the part of Mrs. Dering, and Mr. Boyne, whilst skilful, is a bit heavy as the Captain. The other characters amount to little, but Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, and Miss Jean Morrison and Mr. F. Hollins, two new-comers, may be mentioned.



——AND BLACK.
MISS NELLIE BOWMAN AS LITTLE BLACK SAMBO AT THE GARRICK.
Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.

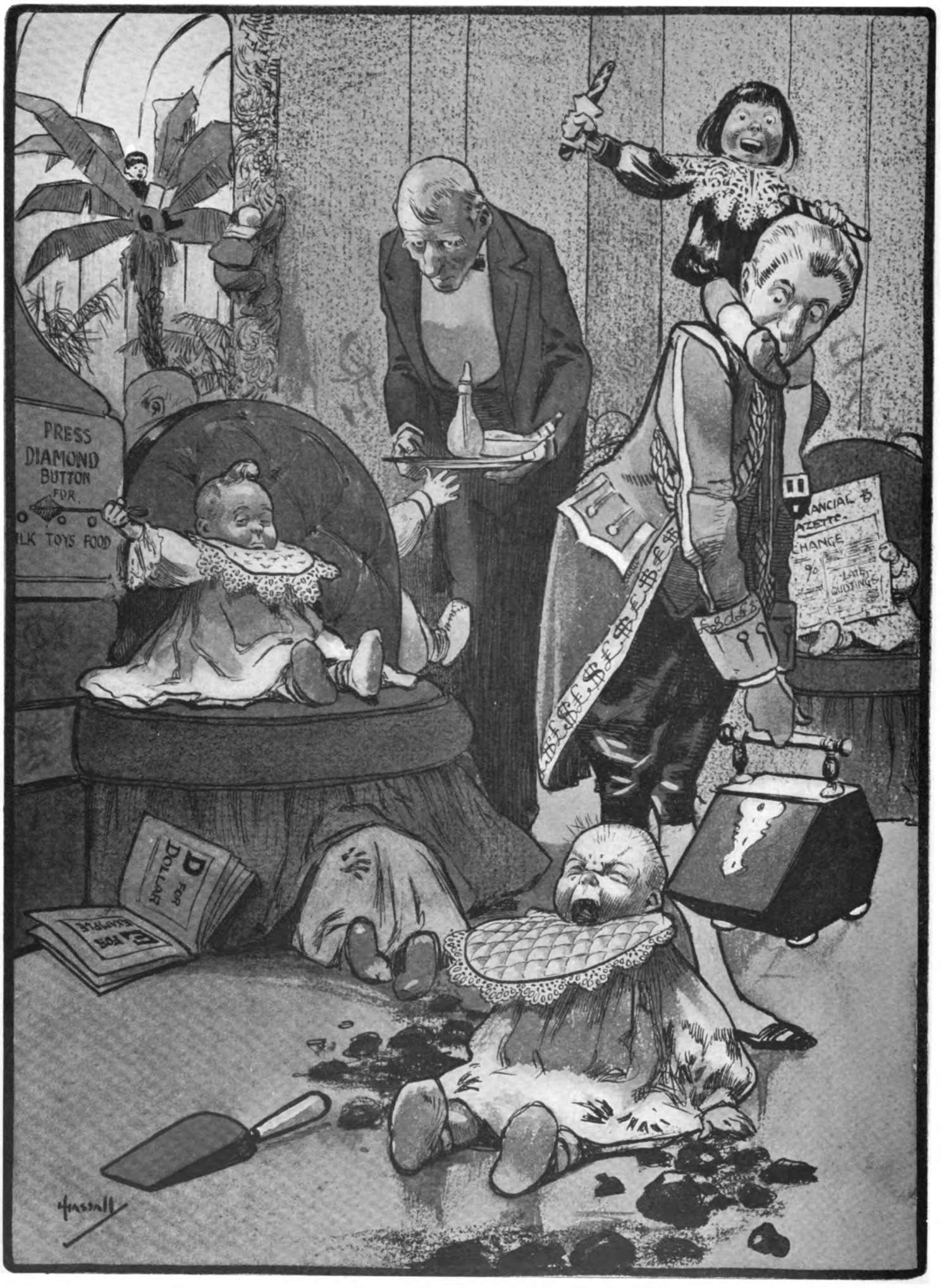


II.—THE MALE IMPERSONATOR.

"AND SPEAK . . .
WITH A REED VOICE; AND TURN TWO MINCING STEPS
INTO A MANLY STRIDE."—*"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"*

C

THE FUTURE CARLTON FOR BABIES—AS IMAGINED BY JOHN HASSALL.



WHEN THE NURSES ARE AWAY!

"An hotel which is to be built in New York is intended exclusively for the use of children. . . . Almost all the servants will be used to hospital work. No child will be taken in without a nurse. The prices range from £16 to £30 a week for two persons."—[EXTRACT FROM A DAILY PAPER]

"THE OYSTER SEASON IS NOW ON!"



"Wot cher, Bill! Wot 's in the wind?"
"Hysters, Bob! Hysters!"

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

PANTOMIME FAVOURITES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.



MISS MABEL THORNE, ROBIN HOOD IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE MANCHESTER PALACE.



MISS MILLIE LINDON, THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA" AT THE PRINCE'S, MANCHESTER.



MISS MARIE CAMPBELL, GANEM IN "THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, BIRMINGHAM.



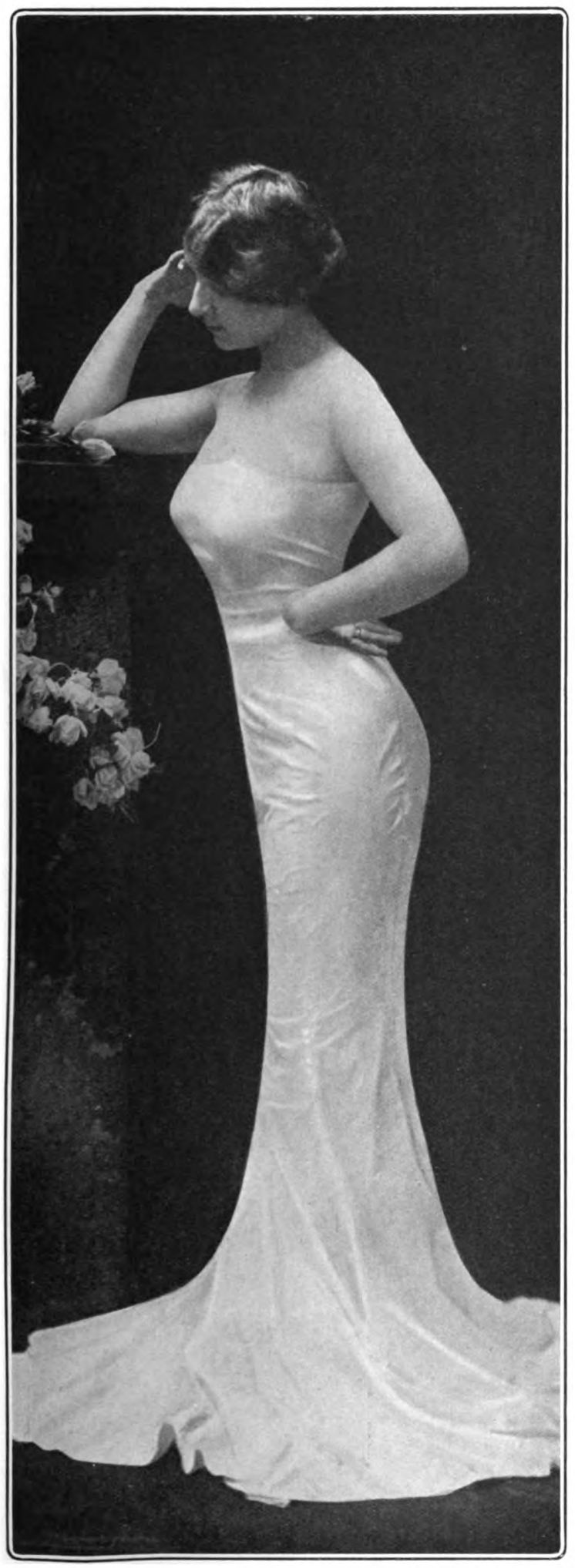
MISS RUTH LYTTON, ARISTO IN "THE WHITE CAT," AT DRURY LANE.

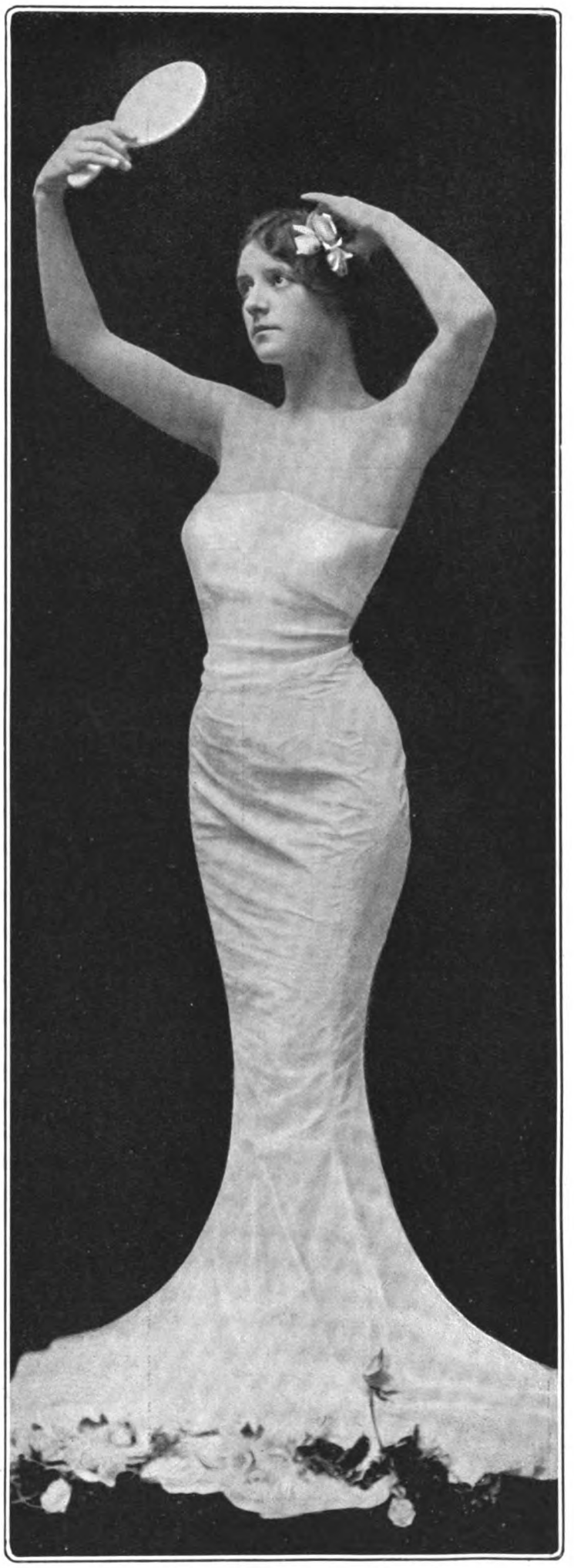


MISS HYLDA DUGDALE, MAID MARIAN IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE MANCHESTER PALACE.

Four photographs by Guttenberg, Manchester.

THE IDEAL PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT IN WOMAN.—ACCORDING TO SANDOW.





MISS MAUDE ODELL, FORMERLY LADY-DEMONSTRATOR OF THE "SANDOW SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT," WHO, IT IS CLAIMED BY MR. SANDOW, IS PERFECT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

Photographs by the Wykeham Studio, Balham, S.W.

TAKEN UNAWARES: WELL-KNOWN PIGEON-SHOTS AT MONTE CARLO.



SIR THOMAS FREAKE.



MR. WATSON.



HON. ROBERT BERESFORD



M. PACCARD.



MR. MACKINTOSH.



COUNT GAJOLI.



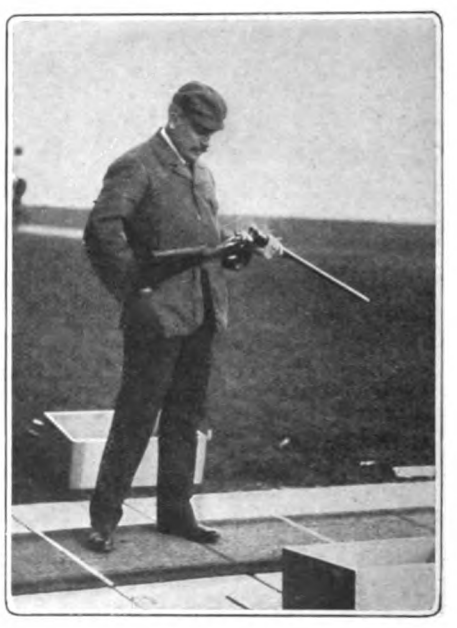
HON. F. ERSKINE.



HON. F. THELLUSSON.



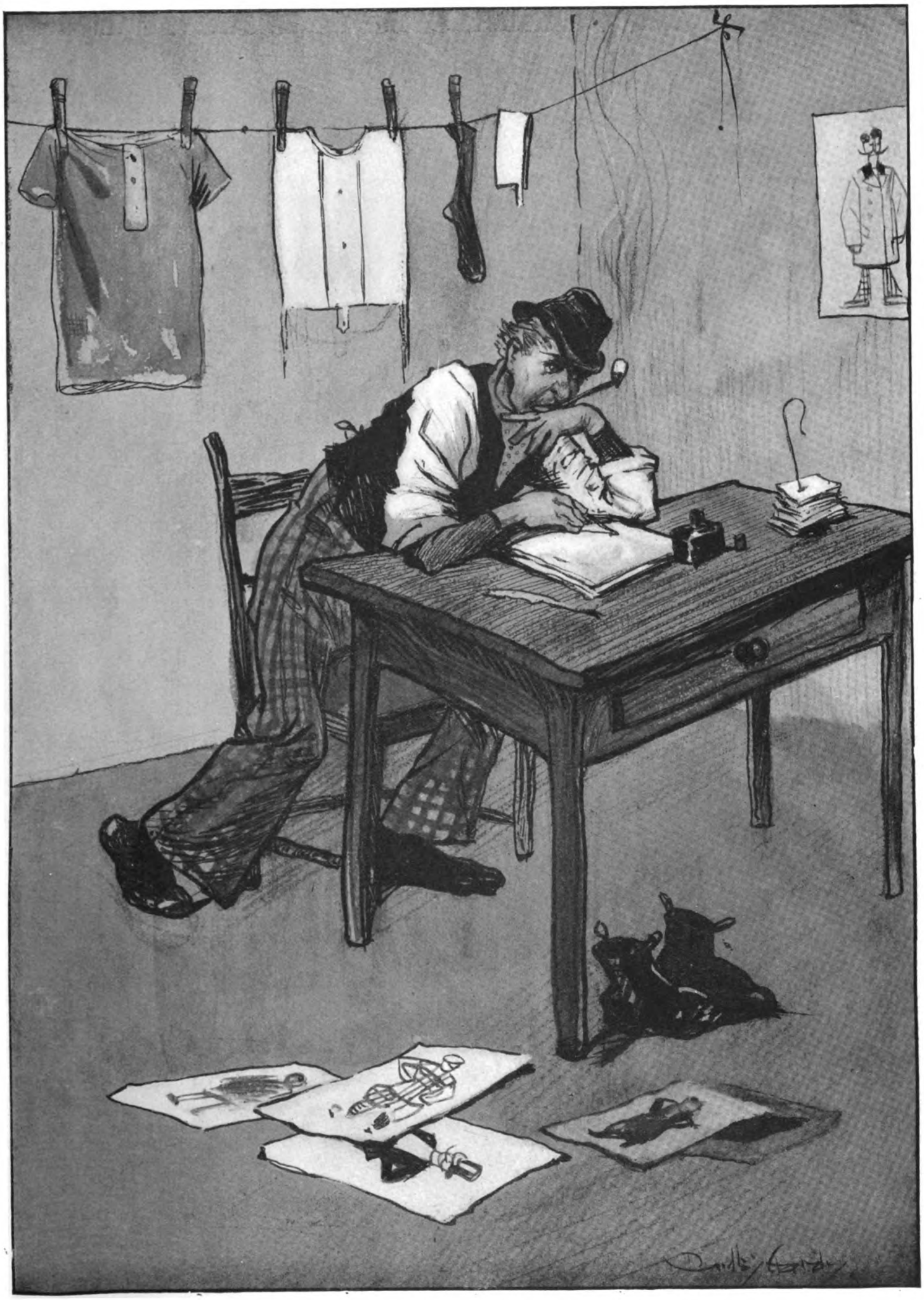
MR. F. H. ROBERTS.



MR. EASTON (MR. ROBINSON).

Photographs by Tresca, Paris.

Advertisements Illustrated. *By Dudley Hardy.*



IX.

"TO GENTLEMEN.—'HOW TO DRESS, BY ONE WHO KNOWS.' FOR FULL PARTICULARS SEND SIX STAMPS. NO CALLERS——"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON'S autobiographical papers contain some interesting reminiscences of his experience as an autograph-collector, and a person "much exposed to authors." Among the most trying of begging-letters he reckoned those accompanied by printed books, generally with presentation inscriptions. The authors usually ask for a published review, or a personal acknowledgment, with some criticism of the work and some kindly advice for future guidance. It need hardly be said that in many cases such a response, especially with the writer's autograph, would be worth twice as much as the gift itself. Other modest persons will write to an author for specimens of autograph-letters he has received and preserved from those of his personal friends who have gone to that land from which no letters or messages are sent. There are brigands among autograph-hunters. To a certain Club to which he belonged a well-known author presented once a complete set of his printed books, writing in each of the volumes his own name, with an appropriate sentiment. Shortly after his death, the librarian of the Club found that some monster had mutilated many of the presentation copies by cutting out the sentiments and the signatures. The instrument used in each case was a very sharp one and it was applied invariably in the same expert manner.

In a very bad case of autographic brigandage the young relative of a well-known artist was the villain. The artist was a man of unusually interesting personality. When he died, his enterprising young relative proposed to prepare a memoir, and wrote to all the artist's friends for characteristic letters, not too confidential, which might be published in the volume. The letters were freely given, but the memoir was never published nor written, and the letters were sold for the benefit of the young man! One of his most unfortunate victims, six thousand miles away from the Metropolis, received a dealer's catalogue advertising a number of exceedingly fine examples which were written to him—with that fact mentioned, of course. He thus appeared in the ignominious position of having sold for money what no money could have bought, and he never obtained redress.



THE FASHION IN MAGICIANS: PROFESSOR JINKS MOVES WITH THE TIMES.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

In the United States Sir Henry Irving's autograph is much valued, and, as Sir Henry almost invariably dictates to his manager or his secretary, the autograph is not very common. One little story is worth telling. The recipient of a Post Office notice that a foreign book from an unknown source awaited his personal application and the payment of legal fees called for it in due season. At the clerk's window he remarked that he was willing to wager fifty cents that the book was not worth the fifty cents charged for it. The official replied that he would give fifty cents for the wrapper! The piece of brown paper contained in his own handwriting the name of Henry Irving.

I am much attracted by the title of Mr. C. F. Keary's forthcoming novel, "Bloomsbury." It is to be a study of that interesting quarter in London. If Mr. Keary can succeed in unveiling its life as well as Mr. Gissing succeeded with Tottenham Court Road and Camden Town, he will do us a service. Much of the best intellectual life in London still centres in Bloomsbury, and it was a favourite notion of Sir Walter Besant that people would yet return from the suburbs to the comfortable old houses in the squares so near the heart of things and so specially near the best collections of old books and new. Mr. Keary never writes a trivial book.

The new book which Messrs. Methuen are about to publish on William Bodham Donne and his friends ought to be very interesting. Donne was most intimate with the whole FitzGerald circle, including Mrs. Kemble and Bernard Barton, FitzGerald's father-in-law. He was much loved by all of them, and he had points of contact with a wider circle.

A large number of authors, some of them known to all the world, and some of them unknown to me at any rate, have been protesting in the *Standard* against the present copyright agreement between this country and the United States. There is a real grievance, though I am not enamoured of some proposed remedies. What seems to be forgotten is that the copyright law, such as it is, was gained with very great difficulty, mainly by the efforts of some Americans, of whom Mr. G. H. Putnam, the publisher, was the most prominent. Mr. Putnam's excellent literary journal, the *Critic*, has been protesting pathetically against the light manner in which Mr. Howells has treated the subject in his *Harper's Magazine* article. The fact is that it would be very easy to lose all the advantage we have gained. Most certainly, a policy of retaliation would end the arrangement, and British authors would be as they were in the old days. This would be a calamity of the first magnitude. If Dickens and Thackeray—to mention no more—had received their royalties on American sales, their anxieties would have been immeasurably lessened, and we should have had more of their best work.

By the change English publishers have gained little or nothing. By the transaction a very large number of English authors can gain nothing. Americans, to speak plainly, do not want their work on any terms. They are not buying English books as they used to do, and it may be predicted, with considerable confidence, that they will more and more supply their own literature. The writers most concerned are very popular novelists, of whom there are but a few, and contributors to periodicals. The wise course is to take an attitude of sweet reasonableness, present the admitted grievance in courteous terms and without threats, and leave the issue to the justice and the goodwill of the American people.

O. O.

"LADY MADCAP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



COUNT DE ST. HUBERT (MR. MAURICE FARKOA) ARRIVES AT EGBERT CASTLE, AND TAKES GWENNY HOLDEN (MISS DELIA MASON) FOR LORD FRAMLINGHAM'S DAUGHTER, LADY BETTY.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

"LADY MADCAP," AT THE P

Photographs by the Stage Pi



Colonel Layton. (Mr Leedham Bantock) singing "The Boot and the Beetle".

Lady Betty's maid, Susan (Miss Eva Sandyford)

Lord Framlingham's butler, Palmer (Mr R. St George) is got rid of by means of a false telegram.

Mr G. P. Huntley as Trooper Smith.

Lady Betty descends from the room

INCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

ial Publishing Company.



The second verse of "The Boot and the Beetle".

Lady Betty Clarridge—"The Madcap"
ss Adrienne Augarde) telling her friend
Gwenny Holden (Miss Delia Mason)
that she must be Lady Betty
for the time being.

Mr. G. P. Huntley
"battling."

Lord Framlingham (Mr. Herbert Sparling) gives
his parting injunctions to Lady Betty.

Miss Adrienne Augarde as "Lady Madcap."

which she has been locked up.

"LADY MADCAP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.



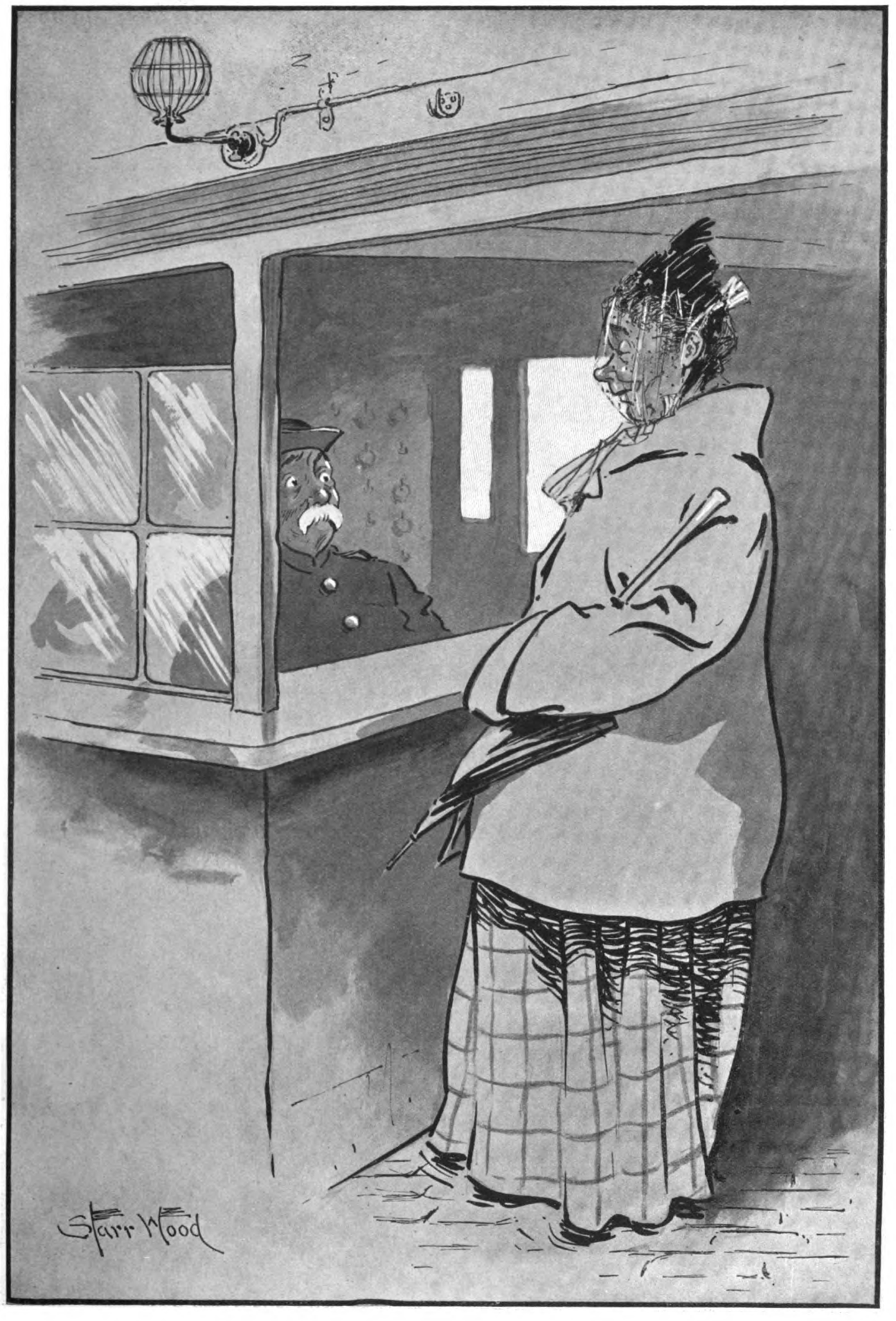
MRS. LAYTON (MISS BLANCHE MASSEY) DIVIDES HER ATTENTION—AND HER DOG—BETWEEN MAJOR BLATHERSWAITE (MR. DENNIS EADIE) AND LIEUTENANT SOMERSET (MR. SPENCER TREVOR)



A DAINTY OCTETTE SUNG BY THE TALL LACQUEYS AND THE LITTLE MAIDS: "THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR, NOW, OR NEVER?"

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

MR. ALEXANDER'S SEARCH FOR A DOUBLE: A POSSIBLE SEQUEL.



THE STAGE-DOORKEEPER: An' what can I do for you?

THE APPLICANT: Do, young man! Run in an' ask Miss Stud'olme an' Gertie Millar if they wants a double. I 'm told I 'm like both of 'em!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S RETURN TO THE STAGE AFTER HER LONG ABSENCE.



1. LYDIA LANGUISH IN "THE RIVALS."
2. LADY TEAZLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."
3. ROSA IN "THE BLACK TULIP."
4. BAZILEDE IN "FOR THE CROWN."
5. RENÉE IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."

MISS EMERY IN SOME OF HER MOST FAMOUS PARTS.

Photographs by Window and Grove.

A CHANGE OF STAGE FOR MISS WINIFRED EMERY.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY,

WHO IS PLAYING BEATRICE TO MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S BENEDICK IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Window and Grove.

"BUTTERFLIES IN FAIRYLAND" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.



"THE GARDEN OF LIFE": THE LIVING STATUES.



HEIDENREICH'S FLYING BALLET: AN EFFECTIVE TABLEAU.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"SIR HEADSTRONG'S" ENGAGEMENT.

By "DRUSO."

SIR HENRY SILVERING was a man of immense purpose and little fulfilment; indeed, his intention to do or to die and his inability ever to accomplish were so well known that he was playfully called "Sir Headstrong," not only by his intimate friends and enemies, but by the very servants in the houses where he visited. Very possibly no man had ever, at his age—which was twenty-six—commenced so many imposing undertakings with an unmistakable note of determination in his manner and allowed them to gently flicker out when he was satisfied that there was a remote possibility of their ultimate success. Yet he had the alert, self-assured eyes of a man who accomplishes; and, in regard to his personal appearance, if he had been advanced in years, Sir Henry might have been pointed out as one of those peculiarly English types of men who have seen everything, killed everything, endured everything; and he would have had, all things being equal, an impaired constitution and shiny cheek-bones.

At this moment Sir Henry Silvering was sitting at a dining-table in his Club, opposite his downright and unmistakably common-sensed friend, John Boldero. Sir Henry had just made one of his sudden and wholly unexpected announcements, and, with narrowed lids, he was regarding the first development of ash at the point of a cigar.

"The deuce you are!" exclaimed John Boldero, bluntly.

"Yes—marry," repeated Sir Henry. "And then I shall go into Parliament, take up agriculture, revive the British farmer, undersell the American market, and knock the Fiscal fizzle on the head."

"But when do you go to Monte Carlo for the spring, New York for the summer, and Japan to see the snow?" asked his friend, reiterating the programme of the preceding week.

"My dear chap, I do wish you wouldn't be so narrow," protested Sir Henry. "You don't seem to grasp the idea that the small things in life must be swept on one side by the big. What's Monte, what's America, compared to a grand idea—something that gives backbone to the country, some——?"

"Harry! you've invented another submarine that won't float without an air-ship on the conning-tower?" suggested Boldero, smiling at him indulgently.

"What on earth has that got to do with the question?" asked Sir Henry, peevishly, while he screwed himself sideways on his chair.

"I was only trying to jump with your colossal brain. Then you really mean that you're going in for that awful domestic upheaval known as 'settling down'?"

Sir Henry cut a piece of bread by his plate in halves with great decision. "I'm going to marry," he stated once more, with corresponding determination.

"Who is she?" inquired Boldero, looking at him keenly.

"She is one of Nature's ladies," pronounced Sir Henry, with beautiful reverence.

Boldero laid his cheek upon his arm and groaned, for these were the very words that Sir Henry had used three years ago, when he all but carried through his purpose of robbing a great London terminus of one of its most ornamental barmaids.

"And where is her—her place of business?" asked Boldero, with a broad grin.

Sir Harry drew himself up with an air of wounded dignity.

"Sorry, old chap—I meant, where did you meet her?" corrected his friend.

"I can see her now," began Sir Harry, in a tender soliloquy.

"Great Scott, man; but where?"

"It was on Saturday" (he was speaking on the evening of Monday); "I was shooting at Mannington's——"

"My dear Harry," broke in Boldero, bending forward, "Muriel Mannington! Congratulations. Let's go into the smoking-room and drink them."

Sir Henry winced, and put up his hand admonishingly. "Boldero, I do wish, for Heaven's sake, you wouldn't jump so," he said, pettishly. "Lady Muriel is an excellent girl, but I could never think of marrying her. She is ready moulded; I must have a wife who has learnt in my school of thought, who can begin with me to grasp the great possibilities of life and fight them through hand-in-hand by my side."

"You're not going to marry one of the Bishop of Cranchurch's girls!" exclaimed Boldero, in astonishment.

"Is it like me to do a commonplace thing of that kind?" asked Sir Henry. "No," he continued, with rising heroics; "the girl who is to be my wife is young, open-minded, innocent, seventeen, beautiful—Jack, if you could have seen her, as I did, leaning against a tree in the wood, her golden hair against the brown shadow—she lives there, in the wood; her father—her father is a bailiff." Boldero groaned again. "You may jeer, Jack," the champion proceeded, "but you haven't seen her—so different from all the girls with tricks we have to meet. Think of it, Jack: for five generations the Shellys have lived in the Mannington woods communing with Nature."

"Oh, I say, Harry, old chap! Just come down to earth for a moment and talk sense," interrupted Boldero, brutally. "Now you'd better put the matter in square language. You were out shooting at Mannington's place on Saturday, and you saw the bailiff's girl with her hair down—no doubt, it had been washed—in the big wood; you had one of your—your amorous spasms, chucked away the sport, made an ass of yourself—which you have done once or twice before—and now you've got hopelessly muddled between regenerated agriculture and the King Cophetua and the beggar-maid business. Come down, man; come down, and break out into something less dangerous; invent a new Service rifle—any mortal tomfoolery you like but tying yourself to an interesting rural brat for the rest of your life."

Sir Henry rose with a stiffness of deportment unknown among the accomplishments of most young men of the present day. But, excepting in regard to his ties, his hats, and his coats, he was quite unlike his contemporaries.

"Good-night," he said, with a crisp intonation.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Boldero, rising also.

Sir Henry Silvering turned his back and walked towards the door.

"I say!" called Boldero.

Sir Henry motioned with dignity to the clerk at the desk that his bill should follow him.

John Boldero whistled softly, raised his eyebrows, and sat down again.

. . . . . .

Lord and Lady Mannington did not more than smile when Sir Henry Silvering arrived suddenly in their village, and, in a spirited burst of confidence, confided in Mannington his intention towards the bailiff's daughter. Lady Muriel smiled also when the news was passed on to her; the Vicar smiled when the information was confidentially imparted to him, and the local actor laughed outright when the Vicar made an exception in his trust in favour of that useful professional gentleman. The smiles may be accounted for by the fact that those who knew Sir Henry were familiar with his strong points.

Ostensibly, Sir Henry's visit to Mannington was for the purpose of studying the practical side of agriculture previous to attacking the cause of its decay; and, characteristically, he went at the business root and branch, and no metaphor is intended by the expression. On the first morning after his advent to the "Green Man," the young man was to be seen in a rough furrow behind a plough, aiming steadfastly, with set teeth, at a piece of paper set on a stick at the opposite side of the field. The small crowd of villagers, who watched the billowy movements of the plough as it tacked and slewed diagonally across the land, pronounced it "won'erful," and no one could have gainsaid them. In a few hours' time the field looked remarkably as though it had been trenched for military operations, and Sir Henry himself took so much rich soil back to the "Green Man" on his own person that he could not divest himself of his leggings without the use of a spade.

Upon the second day of his stay the enthusiast went into the woods with an abnormal axe, and, taking up a position well in sight of the ancestral home of the Shellys, executed some marvellous,

herculean feats, with one eye upon the dimity curtains of the cottage window. Immediate wooing being outside his calculations, he, nevertheless, hoped in this way to bring himself nearer the heart of the lovely wood-maiden. At length, overcome by his exertions, and having badly bruised a number of trees, he strode homeward to the village, where he met the Vicar, who shook him warmly by the hand, and hid a smile in an ample pocket-handkerchief.

"Well, Sir Henry, so you 're going back to the land, I hear," the Vicar remarked pleasantly. He saw so few people that he usually employed the phrases of the morning paper.

The young man looked at him earnestly, his thoughts running otherwise.

"Ah, Breamish! I should like to have your opinion: what do you think of marriage?" he asked, anxiously.

"My dear sir, marriage—marriage is a problem," replied the Vicar, and the tone of his voice left no hope of its solution.

Sir Henry felt the edge of his axe with a professional touch. "There are many things I hope to do, Breamish," he said, contemplatively, "and one of them is to clear away all the narrow conventions that choke off our marriages. We should let our souls go, Breamish; we should not try to dodge the little sportsman's dart with one eye on the *Morning Post*—you see what I mean?"

The Reverend Mr. Breamish was not quite sure that he would have done so if it had not been for the secret confided to him by Lord Mannington. As it was, his long-deadened sense of romance and affinities rekindled at contact with a man who had boldly determined to defy the conventions and accept instructions from his own heart. Involuntarily, he held out his hand.

"My heartfelt wishes for success," he said, fervently.

At that moment Sir Henry was thinking of his axe. "It's very good of you, I'm sure. Well, I must be getting on." He shook Breamish's hand and continued his way.

The Vicar looked after the retreating figure with deep interest. The young man had done him good: all the world was not tainted; he would have his surplice especially ironed, and read the service with the impressiveness of his curate days, if they were married at the Mannington Parish Church.

On the third day of his visit, Sir Henry began to consider actively his schemes for making the transference of the object of his fond hopes to a sphere rather different from that of the Shelly family an easy and natural one. But he realised that he could not very well act alone in this matter without at once declaring himself; and this, by a great effort, he was restraining himself from doing until he had cleaved a way, figuratively speaking, to the heart of his choice, and the girl had grown to love the sight of his stalwart figure hewing the giants of the forest. Without deliberation, he decided that Lady Mannington was the right person with whom to consult, and he acted immediately. Greatly to the disappointment of his precipitous disposition, he found her out. Coming away from the park, however, he met Lady Muriel, with a pair of boisterous spaniels on a leash. They seemed the natural attendants upon her gay-hearted person, but Sir Henry rather resented the presence of all three—they did not in any way accord with his present frame of mind.

"I'm very nearly dragged to death," laughed Lady Muriel, gaily. "Been up to see mother? She 'll be awfully sorry to have missed you. Won't you come back? Mother 's sure to be home again by five."

"Oh—er—thanks, it 's very good of you," began Sir Henry, without his usual readiness; "but it doesn't matter in the least: I only came up to——"

He paused abruptly, and Lady Muriel looked at him.

"Oh, don't mind me!" she cried, smiling; "I 'm in the secret, and a most interested party—she was one of my girls, you know."

"Your girls?" queried Sir Henry, uncertainly.

Lady Muriel nodded her head emphatically. "I once had a class on Sunday, you see, and little Eve Shelly used to come—whenever she could not stay away. Oh, you mustn't mind," she went on, seeing the expression of confused discomfort that was overspreading her companion's features; "but she was rather a naughty little thing, and the bad marks against her for bringing toffee into class were appalling at times."

Even if the girl had possessed any desire to disillusionise Sir Henry—which she did not—she would have been proceeding in a futile manner.

He pictured to himself a wayward sprite, and murmured, almost unconsciously, "She is very beautiful."

"She 's a jolly, pretty, little thing," continued the girl, heartily.

"Lady Muriel! you really think so?" cried the enchanted Sir Henry.

"No one could help it," replied the girl, frankly. As she spoke, the spaniels became convinced that there was game somewhere about, and plunged vigorously.

"Let me take them," suggested Sir Henry.

Lady Muriel slipped the leash into his hand, and the spaniels proceeded to tow the young man along at so great a pace that the girl had to proceed between a trot and a run by his side. They travelled in this rather undignified fashion for some distance before either spoke.

"I shall be very glad to do what I can, if you will let me," exclaimed Lady Muriel at length, rather breathless.

"No, will you?" responded Sir Henry, giving a vain tug at the leash. "It—it will help me a lot."

"Dear—dear little Eve!" panted Lady Muriel, breaking into a run again.

Arranging preliminaries in gasps, they arrived at the door of the house, where Lady Mannington had just alighted from her carriage. She was pressed into the conversation, and, despite a very natural and proper feeling of outraged conventionality and many appeals with her eloquent shoulders to the possible view that Society would take of the whole business, fell into harmony with Sir Henry's splendid view that, at the call of love, all men and women should fight their way to the altar, even if the social barriers of the world were composed of six-inch armour-plate.

Lord Mannington, who always appeared at the hour of tea, in order to explain the latest phase of his digestion troubles to anyone who might happen to be present, took the opportunity of button-holing Sir Henry and trying to induce him to take up Parliament instead of Eve Shelly and an agricultural revival. But he might as well have besought an inebriate to give up drink or a new-made golfer to give up putting on his dining-room carpet. Indeed, the fire and determination of the young man resulted in even the Peer joining the common cause with his wife and daughter, and propounding the theory (as an inspiration of his own) at the County Club that the salvation of the country lay in a new race of enlightened yeomen-farmers, recruited from the bluest available blood and mated with the fine old stock of the land.

It would not be too much to say that, in a roundabout way, fortune "smiled" upon the determinations of Sir Henry; the furrows he ploughed grew less military in pretensions; trees were known to fall unexpectedly in the night from the injuries they received during the day; while Lady Mannington and her daughter were never without suggestions for the future of the still unconscious Eve. In the meantime, Sir Henry's friend and acquaintances in London became speculative in regard to his absence. It was by no means an unusual thing for him to disappear quietly and reappear with the suddenness of a stage "illusion," but never without some interesting and notable result. Already several well-chosen reports had been circulated, when by some means the news began to be spread about that Sir Henry was "marrying his cook, or something of that sort," and it was generally considered that this would prove one of "Sir Headstrong's" finest achievements.

Perhaps the only man who took the matter seriously to heart was John Boldero. He had tried to unearth his friend by several letters, but, as Sir Henry had never been known to use any other form of communication but the telegraph, nothing had resulted.

Eight days after Sir Henry Silvering's departure, Boldero was sitting gathering useless information from an evening paper at his Club, when he experienced a tingling slap on the shoulder. It was not the only cause of his springing from his chair.

"My dear Harry!" he exclaimed, shaking a horny hand and regarding a sun-browned face. "How are you?"

"Splendid—fit—splendid!" pronounced Sir Henry, with a newly acquired agricultural robustness.

"And—er—the lady?" began Boldero, feeling the delicacy of the subject after their last parting.

"Splendid—wonderful—splendid!" cried the enthusiast. "Her people are coming up to town next week," he added, with a grin of delight.

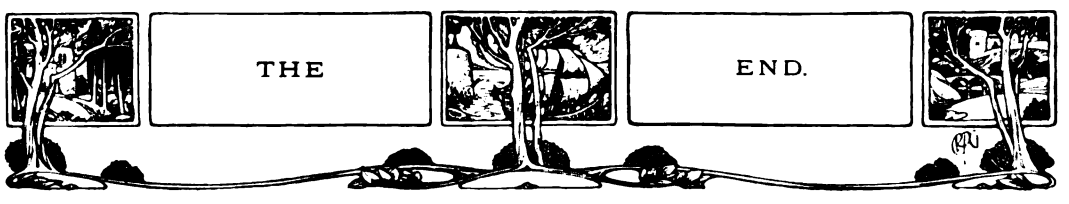
"And Miss—let me see, I don't think I know her name, Harry, do I?" inquired Boldero, cautiously.

"My dear Jack!" exclaimed Sir Harry, in amazement; "why, Muriel, of course—the only Muriel."

"Of course," repeated Boldero, and no one would possibly have known from the tone of voice that he was mentally taking himself by the scruff of his neck and shaking it, as he added, "My hearty congratulations, Harry, old man."

"Let 's go into the smoking-room and drink them," gaily suggested Sir Henry.

And this time they went.





SINCE the moment is teeming with innovations, it has, naturally, occurred to Mr. Tree to seize the opportunity for announcing that in the future a certain number of the stalls at His Majesty's Theatre will be sold at seven-and-sixpence, instead of half-a-guinea as hitherto. Again, this is in accordance with views for lowering the cost of theatre-going which have been a good deal discussed for a long time. It is, however, worth noting that, not so very long ago, the idea of two prices in the stalls was actually tried by one of the smaller West-End houses, and it may, therefore, probably claim to have anticipated Mr. Tree.

Only those who saw Miss Viola Tree during the rehearsals of "Much Ado About Nothing" can have any idea of what her disappointment must be in being prevented from acting Hero. Although by no means so relatively dominant a part as Ariel, the humanity of the girl appealed greatly to the young actress, and she was looking forward with much pleasure to her impersonation of the character. Her place, as not only *Sketch* readers but the whole world knows by this morning, was at once filled by Miss Miriam Clements, who, like Miss Tree, scarcely fulfils the Shaksperian ideal of Hero, though the purist might object that, considering the subject, the word "fulfils" is ill-chosen. It is interesting to note that Mr. Tree has never made an actor's physique a matter of paramount importance in casting his parts, for did he not once give Julius Cæsar, who was short, to Mr. Charles Fulton, who is tall, and, later on, to Mr. Murray Carson, who is stout, while Cæsar was thin?

"When they agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful." Those words, which Sheridan wrote in "The Critic," have been by no means infrequently used during the last week, and their spirit has been preserved though their form may have been changed. The remark has been called forth by the phase through which the répertoire theatre is passing. For weeks and months—it would be no exaggeration to say, for years—the cry of certain enthusiasts has been loud in the land for a répertoire theatre. Nobody heeded the cry. Now London seems to be threatened with a deluge of répertoire theatres.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, ever on the alert to discover means of utilising the inherent force of his enthusiasm and his great capacity for work, has resolved to revert to his old habit at the Haymarket and dedicate Monday evening to the presentation of new plays and the revival of old ones. Not content with this, Mr. Tree seems resolved to advance what may be called the histrionic *entente* by bringing over some of the most famous Parisian players to grace his Monday evenings. Eight performances will, however, continue to be given of "Much Ado About Nothing," whatever may be the bill at the moment, by adding a Thursday matinée to the usual Wednesday and Saturday ones.

Mr. George Alexander is also bent on the same idea, with revivals of the popular plays which have been produced from time to time at the St. James's Theatre. The list will certainly include "Sunlight and Shadow," "The Idler," and "The Importance of Being Earnest." Others will, doubtless, be added in due course from among the list of the productions which have helped to give Mr. Alexander his proud position in the theatrical world.

All theatre-goers will join in adding their congratulations to the many which have been showered on Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks on the birth of their little daughter. The congratulations come with redoubled pleasure in consequence of Miss Ellaline Terriss's serious illness and grievous disappointment occasioned by the immediate death of her first baby.



THE ONLY AMERICAN INDIAN ACTRESS:
GO-WON-GO-MOHAWK, WHO IS TOURING IN THIS COUNTRY WITH HER OWN PLAY, "WEP-TON-NO-MAH, THE INDIAN MAIL-CARRIER."
Photograph supplied by W. G. Kyle.



Hugh Ward. Johnny Danvers. Fred Eastman.
DRURY LANE COMEDIANS WAITING FOR THEIR CUES:
MESSRS. HUGH J. WARD (SIMEON), JOHNNY DANVERS (KING IVORY), AND FRED EASTMAN (PRINCE PLUMP).
Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Mr. Otho Stuart's announcement that, when "The Taming of the Shrew" is withdrawn from the Adelphi, he will produce "Hamlet," with Mr. H. B. Irving in the title-part, has naturally been the cause of much comment and not a little retrospect. Everybody expected that, sooner or later, Mr. Irving, with his artistic, mental, and technical endowment, would play the part which was, at one time, so intimately bound up with his father's career, though even in the inner theatrical circles the impression prevailed that it would be later rather than sooner. It would, however, be quite erroneous to suppose, as so many people have supposed, that Mr. Irving will come untried to what used invariably to be spoken of by a certain class of writers as "the blue ribbon of the drama." As a matter of fact, he played Hamlet many times in the provinces when he was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Répertoire Company. It will be curious to note whether he will reproduce at the Adelphi a certain effective bit of "business" he used to do in the Closet Scene, the (seemingly) accidental putting-out of the candle, by which the stage is lighted, just before the appearance of the Ghost. Much will, however, have come, and possibly may have gone, before we shall see this. Meantime, those who are curious in the matter of coincidences will be interested in the fact that Mr. Irving's first appearance as Hamlet was made in Sunderland, the town in which Sir Henry Irving made his first appearance on the stage.

Meantime, Mr. Martin Harvey announces that, immediately on the conclusion of his provincial tour at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on May 13, he will devote himself to the production in London of "Hamlet," in which, as is now well known, he made his début in Dublin a short time ago.

Only a few days ago we heard of the accident to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and now we learn that Sir Charles Wyndham has had the misfortune to be knocked down by a New York tram-car and to dislocate his right shoulder. Fortunately, his hurt was not as severe as that sustained by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and he was able to resume playing within a very short time. At the moment of his mishap, Sir Charles was on his way to the Lyceum Theatre, to which, despite his injury, he managed to continue his journey, with the intention of performing. This, however, was forbidden by the two doctors who were summoned, and the famous actor was removed in an ambulance to his hotel.

KEY-NOTES

THE Curtius Concert Club, which now holds its musical meetings at the Bechstein Hall, is likely to become one of the great successes among modern things in concert-going. It is strange to remember how many years have passed since, as it may be said, concert-going became something of a classical art, when the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts were given at the St. James's Hall. There, on various occasions, might have been seen George Eliot, who, in her admiration for the highest class of music, proved once more that her intellectual attainments left practically nothing alone. There also Lord Leighton was used to hear his Joachim and Lady Hallé, when they were at the very summit of their attainments, and many were the distinguished men and women who flocked to hear Beethoven at his best and Mozart at his greatest, to mention but these.

Mr. Schulz-Curtius has hit upon a new idea, though at the same time he has embodied a very far-fetched thought summed up for ever in Mr. Gilbert's phrase concerning the young man who—

> . . . thinks suburban hops
> More fun than Monday Pops. . . .

The young man will probably consider himself, in connection with this Concert Club, very much above the "suburban hops," and all congratulations are due to Mr. Curtius for making his Concert Club a refined and reasonable means of assemblage whereby men may meet together and enjoy music in the most meaning sense of the term.

The one thing which Mr. Curtius has scarcely developed to the utmost possibility seems to be the actual idea of a Club. That strangers should meet in a single concert-room, should listen for a short time to music, and should disperse without any sort of recognition is certainly outside the idea of any Club. And yet it would be difficult in these modern days of extended orchestras, where it seems essential that the multiplication of instruments must necessarily involve the production of a new orchestral work, that anything but the finest judgment could have given us such a performance as we heard at the Bechstein Hall when Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony was performed. Mozart wrote, naturally, for the orchestras of his own time; he knew precisely the effects which he desired to secure; and he was ready, with his most flexible brain, to produce exactly the music which was entirely his own and which was also a product of his own generation. In these days, when the "Jupiter" Symphony is given at Festivals, Leeds, Birmingham, or elsewhere, it is considered that Mozart should have all the so-called advantages of the modern orchestra. The result is that his work is overweighted and that its sheer beauty is not properly recognised by various audiences. At the Bechstein Hall, however, which proves to be exquisitely attuned for orchestral sound, one heard the Symphony played just as the composer had purposed that it should be played. Every detail of the wood-wind, every little significance of the brass, were all combined with the strings to "make a perfect whole." With our modern orchestras, the brass and the strings are so heavy in their complete effect that the secondary portion of the work is usually treated as matter which does not very seriously enter into the scheme of things.

At the same concert Miss Evelyn Suart took the solo-pianoforte part in Chopin's Concerto for that instrument and orchestra (E Minor, Op. 11). Miss Suart is certainly a clever player, but she clearly did not quite understand Chopin in this particular work. It is a very curious paradox; but the fact remains that many players seem to accept Chopin rather as that which he thought himself to be, than Chopin as he really was. Miss Suart is one of these. There were moments in the life of that most curious musician when he seemed to struggle against the constant feeling, which was recognised by so many of his friends, that he was something less than virile. On these occasions he made the most frantic efforts to persuade both the public and himself that he wrote strong and intellectual music. Miss Suart proved to us finally (for she is a very good player) that every endeavour to make Chopin a virile player can never be successful.



A PORTRAIT OF MISS MARIE HALL, TAKEN SINCE HER RECENT SEVERE ILLNESS.

Miss Marie Hall, who has quite recovered from her severe illness, will reappear in London at the Queen's Hall on the twenty-first of next month. On that occasion, her programme will consist of works she has not previously played in the Metropolis.

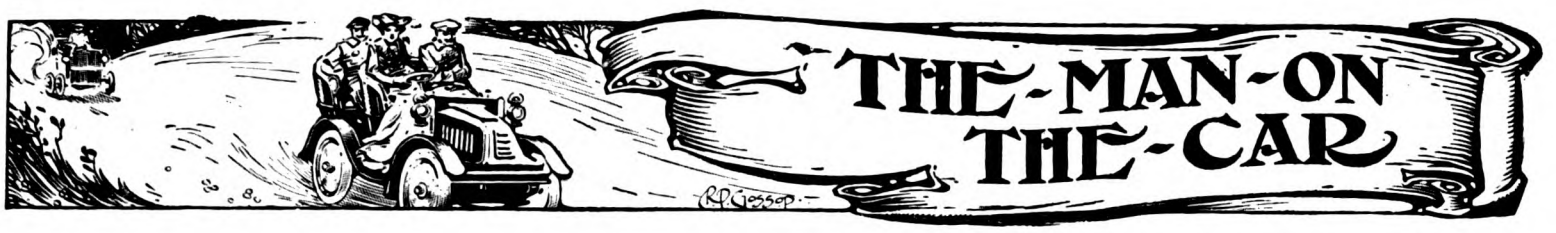
PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke gave a concert at the Salle Erard, the other day, in which some of his own works were included. Mr. Holbrooke is, without any doubt whatever, one of the very few English musicians who are now steadily advancing not only towards a local, but, we will venture to say, a Continental reputation. His temperament is musicianly from beginning to end, his thoughts are steadily musical, and his mastery of his technique is extraordinarily fine. We do not precisely know what recognition Mr. Holbrooke has met with in this country since he really developed his great talents as a very serious composer, but we are quite certain that his future is assured and that, in the end, he will succeed in increasing the fame and reputation of modern English music and in showing to us that it is not always the brilliant young man of academic prizes who in the end does honour to his country and to his musical education. The position of Sir Edward Elgar is assured; despite all opposition and trial, he has made his way into the highest position which it is possible for a musician to achieve. Elgar sits at that high table of which Kipling, at his best, sang many years ago—

> They take their mirth from the joy of the earth,
> They do not grieve for its pain;
> They know of toil and the end of toil,
> They know God's law is plain.

With something more of an appeal to beauty in art, with a little more privacy of technique, Mr. Holbrooke will finally be reckoned, if he chooses to accept such advice as this, among that new batch of English composers who are beginning to replace the school which died with Henry Purcell, and which has never been revived, despite all the institutions which are reckoned up in a single line of Horace, in that famous Satire in which he dismisses into space the professional men who, as one may quote from the Book of Job, imagine that "wisdom shall die with them."

COMMON CHORD.



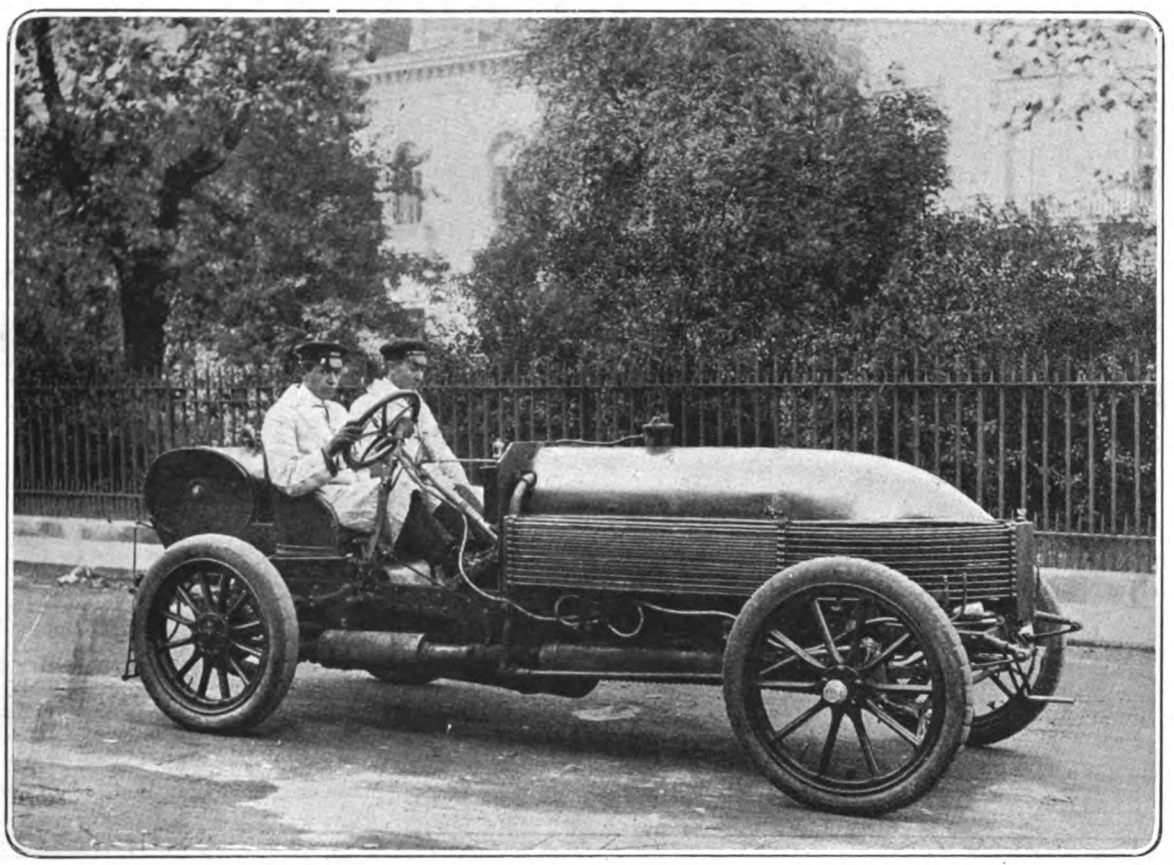
"The First Year's Working of the Motor-Car Act"—The Proper Action when "Held Up"—A Card of "Hints"—A Proposed Steam-Car Club—A Substitution for Side-Doors to the Footboards of Cars.

A MOST excellent paper was read lately before the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland by a rising young barrister, Mr. A. Moresby White, on "The First Year's Working of the Motor-Car Act." Mr. White has already been concerned with that fighting solicitor, Mr. F. Staplee Firth, in several victorious motor cases, and particularly with the strenuous fights made by the Automobile Club to combat the requests for permission to impose altogether unnecessary ten-miles-per-hour limits upon motor-cars in all sorts of undesirable places. Although numerous appeals have been made by various local authorities for power to impose such restrictions, such power has only been granted in the case of the town of Beverley, and then only over a few yards of street. That these requests have met with the refusal of the Local Government Board in so many cases is due to the prompt action of the Automobile Club, their administrative secretary, Mr. Rees Jeffreys, and their advocate, Mr. Moresby White. But that by the way. I have commented upon this good work because it occurred to me in connection with Mr. Moresby White's name, and because it is being done every day and all day.

In referring to Mr. White's paper—which is, of course, altogether too lengthy to detail in these columns—I feel I must reproduce some advice he gave his audience in the course of his address as to their action whenever they are unlucky enough to be held up for alleged infraction of the speed-limit or alleged driving to the public danger. Here it is: "When stopped by a policeman, the motorist should inquire if there is a watch, and, if so, should demand to see it, taking careful note of the position of the hands and of the watch itself. Make a written note as soon as possible of the conversation, and particularly as to the presence of traffic on the highway at the time. The wheel-marks of a car left on the road-surface are frequently of great value in proving where the car was. The man who, after being stopped, hurries on without taking some precautions is foolishly throwing away his best chance of defeating the police. To give warning to anyone of a trap is no offence; it is warning a person not to break the law." I believe the opinion of Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., has been taken on this last point, and he gives it that the conviction in Mr. Bernard Redwood's case by the Barnet Bench is absolutely bad in law. It is certainly absurdly ludicrous in common-sense.

A firm of London motor-car manufacturers who, in their own interests, are particularly keen that automobiles should be driven with the utmost consideration for the public send every new car out from their premises with a small card affixed to the dashboard, upon which is printed the following legend—"Instructions to drivers: Passing cyclists and horse-drawn vehicles, give the maximum space possible. Passing restive horses, use the utmost consideration, even to stopping the engine if necessary, although no hand may have been held up. On narrow parts of roads, cross-roads, corners, and bridges, drive slowly and with caution. Passing through towns and villages and passing roadside residences, go slowly, so as not to fill houses and cottages and cover gardens with dust, as well as for the safety of the inhabitants and their dogs, &c. Passing pedestrians in wet weather, take care not to splash them." Now the firm that issues that excellent card of instructions suggests that they are reminders for drivers, meaning mechanicians. I make bold to suggest that they may equally well be laid to heart by owners who drive, particularly owners of big, fast cars fitted with large-diameter tyres.

The suggestion that a Steam-car Club shall be formed is by no means a bad one. Steam is looked at askance in these days of petrol majorities, but the older propelling-agent has by no means said its last word with regard to self-propelled passenger-cars. No association appeals directly to the steam-car owner, and, if one were floated, I am sure the proprietors of Whites, Serpollets, Miesses, Locomobiles, Chelmsfords, and others, would quickly adhere. Much has been done for the petrol-car by the insistent amateur who would not be denied, as Mr. Worby Beaumont so lately pointed out, but it can hardly be said that the steam-car has profited by amateurish demands, at first pronounced impracticable, but afterwards found quite possible and frequently most beneficial by the manufacturers. The steam-car wants more of the amateur's insistence, and a Club of steam-car users is a very good means of bringing a vivid light to bear on the question.



ENTERED FOR THE SELECTION TRIALS FOR THE BRITISH TEAM IN THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP CONTEST: A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER RACING-CAR, MR. ARTHUR MACDONALD DRIVING.

This car is now in America, where it has gone to compete, under the guidance of Mr. Macdonald, in the Daytonna Beach Meeting. On its return, it will go to Nice, and then to the Isle of Man for the Eliminating Trials.

Lack of side-doors to the footboards of motor-cars can, in some measure, be compensated for by the use of foot-sacks—at least, as far as the passenger's person is concerned. They should be made of some kind of fur, and built with high back and sides to keep out the draught. If the feet and legs, particularly the feet, are kept warm when motoring, that is more than half the battle. Motoring in such keen, sharp weather as obtained last week is most enjoyable if only warmth is maintained, and this can only be done by paying particular attention to one's motoring outfit. The very warmest wear for the hands is a pair of fairly loosely-fitting silk gloves worn inside a pair of stiff, gauntleted, fingerless, fur gloves. Further, it is quite a mistake to leave the ears uncovered when driving at speed through the frosty, biting air, and still more a mistake not to wear well-ventilated but, nevertheless, good-fitting goggles. Properly equipped against the cold, there is nothing so exhilarating in the world as winter motoring.

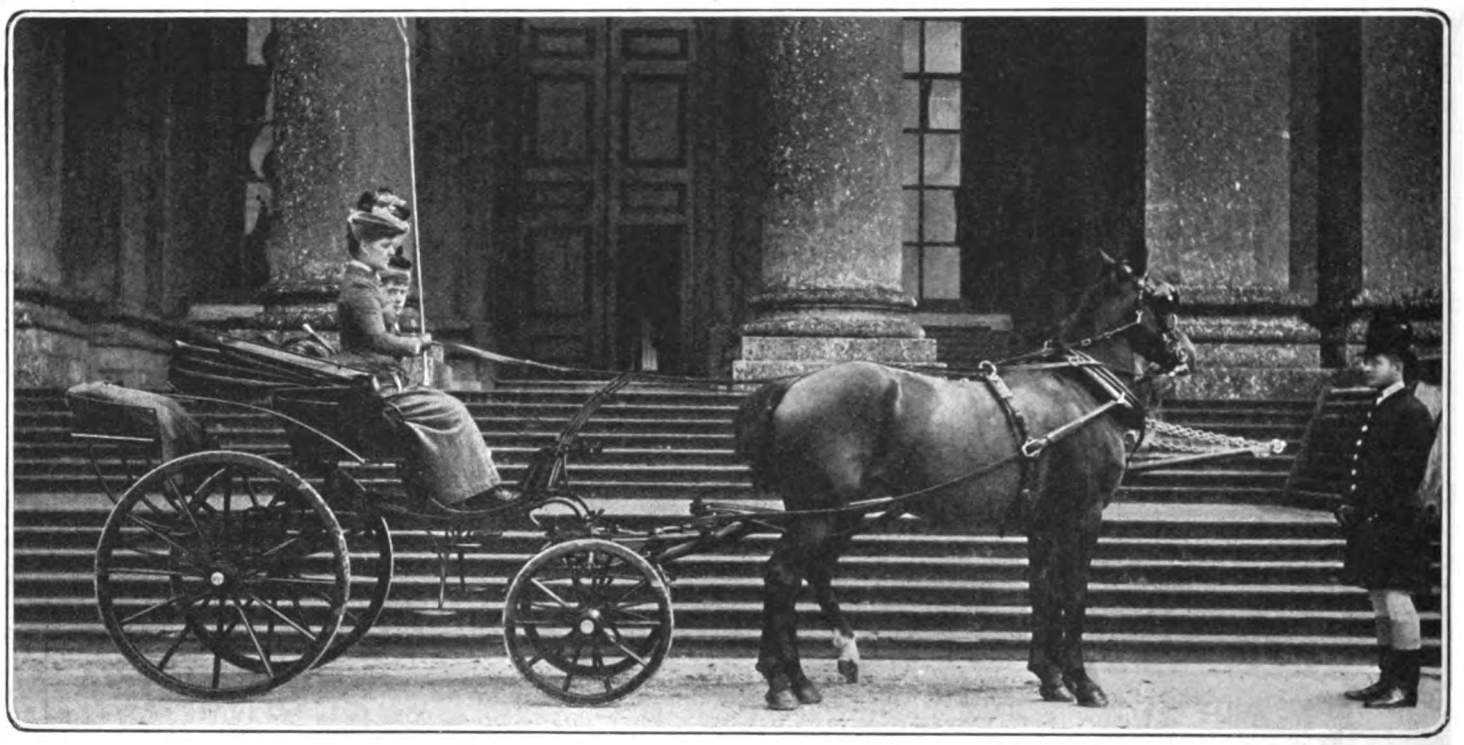
THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Weights—Conditions—Luxury—Australian Star.

WE shall not have long to wait now for the work of the handicappers over the big events of the spring. It is generally believed that Ypsilanti will be top-weight for the Lincoln Handicap, but the sharps contend that he is not much in front of his stable-companion, Hackler's Pride. St. Amant and Whitechapel are street-corner fancies, and Best Light is expected by the men of observation. His Majesty may once more win the Grand National with Ambush II., if the Messrs. Topham do not overweight him. The horse is going great guns in his work. Delaunay is very likely to become a warm favourite for the City and Suburban, for which Queen's Holiday is fancied by many of the knowing ones. As Ypsilanti won the Jubilee last year with 9 st. 5 lb., it is difficult to see how he could be handicapped out of the race this year, but paper certainties do come undone sometimes. Romer and Nabot are very likely to run well over this course, while Palmy Days, if let in with an equitable weight, would make a respectable show. We may see Santry running for the Queen's Prize at Kempton. This horse now belongs to Mr. J. Buchanan, who has of late invested many thousands in the purchase of bloodstock.

We get so many objections that the time has arrived to appoint a Simplification Committee, under both sets of rules, to frame race-headings that can be understood by ordinary mortals. The Conservative candidate for Newmarket, Mr. G. H. Verrall, who is also a well-known racing official, has a weakness for drawing up lengthy conditions, some of which take twenty or thirty lines to explain; but in these days, when the newspapers teach the reading public that the short and pithy paragraph is the thing, conditions by the foot are unpopular. So far, so good; but, in the absence of reform in the direction suggested, I do think that all objections for infringements of conditions should be laid before the start of any race, and I take it this would have to be done if the ruling powers took any notice of betting. It is absurd to allow a horse to run and win a race when he cannot get the prize, and, what is ten times worse, the poor backers must lose their money, while they have no chance of winning. If the Committee of the Newmarket Rooms declared all bets void when a horse was disqualified through wrong entry it would help backers a little.

I am reading every day of trainers going to the East or to the Sunny South to recuperate, while the fashionable jockeys are hunting, motoring, and otherwise living in the lap of luxury. Sir T. Dewar once told us that the jockey came first in racing, the trainer next, the public next, and then the owner had a look-in. I wonder how many people outside the trainers, jockeys, and bookmakers could afford to travel in foreign parts out of their Turf earnings in 1904. I know of one or two professional punters who did well, but no one else. The question of "Kitty" is one that is just now affecting all the real supporters of the Turf, and can it be that the makings of the trainers and the jockeys are the cause of the falling-off in the spring entries? I did not know until very recently that it was necessary to employ secretaries, valets, and butlers to be successful as a trainer. The motor-car and the carriage-and-pair may be necessary to those who want to give their money a run, and yet I seem to remember that the old cob was good enough for the late William Goater and the late Alex Taylor, both successful trainers.



A HORSE-LOVING PEERESS: LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

Mr. Spencer Gollan, who recently helped to save some drowning men in the Thames, is a well-known sportsman. He reached the height of his ambition when Moiffa won the Grand National last year, and it is just on the cards that the horse may go close again this year. The best horse, and the most popular with the public, that Mr. Spencer Gollan owns is Australian Star, who has won big hurdle-races and flat-handicaps, including the City and Suburban. A Colonial sport recently related to me the story as to how this horse came to be named. It seems, a paper of the name had said something unpleasant about Mr. Spencer Gollan, who went to the proprietor and told him that, as an act of revenge, he would name his weakest and most unlikely yearling after his paper, which accounts for Australian Star bearing the name he does. The horse may have been an ugly duckling, but he is a handsome horse now, and his action when cantering to the post always draws a cheer. CAPTAIN COE.

As is natural in one who was the devoted wife of the late Lord William Beresford, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, has always been devoted to horses and to every form of country life. The Deepdene, the historic Surrey estate where she has now lived for many years, is famed for its stables, and the Duchess has the benefit of the advice, in these masculine matters, of her brother-in-law, Lord Marcus, perhaps the best judge of a horse in the kingdom. Her Grace has become quite an Englishwoman, though she often entertains American friends at The Deepdene.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A SENSE of humour is undoubtedly a saving gift of the gods, and not every woman is possessed thereof. To be the mould of fashion is not always to reflect the mirror of form, and some ambitious souls, in their desire to be first in the field of frills and furbelows, strike a serio-comic note in costume that is very trying to the risible faculties of their friends. A convulsing case in point



[*Copyright.*

A DAINTY EVENING TOILETTE.

appeared in the tea-room of a fashionable Club some days ago, when the entrance of a young woman in the present Paris substitute for the crinoline—called, I believe, a "cerclette"—together with the straight-cut fringe, also a novelty accepted of fashion by some eccentrics, caused, firstly, stares, and finally—one regrets to state—strangled giggles from several beholders. The passion of fashion which can induce a nice-looking girl to appear in a Phil May fringe and a swaying substitute for a crinoline must be strong indeed, and the solemnity with which such a one takes herself but adds to the absurd situation. An increased fulness of skirt is established amongst the calculations of the *couturières*, and it would seem that the necessity for holding these dresses out from the ankles is accepted; hence the introduction of the "cerclette." No one in these emancipated days would, of course, deny a woman the right to follow her sartorial inclinations to the third and fourth generation of frou-frous; but, still, there ought to be a limit fixed now, as in Elizabethan days, beyond which ridiculous excess should not be permitted to go.

Those clever folk, the Masked Serenaders, gave a capital entertainment at the Paddington Baths on Friday (20th), in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. Mrs. Bradshaw discoursed practically and humanely on the sorrows of Metropolitan dogs, cats, and horses, and certainly none remembering the blizzards of last week and the intense sufferings of poor horses in the sleet and snow could but agree and sympathise with her excellent discourse. To have seen two horses killed in the street, as was my fate one particularly bad afternoon, made one look forward to the motor millennium, when struggling horses will be removed from the face of London streets and the coster's overwrought donkey will be no more.

We in England, accustomed to take philosophically those things that happen across-Channel, hardly realise the tragedies that have been enacted under the rule of M. Combes, and, beyond a passing regret at the decreasing quantity of green and yellow Chartreuse, or a pang of sympathy with the monks of the old monastery turned out after centuries of useful and blameless administration, regard with equanimity the outrages perpetrated against all religion and religious belief of late years in France. "I have closed fourteen thousand religious schools," the ex-Prime Minister boasts; "and opened up the alternative of unbelief, Free-thinking, Atheism, and the inevitable Socialism and anarchy that follows," he might have truly added.

"I will separate Church and State," continues this iconoclast of seventy years, and straightway is himself separated from the autocratic exercise of that power he abused so widely. "Rising up to condemn him," as Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., reminds us, "is the whole class of serious, sober-minded, religious people whose children have been deprived of an education beloved of the French nation for generations." Poor France! With such pilots on the bridge, such barber-surgeons at her arteries, the *couvre-feu* has indeed been rung over the sacred fires that have been alight for all the centuries. But if the fragrant liqueurs of the monasteries have been suppressed with their makers, we have that most grateful and comforting secular beverage, "Crême de Menthe," still with us. As manufactured by Marie Brizard and Roger, this delicious, emerald-coloured liqueur is at its best, and is now firmly established in Anglo-Saxon favour by reason of its tonic and highly beneficial qualities, as well as its unique flavour.

When everybody is scampering off north, south, east, west in search of change, it is useful to remember one or two small items that immensely make for comfort in foreign hotels and that cannot be achieved easily when away from home. One is Wright's Coal Tar Soap.



[*Copyright.*

A CHARMING CLOAK.

Its wholesome, penetrating odour is refreshing to the last degree, and the soap is an absolute disinfectant. This may be said with equal emphasis about Wright's tooth-powder. Both luxuries of the toilette should be carefully bestowed in the dressing-bag before starting on the shortest journey. Nothing else quite replaces them when wandering on a foreign strand, as the Early Victorian poet said of Boulogne!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBALTERN.—There are card-tables to be had with receptacles for glasses, but it is really more practical to keep a small table in attendance for whiskies-and-sodas—ash-trays and tumblers are so apt to be swept off on to the floor. If you will have nothing else, Vickery, of Regent Street, will, no doubt, build you something that will combine safety and convenience. He is an expert at all such kinds of contrivances.

JUBILLA.—I hear it is freezing in the South. Take all kinds of wraps. In the absence of English fires, you will feel the cold more in a country whose normal condition is warmth and sunshine. I do not think furry motor-coats are suitable for other kinds of travelling. For appearance, the case of cloth outside and fur within is greatly preferable. The sole reason for the hideous and ungainly bear, goat, and other wild-man-of-the-woods exteriors which one sees all around is that fur does not collect and show dust as cloth does. Have one of the smart new redingotes in face cloth, lined with squirrel or mink if you can afford it, and collared with sable or chinchilla. Peter Robinson will do you as well as anyone there.

TANTIVY (Dorking).—The Essex Hunt Ball is fixed for Feb. 1, so you will have to hurry up with your frock. How could your hostess have so confused the dates if she lives in the district! Failing everything, you can get something at Paquin's or Lola's sale. They have had fascinating evening-frocks on view, Ernest also, but I hope your dressmaker will come up to time. For the corsets, you should put yourself in the London Corset Company's hands. You really may pay twice as much, but cannot do better. They will make for you, if you prefer it. SYBIL.

Mr. Robert Brough, who was fatally injured in the railway smash at Cudworth, was one of the best known of Scotland's younger artists. From his place at an Aberdeen lithographer's, he had risen to considerable distinction, and from the day his work first attracted the attention of Sir George Reid, formerly President of the Royal Scottish Academy, he made steady progress both in popularity and in his art. Amongst the commissions with which he had most success may be mentioned the portrait of the Marquis of Linlithgow, presented to his Lordship last year when he returned to this country after having acted as the first Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, and a picture of a Spanish lady recently exhibited in the International Exhibition. Mr. Brough, whose work was frequently seen on the walls of Burlington House, was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy some two years ago, and was a member of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, and of the Society of Portrait Painters.

Keenly alert where change of programme is concerned, the management of the London Coliseum now presents several new numbers to its patrons Amongst these must be mentioned the four Lukens, in a stage aërial act; the Mayvilles, living marionettes; Manning's entertainers—"outside the steam-room of a Turkish Bath"; "Fata Morgana" and "Polar Star," Theodor Hugo's unique transformations; Pit and Cute, trapeze comedians; the Andos Japs, jugglers, balancers, and sliding-wire wonder-workers; the Florenz Troupe of great acrobats; and Harry Lamore, a comedian on a wire.

Signor B. Volpi has now produced his long-promised "Steeplechase" at the Royal Italian Circus. The ring was transformed into the semblance of a steeplechase course, with artificial fences, hedges, and water-jumps, and the applause with which the production was received testified to its popularity. Over sixty animals took part, and the famous goat "Flora" looked a most presentable stag when fitted up with antlers. The other animal "turns" are as numerous and entertaining as ever.

The bad weather of last month, which was so prevalent in Europe, has entirely vanished from the Riviera, where brilliant sunshine lends full glory to the balmy air. Cannes is specially favoured, and there is every prospect of a magnificent season. Cannes is particularly liked by those of quiet disposition or delicate health. It is admirably protected from the north and east winds, and the climate is remarkably dry. If it has not the robust gaiety of Monte Carlo, it has other attractions which are equally great in their own way. The Hôtel Métropole is one of the finest of the Riviera palaces. It stands on high ground in its own private park of thirty acres, visitors being thus assured of complete privacy and the enjoyment of lovely walks. The Métropole tennis-courts are unequalled, and the sanitary arrangements are absolutely perfect.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of 25, Old Bond Street, W., have purchased an unique collection of jewels from the stock of an eminent West-End pearl-and-diamond merchant who is retiring from business, and are offering them, until Easter, at two-thirds of the original marked prices. This is an excellent opportunity to secure jewels for investment at specially low prices. The stock consists of rings, necklaces, bracelets, pendants, tiaras, &c., of the finest quality and in the newest modes.

Messrs. Kuhner, Henderson, and Co. have been awarded the Grand Prix at the St. Louis Exhibition for Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

Miss Mabel Mavis's afternoon concert at the Steinway Hall to-morrow (Jan. 26th) ought to attract a large audience, with so many talented artists and such an excellent programme in every respect. The "Hydrodaktulopsychicharmonica," on which Miss Mavis plays, is quite a novel instrument, and gives forth delightful music under her skilful manipulation.

THE LATE MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

ONE of the most charming men in London, in England, in the world, was the late Mr. Boughton. The sunny warmth of his nature, radiating from him, affected all who came in contact with him. That little tribute may, perhaps, be allowed to lie like a flower upon his resting-place.

Many people imagined that Mr. Boughton belonged to the band of American "R.A.'s." He did not, for he was born near Norwich, though he was only two when he was taken to America by his parents, and it was chance which caused him eventually to settle in London. Like most artists, he showed an early aptitude for drawing. When he was about four, he had the top of his head nearly knocked off in an accident, and, to amuse him during his illness, a brother drew elephants. The child copied them, and did them so well that when he was five his work was anything but childish. He also learned to draw Red Indians, and when, a year or two later, he went to school, all the boys wanted pictures of Red Indians on their slates. So impressed were they with them that they cut the drawings out of the slates. When the master saw the destroyed slates, he asked who had drawn on them. When he was told, he gave the child a thrashing for each slate—five thrashings. The boy fainted. Frightened, the master sent for one of the senior Boughton boys, a sturdy young man, who thrashed the schoolmaster and took the child away.

Two or three years after, George Boughton had a silver half-dollar given to him. Determined to spend it well, he sought all sorts of advice, and, finally, decided to purchase a history-book. With his little sister, he went into a bookseller's and asked for a history. He did not know that there were all sorts of histories, and acquiesced at the idea of a History of England. The price was three pounds. As it is difficult in real life to buy three pounds for two shillings, a Natural History at sixpence was suggested. "That's a menagerie, not history," said the boy; but he bought it and used it well.

Years after, in that same shop he saw a copy of the *Art Journal*, and saved up his pennies to buy it. It was the first real art publication he had ever seen, and it influenced his life amazingly. Then he began to draw everything he saw, and gradually acquired such skill that, one day, seeing a comic illustrated paper which invited contributions, he made a sketch and wrote a joke to go with it. A friend engraved it and it was sent in. As a result, they divided twenty-four shillings. A little later he saw oil-colours in tubes for the first time. He bought all he could for cash and as many more as he could get credit for, and a copy of the *Art Journal* in which was a reproduction of Gainsborough's "Market Cart." He copied "The Market Cart" in oils, and took it to the shop where he had bought the paints. That and some other work attracted the attention of an artist, who gave him some help for a time. Shortly after that, by the aid of a friend who advanced the money, he paid his first visit to London, and made some inquiries about getting into the Royal Academy School; but there were too many preliminaries to be gone through to satisfy Mr. Boughton, who at that time wanted to be a landscape-painter pure and simple. Soon after he got back to America, he determined to paint a winter landscape, for he had never seen one painted as he saw it. He went out into the fields and painted until he was so cold that he thought he would have to give up, although the picture was not finished. Then, as he once said, something whispered, "Stick to it; that's the only way pictures are ever done." He stuck, and sent the landscape to the New York National Academy of Design. It was accepted and skied. The President saw it, and said, "That's too good to be put up there. Take it down and put it on the line, instead of my picture." The President always made a point of sending several pictures, that he might have one removed in such cases. So George Boughton's first picture went on the line. Then the great sugar-manufacturer of the United States, who was an art patron, asked the President's advice as to buying pictures, and Mr. Boughton's was one of those selected.

His success decided him to go to New York, where an equal success awaited him. A well-known painter had just died, leaving his widow in straitened circumstances. Several artists determined to give an exhibition for her benefit, each contributing a slight sketch of his own. Mr. Boughton began a picture of a certain size to fill a frame which he liked. A friend saw it and asked for whom he was doing it. Mr. Boughton replied that it was for the Benefit Fund. "Why, my dear chap, I can get you twenty or even forty pounds for that. We're only doing sketches."

Mr. Boughton refused to change his mind. He finished the picture, and it was bought for several hundred dollars, not one of which went into his own pocket. The circumstance got talked about and he was offered many commissions for similar work. Feeling, however, that it would lead him nowhere artistically, he determined to go to Paris. There he worked for about eighteen months, and came to London merely intending to do little more than pass through on his way back to America, which he, naturally, regarded as his home. Some pictures he had with him were bought by a dealer, and he was so strongly advised that there was an opening for his work that he resolved to test the matter in a practical way. His first picture hung at the Academy was enthusiastically praised by the *Times*. Since that first exhibition, forty-two years ago, each year has added to the tale of graceful work, now touched with joy, now flecked with sorrow, sometimes illumined with fancy, sometimes with fantasy; but, whatever the subject, it has always been instinct with a feeling of art, always suggestive of hope.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.

THE REVIVAL THAT FAILED.

DESPITE the strong Bank return and the fact that, so far, the Home Railway figures are quite up to what most people expected, the state of affairs in Russia, and the nervous condition into which the unrest in the Czar's Empire has thrown our Continental friends, have been enough—and more than enough—to depress the whole Stock Exchange, while it is curious that fears of what may happen in Russia have even depressed Japanese securities.

At such times the markets are sure to be full of pessimistic reports, and even the telegraph-wires seem to make mistakes curiously opportune for the bears. From the Rand, circumstantial stories of a revolt of the Chinese and of a new outbreak of plague have come through a well-known News Agency, only to be contradicted as soon as they have done their work; while a big railway accident has not made holders of Midland Deferred too sanguine of the outlook. At last, in the Westralian section shareholders have shown that they can assert themselves, and the result of the Northern Blocks meeting makes us hope for better things in the case of the Associated. All the Government dry-nursing in the world will never save the investor from the result of his own supineness; but, if shareholders would seriously set about clearing out directors under whose rule some of the late scandals have taken place, we should see a great change for the better in Westralians.

A prospectus of a concern called "The Welsh Quarries, Limited," is being widely circulated and has been sent to a correspondent, offering 10 per cent. Debentures and a bonus of 10 per cent. in shares. We hope none of our readers will be foolish enough to part with their money. Years ago, we warned investors against similar specious offers in connection with some South Devon slate-quarries in which several readers had lost money. We do not know whether this precious concern emanates from the same people, but it is quite as much to be avoided. To anyone who knows even the elements of slate-quarrying, the document carries its own condemnation on its face, while the calculation of prospective profits is grotesque. The land may adjoin the celebrated Oakeley Quarry, but there is nothing to show that the main beds of slate which have made fortunes of the Festiniog district either strike through it or run under it. The so-called experts whose reports are referred to have not the hardihood to suggest that either the "old vein" or the "new vein" will be found. We wonder if they know of their existence.



MINING VILLAGE, UPPER WASSAU.

MINING MATTERS.

Except for some of the outside shares not greatly dealt in, the Mining Markets are still a source of disappointment to their supporters. Amongst those outsiders we may mention the shares of the Famatina Development Company, which, within the last week or so, rose to nearly a sovereign. As we write, the price is about 17s. 6d. again, but a strong Stock Exchange group has the Company in hand now, and there are good reasons for the rise. With the immense amount of interest that now centres upon Argentine matters, mining in the Republic will probably come rapidly to the front before long. As we have frequently pointed out, there is plenty of scope for mining speculation in the Argentine. Some fresh field will certainly be necessary, according to the pessimists, if the attention of gamblers is to be retained in Mine shares. The Kaffir Circus has become a happy hunting-ground for the bears, and the internal troubles of Russia, as a factor making for lower prices, are being worked for as much as they are worth.

South Africans will, of course, revive again, but the market badly needs an entirely new set of buyers. There is still a trifling interest displayed in West African shares, and if only alleged producers could turn out a fair amount of payable gold, the public might possibly be induced to take a fresh hand in the game, although fingers have been badly burnt before at this same speculation. We should, however, be less surprised to see revival in Westralian shares, upon the dividends which the chief concerns continue to pay. Nevertheless, the uncomfortable talk about the Horseshoe output being in advance of what scientific methods consider justified, makes people hesitate to enter a market in which these little incidents are so frequent. Indian shares have gone under something of a cloud by reason of the Nundydroog new capital, but this is a temporary matter, and prices, we venture to anticipate, will not take long to recover.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"You can make tragedies out of most things, if you like," said The Biggest Idiot, complacently.

He was a new addition to The Carriage, and had an irritating way of making shots at epigrams.

"What *is* the matter now?" inquired The Jobber, who more than rather resented the latest comer—for obvious reasons.

"Look at the tragedy of the Kaff—— "

"Young man, you just keep off the grass," The Broker admonished him. "South Africans are *his* pet properties, and nobody else is allowed to have an opinion while *he* is about."

"Don't be a nass, Brokie," returned The Jobber, with commendable calmness. "After all, there is something tragical in the way Kaffirs have disappointed us all."

"*Pro tem.*," suggested The Engineer.

"Or *pro bono publico*," The Solicitor observed.

"Pro-Boer, you mean," The Jobber disdainfully added. "Kaffir shares must be Pro-Boer," he repeated, with reflection, "or they wouldn't disappoint us so much."

"The hopes of speculators are like summer clouds," The Biggest Idiot declared. "They start very high and come down with a run."

"What a damp bad simile!" said The Jobber, drily. "Oh, for a month of real good business!"

"Tired of idleness?" asked The Solicitor, smiling.

"I am. Here am I, willing and able to work, yet cannot depend upon making a paltry six-pounds-five a day."

"Do not imagine him to be wholly lacking in talent," The Broker implored them.

"It seems to me," The Solicitor said again, "that the really hard workers are generally the least brainy, whereas the talented folk are seldom desperate workers."

The Jobber rose and made him an elaborate bow, much to the indignation of The Broker.

"But isn't it so?" The Solicitor persisted.

"There are exceptions, of course," said The Engineer, meeting with ready agreement.

"The man who works least deserves most sympathy," announced The Biggest Idiot.

"Pray accept my profound—— "

"Lie down," The Broker commanded his fellow-member. "He can't help it, so let him alone."

The Engineer said he knew that Anglo "A" wouldn't get any dividend.

"Yes, but I don't think we expected the Preferred to get only 5½ instead of 6 per cent. for the full year."

The Banker was appealed to on the point as to whether Anglo-American Preferred was a good speculative investment.

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"There are many better, are there not?" asked The Broker.

"National Telephone Preferred, for one," The Engineer considered.

"I regard Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred as a fairly good speculative investment," said the Banker, slowly.

"And Telephone Preferred? It's a 6 per cent. stock."

"I would put into the same category as Anglo 'B.' Neither of them appears to me to offer as much attraction as—— "

"Kaffirs?"

"I was not going to say Kaffirs," and The Banker laughed good-humouredly at The Jobber, "as Japan Six per Cent. was my original idea."

"First or Second Series?" inquired The Engineer.

"The former," was the response.

"But there's no rise in the stock," objected The Solicitor. "It is repayable so soon, and at par."

"I was looking at the Bonds as an investment paying good interest rather than as a channel for increase in capital value."

"Eh, what? What's that tip?" and The City Editor threw away his papers with a gesture of relief.

"Sell Union Pacifics and Steel Pref.," said The Jobber, placidly, "and put the money into Barnato Consols, Comets, or Langlaagte Estates."

The City Editor asked whether The Jobber had already forgotten a certain statuette of Truth.

"No," said his friend. "Lost it?"

The Carriage laughed, and The Biggest Idiot asked if it was right to be a bear of Yankees.

"There's trouble Bruin," said The Jobber. Nobody saw the point, so it didn't matter.

"Much trouble, I am afraid," The Broker went on. "But so long as the United States trade goes on progressing, the labour difficulties will be kept quiet."

"And progress is bound to be the order of the day in a continent like that."

"Then we are bulls of Yankees," and The City Editor looked puzzled.

"Bears by sentiment and Bulls by conviction," The Biggest Idiot opined.

"Keep out of the market and go in for Foreign Bonds," advised The Broker. "Argentine, Brazil, Uruguay—you can be a bull of the lot and it won't hurt you."

"But these are investments," cried The Engineer. "And we are speculators, every man jack of us."

The Banker smilingly said that his Christian name was not John, and The Jobber retorted, with a laugh, that the exceptions were generally better men than the rule.

"Brighton 'A' is now my particular favourite for a rise," the old gentleman remarked. "It is certainly cheap, and yields £4 5s. 6d. on the money invested. The dividend was better than I myself expected."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed The Engineer. "At last I've made a convert to my creed about Home Rails."

"I spoke of Brighton 'A,' not of Home Rails in bulk," protested The Banker.

"A highly necessary distinction to draw," The Broker affirmed; but The Jobber murmured something about running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.

"Hare, hare!" commented The City Editor. "But what about our gamble? Berthas are too heavy for most of us."

"Barneys, Comets, and Langlaagtes have already been mentioned in these columns as offering excellent chances for a rise," quoth The Jobber, maliciously. "Stop kicking!" and he threw a match at The City Editor.

"Deccans are going to 3," announced The Broker.

"And you might buy Oroya Brownhills without hurting yourself, I am told," added The City Editor.

"Gas stock I always swear by," The Solicitor said; "but have you no advice for us?" and he turned to The Broker.

The latter was preparing to alight. "Sell everything," he said, one foot on the door-step, "in the Kaffir Market," and he dashed out of reach of The Jobber's umbrella as it shot through the open window.

"There is dishonour even among thieves," began The Biggest Idiot, but the sentence was finished by The Jobber. Silently, yet effectually.

"THE MINING YEAR-BOOK" AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

The usual annual edition of this reference-book, with information brought up to Dec. 31 last, has reached us, and is a piece of work of which everybody concerned may well be proud. It is published by the *Financial Times* at the modest price of fifteen shillings, deals with over four thousand Companies, besides giving lists of mining directors, secretaries, and mining engineers, and a well-written review of the past year's mining by Mr. J. W. Broomhead. The information is neatly arranged in tabular form and alphabetical order, and, as far as a hurried run through the fifteen hundred pages enables us to judge, singularly free from misprints and clerical errors.

"Mathieson's Highest and Lowest Prices" is another most useful book for all people who profess to be interested in Stock Exchange matters. Published at half-a-crown, it gives the highest and lowest price of every quoted security for the year 1904, the monthly fluctuations of the most active, and the dividends paid during the last six years, and is neatly compiled. We can honestly recommend this little publication to the numerous correspondents who are seeking information on the points covered.

Saturday, Jan. 21, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F. M.—The question to which the answer you refer to applied, was directly concerned with English and Scotch Banks, and only applied to them. Of course, good Colonial Banks will pay 4 per cent. for long deposits, but the experience of 1893, when so many of the very best went wrong, does not induce us to recommend this form of investment.

H. F. D.—Thank you for your letter and the booklet. We will call attention to the subject at an early date.

DEBENTURE-HOLDER.—We avoid referring to the affairs of this Company in these columns for obvious reasons of good taste. Go to the meeting and hear what is said; then vote as you think best for your own interest.

HENRY.—Foreign and Colonial Trust Deferred at about 117, with a dividend of £4 to come off and paying 6½ per cent., should suit you. It is not Consols, but one of the best things we know to yield over 5½ per cent. United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures are also excellent. Divide your £1000 equally between the two and you will get nearly £60 a year.

ANXIOUS.—A promise of 10 per cent. should make you suspicious. See this week's Notes. The concern should be avoided, as it is a mere booby-trap.

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The Sketch

No. 627.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1905. SIXPENCE.



A SPECIAL STUDY OF MR. LEWIS WALLER AS "KING HENRY V." AT THE IMPERIAL.

"O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts! Possess them not with fear!"

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY F. ERNEST JACKSON.



London,
Sunday, Jan. 29.

THE late Professor Jowett—that very able gentleman—once observed, in the course of a lecture, that "we all make mistakes sometimes—even the youngest of us." Mr. Beerbohm Tree must not be annoyed, therefore, with those newspaper-men who have ventured to report unfavourably on his revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." Not, of course, that Mr. Tree is likely to take these unfavourable notices to heart. He will remind himself that the very people who have found fault with the over-elaboration of "Much Ado" were delighted with his beautiful revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and went into ecstasies over his ideal presentation of "Twelfth Night." Reasoning the matter out in the sweet solitude of his own study, he will recognise that, of all Shakspere's comedies, "Much Ado About Nothing" lends itself least to pompous processions and heavy scenic effects. It is a very pretty idea, as everyone will admit, to show on the stage the passing of night and the dawn of day. The same thing was done with exquisite art in "Madame Butterfly." In "Madame Butterfly," however, this effect was absolutely necessary to the telling of the story. In "Much Ado" the same effect is not only unnecessary, but interrupts a story that ought to be told as quickly and lightly as possible.

The young dramatist, that despondent person, should acquire a new lease of courage by reason of the success of Mr. Alfred Sutro. Not so many months ago, Mr. Sutro's name was still unknown to the majority of the playgoing public. Then he made a hit with "A Marriage Has Been Arranged——," the clever duologue played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The immediate outcome of that success was the production at the Garrick Theatre of "The Walls of Jericho," a serious play in four Acts which is still running and seems likely to run for some time. Other commissions followed, including the comedy that Mr. Alexander will produce quite shortly at the St. James's Theatre, entitled "Mollentrave on Women." In the meantime, Mr. Alexander has produced a play in one Act by Mr. Sutro called "A Maker of Men." A very charming little piece it is, too, showing that the author of "The Walls of Jericho" can write as tenderly of the joys and sorrows of the humble as he has dealt mercilessly with the selfish indulgences of the sickly rich. Mr. Alfred Sutro, in short, has taken his place among that small, greatly envied band who are able to sell their plays before they write them, sit in the chief seats at feasts, are clothed in fur and fine linen, and fare sumptuously four times a day. And the joke of it is—at any rate, this is my suspicion—that, although the managers never fail to read every play sent in to them, and never fail to detect merit when merit is there to be detected, Mr. Sutro has been bombarding them with plays, just as good as those which have been recently produced with such success, for the last ten years.

To be perfectly honest, though, the outlook for the young dramatist is not very bright just at present. Not only Mr. Sutro, but all the rest of our successful dramatists made a start with plays in one Act. The curtain-raiser, in fact, was the one chance. Very well, then; how many plays in one Act may be seen at this moment in all the theatres in the West-End of London? Three. The other theatres prefer either to rely on the main attraction or to engage some "variety" turn such as a musical entertainer or a concert-party. This new departure, as every reasonable person will admit, is very hard on the aspiring dramatist. More than that, it is very hard on the dramatic art of this country, for that art cannot flourish unless new dramatists come forward. As things stand at present, the Haymarket and the St. James's are the only two houses which consistently throw open their doors to the writer of plays in one Act.

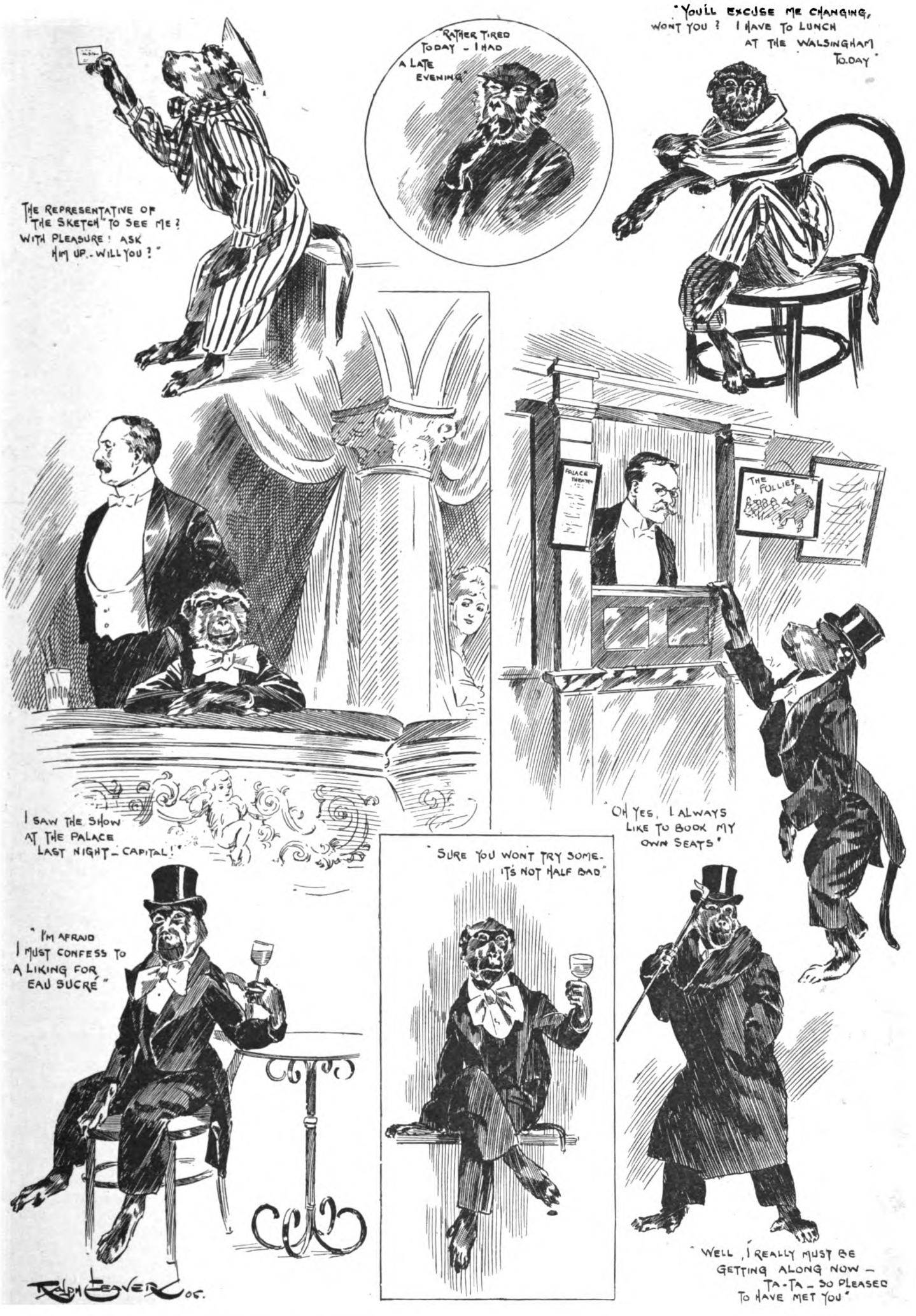
Without any desire to kick a nation when it is down, I am fain to protest that I do not love the Russians. Once upon a time, when I was very impetuous, I spent thirty-six hours in St. Petersburg. My recollections of the city are decidedly unpleasant, and include a very large, very dreary, very uncomfortable, and very expensive hotel, an alarming difficulty in getting anything to eat, a feeling of intense home-sickness on each of the nine occasions when I lost my way, a nervous apprehension lest I should be suddenly arrested on a charge of looking miserable and sent off to Siberia, a damp, gloomy evening passed in a so-called place of entertainment vaguely resembling—quite vaguely, mind—Earl's Court, and a terrifying difficulty in getting my passport signed in time to avoid the necessity of staying another night. One pleasant recollection I have of St. Petersburg, though, and that is a wild drive through the Nevsky Prospect at such a pace that, from sheer exhilaration, I really didn't care a rouble whether we smashed into a droski or not. It was rather a pity, now that I come to think of that drive in the light of present events, that General Trepoff did not stroll across our path.

In my notes last week, I gave a list of questions contained in a Confession Book belonging to a young acquaintance of mine. In the carelessness of the moment, moreover, I undertook to record, this week, my answers to those questions. Well, I am not going to shirk the ordeal, but I will ask you to remember, friend the reader, that confessions of this kind must not be considered binding for ever and ever. One's favourite book, for example, may easily be the book that one has just been reading, and one's favourite hero in fiction will probably be the most heroic personage that one is able to think of at the moment. With this diplomatic introduction, then, I will proceed to lay bare, for your amusement, my inmost thoughts. In case you have sent your copy of last week's *Sketch* to Canada, by the way, or torn out the front page in order to paste upon the wall of your sanctum the portrait of Miss Winifred Emery as Beatrice, I will repeat the questions. Imagine me, if you please, taking a long breath—

(1) Your favourite virtue . . . Simplicity.
(2) Vice you most dislike . . . Affectation.
(3) Your favourite character in history . . . Charles I.
(4) Your favourite motto . . . "'Tis love that makes the world go round."
(5) Your favourite name for a lady . . . Joan.
(6) Your favourite name for a gentleman . . . His surname.
(7) Your favourite employment . . . Writing.
(8) Your favourite amusement . . . Idling.
(9) Your favourite flower . . . The primrose.
(10) Your favourite colour . . . Green.
(11) Your favourite book . . . Stevenson's "Memories and Portraits."
(12) Your favourite song . . . "Mandalay" (Hedgcock's setting).
(13) Your favourite poet . . . Shakspere.
(14) Country in which you would most like to live . . . England.
(15) Your favourite language . . . English.
(16) Your present state of mind . . . Agitated.
(17) Your idea of perfect happiness . . . To be loved for myself alone.
(18) Your idea of perfect misery . . . To be loved for any other reason.
(19) Your favourite hero in fiction . . . Oakhurst, the gambler, in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."
(20) Your favourite heroine in fiction . . . Rosalind.
(21) Your favourite hero in real life . . . Myself (until I can afford a valet).
(22) Your favourite heroine in real life . . . My mother.
(23) Your greatest desire . . . To be happy.

Phew!

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH CONSUL'S SUCCESSOR AT THE PALACE.



OUR ARTIST SPENDS A MORNING WITH COCO, "THE HUMAN-MIRACLE APE."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

From the Russian Point of View—The Chartists in 1848.

TALKING across the dinner-table, a Russian this week made one good point in regard to the massacre in St. Petersburg. "I have seen," he said, "many comparisons made between the strike in St. Petersburg and the beginning of the French Revolution, and the Czar has been blamed for not meeting the people. Louis XVI. met his people and made surrender after surrender to them. Everyone knows what his fate was." Continuing, he said that all Russians were distressed at the necessity for the suppression of the strikes, and he deprecated the judgment pronounced in England and France without a knowledge of both sides of the case.

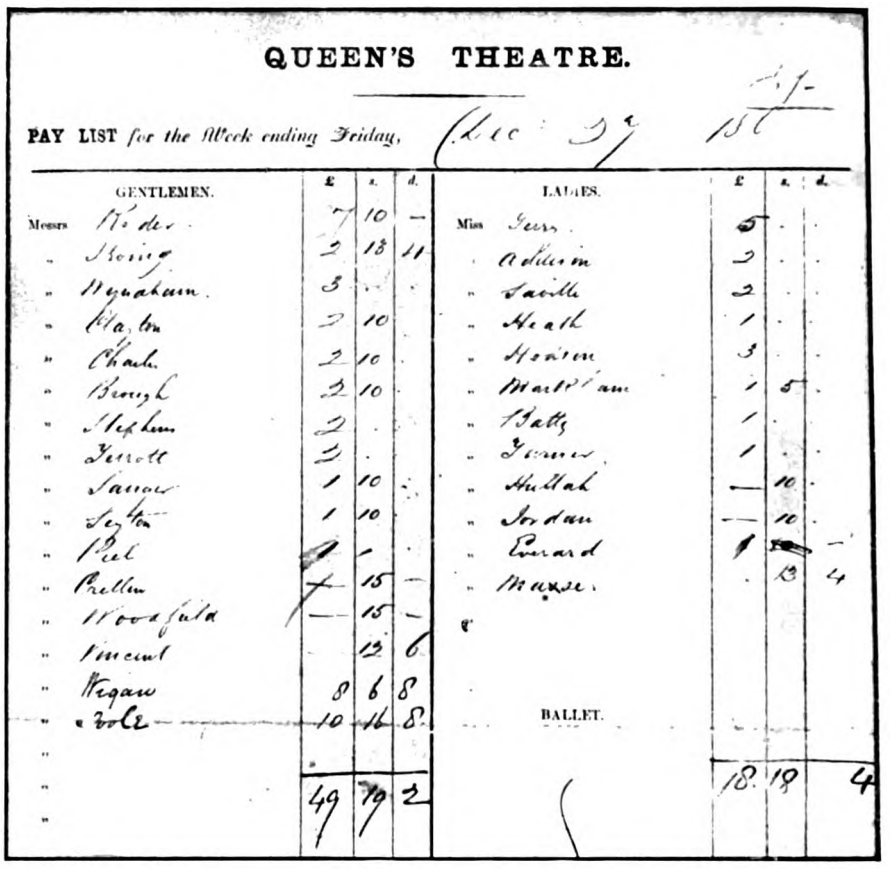
I fancy that had the official side of the case been a strong one we should have heard it at length before now. That all the official world in St. Petersburg knew of the impending strike could be easily proved, for a fortnight before it took place the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *New York Herald* telegraphed to his paper that he was told that the men of the Putiloff Works intended to go on strike, and on crossing the bridges would be joined by the students. He also wrote that he was told that certain august personages had been condemned to death by the terrorists. It is to be hoped that this information will not prove as accurate as the former. If a fortnight before the strike what was likely to happen was common conversation in official circles, there can be no doubt as to the callousness with which the officials let the workmen walk into a trap in order to teach them a lesson. I have little doubt that the typical Russian official felt no more pity for the ignorant, rough workman slaughtered in the square before the Winter Palace than he has for the wild-boar laid out after a battue in the forest.

If the Russian officials are criminally callous as to lives of brave, stupid fellows who go to death either in the streets or on the frozen plains by the Hun-ho, we, on the other hand, as a nation, have been sent into one of the hysterical fits which detract greatly from our dignity. A protest in the cause of humanity was quite right, but all this shrieking of "Murderer!" and "Assassin!"—this wealth of opprobrious adjectives flung at everybody in authority in Russia—is more worthy of a neurotic woman than the Press of a nation which prides itself on its strong common-sense. We should not forget what our fathers said and wrote and did in 1848, when the Chartists were marching on London to present their monster petition. They were denounced as a rabble, a hundred and fifty thousand special constables were sworn in, and the great Duke had made preparations to sweep the bridges, if necessary, with that "whiff of grape-shot" of which we have heard so much lately.

It is quite true that the Chartists were not allowed to walk into the Green Park and there be shot down by Indian troops, and that their monster petition did eventually arrive at the Houses of Parliament, conveyed there in a four-wheeler; but we are, as a nation, far too ready to play Judge, Jury, and prosecuting counsel to all our neighbours, only suggesting that someone other than ourselves should carry out our sentence. The hatred which recurs against us from time to time in all the countries of Europe is chiefly owing to the fact that we are always sitting on a magisterial bench doling out unctuous reproof and good advice to other nations.

The conduct of the Czar has been violently denounced, but it seems to me to be very much what might be expected from a ruler who is not a man of strong character and who has the impulses of a philanthropist joined to the obstinacy of a Calmuck. To find that a cannon has been loaded with grape-shot instead of blank cartridge, and has been discharged in your direction by your own Guards during a State ceremony, would shake the nerve of the most iron ruler, and, immediately after this, to face a rough mass-meeting which every official declared had been instigated by the Anarchists to further their aims would have been the act of a hero, a born leader of men. The Czar is not that. He is a ruler who, under happier circumstances, would have been hailed as a great benefactor. He is now likely to come to a violent death, with the disgrace of an unnecessary war and a preventable massacre tagged to his memory.

The officials of Moscow have never loved the English. It was at Moscow that the incident occurred—a story I have told before—of a Russian Colonel rising at a banquet at which English officers in uniform were present, and proposing a toast, "To h— ll with England," a toast which a Grand Duke who was present drank with enthusiasm. There is at Moscow a curious survival of the days when Russia was regarded as an altogether barbarous country, the British factory established for trading purposes. The factory still exists, though most of its members are, I am told, quite Russianised in all but name. There are also several great British firms in Moscow, and, no doubt, the Chief of the Police thinks that, if any factories or warehouses are to be wrecked, it would be wise to direct the attention of the mob to those owned by Englishmen. Hence, possibly, the fact that the lying posters against this country have been left on the walls.



QUEEN'S THEATRE.

PAY LIST *for the Week ending Friday,* Dec 29 1867

GENTLEMEN.	£	s.	d.
Messrs Roder	7	10	—
" Moore	2	13	11
" Wyndham	3	..	..
" Walton	2	10	
" Clark	2	10	
" Brough	2	10	
" Stephens	2	.	
" Terrott	2	.	
" Sarjeant	1	10	
" Seyton	1	10	
" Peel	1	1	
" Pretlow	1	15	—
" Woodfield	—	15	—
" Vincent		12	6
" Regan	8	6	8
" Toole	10	16	8
"			
"			
"	49	19	2

LADIES.	£	s.	d.
Miss Terry	5	.	.
" Addison	2	.	.
" Saville	2	.	.
" Heath	1	.	.
" Hodson	3	.	.
" Marshall	1	5	.
" Batty	1	.	.
" Jones	1	.	.
" Hullah	—	10	.
" Jordan	—	10	.
" Conard	1	[illegible]	—
" Mayer	.	13	4
BALLET.			
	18	18	4

"MR. IRVING—£2 13s. 4D.": ACTORS' SALARIES IN OTHER DAYS.

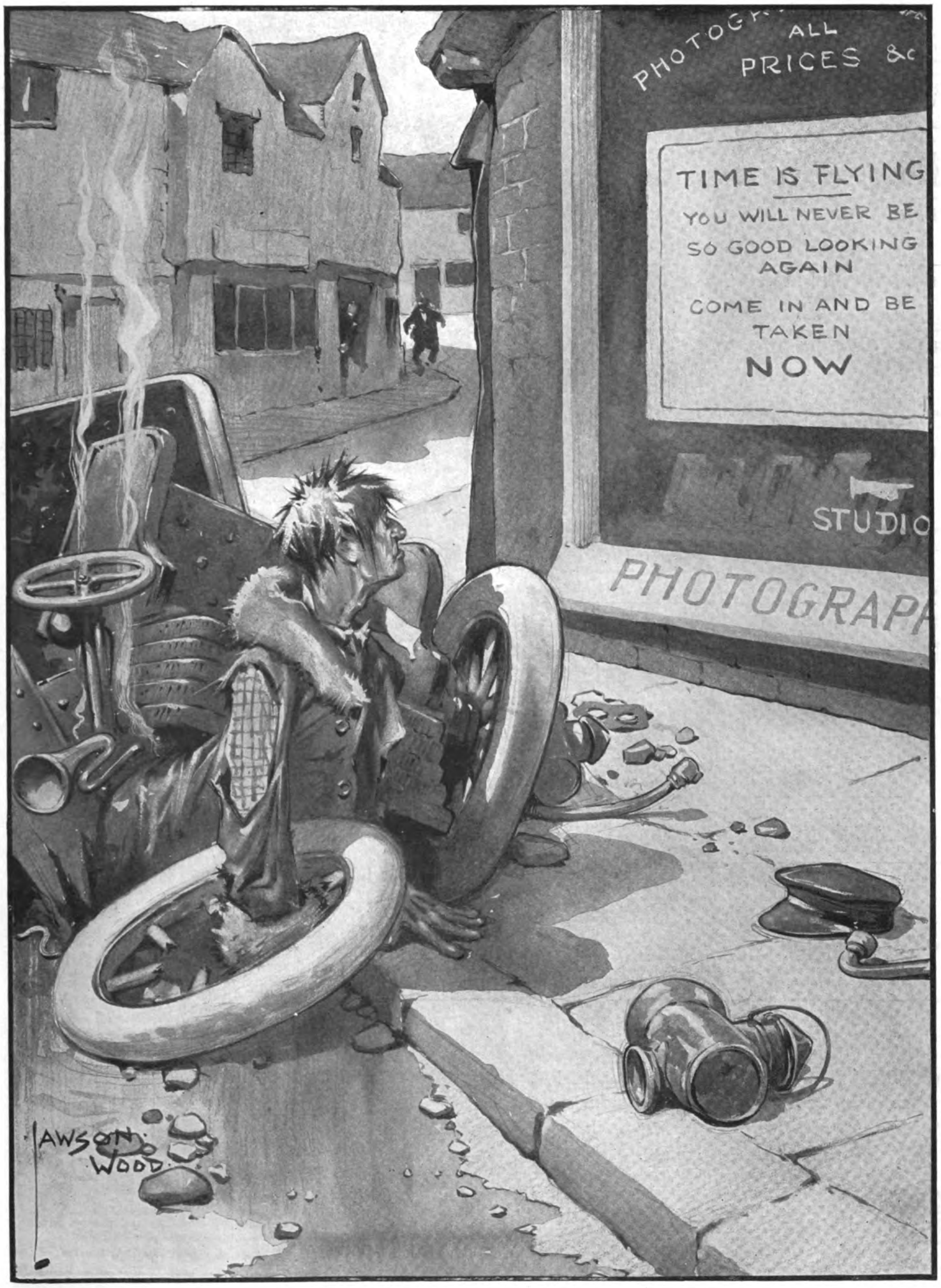
It will be seen from this old pay-list of the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, that at the end of 1867 Sir Henry Irving was in receipt of a weekly salary of £2 13s. 4d., Sir Charles Wyndham being credited with £3, Mr. Lionel Brough with £2 10s., Miss Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere) with £3, Miss Ellen Terry, who first met Sir Henry Irving at the Queen's, with £5, and Mr. J. L. Toole, lording it over all, with £10 16s. 8d. For convenience of space, we have cut away the bottom part of the list: on this is recorded the disbursement of £3 for Money Free List and Check-takers, £1 8s. for Hall-keeper, £1 15s. for Messenger, £1 5s. for Watchman, and £15 for Mr. Wallerstein and Band.



THE NEW R.A.: MR. DAVID MURRAY.

Mr. David Murray, the well-known landscape-painter who has just been elected R.A., is six-and-fifty, and was originally destined for a commercial career. He has been an A.R.A. since 1891.

Photograph by Reginald Haines.



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Beatrice ... ... MISS WINIFRED EMERY
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Feb. 1, 1905. *Signature*.....

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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-eight (from October 19, 1904, to January 11, 1905) of THE SKETCH *can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.*

SMALL TALK of the WEEK



COLONEL DESINO, THE RUSSIAN PRESS CENSOR AT HARBIN.

OUR SOVEREIGN is ever ready to take part in those public functions which mark the closeness of the tie between the Throne and the people, and this was shown in a touching manner last Saturday (28th), when His Majesty unveiled the memorial erected in Holy Trinity, Windsor, in honour of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Household Brigade who fell in the South African War. As its name signifies, the Household Brigade has a peculiarly close connection with the Royal Family; the officers are often intimate friends of the King and of the Heir-Apparent, and the faces of the non-commissioned officers and privates are familiar to those Princes and Princesses with whom they are so often brought in contact. These facts gave an added and an intimate pathos to last Saturday's function.



Photo. Maull and Fox.

EARL OF MAYO.

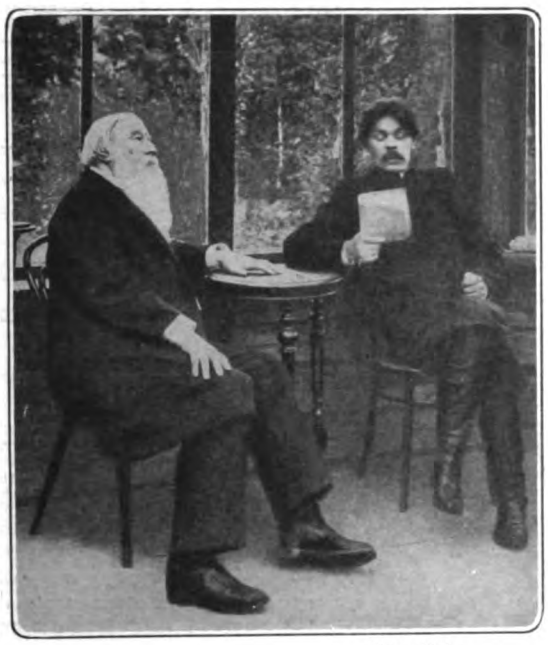


Photo. Lafayette, Bond Street.

COUNTESS OF MAYO.

Lord Mayo will be invested as a Knight of St. Patrick on Friday next.

The Earl of Mayo, who will be installed as a Knight of St. Patrick on Friday next, is one of the keenest of sporting Peers, as well as an ardent collector of old china and miniatures. He is devoted to Ireland, and is proud of showing his English friends that there is no place where better hunting can be enjoyed than in County Kildare. Lady Mayo was Miss Geraldine Ponsonby; she married Lord Mayo some nineteen years ago, and she shares his love of sport—indeed, there is no better lady rider-to-hounds in Ireland.



Maxim Gorky.

THE NOVELIST-REVOLUTIONIST, MAXIM GORKY, SAID TO HAVE BEEN ARRESTED.

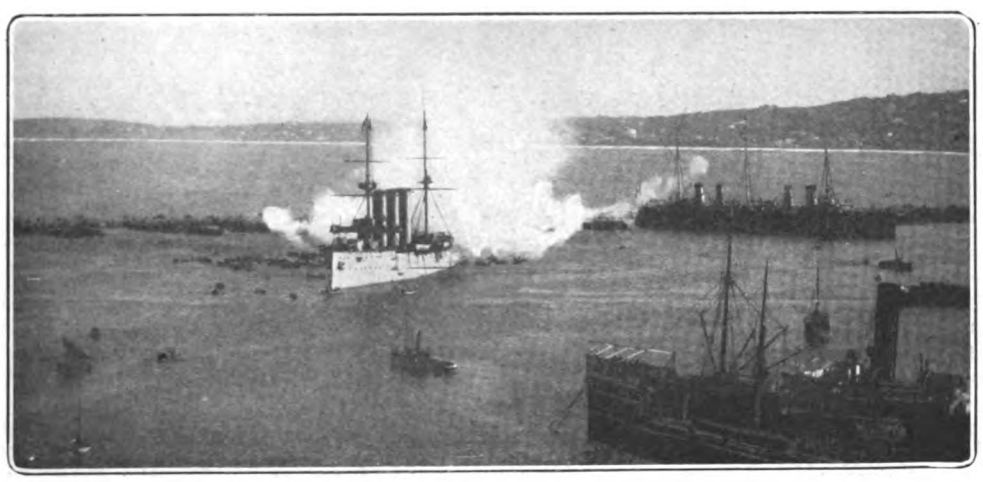
Maxim Gorky, who is variously reported to have been arrested and incarcerated in the famous fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is almost opposite General Trepoff's new headquarters, the Winter Palace, and to have escaped to Riga, may be said to be a natural leader of the working-men of his country. Not only has he the fullest knowledge of the conditions under which the Russian of the lower orders lives, but he has that knowledge first-hand, was, indeed, one of the class of which he is so vigorous a supporter. He has himself recorded his life-story: on his own showing, he has been apprentice to a shoemaker and to a draughtsman, kitchen-boy on a packet-boat, assistant to a baker, a chorister in a travelling Opera Company, a vendor of apples, a would-be suicide, copying-clerk to a lawyer, and a railway employé. All this, of course, before he turned novelist and dramatist and sought to depict in fiction and on the stage the conditions of existence he knew so well, but after he had made a tour of Russia on foot. His first story was published some thirteen years ago, and there can be little doubt that his writings, in company with those of the others of his ultra-realistic school, have done much to change the feeling and spirit of the people. His wife, whose thrice-repeated statement that she was dying is said to have taken him from St. Petersburg, is Madame Andreeva, the well-known actress.



THE HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ASHFORD: LADY ARDILAUN.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin

The Prince of Wales's visit to Ireland is proving as successful and as brilliant as even the most optimistic of His Royal Highness's friends and servants could desire. Dublin is keeping up her traditional spirit of hospitality, and to-day (Feb. 1) the Prince is expected to be present at the Royal ball given in the hall of the Royal Hospital, Dublin, by Lord and Lady Grenfell. Many historic entertainments have been given in the great hall of the building which an Irishman once aptly described as "the Invalides of Ireland," and which owes its being, as does Chelsea Hospital, to Nell Gwynn. It is thought that, before leaving Ireland, the Prince will pay a visit to Mount Stewart, the splendid place belonging to Lord and Lady Londonderry.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AT ALGIERS: THE "ESSEX" EXCHANGING SALUTES WITH THE "GUICHEN" AND THE TORPEDO-BOATS OF THE MOBILE DEFENCE.

Photograph by Leroux.

Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer.

A marriage of great interest to Scotch Society is that of Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer, Lord Kintore's eldest daughter, to Mr. Baird of Urie. Through her mother, the bride-elect is closely related to the young Duke of Manchester. She is pretty and accomplished, and has been for some years very popular in Society. Lady Ethel's brother, Lord Falconer, is a great *parti*.

The Much-Engaged (by Rumour) Marconi.

The best-known exponent of Wireless Telegraphy has been, during the last week, the hero of as awkward an adventure as can befall a man. Rumour engaged him to a lovely Roman Princess on the eve of the news of his real engagement, that to Lord Inchiquin's youngest sister, becoming public! The popular young scientist has been much in England of late; his mother is an Irishwoman, and he is very proud of the fact. Miss O'Brien, his pretty *fiancée*, is one of five fair sisters. The marriage of Signor Marconi and Miss Beatrice O'Brien will be one of the great social events of the early spring and will take place in London.



SIGNOR MARCONI, ENGAGED TO MISS O'BRIEN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



LADY ETHEL KEITH-FALCONER, TO BE MARRIED TO MR. BAIRD OF URIE ON THE 16TH.

Photograph by Langfier.

The Scotch Bench.

The Government are enjoying at present a good deal of Judicial patronage in Scotland. Two of the Judges of the Court of Session recently resigned, and last week the highest post became vacant by the death of Lord Kinross, the Lord President. Salaries are not so high in Scotland as in England, but living is cheaper than in London Society, and, naturally, a place on the Bench is the ambition of most of the Scottish advocates. Lord Kinross, who was well known in the House of Commons as Mr. J. B. Balfour, and who had been a popular Lord Advocate in several of Mr. Gladstone's Governments, was appointed Lord President by his political opponents on account of his unique position at the Bar. He was a man of the most amiable temperament and of benign, dignified manners.

Lady Magheramorne.

Widows of Peers often choose commoners for their second husbands, and this has been the case with Lady Magheramorne, one of Lord Shaftesbury's pretty sisters, for her *fiancé* is Mr. Hugo Baring, the youngest brother of Lord Revelstoke. Lady Magheramorne has lived in Paris since her widowhood, but after her marriage she and Mr. Baring are said to be going to Washington. The wedding will take place in London, as did that of the bridegroom's elder brother, Colonel Everard Baring, to Lady Ulrica Duncombe.

"L'Ordre pour le Mérite."

If the Kaiser had not been in such a hurry, he would probably have hesitated to confer the "Ordre pour le Mérite" on General Stoessel, for the decoration is one which is very seldom conferred, and then only for the most distinguished service. There are but eight German officers who wear it, and they are Field-Marshal Count von Haseler, General von Werder, and Prince Albert of Prussia, all of whom were decorated during the Franco-Prussian War; five officers won it in China, namely, Captain Lans, who commanded the corvette *Iltis*; Captain von Thedom, who took part in Admiral Seymour's march; Lieutenant Count Soden, who defended the Pekin Embassy; Major von Foester; and Captain Kremkow. The only Russians who have hitherto possessed it are those Grand Dukes who took an active part in the Russo-Turkish War.



LADY MAGHERAMORNE, ENGAGED TO MR. HUGO BARING.

Photograph by Fellows Willson.

The "Talking Postcard."

The illustrated postcard is threatened with a formidable rival in its own house. This is the "talking postcard," which has been invented by a Viennese, and consists of a thin gramophone-plate fastened to the card. The sender records his message on this, and the recipient removes the plate, puts it into a little gramophone specially made for these records, and hears the voice of his friend speaking to him. The inventor claims that the material of which the plates are made is strong enough to stand passage through the post, and he holds that it will be just the thing for engaged couples or for people who wish to insult one another by post. The new postcard will always be a luxury, for both the sender and the recipient will need special apparatus, and there must always be a certain percentage of the plates broken in the post, at least in England.

Servian Stamps.

The series of Servian stamps on which some imaginative persons fancied they saw the head of the murdered King Alexander and Peter Karageorgevitch, was only a commemorative issue, and King Peter will shortly publish his first set of ordinary stamps. The new series has been designed and engraved in France by Paulin Tasset, and will be the first upon which King Peter's head appears alone on a stamp.



MISS BEATRICE O'BRIEN, ENGAGED TO SIGNOR MARCONI.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Czarevitch Ill.

Never was truer saying than "Misfortunes seldom come singly." Rumour now has it that, to crown Imperial Russia's troubles, the little Czarevitch, whose birth was so eagerly anticipated, is lying seriously ill with pneumonia, and that two trained English nurses have been sent from London. It is further said that he is a weak infant, a sufferer from a constitutional malady that calls for the greatest care.

Bowdlerising an Opera.

French Theatrical and Operatic Companies visit Alsace-Lorraine, but they have to be very careful what they play, for the German police keep a sharp eye on them to see that they do not act anything which will be bad for the people of the annexed provinces. The other day, a French troupe went to Metz, and acted Donizetti's "Fille du Régiment." This was a ticklish affair, and the police deeply considered the matter. Finally, they allowed the French uniforms to pass, because they were out of date, but they came down upon the phrase "Salut à la France," which the singers had to alter to "Salut à la Gloire." These precautions, however, were of very little good, for the audience seized the opportunity to cheer the French soldiers, and, in spite of the word "France" being cut out, to make a demonstration.

PLAYERS OF A TROUBLED COUNTRY: SOME BEAUTIES OF THE RUSSIAN STAGE.

















1. MLLE. SUSANNE MUNTE, OF THE THEATRE MICHEL.
2. PRINCESS YAVOSKAIA, AS "L'AIGLON" IN HER OWN THEATRE.
3. MLLE. KOMISSARYEVSKAÏA.
4. MADAME FIGNER, IN "CARMEN" AT THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN OPERA.
5. MLLE. BALLETAIN IN RUSSIAN DRESS.
6. MLLE. KSHESINSKY, OF THE IMPERIAL BALLET.
7. MLLE. SAIRNA, OF THE THEATRE ALEXANDER.
8. MADAME VERA MITCHURINA.

In view of the recent production of "The Chosen People," fresh interest attaches to the personnel of the Russian stage. The Russian actress has a liking for the sombre in the drama, and no less than five of the ladies depicted on this page have played Katusha in "Resurrection."

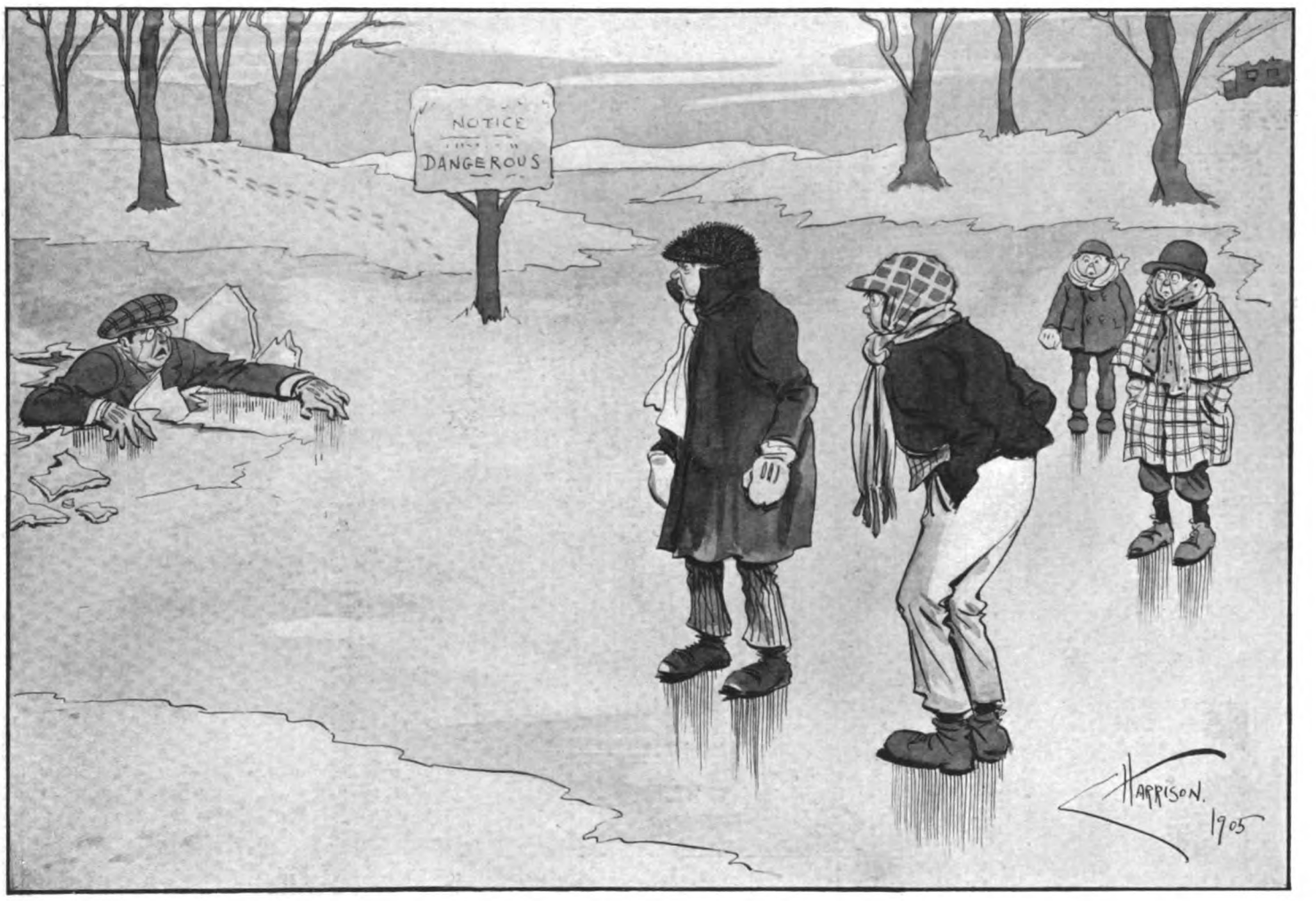
MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE no wish to deal with the conditions prevailing in Russia just now, though for the past few days my morning paper has had more than enough to say about them. But I cannot help referring to certain notes in the issue of the *Review of Reviews* published a few days before the strikes began and dated Jan. 2. "So much nonsense is written about the Russians," writes the able Editor, "that it is well now and then to be reminded by sane and sober travellers what kind of men they are, these brothers of ours, whom so many of our papers so malignantly libel." Thereafter Mr. Stead quotes Moncure D. Conway, who found in St. Petersburg, "instead of an oppressed people, a people enjoying a personal liberty unknown either in England or America—no Sabbatarian laws, no restrictions on freedom of speech, no limitations on any conduct not criminal." And so on. It is true that Mr. Conway's visit was paid in '69, before Nihilism was born; but if Mr. Stead quotes the author on Jan. 2 to illustrate the state of Russia, I may be pardoned for quoting him on Feb. 1. What a difference one short month makes to the value of a man's opinions!

Some Grand Dukes. In these days, there is more interest taken in the personality of the Russian Grand Dukes, uncles of the Czar, than in the "Little Father" himself. I have seen several of these highly distinguished gentlemen at various times, generally on the Riviera. Perhaps Cannes is the place they favour most, though they are to be seen in Nice and Monte Carlo upon occasion. I have seen, also, at least two of them in Paris, where they did not seem to be greatly immersed in the cares of State. They are all rather distinguished-looking men, even without their uniform, and when they are in State-dress and covered with the high and glittering Orders that have been conferred upon them for their valiant services in the salons of St. Petersburg they must look very imposing. Duke Alexis is very much like his late brother, the Czar. All the Grand Dukes seem to live in regal state, and of certain of them Paris is quite full of stories that would, I fear, be deemed out of place on this page. There is no doubt but that their Imperial nephew stands very much in awe of them, and that they have the courage of their convictions.

Nerves and the Admiralty. The curiously highly-strung state of Europe's nerves is clearly demonstrated by our Admiralty's advance note about the Naval Manœuvres. In the summer of this year and next all our fleets are to be exercised together. The Channel, Atlantic, and Mediterranean Fleets, with their respective Cruiser Squadrons, will be in touch with the Particular Service Squadron that may be met off the east coast of Canada, with the Cape, East India, China, and Australian Squadrons. In fact, all our sea-power will be doing combined work for the purpose of testing the plans that have been made against times of stress and storm. This collective mobilisation seems reasonable enough, and could not possibly be construed as a menace to the world's peace by any sober-minded people; but, realising how the mere mention of the British Fleet promotes hysterics among certain people who may be nameless, the Admiralty gives notice, months in advance, of its summer-season intentions, just as Mr. Winkle announced that he was "going to begin" when Mr. Pickwick was arrested on suspicion of meditating a duel. This step shall be accounted to My Lords for wisdom, but I would wager one of my hard-earned sovereigns that it does not prevent the appearance of scare head-lines and sensational articles in their due season. How can panic-mongers be expected to remember in July a warning that dates from the beginning of the year? They can't remember clearly what happened the day before yesterday.



THE SKATER: *What an awful time the ice-man takes to bring a ladder!*
THE BOY: *Why, 'e ain't comin' at all, Guv'nor; it's 'is early-closin' day, an' 'e's gone 'ome.*

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

A HOSTESS DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



LADY GRENFELL, WHO GIVES A BALL AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN, TO-NIGHT.

Lady Grenfell is the second wife of Lord Grenfell, and was the Hon. Margaret Aline, only daughter of the late Lewis A. Majendie, of Hedingham Castle, Essex. The Royal Hospital, Dublin, in the beautiful old Hall of which Lady Grenfell is giving her ball, is the official residence of her husband, who is commanding the Forces in Ireland.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("*Monocle.*")

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" AND "HENRY V."

AS regards the "Much Ado About Nothing." There seem signs of a reaction against elaboration in mounting—elaboration, not splendour. Mr. Tree, at His Majesty's, presents a merry play, a mixture of comedy with an unconvincing melodrama, and, instead of bustling it along, takes it at snail-pace. The comedy, it may be hinted, cannot stand this. It is rank heresy, almost a capital offence, to say so, but on the stage the encounters of wit between Beatrice and Benedick are not very witty encounters: the lady has a sharp tongue without a very fine point; the man's humour has more of the bludgeon than the rapier. Claudio's conduct in distrusting so easily and acting with such brutality is only to be explained by his being of a base nature incurable, and promises a catastrophe for Hero in her marriage. If wise, she would abandon him at the church-door—after the ceremony. Dogberry and Verges do not by any means represent Shakspere's best low-comedy. It is not well that we should have a series of rather long intervals in which to think of such matters. The play should carry us with something like a rush and a whirl, and to gain this one would gladly sacrifice some of the charming scenery. There is rather too much gilding on the refined gold—or the pill. As a result, some people, at least, were chilled—a statement immediately to be qualified by the counter-statement that there was a prodigious amount of applause at the end. There is no need to use such phrases concerning the production as "variety entertainment," "Empire ballet," and the like. Mr. Tree is entitled to the credit of being sincere in his desire to mount Shakspere respectfully as well as attractively. Experience has shown managers that there is a great risk in presenting his plays simply, and the fact that Mr. Tree is indisposed to run the risk is not surprising or discreditable. It must be remembered that in several cases, notably the "Julius Cæsar," he has shown extraordinary skill and judgment. The present instance suggests to me an error of tactics by no means irremediable, and the fact that much of the mounting is beautiful ought to be taken into account.

The so-called "Empire ballet" of the first Act is quite short and congruous, I believe, with the author's ideas, though I think that the dresses are painful in colour, in which they differ from most of the costumes in the play, which are of unusual beauty. The intermezzo, with bird-calls, cock-crow, &c., seems an error. Mr. Roze's music is pretty, but too great a strain was put on the audience, for they felt that it was wrong to talk during this music—and coughed instead. In consequence of this, the first Act lasted rather more than an hour and a half, with but two brief pauses towards the beginning. A brief interval, not even so long as the intermezzo, would produce the effect of the passage of time and lessen the chance of tiring the audience. The comparatively new scene which passes in Hero's bedroom takes time without aiding the play. There is far too much preliminary business in the church. One understands that, after a big expenditure upon a cathedral interior, with, to be just, the result of producing a superb picture, the manager is anxious to let the house have plenty of time to study and admire. It has been the fashion to treat this interior as the scenery *clou* of a production, as the Transformation Scene in a pantomime, and, though there is no wilful irreverence in this, it is not inoffensive to some; and certainly it was not in the author's ideas, as appears plainly enough from the way in which the scene begins. I fancy there are hardly two opinions as to the unwisdom of the interval before the love-scene that follows the flouting of Hero: the wooing of Beatrice is too short for weight unless forming part of the preceding scene. It appears to me that the true policy of the manager who wishes to make the plays live is to have a minimum number of scenes, unless he is content with the plain front-scenes that cause no waste of time and have been relied upon in many a famous and successful production.



[*Photo. Robertson.*

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL,

Whose new farce, "The Lady of Leeds," is to be produced at Wyndham's on the 6th.



Photo. Thomas.]

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY,

Whose farcical comedy, "The Diplomatist," will be produced at the Royalty on the 11th.



[*Photo. Russell.*

MR. R. C. CARTON,

Whose farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," will be given at the Avenue during the month.

PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE HOUR: THE AUTHORS OF FORTHCOMING PRODUCTIONS.

What about the acting? A charming Hero and effective Claudio in Miss Miriam Clements and Mr. Basil Gill; a capital Don John and taking Don Pedro, presented by Mr. Laurence Irving and Mr. Sydney Brough; a Dogberry and Verges in Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Louis Calvert who get all the humour out of the characters; and a very human Leonato and impressive Friar played by Mr. Henry Neville and Mr. W. Haviland. Of course, however, Benedick and Beatrice are the parts, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Winifred Emery were not at their best. It is a violent transition from Caliban to Benedick; there may be some limits to Mr. Tree's great versatility. He seemed to be somewhat uncertain as to his idea of the part; there were suggestions of two or three different concepts of it; a clever bit in one style was followed by a clever bit in another, and, for once, he did not seem to fill the stage. Probably by now he has a firm grasp of it—I can only speak of the first-night—and his great powers as a comedian are asserting themselves successfully. Miss Winifred Emery—what a reception she had!—of course, was charming and ingenious, but appeared hardly to realise the size of the stage and house, with the result that Lady Disdain was not half as formidably humorous as she is painted.

The revival of "Henry V." is a great personal triumph for Mr. Lewis Waller, the best representative of Shakspere's pet hero that we know, or even, perhaps, can imagine. Thanks to his brilliant work, the support of an excellent Company, and a capital mounting, the famous Jingo drama acts most catchingly at the Imperial. He has the help of Mr. Mollison, who was with Mr. Waller when the piece was produced at the Lyceum and made a "hit" in the part of Pistol. Miss Mary Rorke is most agreeably impressive as the Chorus, and Miss Sarah Brooke is charming in the character of the French Princess. The difficult part of Fluellen found in Mr. A. E. George an actor with an adequate and unexaggerated humour. Mr. Norman McKinnel was decidedly effective in the character of Williams, the bluff soldier, and Mr. John Beauchamp, who doubled the Archbishop and Charles VI., played the latter cleverly. The production shows a great deal of judgment, so that the play, if not rich in dramatic interest, seems full of life and movement.

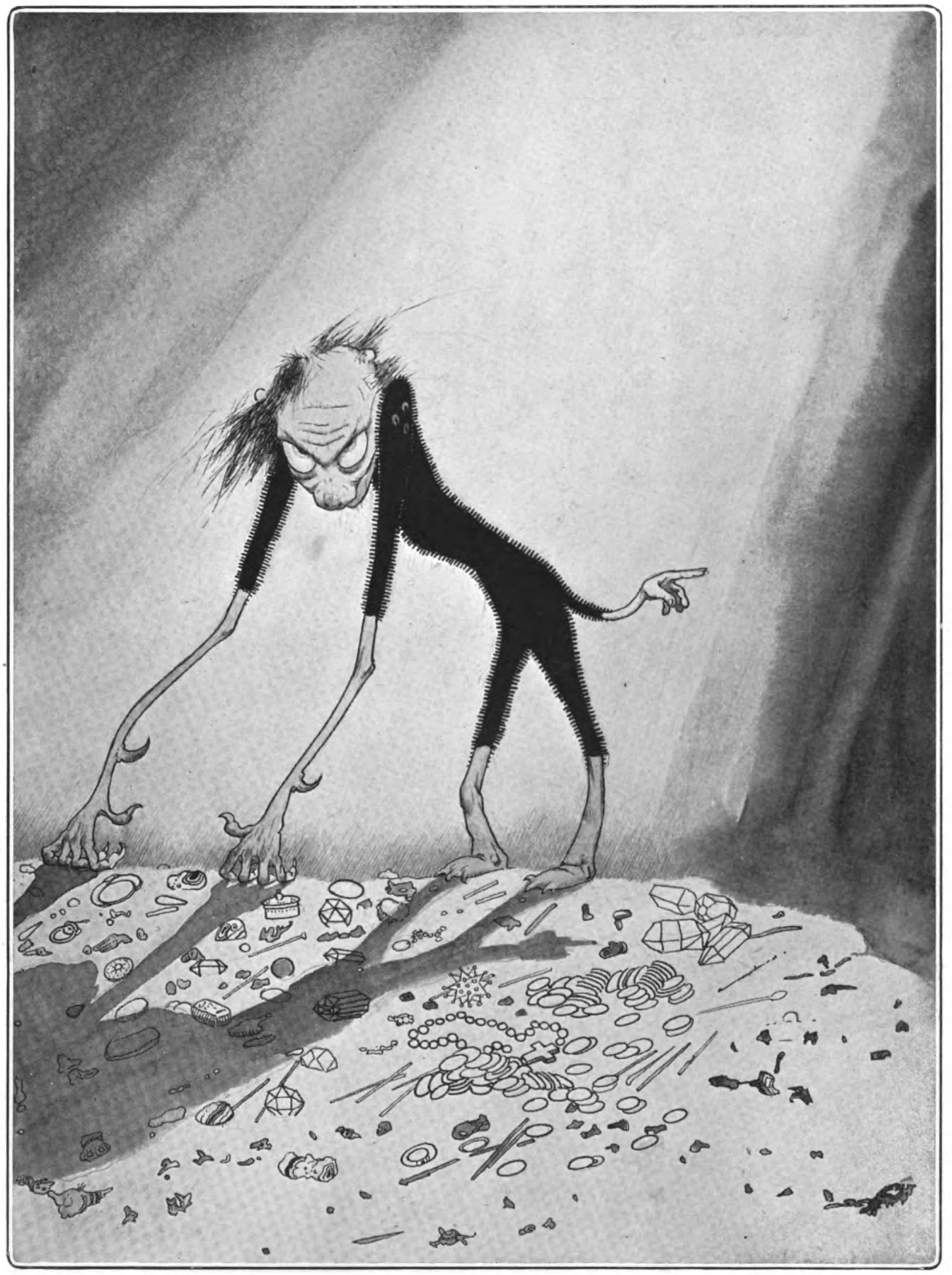
THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS



III.—THE RAG-TIME SPECIALIST AND HER PICCANINNY.

"GIVE IT AN UNDERSTANDING, BUT NO TONGUE."—*"HAMLET," Act I., Scene 2.*

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—II.



The Snide.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

KNIGHT

Advertisements Illustrated. *By Dudley Hardy.*



X.

"BULL-DOG.—GRAND-HEADED, BLACK-AND-WHITE BULL-DOG—FIFTEEN MONTHS, CHAMPION PEDIGREE. £3; OR WOULD EXCHANGE FOR NEW OVERCOAT—— "

DANCING DOLLS AND OTHERS AT THE EMPIRE.



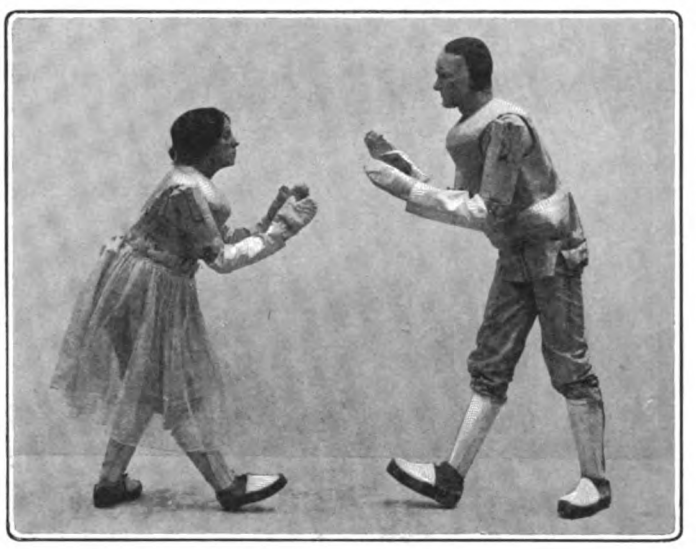
PUNCHINELLO (M. P. SUNDBERG).



TWO DOLLS FROM THE DUTCH SCENE.



NOELINE (MISS JANETTA MICHAELS).



THE DUTCH DOLLS (MISS E. CLERC AND MR. W. VOKES) INDULGE IN AN ECCENTRIC DANCE.



PROFESSOR MARVEL (SIGNOR AMEDEO SANTINI) AND HIS DAUGHTER, BERTHA (MISS E. BADHAM).



A DUTCH DOLL.



PROFESSOR MARVEL AND HIS DAUGHTER.



A DUTCH DOLL.

CHARACTERS IN THE NEW BALLET.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

THE DICKENS' CHARACTERS BALL AT THE EMPRESS ROOMS.

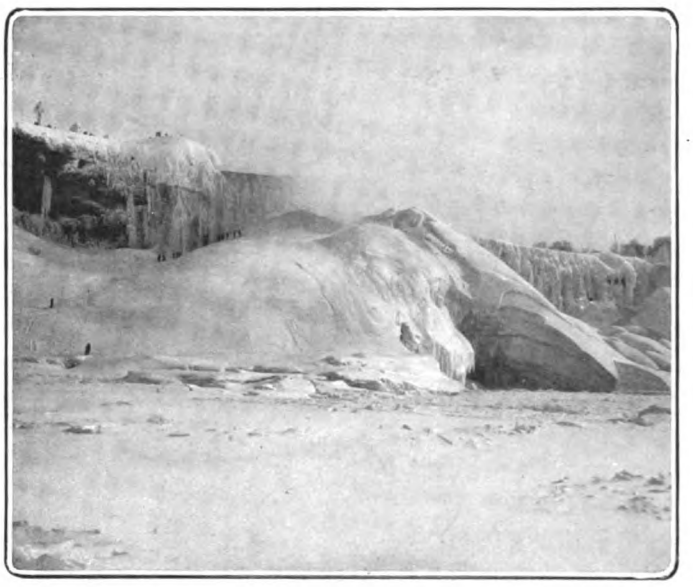
DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



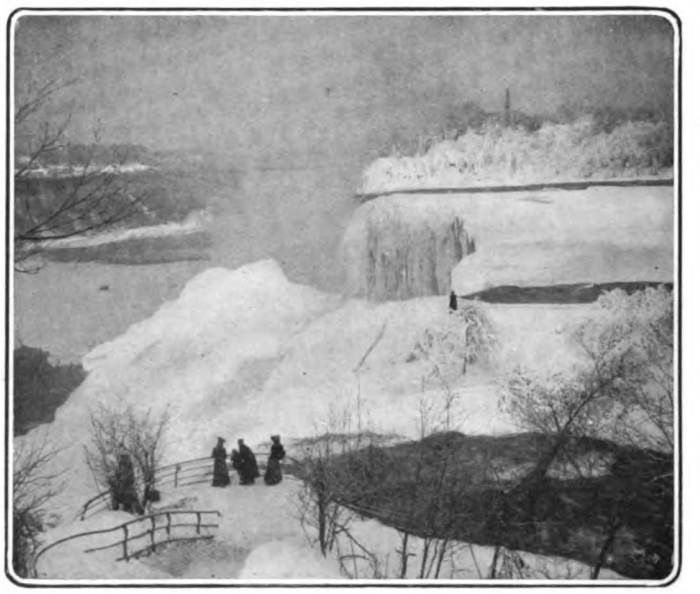
THE THIN MR. PICKWICK (BENEVOLENTLY): WELL, NOW, I SUPPOSE YOU REPRESENT THE FAT BOY IN "PICKWICK"?
THE STOUT MR. PICKWICK (WITH SOME HEAT): WRONG, SIR; GUESS AGAIN, MR. SAM WELLER!

"The most popular character, so far, is the Fat Boy from 'Pickwick.' There are at least half-a-dozen Mrs. Gamps, several Sam Wellers and Dolly Vardens."—[EXTRACT FROM A PRELIMINARY NOTICE OF THE BALL.]

"WHEN WINTER FROSTS CONSTRAIN THE FIELD WITH COLD."



THE AMERICAN FALL, NIAGARA, IN WINTER.



THE LARGEST ICE-MOUNTAIN EVER SEEN AT NIAGARA.



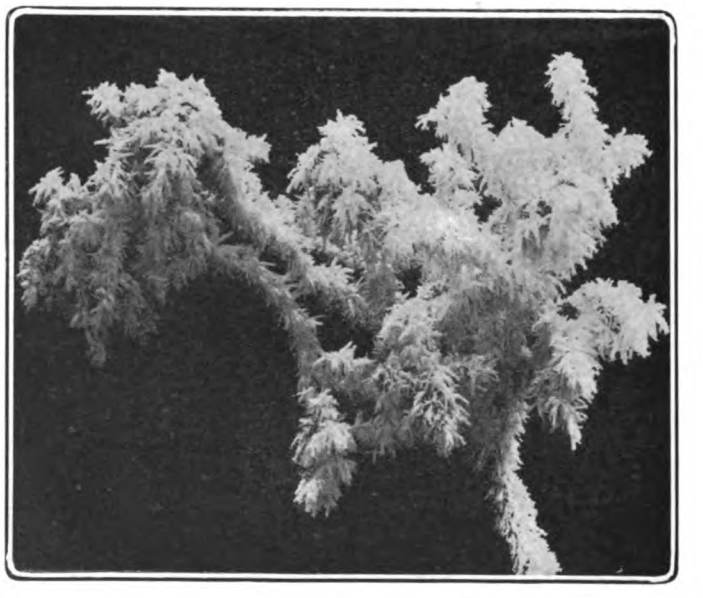
SILVERED BY THE FROST.



A TRUE WINTER-GARDEN.



FROSTED BROOM.



A FROSTED ROSE-TREE.

Two photographs by O. E. Dunlap, Niagara Falls; four by the Topical Press Agency.

MRS. LANGTRY IN HER MOURNING-GOWN IN "MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."



MRS. DERING WEARS BLACK FOR THE HUSBAND SHE HAS DIVORCED.

The spendthrift Captain and Mrs. Dering, who are at the end of their resources—waterless and gasless, with a man in possession of their home, and with but a single servant, a kitchen-maid who cooks nervous dinners—decide to be divorced. This is, accordingly, arranged, but Mrs. Dering is still fond of her husband, despite the many differences between them, wears mourning for him, and denies herself many gaieties. Eventually, as Captain Dering also still loves her, matters are set right, and the pair once more set up housekeeping together.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOT many years ago, Mr. Joseph Jacobs was one of the most familiar figures in London literary circles. He was a special friend of the late Mr. Norman Maccoll, of the *Athenæum*, and contributed many important articles to that paper, some of which have been collected in book form. Mr. Jacobs is now in New York, engaged upon the great Jewish Encyclopædia, but he has not altogether deserted the old, familiar paths, and he has written an article on the recent biography of Theodore Watts-Dunton by Mr. James Douglas. Mr. Douglas maintains that Mr. Watts-Dunton is greatest as a poet, next greatest as a novelist, while his criticism, though very important, is subordinate to his other achievements. Mr. Jacobs, on the other hand, is of opinion that Mr. Watts-Dunton is not a great poet. "He is somewhat mannered, he is at times reminiscent, and, above all, he has rarely the individual note. There is scarcely a line of his of which one could say, 'Watts-Dunton and Watts-Dunton alone had written thus and so.'" Nor will Mr. Jacobs consent to put "Aylwin" in the first rank. "Here, again, no one can deny the very high qualities of this romance, but equally, if one is to remain true to one's literary conscience, one has to recognise an incoherent plot, a want of action of the characters and on the characters that bars it from a place among the highest." Mr. Jacobs thinks that the novel will take rank by the side of "Contarini Fleming," the nearest analogue to it in the language.



"SHIPS ARE BUT BOARDS"—AND LODGINGS.

Shakspere's line, in "The Merchant of Venice," "Ships are but boards," is in need of an addition. Ships are soon to be not only boards, but lodgings. Some forty obsolete war-vessels are to be moored in the Motherbank, and each of these vessels is to be placed under the charge of a caretaker, who will have to live on board and who may be accompanied by his wife and family. The Admiralty are advertising for naval pensioners to fill these positions as ship-caretakers, the pay being a guinea a week, with light, fuel, and some articles of furniture.

But when he comes to Mr. Watts-Dunton in his capacity as critic, there is no need to make any reservations. In Mr. Jacobs' view, his is the greatest critical intelligence that has been devoted mainly to the investigation of the laws of literary art in the English language. The combination of exquisite taste and generalising capacity is found in Mr. Watts-Dunton, and in him alone. He not only observes literary phenomena with the keenest of observation, but he is never content to leave a literary fact until he has brought it into harmony with other facts of the same kind. The best reviews written by Mr. Watts-Dunton are, in the opinion of Mr. Jacobs, the series on Victor Hugo.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, who contributed to these columns during his stay in London, is to publish in the spring a volume of essays which are said to be light and agreeable, with only the smallest dash of whimsicality. It is as the originator of "The Purple Cow" that Mr. Burgess is still best known.

The ethical tone of Dolf Wyllarde's novels has been criticised in America, but the novelist has found a defender who declares that her three books are all written with a purpose, which is to bring into evidence or to show up the immoralities and frivolities of the English men and women in Africa and India. These novels were not written for the American woman to read. From the moral point of view, she does not need them. She has not the temperament of the European; she can stand alone and take care of herself. "No one, unless he has taken those long ocean voyages as I have done, can know how good a picture the life on board of Captain Amyas's boat is."

Now that Lord Beaconsfield's fiction is having a new vogue, it may be worth while to register some of the probable originals of his characters. The identifications have the sanction of the late Lord Rowton, Beaconsfield's private secretary and confidential adviser. The Countess of Blessington is Lady Doubtful in "Vivian Grey"; Monsignor Capel is Catesby in "Lothair"; Sir William Harcourt is Hortensius in "Endymion"; Bismarck is Prince Terrible in "Endymion"; Gladstone, who figures in the *Times* novel, was done much earlier as Oswald Milbank in "Coningsby"; Bishop Wilberforce is the Bishop in "Lothair"; Byron is Lord Cadurcis in "Venetia"; Charles Dickens is Mr. Gushy in "Endymion"; and Lord Granville is Lord Rawchester in the same novel.

Mr. Joseph Conrad has written a critical essay on the work of Henry James, which he places on a very lofty eminence indeed. "His books stand on my shelves in a place whose accessibility proclaims the habit of frequent communion." Mr. Conrad goes on to complain that there is no uniform edition. Perhaps he does not know that, many years ago, Messrs. Macmillan published, in a very cheap and handsome form, Mr. James's novels up to date. To Mr. Conrad it seems that Mr. James's mind is steeped in the waters flowing from the fountain of intellectual youth. "The thing—a privilege—a miracle—what you will—is not quite hidden from the meanest of us who run as we read. To those who have the grace to stay their feet it is manifest. After some twenty years of attentive acquaintance with Mr. Henry James's work, it grows into absolute conviction, which, all personal feeling apart, brings a sense of happiness into one's artistic existence."

Should persons about to find themselves famous—to use the phrase which James Payn applied to the numerous class who are contributors in intention to well-known periodicals—praise their own wares when they send their manuscripts? Should they say: "Here is the best thing that has been written for many a day, just what your readers are pining for"? I think not. Better let the editor judge for himself. But when they go on, in addition, to write, "This story supplies the element of which your magazine is in sad need, and is a great improvement on the work of —— and ——," they certainly go too far. But every editor receives letters of this kind. I got, some time ago, an essay upon the Renaissance for a literary journal from a person who had degrees after his name. In the accompanying epistle he eulogised his own performance, pointing particularly to the profundity of its knowledge. He spelt renaissance throughout "renaescence."—O. O.

BLACKMAIL.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

"I NEVER give my photographs away," said Miss Moreton, primly, the dimple displaying itself almost ostentatiously in her cheek.

"But I am an old friend," said I. "Surely an old friend doesn't count?"

"It's not the same thing," said Miss Moreton, vaguely. "Of course, it would be different if——" She ceased, apparently not knowing how to go on.

"Oh, very well," said I, with a sigh. "At any rate, I've got something to go on with."

She glanced at me swiftly, and then looked down the room, where the people were chattering.

"If one gave to one, one would have to give to all," she said, oracularly.

"I'm thankful I have that snapshot, at any rate," I said.

"Snapshot?" she asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"Why, yes," said I. "You remember, in the boat at Goring last July. I took one of you then."

"I have no recollection of it," she said, coldly.

"It was rather a good one, but, of course, not well developed, and, naturally, not one of you at your best. But, at any rate, it's something."

"What sort of one was it?" she inquired, with interest. "You've no right to take photographs without telling one."

"On the contrary," I replied, "it has been held in law that you may take what photographs you will; only you mustn't sell them. I'm not going to sell yours."

"What's it like?" she inquired, ignoring this.

For answer I dived into my frock-coat pocket. "I have a print here," I said. "I've not fixed it properly, but you can get an idea. It was when you were laughing at a story of Travers's."

Miss Moreton almost plucked the photograph out of my fingers, and examined it. "How abominable of you!" she said. "It's perfectly ridiculous. Good gracious, I don't open my mouth like that!"

"It's a pretty mouth," said I.

"It's a detestable grimace, and all out of drawing," she declared, with visible annoyance. "Amateur photography is all like that. People have no right to be let loose with cameras they don't understand."

"It's all I have," I pleaded. "If you would let me have a real one of you, I would willingly sacrifice it."

Miss Moreton appeared to hesitate. "Certainly not," said she at last, with decision. "And you must, please, destroy these."

"That's the only print I have," I said, meekly.

She eyed me for a moment, and then suddenly stooped and thrust it into the fire.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said, shortly.

I made no attempt at rescue, but watched the poor thing burn.

"Then you are going to let me have one of yours?" I said.

"Indeed, no such thing!" she replied, and walked off towards a group who were discussing Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I sat down beside a young lady in furs, and entered into a disquisition on motor-cars, of which I know nothing. Presently, Miss Moreton passed us.

"Do you prefer a Panhard or a Mercedes?" I asked her. She paused. "I don't know the difference," she said.

"Oh, do you motor?" asked the young lady in the fur coat, with enthusiasm.

"Miss Moreton rows," said I. "She punts very well, but she's not a first-rate hand with the sculls."

"Indeed!" said Miss Moreton to me, distantly.

"At least, she's unconventional in her style." I went on. "Sometimes she catches 'crabs.'"

The young lady in the fur coat tittered, but Miss Moreton looked at me with displeasure.

"I don't pretend to all the accomplishments," she said.

"Nor do I," I replied. "But I can take a sort of photograph. I have one of a 'crab.'"

She was going on, but hesitated. It was I who rose and bade my motoring acquaintance good-bye. I walked towards my hostess and the door, but ere I reached the former I found Miss Moreton at my heels.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mallison?" she asked, quickly. "Why do you talk about 'crabs' and photographs?"

"Oh, I only remembered that I took another snapshot last year," I replied.

She was silent for a moment, and then, "Please explain," she said.

"Don't you remember when you went over and Travers picked you up?" I asked. "I was just going to take a beautiful picture of your head, and it turned out——"

"Yes," said she, now quite rosy-red, "and what did it turn out?"

"Oh, it was a picture of your heels and your——"

"How abominable of you!" she interrupted, hastily.

"But you can see your head, too," I assured her. "You're falling—I mean, leaning—backwards, with a terrified but fascinating smile on your face, and your skirt is——"

"Of course, you will destroy it at once," she interposed, with her former haste.

I demurred. "It really is a very good one of you; at least, of part of you. If you could see it——"

"I don't want to see it," she broke in. "You must destroy it at once."

"But it's the only thing I have of you, now you've burnt that," and I indicated the fire.

"You've no right to any of me. I don't see why you want one at all," said Miss Moreton, hotly.

"I don't say I have any right," I replied, meekly; "but I'm going to stick to what I have. After all, it's mine. I took it."

"It's perfectly disgraceful of you, and—and—the law," declared she, her face handsomely flushed now, and her eyes bright with anger. "It's monstrous that I—that one hasn't any command over one's own—own person."

"You hadn't any command at that moment," I said.

She cast me a fiery glance, and bit her lip as if on something she had decided to suppress. I think she determined at that moment to try diplomacy.

"Tell me," she said, in a milder voice, "tell me exactly what it's like, and how I'm—how I came out, I mean."

"Well, you know what happens when you catch a 'crab,'" I said, evasively.

"Yes," she said, doubtfully. "You mean—am I—do I——?" She hesitated, almost wistfully.

"Well, you do, rather," I answered, reluctantly.

"Mr. Mallison," she said, earnestly and very persuasively, putting a hand on my arm, "you will destroy it, won't you?"

It was pretty; it was pathetic; it almost succeeded.

But I hardened my heart. "On one condition," I said, slowly, "and it's a very easy condition. I might make much better terms."

Miss Moreton flounced away indignantly, and I proceeded on my way to her mother to make my adieux. The room was fairly empty now, and I was following a little knot of departing guests into the hall when I heard my name reiterated earnestly and softly. I turned.

"Mr. Mallison, I wish you would stay just one moment," said Miss Moreton. "I——" She hesitated, glanced about the emptying room, and then moved towards the back of it, where a little ante-chamber gave upon it through wide folding-doors. I followed.

"You really mean what you say?" she asked suddenly, confronting me. I said that I did. "Very well," she said, bitterly. "It's the most atrocious conduct of you, and I'll never forget or forgive it. But——"

She angrily tossed open an album on the table, and at last stopped. I bent down, and a beautiful face on fair shoulders, crowning a pretty evening-gown, looked at me with a charming smile. I looked at my companion. I wished she would smile like that at me; but even in her anger she was wonderful. Her gaze expressed coldness, distance . . . contempt.

"It's a most magnificent likeness," I breathed fervently. "It's—it's divine."

"It's said to be good," said Miss Moreton, indifferently.

"It's the most beautiful picture I've ever seen," I said.

"Do you think so, really?" asked Miss Moreton.

"It's your living, breathing image that looks out on me," I continued.

"They do take very well, as a rule, those people," said Miss Moreton, affably.

"You can't wonder that I want it!" I exclaimed. "I'd give anything for——"

"Well, you can take it, if you'll give me your word to destroy the—that other thing," said she, in a not unfriendly voice.

I promised, and she graciously helped me to extract the photograph from the album. I buttoned it safely over my heart in my pocket, but Miss Moreton, having completed the bargain, of course, took no more interest in the matter. She was gazing down the room at someone else. But a thought occurred to her.

"You haven't shown that—that absurd snapshot to anyone?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no," I said. "I've never printed it."

"Oh!" she said; "but you said——"

"Well, you see, I could make out some patches and a foot; but I broke it, unfortunately, as I was developing it."

Miss Moreton's mouth was firm. "Mr. Mallison, give me back that photograph," she demanded.

"But I'm going to finish the breakage," I protested.

"Give it to me back at once," she insisted, advancing on me. I was driven to bay. Besides, the rest of the room might hear us.

"I'll give it back if you'll give me the original," I said, boldly, but quite low.

Miss Moreton paused; she was taken aback. Her face flushed warmly.

"I—you—oh!" she stammered. "Mr. Mallison!"

"Is it a bargain?" I asked, anxiously, holding out the photograph towards her.

She hesitated, the pretty glow still on her face, and she was not looking at me.

"You are—oh, you are dreadful!" she said, with a tiny, troubled laugh. "But, in that case, perhaps you'd better keep the photograph."

"On second thoughts, I'll take both," I said.

THE END.

WITH THE SILVER SPOON.



THOMAS PITT HAMILTON CHOLMONDELEY, SON AND HEIR OF LORD AND LADY DELAMERE.

Photograph by Speaight.

IF it be indeed true that the child is father to the man, then twentieth-century Society may look forward to including in its midst some remarkably good-looking Peers and commoners. Thanks in a measure to the influence of Queen Alexandra, children are the fashion. Leading reviews publish articles concerning their taste in literature and their love of the drama, as well as contributions on the more weighty subjects of how they should be trained, fed, and corrected when they lapse from virtue. Indeed, the modern child may well exclaim, "Leave me to deal with my hereditary enemies, my nurses and my schoolmasters; but, oh, save me from my friends!"

In one matter, at least, the little boy of to-day is to be congratulated on having been born in a more indulgent age than were his forbears. A country life is now, admittedly, by far the best preparation for a healthy and vigorous manhood, and during nursery days, at any rate, the sons and daughters of our great Peers and county families lead a most interesting and delightful life on their parents' ancestral acres.

Such, for instance, is the pleasant fate of Master Thomas Atherton Powys, the only son and heir of Lord and Lady Lilford. This little boy is, of course, a grandson of the famous Peer who formed the most remarkable zoological-garden in the kingdom, and whose knowledge of the habits of birds was absolutely amazing. It is to be hoped that Master Powys will follow in his grandfather's footsteps, the more so in that his father has kept up his predecessor's collection, and has even added to it. Lady Lilford is a keen and successful amateur gardener, and she has been particularly fortunate in cultivating carnations. Yet another elder son fortunate as regards his grandfather is little Lord Buckhurst. Through his mother, this manly-looking little fellow is a grandson of Lord Brassey, and from earliest babyhood he has found and kept his sea-legs.



HERBRAND EDWARD DUNDONALD BRASSEY SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, SON AND HEIR OF LORD DE LA WARR.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.

Mr. William Grenfell, most popular, most good-looking, and most successful of those athletes who are also politicians, has two sons to inherit his many gifts and graces. No two British lads ever had a fairer start in life, for their home, Taplow Court, is one of the glories of the Thames, and, as oarsmen, they have had the good fortune of calling their own father "coach." With such an example before them, who can doubt that, in due course, they will win their "blue"?

Master Thomas Pitt Hamilton Cholmondeley—to give him his full name—has also reason to be proud of his young father's exploits by land and sea; and, if report speaks truly, this future Peer may spend a portion of his boyhood in East Africa, where Lord Delamere has lately acquired a beautiful estate, and where he and his wife intend to spend a portion of each year. Meanwhile, no English child has a lovelier home than lordly Vale Royal. There, when he has learned to read, Master Cholmondeley will be able to gaze reverentially on the greatest treasure in his father's library—that is, the earliest manuscript copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

Master Andrew Ferguson, who, through his mother, is a grandson of Lord Hampden, is one of the comparatively few children who are related to the Duke of Devonshire, and from both sides of the house he inherits political



ANDREW HENRY FERGUSON, SON OF MAJOR AND THE HON. MRS. FERGUSON.

Photograph by Speaight.



THOMAS ATHERTON POWYS, SON AND HEIR OF LORD AND LADY LILFORD.

Photograph by Speaight.



IVO GRENFELL, SON OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM GRENFELL.

Photograph by Speaight.

PRINCE ALBERT. PRINCE EDWARD.



PRINCESS VICTORIA ALEXANDRA. PRINCE GEORGE. PRINCE HENRY.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



FRANCIS STONOR, SON OF THE HON. MR. AND MRS. E. STONOR.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

the youngest son of Lord and Lady Albemarle. Master Albert Edward Keppel also bears a name famed in the naval annals of our country, and his eldest brother, who is some sixteen years older than himself, is a keen soldier, following in the footsteps of his father, who went through the hardest of the South African Campaigns with conspicuous gallantry.

Closely connected with the Court world is Viscount Wendover; he, also, is a godson of the Sovereign, and bears, in addition to the classic Albert Edward, the somewhat uncommon Christian name of Samuel. Lord Wendover's birth followed that of five sisters, and was hailed with extraordinary rejoicings both in Wales and in the neighbourhood of his parents' home, near High Wycombe. This elder son is one of a group of cousins who are much with the Royal children, for Lady Carrington is the eldest daughter of Lord Suffield, and several of her younger sisters hold important posts about the Court.

The name of Stonor is also one dear to their Majesties, and the intimacy of Master Stonor with Prince Edward of Wales and his brothers continues an old tradition, for the King and Queen's sons and daughters were themselves on the most close terms of friendship with Miss Julia Stonor (now



MAYNARD GREVILLE, SON OF LORD AND LADY WARWICK.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

interests and leaning, with, it may be added, not a little influence.

Much more than a purely social interest attaches to those children who are connected with the Court, and are thus brought into close connection with the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Royal Family are faithful friends to those who serve them, and the King and Queen are ever showing kindnesses to their faithful servants' children and grandchildren. Of His Majesty's godsons, few can claim greater personal beauty than



MARTIN DOUGLAS BATHURST LISTER, SON OF LADY EVELYN LISTER.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

profession; but, in these days, even those who have had the good luck to be born with the traditional silver spoon in their mouth can only hope to succeed, in any real sense, if they are able, and gifted with exceptional power. The Public School, regarded as a training-ground, seems on its trial, but, for the present, no alternative presents itself, and "elder sons," with a few startling exceptions, are still "put down" for Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby while still in the nursery.



ALBERT EDWARD GEORGE ARNOLD KEPPEL, YOUNGEST SON OF LORD AND LADY ALBEMARLE.
Photograph by Speaight.

the Marquise d'Hautpoul) and her brothers. Not long ago, a great painter declared that he preferred painting boy-children, as they were often far more beautiful, from the artistic point of view, than their sisters. This contention certainly seems carried out at the present time, for it would be difficult to find a girl-child as lovely as are Lady Evelyn Lister's little boy and Master Maynard Greville. The latter recalls to an astonishing degree his lovely mother, and he, also, has the pleasant reputation of being a very clever and good-tempered child. This, perhaps, is why Lady Warwick's youngest son is so often asked to play the part of page at a smart wedding. It will be remembered that Master Maynard Greville had as godfathers Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Lord Rosebery—two very brilliant though dissimilar men. At the present moment the little lad is rejoicing in the return home from the seat of the Russo-Japanese War of his elder brother, Lord Brooke, to whom he has always been peculiarly devoted.

Many of the little lads whose portraits we give will, in due course, become Eton boys, "wet bobs" or "dry bobs," as the case may be. Others, following the example of Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales, may make the Navy their



ALBERT EDWARD SAMUEL CHARLES ROBERT WYNN-CARRINGTON, VISCOUNT WENDOVER, SON AND HEIR OF LORD AND LADY CARRINGTON.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

SOME BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF MISS DELIA MASON.



MISS DELIA MASON,

WHO IS PLAYING GWENNY HOLDEN IN "LADY MADCAP," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Hutchinson and Svendsen.

THE ILLNESS OF MISS VIOLA TREE.



MISS VIOLA TREE.

Miss Tree was cast for Hero ("Lecnato's short daughter"!) in her father's prcduction of "Much Ado About Nothing," but was, unfortunately, incapacitated by illness. Her place was taken by Miss Miriam Clements. It is hoped that Miss Tree will be well enough to play in "Agatha," by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Louis N. Parker, which Mr. Tree will produce at a Matinée on February 23rd.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

ON Saturday evening of next week the Royalty will once more open its doors to give artistic hospitality to a foreign actor, in the person of Mr. Henri de Vries, who will appear in a play adapted from the Dutch of Heijermann, and entitled "A Case of Arson." In this not only will Mr. de Vries give proof of his linguistic skill by acting in English, but of his versatility by acting no fewer than seven parts, a feat few actors would attempt. The other part of the entertainment will be made up by a farcical comedy in two Acts, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, called "The Diplomatist." In this Miss Lily Grundy will act a prominent part, as she has on other occasions when plays by her father have been produced. Other members of the Company will be Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. George Raiemond, and Mr. E. W. Garden, Miss Florence St. John, and Miss Marie Illington, a cast which should go a long way towards ensuring success. The English and American rights of Heijermann's play are in the hands of the International Copyright Bureau, Limited, whose Managing Director, Mr. Ernest Mayer, is one of the adapters, or—should one rather say?—free translators of "L'Aventure," a farce, originally produced at the Théâtre du Grand Guignol, which, under the probable title of "That Innocent Darling," was to have been produced in conjunction with the famous Dutch writer's play.



A DAINTY BASKETFUL: MISS GABRIELLE RAY.

Photograph by Downey.



MISS MARIE LLOYD, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL.

Photograph Photolinot Studios.

When Mr. James Welch was compelled to retire from the cast of Drury Lane pantomime, in consequence of what was feared at the time might prove a very severe illness, regret was everywhere expressed, not only among his professional comrades, but by practically every newspaper which voiced the public feeling with regard to the admirable actor to whose capacity for causing laughter at one moment and tears the next Mr. Max Beerbohm once paid tribute by writing an article about him as "a tragic comedian." Happily, those first rumours of Mr. Welch's health have proved exaggerated, as first rumours so often prove. He is already so far on the road to health that when, later in the month, Mr. Carton's new farce is produced at the Avenue, Mr. Welch will appear in the leading part. In accordance with what may be regarded as Mr. Carton's frequent if not invariable habit of giving a personal title to his play—examples of which are found in "Robin Goodfellow," "Lord and Lady Algy," and "The Rich Mrs. Repton"—the play will be called "Mr. Hopkinson."

On Monday evening next Wyndham's Theatre will re-open, under the management of Mr. Arthur Chudleigh and Mr. Charles Frohman, with "The Lady of Leeds," the long-promised farce by Captain Marshall, who preserved a more than usual reticence with regard to the title of the work. The intrigue will be conducted by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. C. M. Lowne, Mr. Vane Tempest, Mrs. Theodore Wright, and Miss Nancy Price, all of them actors with a distinctly individual touch and a keen perception of humour of their own.

For to-morrow evening an important production is promised at the German Theatre. This is Gerhardt Hauptmann's drama, "Rose Bernd," which will be given for the first time in England.

With no fuss or noise, and with little or no public paragraphing, a movement which it is no exaggeration to describe as the greatest which has ever taken place in the amusement world, from the financial point of view, has been consummated. This is the arrangement by which the enterprises known professionally as the Moss-Thornton-and-Stoll Theatres have been amalgamated, with a capital of £2,086,000. The original capital of the Moss Empires, Limited, was £1,460,000, so that that vast sum has been increased by £626,000. It need hardly be said that never before in the world's history has such a sum been gathered together in the interests of pure amusement, and probably it far exceeds anything which has been thought of in connection with theatrical Art with a capital "A." At present there are twenty-nine theatres and halls managed by the Company, and two others are now building—the Olympia at Liverpool, and the Coliseum at Glasgow.

As befits so great an organisation, which includes the Hippodrome and the Coliseum at the head of the Metropolitan establishments, the headquarters of the Company are now located in London, and the providing of offices for the housing of the large number of officers and employees has involved drastic changes. When the Hippodrome was built, a certain portion of the building in Cranbourn Street was devoted to residential chambers. Now, all the residents have been got rid of, and all the accommodation of the building has been turned into offices. The whole of Mr. Stoll's staff has been brought thither from Cardiff, where the headquarters of his own individual enterprises were situated. Mr. Stoll is, as has been mentioned, sole Managing Director of the whole concern, and already he has succeeded in impressing those around him with his genius for organisation. The Chairmanship of the Company still remains with Mr. H. E. Moss, who, by the way, is leaving London this week in order to take a holiday in Egypt, where he will remain for the next three or four months.



MISS OLIVE MAY, PLAYING AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Downey.



MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "BARNEY IN CONNEMARA," AT THE COLISEUM.

Photograph by Bassano.

The presentation of "Much Ado About Nothing" now differs in certain material respects from its first production. Last Wednesday morning there was "a call for cuts," as the rehearsal for curtailing a play is always spoken of in the Green-room, and at least one whole scene was taken bodily out. The expense involved in such a change is considerable, for it is stated in the theatre that the building and painting of the scene cost no less a sum than four hundred pounds.

KEY-NOTES

EVEN at so early a time of the year as this, Covent Garden is becoming very busy in connection with its forthcoming Opera Season. That season begins on May 1, and lasts, by the calendar, exactly three months. It seems that Wagner is always a trump-card to play in this connection, and we therefore congratulate the Syndicate in its arrangements for full performances of two Cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" as a sort of preface to their season. As no Festival will be held at Bayreuth this summer, the Directors of the Opera have been able to secure Richter's services for May 1 ("Rheingold"), May 2 ("Walküre"), May 4 ("Siegfried"), and May 6 ("Götterdämmerung"), the identical repetitions occurring for the second Cycle on May 10, 12, 13, and 15. No extra Cycles will be given during the season, and, indeed, we think that the Covent Garden Direction is very generous in giving so much. The hours at which the various performances will begin are, possibly, a little startling, but it will be remembered that, not very long ago, it was found altogether necessary to adopt similar times for the realisation of an exactly similar scheme.



MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW, WHO WILL GIVE HER FIRST VIOLIN RECITAL IN EUROPE AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL ON THE 17TH OF THE MONTH.

Miss Kathleen Parlow is a native of Western Canada, and studied privately in San Francisco. She has played in public since she was seven, making her début with Sarasate's "Zigeuner Weisen."

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

"Das Rheingold," of course, being only a prelude to the great work, and lasting for only two hours and a half, is, comparatively, a bagatelle. The "Walküre" begins, however, at five, and is expected to end at eleven, thus allowing an hour-and-a-half interval at a quarter to eight for dinner. "Siegfried" begins at the same hour and is also expected to end at the same hour; but enthusiasts will be delighted to hear that "Götterdämmerung" begins at half-past four and ends at eleven o'clock. Why should we then, we English critics, be so determined that everything is wrong in England and everything is right in Germany? It is true that Londoners very often complain that they cannot really find the best work of the Western world in the greatest capital thereof. Nevertheless, we should very much like to know any other city in existence which would have the pluck and the spirit to transfer from abroad so exacting and gigantic a work as Wagner's "Ring," without any apparent distraction or any feeling of being overwhelmed. Bayreuth artists have been engaged in company with singers from Munich and Berlin, added to whom one is glad to suffix the name of Madame Kirkby Lunn (alone among English singers), while we must all be glad to hear once more of the re-engagement of MM. Kraus, Van Rooy, and Reiss; among the exponents of the difficult and unthankful part of Mime, Herr Reiss takes one of the most prominent places in the tale of modern operatic art.



THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF MUSIC AT THE COLISEUM: MR. WALTER SLAUGHTER IN HIS CONSERVATORY.

Mr. Walter Slaughter's work, both as composer and as conductor, is so well known that it is needless to mention it in detail. It may be said, however, that the music of two of the Coliseum's popular scenas—"Barney in Connemara" and "The Derby"—is arranged and written by him.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

The Curtius Concert Club is, so far as the critic can judge from a mere outside point of view, doing wonderfully well at the Bechstein Hall. A few days ago, under this Club's auspices, Miss Guilhermina Suggia and Mr. Howard-Jones gave a 'Cello and Pianoforte Recital. Mr. Howard-Jones ranks, in our idea, among the really few men of to-day who treat the pianoforte as an instrument which possesses what may, not very seriously, be called an individuality. Mr. Jones, however, makes the instrument play for itself, without any sort of extraneous imitation. One may talk about the impossibility of getting absolute tune from the pianoforte—for, of course, the charms of C-sharp can never quite meet the beauties of D-flat, although they are identified together upon the instrument; but Mr. Howard-Jones decidedly approached his task with so definite a virility, and also with so delicate a thoughtfulness, that one listened rather in surrender than in an attempt to criticise. It would not be easy to give higher praise than this, save possibly to assert that his playing of Beethoven, Glazounow, and Liszt—three composers of quite distinctive individuality, so distinctive that it is difficult to associate one with another without a most desirable interval of rest in thought—was so versatile, so thorough, and, at the same time, so romantic, for one does not refer to romance without remembering its separation from rhetoric, that in certain respects he may claim a quite high rank among modern pianists. Mr. Schulz-Curtius, as usual, has known, in the case of Mr. Howard-Jones, precisely how to touch the pulse of the public.



M. VICTOR MAUREL, WHO IS GIVING A VOCAL RECITAL AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL ON THE 16TH OF THE MONTH.

M. Maurel, the great French baritone, recently reappeared at Covent Garden, after an absence of ten years, with the San Carlo Opera Company, and again won considerable success. He will give a second recital on March 1st.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

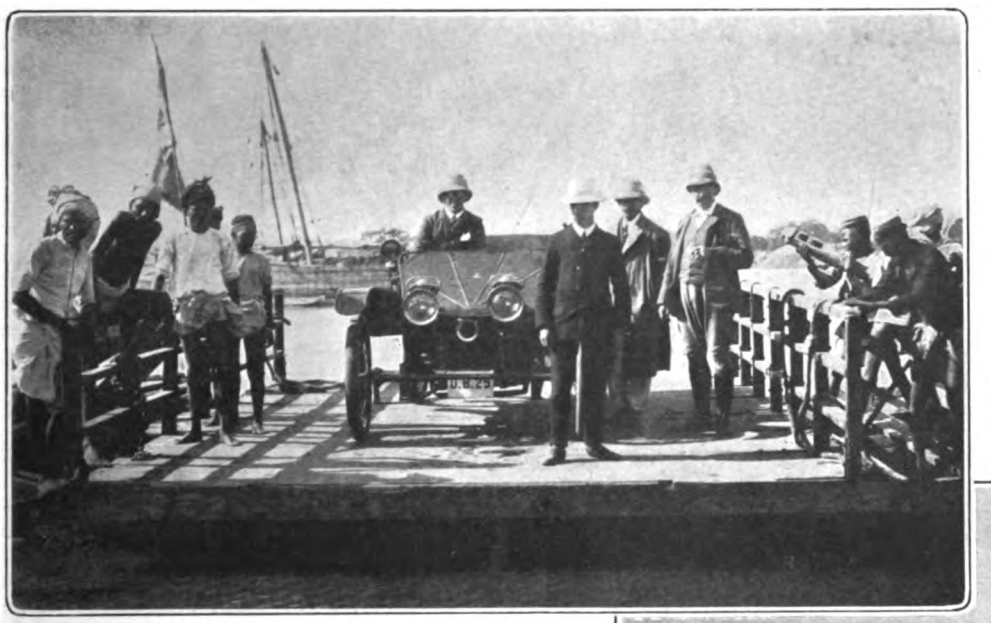
All congratulations to Weingartner upon the various public recognitions that have been given to the greatness of his art in his capacity of conductor. It takes a great deal of toil, of slow recognition, and of individual praise to bring even a great composer right upon the path that leads to State honour in England; but the French Government has quickly and finely recognised the musical influence of Weingartner by just conferring upon him the distinction of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

COMMON CHORD.



A New World's Record for the Five Miles—An Automobile Week for Brighton—Lady Owners of Cars—The Crystal Palace Show—A Non-Skid Competition—Touring-Outfits.

A CABLEGRAM reached this country last week to the effect that that plucky and experienced motor-driver, Arthur E. Macdonald, had succeeded in breaking the world's automobile record for five miles, by covering that distance in 3 min. 17 sec., thus proceeding at a speed of slightly more than 91¼ miles per hour. The centre of the page in which these notes appeared last week was occupied by an illustration of Mr. Macdonald at the helm of the very car, a six-cylinder Napier, which achieved the above remarkable result. Ninety-one and one-third is superior to any known railway-travelling, and if it were possible to keep the Napier going at this velocity between London and Bath, the journey would occupy 69⅓ minutes only. But, alas, the Bath Road, however good it may have been in the coaching days, now bears no sort of resemblance to the Daytona Beach.



THE DELHI-BOMBAY RELIABILITY TRIALS: A LANCHESTER ON THE KALYAN FERRY.

Reference to the Daytona Beach Meeting reminds me that Brighton is likely to have its Automobile Week this year. The Mayor of London-by-the-Sea, addressing a meeting the other day, spoke quite enthusiastically about its prospects, and fixed July 19, 20, and 21 as the probable dates of the automobile section of the programme. One or more days are to be devoted to motor-boat racing. At last it would appear that, spurred by the example of Nice and Blackpool, Brighton feels that she must not be left out in the cold, and that she is prepared to extend encouragement to automobilists, who, but for the hearty welcome always accorded them at the Old Ship Hotel, on the Front, would have ruled Brighton out of the day-runs altogether. It is proposed to hold the automobile events on the Madeira Road, which runs in the shadow of the cliff of Kemp Town and should afford a grand automobile speed-track for sprint-races. The Mayor of Brighton has evidently already moved to some effect in the matter, for he has been promised the support of the French, German, and Belgian Automobile Clubs.

Slowly but very surely the number of ladies who own and drive their own cars is increasing, but their number is not likely to grow very rapidly until makers take some thought to arrange for a very easy clutch-pedal. The effort required to declutch on most cars is altogether too great for any but the most robust woman, and that is, doubtless, the reason why a large percentage of ladies who drive cars take to De Dions. The expansion and contraction of the special De Dion clutches, which are effected by the swinging of a horizontal lever on the steering-pillar, can be performed by a child. In this car, too, the clutch-spring has not to be compressed when the foot-brake is applied, which, again, makes the driving of a car to which the general form of cone-clutch is fitted a difficult matter for a lady. The requirements of lady drivers demand the consideration of automobile builders.

The exhibition of automobiles and accessories now gathered beneath the roof of the Crystal Palace is a very shadow of the rare show made there last year. But this particular display is the initial effort of a new series of motor exhibitions at Sydenham, and, with a view to lend the present effort some extra attraction, demonstrations of non-skidding devices are being given in a competition for awards on a specially prepared skid-area in front of the Great Basin. These demonstrations can be observed by visitors, so that, should the contemplative non-skid purchaser desire to see how the thing works under the worst possible conditions, he can easily satisfy his curiosity. Much discretion should be employed before settling on a non-skidding device, for with some of them the cure is almost worse than the disease.

Awards are also offered by the Palace people for the two best touring-outfits—one for large and one for small cars; also other awards for the best gentleman's, lady's, and driver's motoring-kit. Doubtless, many of my readers will be anxious to see what the exhibitors consider a complete touring-outfit for heavy and light cars. I have, in my time, made many lists, and if you pile up all the things you think at first you ought to take along the agglomeration will appal you. A weeding-out process is always necessary, and, when you begin to consider the matter carefully, it is wonderful how many things you can, after all, leave behind. Tyres are to-day so superior to what they were two years ago that a spare cover is hardly necessary, so long as the covers you start with are in really good condition. Then, again, as a rule, motorists carry too many tools altogether. Much weight can be saved by selecting the most suitable implements of repair, both by bulk and adaptability.



THE DELHI-BOMBAY RELIABILITY TRIALS: A BREAK IN THE RUN AT THE KALYAN FERRY.

Photographs by Stewart, Poona.

The small motor-repair man, so long as it is certain he is a thoroughly good workman and knows his business, is frequently the best man to whom to send one's car when it requires fettling up. But careful inquiry should be made before entrusting the car to his mercies, and references to customers whose reports can be relied upon should always be required.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Spring Handicaps—Expenses—Protection—A Busy Season.

THE acceptances for the Spring Handicaps will be published on Thursday, after which time the leading bookmakers will open their volumes in earnest on the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National. The early favourites for the Carholme list were Csardas, St. Amant, who has wintered well, and Newsboy, who has done nothing since he has been in W. Robinson's stable. Other horses inquired after have been Wolfshall, one of the unluckiest horses in training; Whitechapel, who was said to be an unbeatable certainty for the Manchester November Handicap that was never run; Dean Swift, another unlucky horse; and Vedas, a filly of moods. Horses likely to be asked about later on may be mentioned in Best Light, Hackler's Pride (as I expect Ypsilanti will be kept for the Jubilee Stakes), Sansovino, and Romer. The last-named is an all-round performer, and, as he ran well in the autumn, he is very likely to do the same in the spring. For the Grand National, I like Ambush II., my tip of last year, and Robin Hood IV., Kirkland, and Leinster.

Many racehorse owners are combining to get expenses cut down, and I quite agree with Lord Carnarvon that railway expenses should be cut down so far as the charges for the conveyance of racehorses and lads are concerned, while a law should be passed by the Jockey Club forbidding Clerks of Courses charging for either stabling or forage. The Park Meetings are wise enough to provide free stabling and provender, and I notice that the Folkestone Meeting provides free railway-travelling for racehorses and their trainers. This is a capital idea, which should be copied at least by those meetings that are not allowed to pay out more than ten per cent. each year in dividends. There are, however, other ways in which owners may cut down their expenses, such as cutting the swagger trainers down to one motor-car and one pair of horses each for their private use. Again, many owners or their managers enter horses recklessly, and not with a view to their meeting their engagements.

The American papers are very angry because the English Jockey Club will not allow Boss Croker to have his horses trained at Newmarket, and one or two of the New York prints are hinting that our Turf Senators want to get rid of American owners, jockeys, trainers, and horses. This is not so. All comers are welcomed on the English Turf, so long as they obey the laws of the Jockey Club. Those American jockeys who were banished paid the penalty of infractions of our racing-laws, and some of the American trainers left us because their methods did not pay. One or two of the American owners running horses in this country were certainly not wanted or valued by those having the best interests of the Turf at heart; but no whisper has ever been heard to the detriment of the late Mr. Whitney or of the Messrs. Keene, nor, as far as I can discover, has anyone ever uttered a word against Boss Croker's sporting methods. He is very fond of horses and plays the game thoroughly. Mr. Croker should bear in mind the fact that the big handicaps and the classics are as often as not won by country-trained horses.



THE MAKER OF A BREAK OF 821 IN A SPOT AND PUSH-BARRED GAME OF BILLIARDS: THE OLD CHAMPION, JOHN ROBERTS.

John Roberts, the famous billiard-player, recently made an 821 break in a spot and push-barred game at Glasgow. Although this beat the previous best by thirty-three points, it is said that it will not be allowed to stand as a record, as the table on which it was made was not officially inspected before the match.

Photograph by Talma, Melbourne.

The croakers predict a quiet racing season, but I think we are in for a lively time. True, the Spring Handicaps did not yield well in the matter of entries, but I fancy the fields for these events will be well up to the average, while the ten-thousand-pounders and the Cups, and other weight-for-age races, will, for a certainty, be more interesting this year than usual; that is, if all the crack performers show a clean bill-of-health. Efforts are to be made to assure good sport at Ascot, and the Duke of Richmond is carrying out further extensive alterations at Goodwood, which will hum again presently. Both Epsom meetings are certain to draw, and there will be no lack of runners, as the market is always good at this popular resort, although the running in some of the races does not synchronise with the guide-books. I hear we are in for a very busy sporting season all round.

The few critics who predicted that Ypsilanti would have to give weight to Hackler's Pride in the Lincolnshire Handicap can point with pride to the race and say, "What did I tell you?" Much to the general surprise, the dual Cambridgeshire winner (9 st. 2 lb.) is allowed 3 lb. by the dual Jubilee winner (9 st. 5 lb.). What a match this couple would furnish! But that is one of those things we are only allowed to dream about. They are both in one stable—a stable that, as one gentleman remarked last year, seems to be managed with almost superhuman cleverness. It is a poor business at best prophesying about the Fallon Stable, but I should like to hazard the opinion that it will not be represented in the first big handicap of the year. CAPTAIN COE



THE RACE FOR THE AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP AT LINGAY FEN: MR. A. E. TEBBIT, THE WINNER, FINISHING.

Mr. Albert Tebbit, of Wentworth, has now won the Amateur Skating Championship on four occasions. At Lingay Fen he covered the course of a mile and a-half in five minutes, fifteen and two-fifths seconds.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WE have all been vibrating with horror, indignation, and sympathy for the unfortunate men of St. Petersburg during the past ten days. The civilised world stands aghast at the barbarities of the dominant bureaucrats by the Neva. Yet the knout and the sabre have, seemingly, once more done their work and whipped



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A DAINTY BALL-GOWN IN PALE PINK.

back the moujik into submission. But will it last? The French Revolution, that turned a timid peasantry into tigers screaming for blood, took three hundred years to mature. The process of fermentation in Holy Russia, though equally in progress, has been slower, because the people are less imaginative and more submissive than their present allies. The mills of the gods, grind they never so slowly, are also, however, never idle; and when Russia is just a little better educated than now, and has learnt the method of arming her sons, it will be time for erstwhile omnipotent autocrats to remove themselves, as several have lately done, to villas on the Riviera, for the upheaval, when it comes, will indeed "stagger humanity." Mrs. Voynich has thrown some side-lights on the agreeable methods of modern Russian officialdom; but even "Olive Lathom" falls short, one is told, of hideous, everyday reality. One reads in the newspapers that such prominent men as Maxim Gorky and M. Pisareff have been arrested, but nothing is known of the bestial cruelties practised on prisoners by their Russian gaolers, and it is only the few who can voice their experiences in books, like the first-named, that can ever reach and teach the multitude that bureaucracy and butchery are in the Czar's dominions too often synonymous terms.

In France there are undoubtedly several things "they do better" now than they were wont to do, and one of these is the lighting arrangements of their dining and dressing tables. Electric-light is exclusively used, and introduced into candlesticks, vases, and ornaments with extreme ingenuity. Both for safety and convenience, as well as appearance, this plan is much to be preferred to our conservative affection for candles, which, however charming, are distinctly dangerous and troublesome. A case in point occurred in Cadogan Square last week, when, in dressing for dinner, a daughter of the house set fire to the gauze scarf she was wearing and was very nearly the victim of fire. The offenders in this case were dressing-table candles, and in the first week of the year three deaths were reported from a similar cause. People who can command the luxury of electric-light should, decidedly, treat their dining and dressing-table candlesticks to its secure illumination, and under no pretext should candles be permitted on either. An American woman of my acquaintance has electric-lights fixed close to her dressing-glass, and these she transfers at will to a triple mirror and a full-length glass by an ingenious arrangement of clips. The strongest light is thus thrown on her during the dressing process, and if, to use her phrase, she can pass those search-rays her dearest enemies may do their criticising worst.

One always envies those lucky people who fly south, like the swallows, only at another season, and when east winds ravage the streets and rack the frames of humanity betake themselves to territorial paradises in the exotic atmosphere of the *wagon-lit*. One not only flies to the realisation of many pleasures, but escapes so many jarring realities at home: one's family, one's bills, one's climate, and, above all, one's spring-cleaning—that terrible process of "turning out" which annually causes the uprising of carpets, the descent of curtains, the excoriation of walls, doors, and windows, the disbanding of chairs and tables, and the complete temporary rout of that dust and ashes to which the wise man tells us we must all eventually return. Since to live is to labour, however, we must still spring-clean, although



[*Copyright.*

A SKATING-FROCK OF VELVET.

the Deluge hover round the corner, and, therefore, we gaily despatch our begrimed belongings to Campbell, of Perth, and by his helpful co-operation take on a new lease of clean and fresh-looking existence in the shortest possible space of time at the smallest possible amount

of cost. Campbell's Perth Dye Works, emulating, in fact, the processes of that astonishing bird the Phœnix, make curtains, carpets, chintz, and cretonne rise from the ashes or soot of their besmirched, dead selves to quite other things, renovating everything of the sort out of its accustomed shabbiness to a surprising and agreeable newness by the mere chemical manner of their dyeing and cleaning, which of late years has reached such great perfection.

One occasionally reads gruesome stories of the vegetable horrors by which cheap jams and preserves are "assisted" to increase in bulk, turnips being employed to eke out tangerines, and other adulterating atrocities calculated to make the blood run cold if revealed. It is, therefore, comforting to remember that the better firms take the greatest care. For instance, Messrs. Chivers and Sons have three thousand acres sacred to the cause of pure jam. Messrs. Chivers issue at Histon, Cambridge, an interesting booklet (to be had for the asking) on the history of jam-making in general, as well as the particular methods employed by their firm to secure cleanliness in preparation and purity in the processes of manufacture. The Chivers method of preserving fruit whole is a great advance in jam-making; the flavour is retained and the squashed-up effect of old-fashioned methods avoided.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

KILLALA.—It is a problem. The best way is, advertise. Few offices are, I fear, really reliable, and certainly avoid those that first demand a fee. A friend went to one lately, one, too, calling itself a "League," and paid, on the manageress's representations, half-fee in advance. A cook was sent, who came in before dinner and fled after having spoilt it. The Servants' Registry was applied to, and the woman in charge refused to send other cooks until the full fee was paid. This is the sort of thing that brings Registry Offices into disrepute, though all managements are not so discreditably conducted, needless to add. SYBIL.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

REALLY distinguished players of the violoncello are extremely rare; it has been, for example, in England a very difficult matter to fill the place that once occupied public attention so largely when filled by Signor Piatti. It appears, however, that a young Spaniard, Pablo Casalo by name, has recently and rapidly been making his way to the front in the capacity of one among the really fine 'cello-players of the day. One authority, presumably responsible, writes in a Brussels paper that the purity of his style and the fineness of his technical gifts prove him to be a very remarkable player. All this is very interesting, and becomes the more so to Londoners by reason of the announcement that he is to appear shortly, during the Philharmonic Society's season. It is not a little curious to find that the public does not discover charm so easily in the magnificence of what may be called the "spirit of the 'cello," as in the "spirit" of the violin; there is something, perhaps, a little too solemn, a little too much of the musical under-world, in the tone of the 'cello to make it a very dominant instrument in the choice of solo-players; but versatile composers have known how to treat it finely even from this point of view, and, as in the list of works to be performed by the Philharmonic Society during the forthcoming season the first 'Cello Concerto by Saint-Saëns is notably prominent, we presume that this is the composition in which Señor Casalo is to make his appearance.



A WEDDING-PRESENT TO LORD SUFFOLK.

The handsomely chased, solid silver cup figured above was presented to Lord Suffolk, on the occasion of his marriage, by the farm-tenants of the Charlton Park Estate, Malmesbury. It was made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, W.

Very gloomy accounts of the publishing trade in France are to hand. It is stated that the total value of new books sold during the last twelve months was less than £400,000. This is a great decline upon previous figures, and is accounted for by the increased demand for newspapers and magazines and the growing devotion to physical culture. Daily rations of romance, we are told, are served up in the halfpenny newspapers, while booksellers are on the verge of bankruptcy and authors are starving. However, there are still a hundred and thirty publishing houses of good standing in Paris, a very much larger number than London can yet boast.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has decided not to write a sequel to "Rebecca." She feels it might disappoint her readers. There is a sequel to every story, but it is thought out by each of its readers for himself. Consequently, a book has as many sequels as it has had readers, and their number alone limits the variety of possible versions. The authoress would find herself in a hopeless minority of one so far as the further experiences of "Rebecca" are concerned.



A MENU BY MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

Mr. Solomon designed this menu for the dinner given at Claridge's Restaurant, under the presidency of Mr. Walter Long, in aid of the Stepney Soup Kitchen. By the kindness of the artist, the original drawing was sold by auction for the benefit of the Fund, and, after much spirited bidding, was knocked down to Mr. George Alexander for fifteen pounds.

The National Sunday League has become, so far as its music is concerned, practically a London institution. Mr. Landon Ronald must be really acknowledged as one of the foremost conductors whom England at the present time can show, and one whose work in this connection need not stand ashamed beside that of many Continental musicians whom we have delighted to hail upon their appearance in this country. On the occasion of a recent Sunday concert at the Queen's Hall, his reading of Tschaïkowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony was very curiously personal, and, one may add, very convincing, for he mingled the sentiment of the absolute East with the growing wonder of the West—a sentiment which is the elemental feeling in that which constitutes the basis of all Tschaïkowsky's later music. Mr. William Higley sang "Four Songs of the Hill," by Mr. Ronald, the orchestration of which formed a novel feature of the occasion. In every possible way that orchestration was delightful, and was particularly delightful inasmuch as it seemed to be essential to the full realisation of the work.

Mr. Emsley Carr, who has beaten Dr. Macnamara in the final match for the Press Tournament Cup, is one of the best and most enthusiastic golfers among journalists. He is a comparatively young player, and his progress has been rapid. A more popular winner of the Tournament, in its first year, could not be found, for Mr. Carr is a favourite in Fleet Street and in the Parliamentary Gallery. He is Editor of the *News of the World* and London Correspondent of the *Western Mail*, Cardiff; and he is married to his cousin, the eldest daughter of Mr. Lascelles Carr, who was part-proprietor of these newspapers.

There is one curious point about the new naval arrangements made by Sir John Fisher, and it is the tendency to recognise in South Africa the geographical centre of the British Empire. If you take any map of the world, you cannot fail to see how the South African Colonies form the true half-way house between Great Britain and India. In time of war, it would be far easier to take transports from the Cape to India through the Indian Ocean than to send them across the Bay, through the Mediterranean, and down the Suez Canal. Moreover, it is common knowledge that the Suez Canal might be rendered useless in a few hours, and then the Power that dominated the Straits of Gibraltar would turn the Mediterranean into a lake. Before many years have passed I expect to see British Mediterranean interests suffer a considerable diminution. The recovery or final collapse of the "Sick Man of the Near East" and the settlement of the Austro-Hungarian destiny will, perhaps, be all that this country will wait to see. A Cape-to-Cairo railway must greatly affect all the questions relating to Egypt.

The Improved Golf-Balls Company, Limited, is at work upon a new golf-ball, which it hopes to place on the market this side of Easter. It will probably be brought out as an eighteenpenny ball, and the manufacturers believe that it will prove to have a longer flight and carry than any other ball previously introduced, and to be the most durable in wear—a ball, in fact, which cannot be hacked.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 8.

THE SETTLEMENT.

THE Account passed off without any failure, although the usual stories were going round as to the expected "hammering" of a member or two in the Kaffir and Home Railway Markets. The Stock Exchange has got over the fear of a Russian break-up and all the European complications that this would involve, and things are again more cheerful. The strength of the Bank Return and the knowledge that considerable shipments of gold are on their way have helped the gilt-edged market, and it is very apparent that we have merely suffered during the last few days one of those relapses from which everyone suffers when recovering from a serious disorder.

In South and Central American securities the news that the Government of San Domingo has invited the United States to administer its Customs has stimulated buying by people who like to take a hint, for it points to an improvement in other quarters. If this is the beginning of the great North American Republic realising that the Monroe Doctrine carries responsibilities with it, there may be hope for even the long-suffering bondholders of Honduras or Venezuela. When stock can be picked up at rubbish-price and there is even an off-chance of a Great Power like the United States taking the financial situation in hand, it is, perhaps, worth while to lock up a few thousand and live on hope for a year or two—if you can afford it.

The rise in Premier Diamonds came more quickly than we expected when we wrote in our issue a fortnight ago that the Deferred could be picked up at 14 and might be expected to reach 20. They are now quoted at 18, but we can hardly claim credit for anticipating the discovery of a 3000-carat diamond at the time we were tipping the shares as a good purchase. None the less, those of our readers who took the hint have done very good business.

The developments of Egyptian mining are very satisfactory, and the success of the new Agency and Investment Company's issue points to the continued attractions which Egypt affords to the British investor. The Salt and Soda Company's shares, of which we have spoken favourably in these columns years ago, are now at such a height that they look as if there was nothing more to go for, and we hear that the next developments will be in the direction of Sudan lands and cotton-growing. Properly capitalised schemes, under good auspices in this direction, would probably be well received.



CORNER OF THE KAFFIR KRAAL ON PIGG'S PEAK.

CONSOLS AND COLONIALS.

Those who talk Consols to something over 90 before the March Account are using cheap money as the groundwork for their calculations. Consols are losing a certain section of their former supporters, thanks to all the new Loans that offer better terms to the investor with security only a trifle less sound, but Goschens will, of course, always retain a high place in the list of popular speculations. Not only are Consols so useful as a hedge against commitments in other departments, but the liquid character of the market gives the stock an additional attraction in the eyes of those who deal on the in-and-out principle. Such gamblers naturally deal in both directions, and for consistent support Consols are mainly dependent upon Banks, Insurance Companies, and similar institutions. We are ourselves entirely in accord with those who fail to see why money should be invested in Goschens, when it can be more profitably employed in the various 3 per cent. stocks of which this department now offers such a variety. Water 3 per cent. is fully priced, no doubt, and the astute buyer will rather turn his attention to some of the 3 per cent. Debenture stocks of the Water Companies, which can be bought at lower prices, and which will be converted later on into, perhaps, Water "A" stock, the security for which will be even better than that of the existing "B." Outside the strictly gilt-edged descriptions, the Corporation list offers a few issues that are more tempting than good; for example, West Ham 3 per cents, which should not be touched at anything like the quoted prices. But the 3 per cent. stocks of the principal Colonies look invitingly cheap now that the voice of the investor is heard in the land, and the comparative lowness of the quotations may easily lead to an all-round rally in these issues. We would add that the new East London 4 per cent. stock is pretty certain to go to something over par, and it can be picked up at 97½ with assurance of increasing capital value.

PROSPECTS FOR AMERICANS.

Apologists for the American Market point, with pardonable pride, to the steady way in which Yankees withstand the various alarms from Eastern Europe, and argue from this firmness, that prices are good for another smart spurt whenever politics settle down again. The assumption seems justifiable enough, and is backed by good trade reports from most parts of the United States, but the speculator cannot afford to take too many chances on the bull tack. Without wishing to appear unduly pessimistic, we must admit dislike of the rumoured heavy new issues of capital by the Southern Pacific and other leading lines. Perhaps the Thomas Lawsonations have unconsciously corrupted us, and warped a fairer judgment, but the raising of immense sums of money at a time when the increase of trade, as a whole, hardly seems to warrant such appeal, does not convince us of the market's permanent stability. American Rails are in the hands of the wire-pullers, and prices can be made to dance as the latter may think fit. This can go on for a good length of time, but not for always, and the day is sure to come when the big houses determine to unload.

Some readers may remember that, last September or October, we indicated the Preferred shares of the Kansas City and Southern Company as a good purchase of the outside class. Within the last week or so there has been a rise of about seven points, upon rumours that the concern is to be amalgamated with the Union Pacific. The profit is good enough to take.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Fortunately, we do not suffer from panics in these latter days as we used to do. The Russian *affaire* of the fatal Sunday might very well have been expected to send prices spinning downwards. They fell, of course, but to what extent? A point here, a couple there, perhaps three somewhere else—that is the whole story. It would not have been surprising had Foreigners fallen five, eight, or ten per cent., as they did when the Franco-Prussian War broke out in 1870. Benedetti's classical slap in the face was known in London to three Stock Exchange firms at least half-a-day before the news became common property. Markets were buoyant, and those of us who remember that time remember, too, the incredulity with which the general public received the information as to war being at the gates of two mighty and jealous nations. In fact, so great was the disbelief of the news, that one of the three firms just mentioned forbore to act. It was a fable, said the senior partner, too wild a rumour for him to operate upon, and he twirled the telegram in his hands somewhat contemptuously. The declaration of war was handed by France to Germany in the third week of July 1870, and thereupon ensued the last real panic that the Stock Exchange has known. Egyptian stocks went down with a crash; so did Home Rails, and the then 3 per cent. Consols fell a shade below 90. Then came failures and a stiff Bank Rate, and all the other little luxuries attendant upon panic-days. It will be long before such rampant excitement comes again. People nowadays are so much more discriminating in their judgment as to the permanent influences of any happenings upon Stock Exchange prices. There were plenty of "cheap" buyers about after the Dogger Bank slump. Supposing the Continent *had* fulfilled the general apprehension, and sold its stocks in wholesale manner, there would have been a reaction afterwards, bringing reward to the bold buyer who had the courage to bid when he expected everyone else to be a seller. And the bold buyer is now so much a feature of our markets, that the fear of a good, old-fashioned panic is about as far removed from the Stock Exchange to-day, as the real fusion of interests between proprietors and members of the House.

Regarded as investments, Japanese bonds are probably still priced below the levels at which they may hereafter stand. As speculations, the Fives and the Fours are both too high. It is easy to defend the quotations for the Six per Cent. Loans on the grounds of good yield and very fair security, but even these are likely to come down when the next new issue appears. That Japan must have more money is perfectly manifest: her naval programme alone, apart altogether from the war, could not be carried out without the aid of alien cash. Thanks to the Russian revolution—strange are fate's little ironies!—Japan will, no doubt, be able to raise her next loan upon terms considerably more advantageous than would have been the case, say, after the fall of Port Arthur. Another 6 per cent. issue might readily command 95 if, at the time of the prospectus appearing, there were good reasons for supposing peace to be near at hand. But the Five per Cent. Loan, and the Fours too, would have to come down, at least for a while, and there is every prospect of scrip sold now, being replaceable more cheaply within the next six months.

By the way, the bonds of the Japanese 6 per cent. issue, First Series, are decidedly martial in appearance. At the head of the bond there is engraved a view of Japan's most famous mountain, flanked on one side by a picture of an ironclad in action, while on the other side three Japanese soldiers stand ready to work what looks, to my uneducated eye, like a Maxim quick-firer.

Some time ago—I believe it was last summer—I mentioned Famatina Developments as being a good gamble. Since then, the Company has got into dreadfully low water by reason of the difficulty experienced in raising money. Now, however, affairs have changed. The Company's coffers have been replenished handsomely, and the shares, after being almost unsaleable at about half-a-sovereign, are up to something like nineteen shillings. I hear the group that has the "deal" in hand, means to put the shares decidedly higher, and the optimists say that thirty shillings won't stop the rise. Mind, the shares are a gamble, but, from what I am told, they seem to be an honest one, and everybody who buys Argentine Mining things must be emphatically told that he takes considerable risks in doing so. Nevertheless, Famatina Developments have a fair prospect of going to twenty-five shillings, and, if anyone goes in for the shares on this frank "tip," he will be well advised not to be too greedy in regard to the profit.

Envious people—I should not care to allude to Lloyd's or Mincing Lane or the Baltic by name—declare that the Stock Exchange turns out such good billiard-players because members have so much spare time for practice. However that may be, there is an amusing story in circulation about a tournament in which certain House-men were playing. It was a Club match, with a hundred entries of ten shillings each; first prize £40, and all the money handed to the marker for safe custody. One member, Mr. X., by no means a crack player, but a very persevering fellow, by dint of great exertions, and lots of practice, got into the final. At last, he and another were the only two left, and the game, which was to be 250 up, stood 248—245. Our

friend had to play. The balls were in a most awkward position, and the onlookers, on the tiptoe of excitement, whispered advice to one another. The only chance was to go for an exceedingly difficult cannon. Mr. X., his brow sparkling with perspiration, bent to play. "Done it, by Jove!" he yelled, as the shot came off beautifully. His friends crowded round to shake hands, and it was quite ten minutes before he turned to claim the £40 from the marker. That gentleman's place was, however, empty, and entrance-fees for the next match are to be put in the Post Office Savings Bank in the names of three trustees.

Foreign Railway stocks continue to exercise a strong fascination over the speculative mind, and there is every probability of the rise being resumed. Of course, a good part of the slip-back has already been recovered, but the First Preference shares of the Cordoba and Rosario Railway look as if they were good for another five-point rise. Cordoba Income bonds will also go to 75 unless the bull account now existing should hasten to get out. As for Rosarios, I doubt whether the price is likely to touch more than 110 at most, and the risk of the stock going back to the vicinity of par is not slight. The way in which Costa Rica shares hold their price is rather surprising in view of the concatenation of adverse circumstances with which the bulls have had to contend since the quotation got nearly up to 3, and the tenacity of its grip seems to point to strong support on behalf of interested parties. Costas don't look a bad purchase at anything under the figure, although an occasional "washout" is only what the shareholders must expect. How Hercules must have wished for a Central American washout, when he was on the stable job!

From heathen mythology to Christian revivalism is a good stride, but it can be made, by a stretch of the imagination. Many of us are watching these strange, these extraordinary religious movements with a good deal of amazed wonder. As forces, they have to be studied by those who are interested in the psychology of the race. As efforts, they deserve more than laughter, and, with the spirit of revivalism in the serious air, why should not the Stock Exchange Christian Association make some deliberate attempt to become more than a name for less than a couple of hundred members and clerks, who meet periodically to sing hymns and listen to addresses upon far-away topics only remotely connected with the stress of modern life? If the Association really desires to be a vitalising power, it must come into line with the spirit of the times, must treat everyday objects of matter-of-fact business life; in one word, it must modernise, else it will remain the limp and spiritless society that it now is. I don't say this merely because I am not a member of the Association, but because there seems to be nobody in its own ranks who will point out the only practical way by which the objects can be achieved. There are, however, thousands of other men much more fitted to offer construction criticism on this point than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE PICCADILLY HOTEL, LIMITED.

This Company is offering £600,000 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, and 26,000 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £5 each for subscription. The Debentures appear to be amply secured, for the interest required is assured from the rentals of the twenty-seven shops owned by the Company, without having resort to the hotel profits in any way, while the whole property is valued by Mr. Robert Vigers at well over a million sterling. We note that two, at least, of the directors have experience of successful hotel-management, and that they anticipate the annual profits will not be less than £60,000 a year, the whole of which will be practically available for securing the Preference dividend.

The site is, of course, unique, with a large frontage to Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly; and, in these days of gigantic hotels, no position in London could have been selected with so many advantages, for the erection of the latest and the most up-to-date of the half-dozen huge establishments, which will make London the best-provided capital in Europe.

Saturday, Jan. 28, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROMANY.—(1) See our Notes on South and Central American securities. There is very little in the figures to encourage purchase, and no dividend can be expected on the shares this year. (2) We know of better. (3) They appear to us to be above their true value. The appreciation of the last few months has certainly been carried far enough.

H. C.—Your letter was fully answered on the 27th inst.

WIDOW.—Neither of your Industrials looks promising. It is very difficult to advise, but we do not expect you will get a dividend in either case this year.

OPENSHAW.—Bank of Egypt shares are a good purchase.

The SUBSCRIPTION is NOW OPEN, and will CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 1st February, 1905, at 4 p.m.

THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.

The Company's Property, when completed, will include the Piccadilly Hotel, and 27 Shops with frontages respectively to Regent Street, Piccadilly, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place, W., the rentals of which are estimated to produce £31,500 per annum.

CAPITAL - - - - £800,000

DIVIDED INTO

80,000 £5½ per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each ... £400,000
400,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each... 400,000
£800,000

Of which the whole of the Ordinary Shares and 24,000 of the Preference Shares will be issued as fully paid to the Vendors in part payment for the site.

The Prospectus of the Company, which, with Forms of Application, can be obtained from the Company's Bankers or Brokers, or at the Offices of the Company, invites subscriptions at par for £600,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, part of a total authorised issue of £700,000, and 26,000 Five-and-a-Half per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £5 each.

Until Dec. 31, 1906, the Dividend on these Shares is non-cumulative. After that date it will become cumulative, and be payable half-yearly on March 1 and Sept. 1. The Preference Shares rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares, both as to Capital and Dividends, but do not participate in surplus assets.

The Debenture Stock will be secured by a Trust Deed which provides for a Mortgage of the Crown Lease of the Hotel and Shops to be granted as stated in the Prospectus, and a general floating charge on the Company's undertaking. The interest will be payable half-yearly, on Jan. 1 and July 1. The first payment will be made on July 1, 1905, and will represent interest on instalments to that date.

A sum of £40,000 will be set aside for payment of interest on the Debenture Stock during construction, as stated below.

A Capital Redemption Policy to replace the amount of the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares (amounting together to £1,100,000) at par, on the expiration of the Crown Lease in 1903, will be effected with the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society.

Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders.

THE CITY SAFE DEPOSIT AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Directors.

G. M. CHAMBERLIN, Norwich (Director of the Norwich Union Fire and Life Insurance Societies), Chairman.
HERBERT BENNETT, Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W. (Director of Harrod's Stores, Limited; Chairman of the Hyde Park Hotel, Limited).
POLYDORE WEICHAND DE KEYSER, Royal Hotel, Victoria Embankment, E.C. (Chairman of De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Limited).
CECIL FANE DE SALIS, Dawley Court, Uxbridge, Esquire.

Bankers.—LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, Limited, 41, Lothbury, E.C., and Branches.

Brokers.

FOSTER and BRAITHWAITE, 27, Austin Friars, E.C.
FIELDING, SON, and MACLEOD, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

Solicitors.—ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP, and CO., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Auditors.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE, and CO., 3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C.
WOODTHORPE, BEVAN, and CO., Leadenhall Buildings, E.C.

Secretary.—J. L. SYMON, F.C.I.S.

Registered Office.—120, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

The Prospectus gives, amongst others, the following particulars—

The Company has been formed to acquire the various leasehold interests in the block of property lying between Piccadilly and Regent Street, at present occupied by St. James's Hall, St. James's Restaurant, and other business establishments, and on this magnificent site to erect an Hotel and Restaurant, with Shops on the ground floor, fronting to Piccadilly, Regent Street, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place.

The site, which has an area of 34,023 square feet, with frontages of 187 feet to Piccadilly and 196 feet to Regent Street, is Crown property, and on completion of the buildings the Crown will grant a new lease of the premises for 99 years from Oct. 10, 1903, at a ground rent of £8,500 per annum. The Crown has made it a condition of the grant that the frontage to Piccadilly shall be set back so as to widen that thoroughfare to 80 feet.

The Crown Lease when granted will be mortgaged to the Trustees to secure the Debenture Stock. In the meantime, the title-deeds of the various properties acquired will be deposited with the Trustees, to be held by them until required to be surrendered to the Crown in accordance with the provisions of the Crown Agreement.

Upwards of half a million sterling has been expended in acquiring the site, and when the Hotel and Shops are erected, and the Hotel equipped, an actual cash expenditure of more than One Million Pounds will have been made.

The proceeds of the present issue of Debenture Stock and Preference Shares (the whole of which has been underwritten) will provide, after payment of the cash portion of the purchase consideration, a sum of £330,000, which the Directors are advised will be ample to erect the Hotel and Shops. The 30,000 Preference Shares remaining unissued will be available for equipping and furnishing the Hotel and for working capital. It is anticipated that the Shops will be completed in about eighteen months, and the entire building within two years from the commencement of the work.

Mr. Robert Vigers has made a Report in which he states that the fair market value of the lease of the property when the buildings are completed, exclusive of trade or goodwill or furniture and fittings, will be £1,050,000.

Messrs. May and Rowden, of 30, Maddox Street, W., have made a Report in which they state that the rental value of the Shops will be £31,500.

As regards the profits to be derived from the Hotel and Restaurant, Messrs. Herbert Bennett and P. W. De Keyser, two of the Directors, who have special experience of hotels, have made a Report in which they estimate such profits at £60,000.

The security for the Debenture Stock upon the completion of the Buildings will be—

Crown Lease for ninety years of the properties comprising the Piccadilly Hotel and Shops in Regent Street, Piccadilly, Air Street, and Piccadilly Place, as specified and valued by Mr. Robert Vigers in his Report herein at	£1,046,000	
Furniture, Fixtures, Stock, Machinery, and Effects of the Hotel, and Cash Working Capital, about	150,000	
Total, exclusive of Goodwill		£1,106,000

Upon the basis of the above estimates, the annual profits of the Company will be as follows—

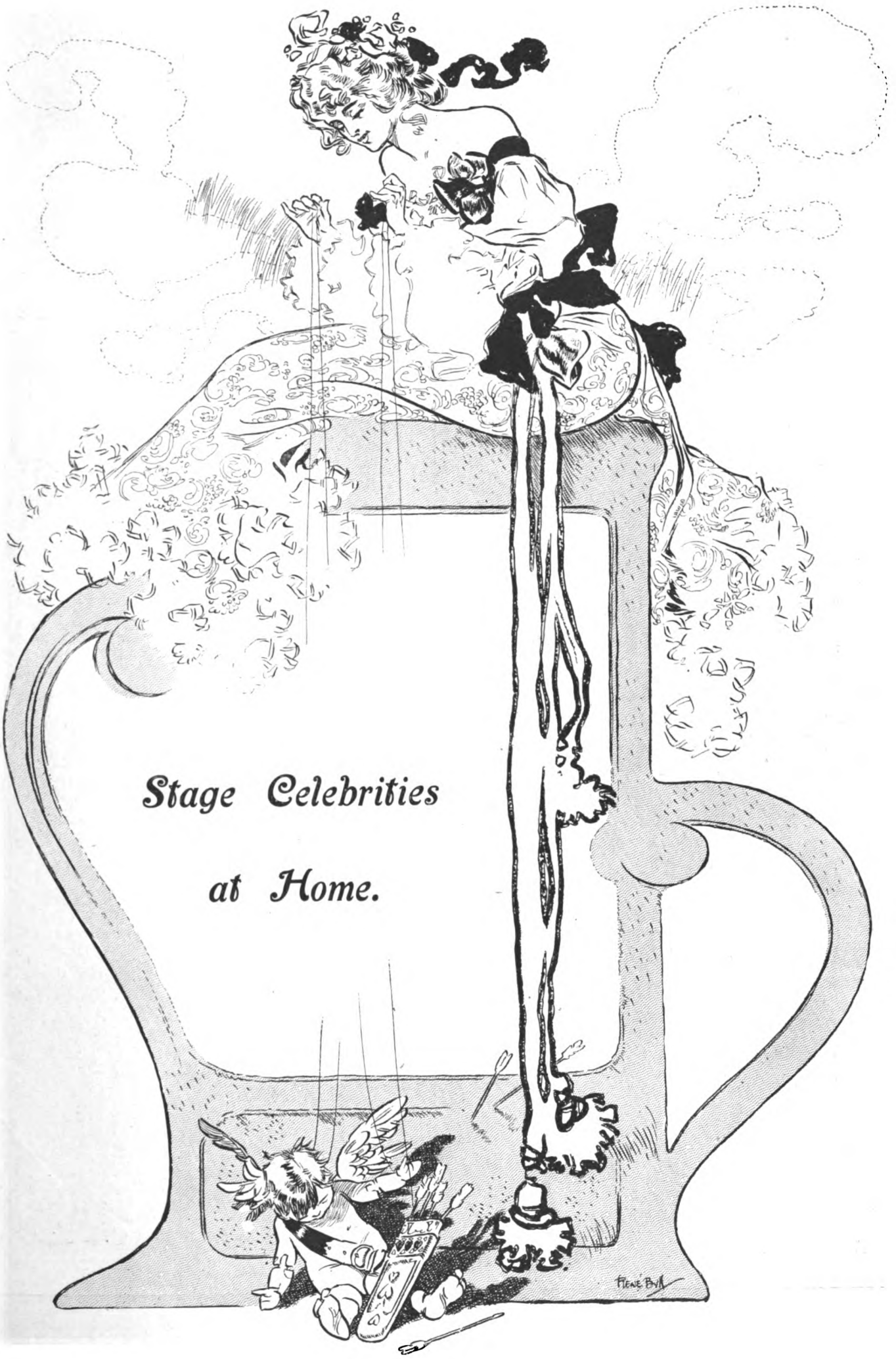
Rentals of 27 shops in Regent Street, Air Street, Piccadilly, and Piccadilly Place, as per Report of Messrs. May and Rowden ..	£31,500	
Profits of the Piccadilly Hotel, as per Report of Messrs. Bennett and De Keyser	60,000	
Required to pay—		£91,500
Ground Rent of the entire site	8,500	
Four and a half per Cent. Interest on £700,000 First Mortgage Debenture Stock	31,500	
Annual Charge for Redemption of Debenture Stock and Preference Shares on July 1, 1993, say	2,400	
		42,400
Balance available for Depreciation, Administration Expenses, and Dividend on Preference and Ordinary Shares		£49,100

The P. and R. Syndicate (1903), Limited, or its predecessor, the P. and R. Syndicate, Limited, which was registered in April 1902, has acquired the Crown Leases of the various properties constituting the site and (with a few unimportant exceptions which are still the subject of negotiation) all other interests. An Agreement has also been concluded with the Crown for the grant, on completion of the new building at a cost of not less than £200,000, of the new lease referred to above.

The P. and R. Syndicate (1903), Limited, has agreed to transfer to the Company all its interests in the property, including the benefit of the Crown Agreement, to provide a sum of £40,000 in cash, to be applied in payment of interest on Debenture Stock, and to pay the expenses of and incidental to the formation of the Company and the issue and subscription of the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares now offered, in consideration of £400,000 in cash and the allotment as fully paid of 24,000 Preference Shares and of the whole of the Ordinary Shares of the Company, after deducting those required for the Directors' qualifications. Nothing is payable for goodwill.

This notice is not issued for the purpose of inviting subscriptions, but by way of information only, and no applications will be entertained unless the same are made on the footing of and with reference to the Prospectus, copies of which can be obtained at the offices of the Company, 120, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or from the Brokers, Messrs. Foster and Braithwaite, 27, Austin Friars, E.C., and Messrs. Fielding, Son, and Macleod, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C., or at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, 41, Lothbury, E.C., and Branches.

"The Sketch" Supplement.





FUO is a delicious and refreshing teeth-beautifier and mouth-sweetener.

(Known on the Continent as Barnungen's *Vade-Mecum.*)

Fuo is the most highly concentrated, and consequently the most economical of all preparations for the teeth and mouth. Five drops of Fuo are ample for all ordinary purposes, and each bottle at 2s. 9d. contains about 2000 drops, or sufficient for 400 times.

Of all Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable, a bottle of Fuo and address of nearest Retailer will be sent, post free, for 2s. 9d., on application to the British Depot (Wholesale only), 12, Little Britain, London, E.C.

For Children and Persons of Delicate Digestion.

"M.D." MARMALADE

Made from Seville Orange Juice and Refined Sugar only.

Facsimile Copy of M.D's Letter:—

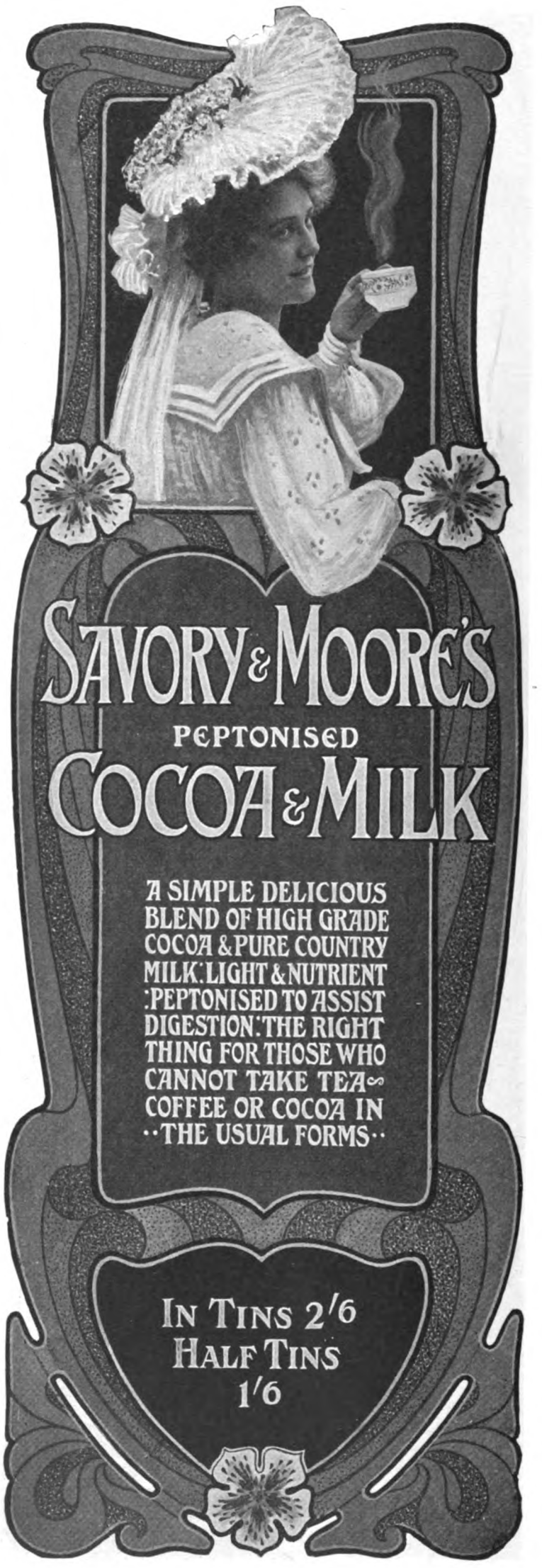
Harley St W.

Gentlemen. Marmalade is most Wholesome but Orange Peel is so indigestible even when boiled as to try the Strongest Stomachs. It should always be eaten as Jelly with no peel Whatever

13 Mar 1902. M.D.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Ltd.,

Soho Square, London.



STAGE CELEBRITIES AT HOME.



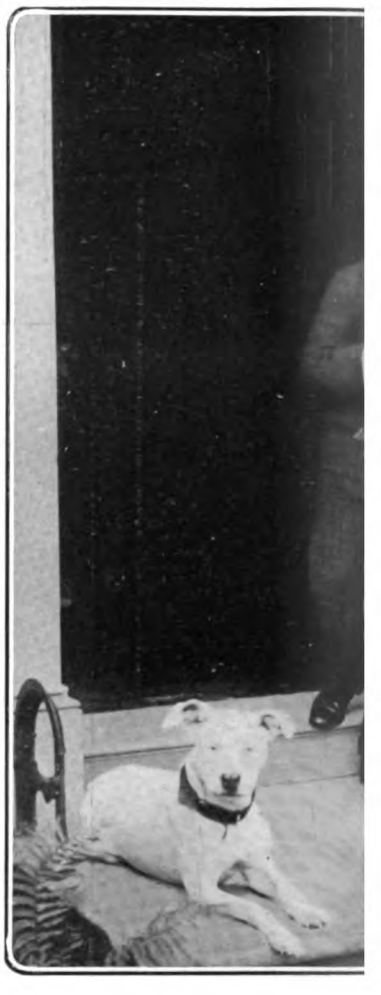
[Photo. Thomas.

MISS GERTIE MILLAR (MRS. LIONEL MONCKTON) IN HER DRAWING-ROOM AT 69, RUSSELL SQUARE.

STAGE CELEBRI



MISS MADGE CRICHTON AND HER FATHER, MR. HALDINE CRICHTON, MANAGER TO MRS. LEWIS WALLER OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE, 14, REGENT'S PARK ROAD, N.W



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AT THE HOTHAM ROAD



MISS LETTY LIND, AND HER PET DONKEY, IN HER GARDEN AT SLOUGH.



MISS BILLIE BURKE ON

Photographs

IES AT HOME.



DOOR OF "THE HUTCH," PUTNEY.

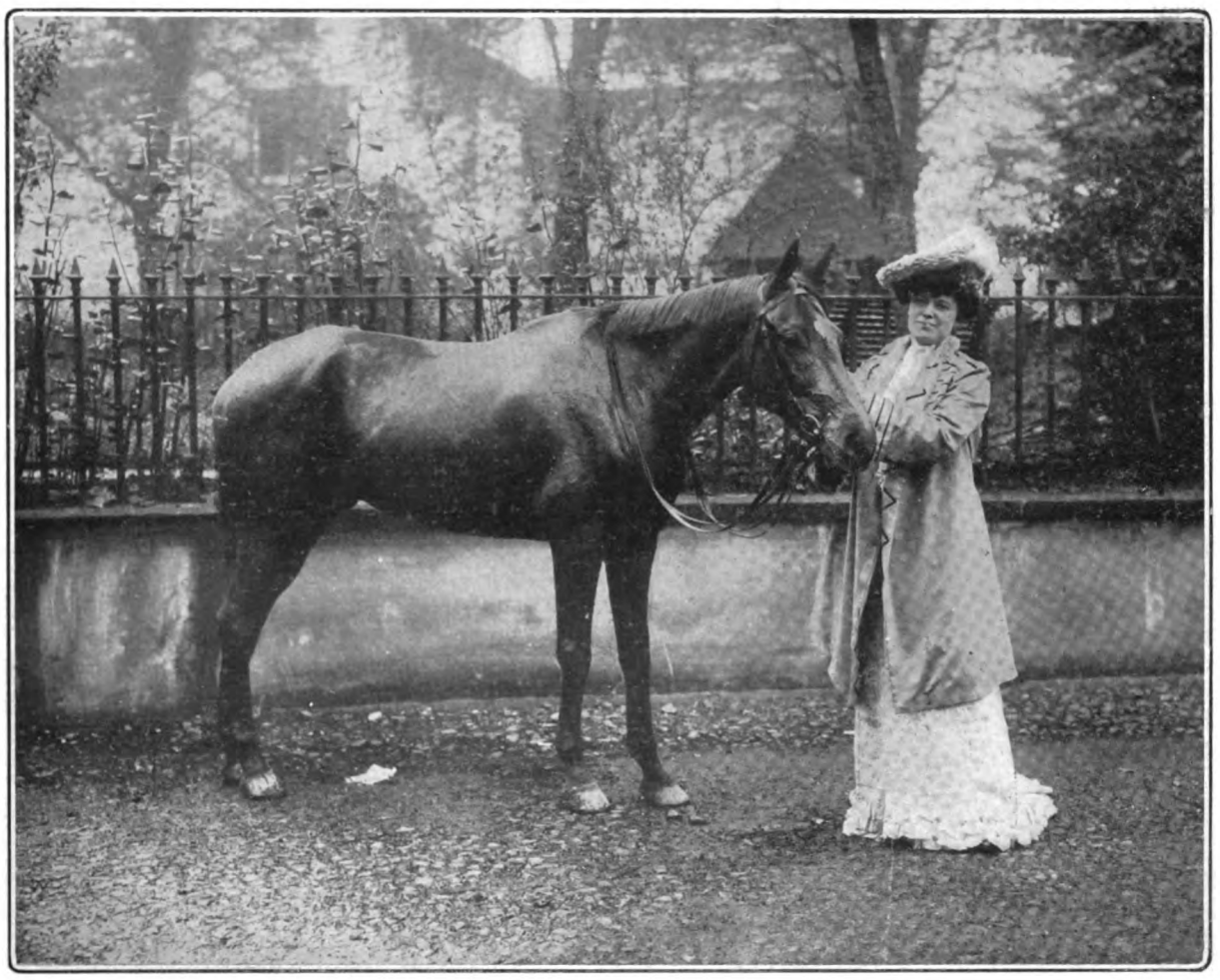


MISS KITTY GORDON (THE HON. MRS. H. W. W. HORSLEY-BERESFORD) AND HER HUSBAND ON THEIR MOTOR-CAR.



AVOURITE MOUNT.

Thomas.



MISS IDA MOLESWORTH, AND THE HORSE THAT APPEARS WITH HER IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS."

STAGE CELEBRITIES AT HOME.



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE IN HER GARDEN AT 39, GROVE END ROAD, N.W.



MISS DECIMA MOORE IN HER DRAWING-ROOM AT 17, BUCKINGHAM GATE GARDENS.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (MRS. DION BOUCICAULT) IN HER DRAWING-ROOM AT 29B, WIMPOLE STREET.



MISS ISABEL JAY (MRS. HENRY CAVENDISH) OUTSIDE HER HOUSE, "BLENHEIM LODGE," ABBEY ROAD, N.W.

Photographs by Thomas.

The Moral of This Life: *ADAPTABILITY!*

'OF ALL THE DISCOVERIES WHICH MEN NEED MAKE, THE MOST IMPORTANT AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS THAT OF THE SELF-FORMING POWER TREASURED UP IN THEMSELVES,' VIZ.:



'SOW AN ACT AND YOU REAP A CHARACTER, SOW A CHARACTER AND YOU REAP UNAVOIDABLE FATE!' Or in other words, you may gather the Honey of Wisdom only by obedience to Natural Laws. Read the Pamphlet given with each Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' How to Prevent Suffering and Disease by Natural Laws. It is the province of character to adapt circumstances to noble results. Then dare to be wise, as ill health is the first step to Disease and Short Life!

SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE, SO GLIDING ON;
IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR AND IS GONE!

MORAL FOR ALL:

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

A GENTLEMAN WRITES: "After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon."

There is no doubt that where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any Disordered, Excited, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy and an Unsurpassed One.

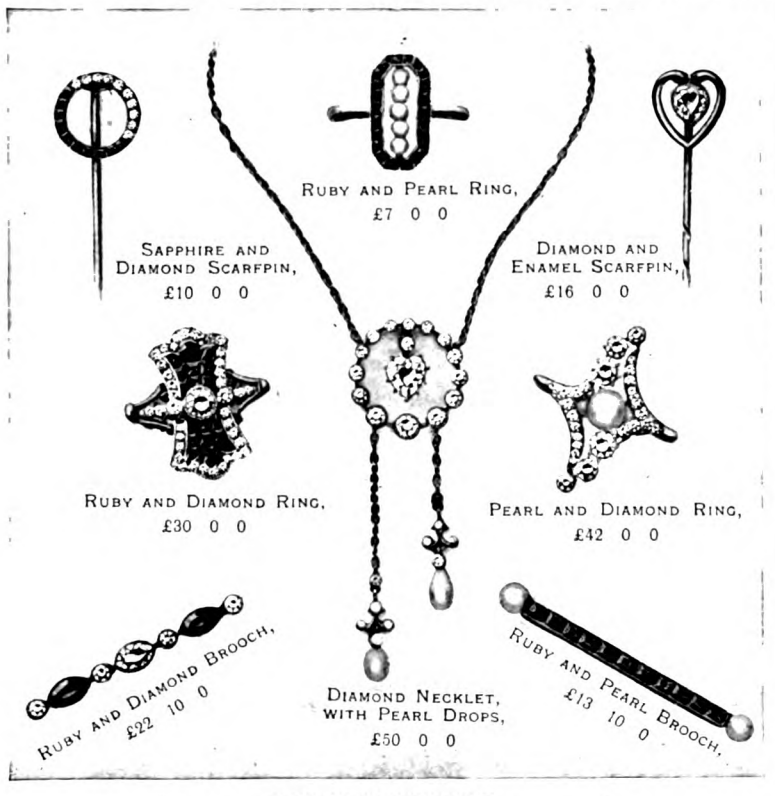
CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule, and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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TASTEFUL AND REGISTERED DESIGNS. SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL.



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Manufactory—THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

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ACTUAL MAKERS.

Special Value 10 Guineas



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Write for Catalogue.

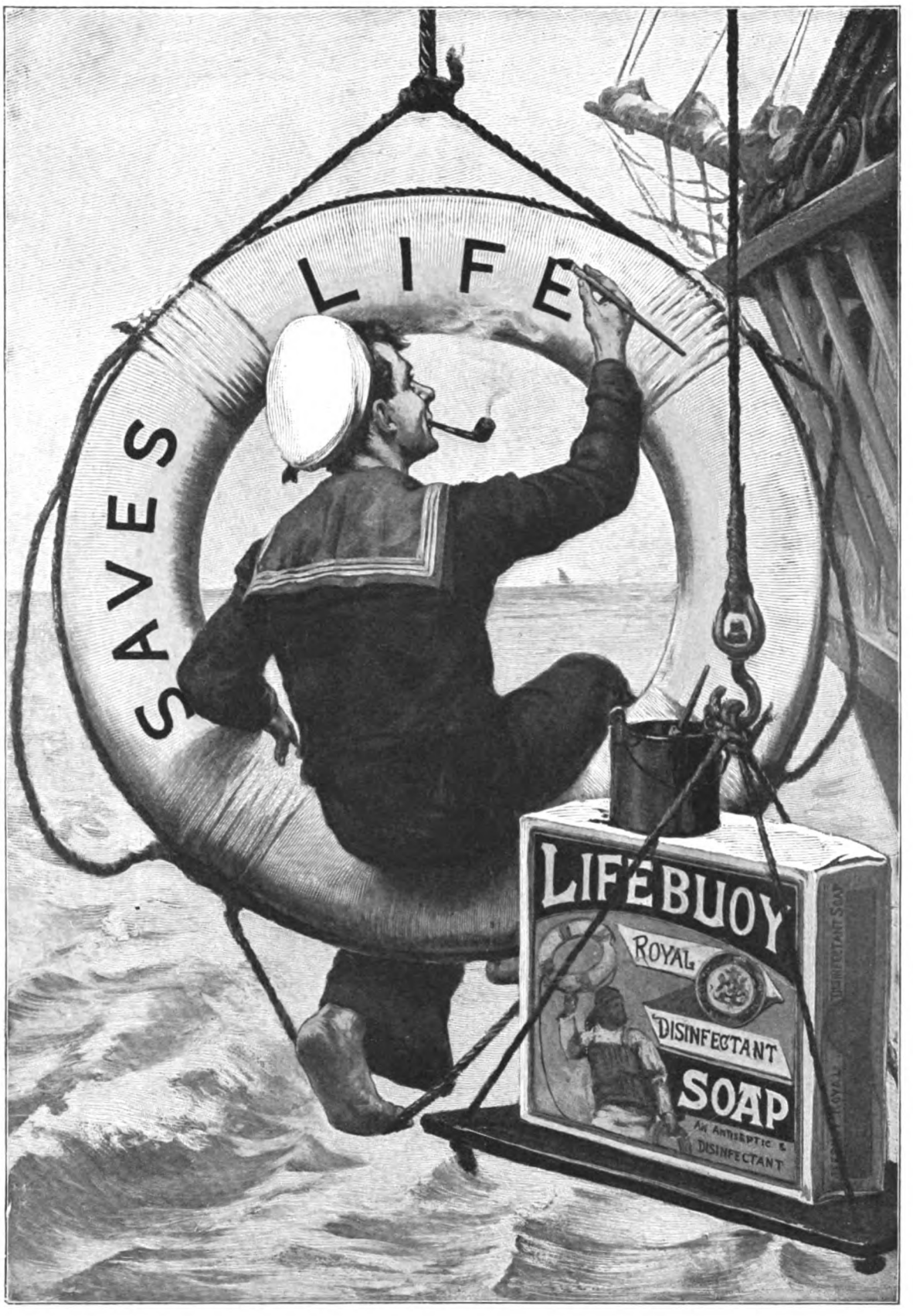
24 inch Lady's Sterling Silver Fitted Dressing Case.

211, REGENT ST. 378, STRAND. 67, PICCADILLY.

177-8, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON.

TELEGRAMS: POUND, LONDON. TELEPHONE: 4278, AVENUE.



LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP

FOR PRESERVATION OF HEALTH AND CLEANLINESS.

Recommended by the Medical Profession as a Safeguard against Infectious Diseases.

Sweetens and Purifies Every Home. Cleanses and Disinfects at the Same Time.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

The Sketch

No. 628.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1905. SIXPENCE.



THE ROYAL INVALID: H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



London,
Sunday, Feb. 5.

I HOPE I may be excused for talking about something that happened as long ago as last Sunday evening. The something in question was the comedy by Mr. G. S. Street, entitled "Great Friends," produced by the Stage Society at the Court Theatre. I realise, you see, that that is all ancient history. What is more, I know the reason. These "great friends" were a selfish married woman and an egotistical bachelor. The woman's husband was a miserable, degenerate fool, and the man was engaged to a young girl who lavished upon him so much of love, and confidence, and adoration that, naturally enough, he preferred the society of the married woman. "Naturally enough"—there you have the explanation of the sad fact that Mr. Street's very clever comedy is, by this time, ancient history. The story is so natural, the dialogue is so unforced, the characters are so faithfully drawn that the play is not worth the consideration of any manager who feels it incumbent upon him to retire with a tremendous fortune at the age of five-and-fifty. Mr. Street has probably realised, now that the story has become common property, that he would have done better to make a book of it. In spite of the rush of novelists to the theatre, I am not at all sure that George Meredith and Thomas Hardy were not wiser in their own generation.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, I suppose, would not agree with me. His advice would be, "Write plays, my boy, but write 'em so that they'll run." Hence "The Admirable Crichton" and "Peter Pan"—plays full of humour, wit, charm, originality, observation, but never going far beneath the surface of things, for ever taking the salt from the tear of sympathy by drowning it in tears of merriment. Mr. Barrie preserves this attitude, too, in semi-private life. Presiding last night at a little dinner given to Mr. Nicol Dunn—the very able editor and admirable man who is leaving the chair of the *Morning Post* to take control of the *Manchester Courier*—Mr. Barrie made the best after-dinner speech, I think, that I have ever heard. At last, he said, the greatest ambition of his life was being fulfilled: he was presiding over an important political gathering. Politicians, he went on, had this advantage over literary men, that they were able to lead imaginative lives. The writer was compelled to be a practical person: he was compelled to tell his readers what he meant in the first line. "That," said Mr. Barrie, "is the reason why I should never make a good political speaker: I should tell my audience what I meant in the first sentence." A little later he paid a fine tribute to Mr. Dunn, and referred, with real eloquence, to the late W. E. Henley. Well, an after-dinner speech must not be a heavy affair, but I, for one, would willingly have exchanged half Mr. Barrie's flippancies last night, brilliant as they were, for a little more seriousness. I could not help feeling that he was throwing away a great chance. Both the occasion and the audience were quite exceptional, and I believe that the speech of the chairman would have lived far longer in our memories if only Mr. Barrie, for once in a way, had dared to open wide the flood-gates of his heart.

The mention of Henley reminds me of an exceedingly interesting article on "Mr. Henley and the *National Observer*" that appeared in a recent number of *T. P.'s Weekly*. The writer of the article was Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, one of the fortunate young men, of course, who came under Henley's influence. How real that influence was you may judge by the following short extract from Mr. Marriott Watson's article. "I know of no one," he says, "in the last hundred years who gathered about him so many men of promise, and helped to encourage and inspire them. His house was always open to his young men, and his counsel was always at their service. He had a *flair* for a likely man, whether he was twenty or sixty. And he never hesitated to back his opinions by deeds." What would the younger generation of writers at the present day not give for such a friend? Among all these famous, wealthy authors, who find the years so long and so empty now that the battle has ended in victory, is there not one who will dare to follow in the footsteps of the great Henley?

In the same number of *T. P.'s Weekly* I came across two further features of especial interest. One was on "Dickens and Street Music," and consisted in the main of a letter sent by Charles Dickens to a Member of Parliament, protesting against the horrible, wholly unnecessary noises which make London almost unbearable, at times, for those who have to earn their bread by work that requires absolute concentration of the brain. Among those who signed the letter were Alfred Tennyson, J. Everett Millais, W. Holman Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, John Leech, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished people. Dickens put the case in this way: "Your correspondents are professors and practitioners of one or other of the Arts or Sciences. In their devotion to their pursuits—tending to the peace and comfort of mankind—they are daily interrupted, harassed, worried, wearied, and driven nearly mad by street musicians. They are even made especial objects of persecution by brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads." If Dickens had lived in the humble rooms where these notes are penned, he would undoubtedly have included in his list of persecutions the cries of cabbies, the yellings of paper-boys, the clangings of navvies, the stampings of horses, the brawlings of drunkards. And his earnest appeal would still have met with no response.

The third feature that arrested my attention in this particular number of Mr. O'Connor's clever little paper was a correspondence under the extraordinary heading, "Are Children Tired of 'Alice'?"—meaning, of course, Lewis Carroll's delicious "Alice in Wonderland." I say that the heading struck me as extraordinary because I should not have thought it possible, more particularly in a literary paper, to work up a correspondence upon such a subject. Mr. O'Connor, however, evidently knows more about the stupidity and the ingratitude of the world than I, for he has actually discovered three people who think that children "don't see anything in" the Alice books. Well, well! For my part, I have never met—and, if the fairies are kind, never shall meet—the child who could resist the White Rabbit, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the Dormouse, the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, the Gryphon, the Walrus, the Carpenter, and all the other dear, quaint friends that I have known and loved since I was six years of age, and whose adventures I have read aloud, Christmas after Christmas, to a little crowd of eager, breathless, delighted children. Is there any child, I wonder, who would honestly prefer the sickly piety of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to the tale that the Dormouse told?

"'Once upon a time,' the Dormouse began hurriedly, as though afraid that he would fall asleep before he had finished, 'there were three little girls who lived at the bottom of a well.'

"'What sort of a well?' asked Alice.

"'A treacle-well,' said the Dormouse.

"'What did they live on?' asked Alice.

"'Treacle,' replied the Dormouse.

"'But they'd have been ill,' said Alice.

"'So they were,' murmured the Dormouse, sleepily, 'very ill.'"

I quote from memory, by the way. My copy of "Alice" has just been borrowed for the third time by an impetuous little lady of five.

GOLD FROM SEA-WATER—THE HUMOUR OF IT.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Afghan Hopes—Butterfly-Collecting!—The Workmen and the Czar—The New Service Rifle—The Uses of the Bayonet.

THE fact that a visitor from the Russian Army has been killed in the streets of Kabul is a useful reminder that the grey-coated soldiers are in great numbers on the Afghan border and that the Afghans dislike them more heartily than they do the British. The Afghan wants no European in his country. There is an Eastern saying, "Where the road goes the Government follows," and the hillmen are even more suspicious of engineers than of soldiers.

On the north-east border of India the natives hold naturalists in dread. A well-known man of science once went along the border catching butterflies in a green net, and immediately afterwards Sikkim was annexed by the British. In the foot-hills of the Himalayas it is, therefore, considered probable that anyone making a collection of butterflies is really prospecting to see if there is any new territory worth seizing.

If the Ameer has asked from the British Mission all that the reports from the East say he has, he has not erred on the side of modesty. The Ameer does not think that his people are sufficiently civilised for the introduction of an electric-telegraph and railways into the country, and, no doubt, they would fiercely resent any such innovation and do their best to murder the engineers and the workmen. Both the Russians and ourselves have railways touching the Afghan border, and, if war were declared and Afghanistan became the cockpit it assuredly would, there would be a race as to whether the Russians got their railway to Herat or we ours to Kandahar the first. If we had a railway ready laid, it would give us the first trick in the great game of war.

Though the British are not to run railways to Kandahar and Kabul, the Ameer is said to have two suggestions of his own, one being that he should be allowed to have a representative at the Court of St. James, the same request that the Shahzada came to London to lay at the feet of the late Queen, and the other that he should be given a road to the sea instead of his annual allowance in money. The first request touches the Afghan national pride, but it is not likely to be granted now any more than it was in the last reign. As to the second, a glance at the map shows that the Ameer would either have to make a road for himself through Baluchistan to the sea, or we should have to give him an enclave at Karachi. No doubt, he resents the careful eye the Indian Government keeps on his importation of arms and the occasional delay on their way of guns made in Germany.



THE NEW SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND: THE MARQUIS OF LINLITHGOW.

The Marquis of Linlithgow, better remembered, perhaps, as Lord Hopetoun, has held numerous important offices. Amongst other posts, he has filled those of Governor of Victoria, first Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, Paymaster-General, Lord Chamberlain, and House of Lords Whip.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry



A FALL IN "STRADS.": A £1,200 VIOLIN JUST SOLD FOR £600.

This undoubted Stradivari, which has just been sold by auction for £600 at Messrs. Glendining's, was purchased from Reichers, the well-known Berlin dealer, for just double that amount in 1886. It is dated 1706-1710, and the bidding began at £200.

There is a certain grim comedy in the reception of the deputation of workmen by the Czar. That the men should have been selected by the dictator who rules St. Petersburg tells how representative they must have been, and that they cheered and drank the Emperor's health after they had been duly lectured shows how much spirit was in them. It was all part of the grim farce which is being enacted in Russia. The bureaucrats there are fighting for existence, and, for the time, the Czar, either with or against his will, is being used as a puppet.

The men of the offices, the great swarm of Government officials, are in danger of their lives, and if the mob did get the upper hand there is no doubt that they would treat the men who have kept them in misery as the strikers treated the General whose sleigh they stopped. They hit him in the face with a broken bottle, which makes a hideous wound, then dragged him from his sleigh and tore him to pieces as a pack of hounds does a fox. It is not a pretty picture for the officials to dream about.

We have settled down comfortably into the belief, which, I think, is well founded, that this nation will soon possess a field-gun better than that of any other European nation, but no sooner are we content on this subject than some of the military critics frighten us by saying that the new rifle which is being made and is to be issued to the Horse and Foot and also to the Navy has too short a barrel. The alarmists say that the new sights and new wind-gauge make the new, short-barrelled rifle a better one than the old, long-barrelled one, but that, given equal conditions of sights, gauges, and rifling, a long barrel is always a better one than a short, and they point out that long rifles are always used in match-shooting. This is a very pretty quarrel for experts, and for the next week or two the battle will rage all along the line.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is, if our new rifle is to be five inches shorter than those of the Continental Powers, it will be necessary to lengthen the bayonet or sword carried by our men. The bayonet-fighting in the present war shows that infantry do still get to close quarters, and to send a man into battle with the knowledge that, if he does get to bayonet-push, his adversary will have five inches more cold steel to thrust at him than he will have to thrust back with is to start a duel with weapons unfairly matched. An infantry soldier is always taught that he is to get to close quarters as quickly as possible, and, to be keen to do so, he should believe that he is a better fighter, man to man, than his antagonists, and that he has a better weapon for hand-to-hand fighting.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT: MR. JUSTICE BARNES.

Sir Francis Jeune's successor, Sir John Gorell Barnes, has been a Judge of the Division over which he is to preside since 1892. He is the son of a Liverpool ship-owner, and was called to the Bar in 1876.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

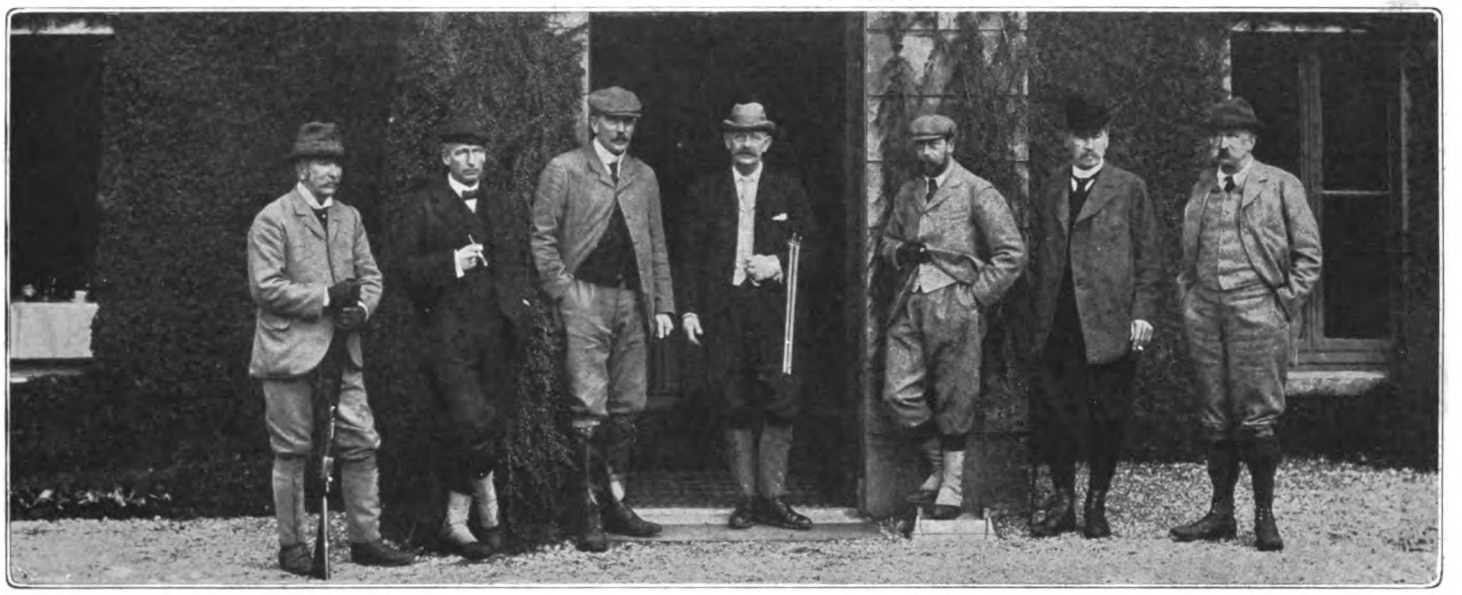


THE NEW DIVORCE COURT JUDGE: MR. H. BARGRAVE DEANE.

Mr. Deane has been the leader in the Probate and Divorce Courts for some years past. He has been Recorder of Margate; was a ruthless cross-examiner; and is the author of a treatise on "The Law of Blockade."

Photograph by Vandyk.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND—UNOFFICIALLY AND OFFICIALLY.

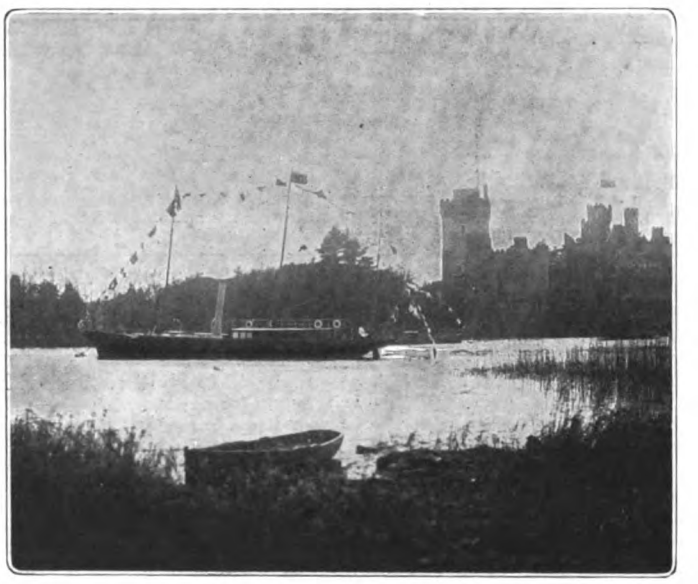


Hon. R. Dillon. Sir Charles Cust. Major Acland Hood. Lord Bandon. The Prince. Lord Ardilaun. Mr. Percy La Touche.

UNOFFICIAL: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH HIS HOST, LORD ARDILAUN, AT THE DOOR OF DOON COTTAGE.



A MINIATURE FLEET DRESSED IN HONOUR OF A ROYAL ADMIRAL: LORD ARDILAUN'S "NAVY."



THE SCENE OF THE PRINCE'S PRIVATE VISIT: ASHFORD HOUSE, LORD ARDILAUN'S IRISH HOME.

Photographs by Chancellor.



Reading from left to right, the names of those figuring in the group are: Lt.-Col. Sir A. Bigge, G.C.V.O., Private Secretary to Prince of Wales; Major Hon. M. O'Brien, D.S.O., M.V.O., A.D.C.; Mr. Victor Corkran, C.V.O., Comptroller; Capt. Walter Lindsay, M.V.O., Vice-Chamberlain; Major A. F. Lambart, C.V.O., Chamberlain; Mr. Walter Callan, Add. Private Secretary; Col. R. J. Cooper, M.V.O., Private Secretary; Lord Hastings; Lord Lurgan, K.C.V.O., State Steward; Mr. Paget, A.D.C.; Major Deare, A.D.C.; H.R.H. Prince of Wales; Lord Hyde, A.D.C.; Hon. Cyril Ward, M.V.O., A.D.C.; His Ex. Earl Dudley; Hon. G. Ward, A.D.C.; Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary; Capt. Brinton, D.S.O., A.D.C.; Lt.-Col. C. Heseltine, A.D.C.; Sir John Olphert, C.V.O., Gentleman Usher; Hon. Fred. Lawless, Gentleman-in-Waiting; Sir Arthur E. Vicars, Ulster King of Arms; Lord Cole, A.D.C.; Mr. Ernest R. Frere, Financial Secretary; Viscount Castlerosse, C.V.O., Master of the Horse; Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart., A.D.C.

OFFICIAL: THE VICEROY, LORD DUDLEY, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AND THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S HOUSEHOLD, PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THE LEVÉE AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

On the occasion of the Levée, the Prince of Wales wore the uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, of which regiment he is Colonel.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.
Feb. 8, 1905. *Signature*.....

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

THEIR MAJESTIES' COURTS.

MESSRS. BASSANO, Royal Photographers, of 25, Old Bond Street, beg to intimate that their Studios will be kept open until after midnight for the convenience of ladies attending Their Majesties' Courts.

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
FEBRUARY 11.

WEEDING OUT THE NAVY.

MOTORS FOR THE MILLION AND THE MILLIONAIRE AT OLYMPIA.

EVANGELISING LONDON: THE TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
FEBRUARY 11.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK of the WEEK



THE "GOVERNOR" OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MR. H. E. MOSS IN HIS UNIFORM AS DEPUTY-LIEUTENANT FOR EDINBURGH.

Photograph by Langfier.

DURING the last week or so, the nation has shown the keenest of sympathy for the King and Queen. Princess Victoria's operation for appendicitis came, even to that section of Society which believes itself to be specially connected with the Court world, as a great surprise. Their Majesties have, of course, the fullest confidence in Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking, under whose skilful care the Royal patient has progressed most satisfactorily. It is a curious fact that no fewer than three members of our Royal Family, headed by our Sovereign himself, have now undergone the dreaded operation recently suffered by the Princess. Last week's announcement recalled to many people those anxious days of the June of 1902, when our beloved Sovereign lay stricken almost unto death on the very eve of his Coronation. More recently, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein underwent an operation of a similar kind in the Nursing Home founded by her own mother at Windsor. And now their Majesties' second daughter has gone through the same exacting experience.

The Specialist in Appendicitis.

Sir Frederick Treves, who was, so to say, doubly commanded to perform the operation on Princess Victoria, for he has retired from practice, may, without fear of contradiction, be termed the specialist in appendicitis, a title surely earned by his record of over a thousand consecutive operations in which he has had recourse to the knife without a single death. Yet, appendicitis, under that name, is unknown to him: perityphlitis it is, and perityphlitis he will have it, despite fashion's decree. He is modest enough, also, to argue that genius is not necessarily amongst the qualifications of the ideal surgeon. He is said to diagnose that most elusive of attributes as a species of nervous disease by no means desirable in one to whom complete control of self is an essential. Even cleverness comes under his ban: "'Cleverness' finds its proper field not in the operating-theatre, but at the Egyptian Hall."

The "Governor" of the Hippodrome.

Until his association with Mr. Oswald Stoll, of the Coliseum, and his subsequent withdrawal, two or three short weeks ago, from the joint managing-directorship, with that gentleman, of the London Hippodrome, Mr. H. E. Moss undoubtedly controlled the largest financial undertaking in the amusement world of the country, under the title of "Moss's Empires, Limited." Indeed, even when he shared the direction of affairs of the popular house in Cranbourn Street with Mr. Stoll, it was an open secret that he practically directed its affairs. His popularity with all who come in contact with him has always been very great, and is undoubtedly due to the fact that he has made the doing of business with him an exceedingly pleasant operation. For a similar reason, "the Governor," as he is called at the Hippodrome, is undoubtedly the most popular man within its walls, and there would have been universal regret had he found it necessary to sever his connection with the enterprise, which still remains a model to be copied.



A PRESENT FROM THE TIBET MISSION FORCE TO THE KING: A KYANG, OR WILD ASS, CAUGHT AT LASSA.

After many attempts, the Tibet Mission Force trapped three Kyangs, by surrounding them with mules. One of the captives broke a leg and had to be shot; another was drowned during the crossing of the Sanpo on the return march; the third is the one here shown.

Photograph copyright by S. J. Jeanes.

Countess Tolstoy.

According to those who have had the privilege of knowing Russia's Grand Old Man, Count Tolstoy, and his wife, and of staying in their house, the Countess is quite as remarkable a woman as her husband is a man. Had it not been for her indomitable pluck and energy, Tolstoy would never have completed his great epic, "War and Peace." The Countess copied out the various versions of it again and again, and finally made all the arrangements connected with its publication. While she is by no means in agreement with many of her husband's views, no man ever had so devoted and loyal a wife, and some years ago she issued a most pathetic and dignified protest against the way in which he was being persecuted by the bureaucracy of Russia.



A ROYAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS VICTORIA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GARDENS OF BERNSTORFF CASTLE BY THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF RUSSIA AND HIS WIFE: COUNT TOLSTOY, WITH THE COUNTESS, ON HIS ESTATE, YASNAYA POLIANA, IN THE GOVERNMENT OF TULA.



THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT: SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The retirement of Sir Francis Jeune from the Presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division has occasioned less surprise than regret, for Sir Francis, always hard-worked, has, of late years, frequently been compelled to take a rest, and his recent breakdown made it evident that he was not likely to continue for long the arduous duties he had performed so ably. Never, probably, did man better justify appointment to a position to which, it was argued at the time, his qualifications gave him no special claim. Trained chiefly before Parliamentary Committees and in Ecclesiastical Courts, he soon proved himself versatile enough to be a worthy inheritor of the mantle of Sir Charles Butt, and amply justified his selection by Lord Halsbury. The ex-Judge's career, long and useful as it has been, cannot be said to have been sensational, but he figured in at least one historic case—the famous Tichborne affair. For his share in this he had to thank his earliest clients, Baxter, Rose, and Norton, to whom he owed many a brief, who commissioned him to go to Australia to procure evidence on behalf of the Claimant, an order resulting in a lampoon that has long been stored in the memory of many a practitioner of the older generation—

"We 'll prove," said Baxter, Rose, and Norton,
"The plaintiff isn't Arthur Orton."
They 've only proved what 's less important,
That he has said what Arthur oughtn't.

It was Sir Francis, also, to whom fell the duty of committing a Duchess to Holloway when he discovered that she had made away with papers that should have been produced in Court. Curiously enough, his experiences in the Divorce Court are said, on his own showing, to have impressed him with the goodness of human nature.

Lady Jeune.

"The most brilliant and successful of London hostesses," as a certain Royal personage once described Lady Jeune, will make a very pleasing addition to Edwardian Peeresses. Born a Mackenzie of Seaforth, Lady Jeune is descended from many a great Scottish hero, and her social triumphs began in the days when she was the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, wife of the present Lord Stanley of Alderley's soldier brother. Early widowed, she lived for a while in retirement, but after her marriage to the brilliant young barrister, then known as Mr. Frank Jeune, she again took her place among the few London hostesses at whose houses may be met all the really notable people of the moment. First in Wimpole Street, and later in Harley Street, "the Jeunes" entertained literally all the world and his wife. In Lady Jeune's drawing-room Royal Princesses have rubbed shoulders with Bohemia, and the late Duchess of Teck used to declare that there was no house to which she so greatly enjoyed going. Lady Jeune's mantle has, in a sense, descended to her two daughters, Mrs. St. John Brodrick and Mrs. Allhusen, who, during their girlhood, always helped to do the honours both at her town-house and at Arlington Manor.



A FUTURE PEERESS: LADY JEUNE, WIFE OF SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

Photograph by Beresford.

From the Cabinet, Mr. Graham Murray has gone to the Scotch Bench. He has accepted the office of Lord President of the Court of Session, which he declined in 1899. Since then his Parliamentary ambition has been gratified, and he has been distinguished among Scottish law officers by his admission to the Cabinet as Secretary for Scotland. London Society will miss Mr. Graham Murray, and probably he will miss London Society, for he enjoyed the Season and was a favourite in the best set. The Prime Minister also will miss him on the Treasury Bench. He was among Mr. Balfour's personal friends, and frequently sat beside him in intimate conversation. Sometimes, perhaps, their talk was of golfing or motoring. Mr. Graham Murray got on well with his fellow-countrymen in the House of Commons, although his criticism was caustic. He had an easy, crisp style of speech, and enlivened Scotch debate by witty sayings and by quaint quotations and parodies.



NOT A ROMAN GLADIATOR, BUT THE LAMA DOOR-KEEPER OF THE SURA MONASTERY, TIBET.

Mrs. Graham Murray.

Mrs. Graham Murray, who will soon take rank with Peeresses, is connected by blood with many of the oldest families North of the Tweed. A daughter of Admiral Sir William Edmonstone, she is a sister of the popular Baronet who is so intimate a friend of the King, and among her sisters is the beautiful and witty Mrs. George Keppel. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Murray celebrated their Silver Wedding some six years ago, but they have both kept a great look of youth and vigour, doubtless owing to their love of open-air and country life. Stenton, their delightful place in Perthshire, is finely situated on one of the most exquisite stretches of the River Tay, nearly opposite Murthly Castle. Mrs. Graham Murray is the mother of a son and three daughters. Her new title will, of course, give her higher standing so far as mere questions of precedence are concerned, but it is impossible for it to enhance the great popularity she already enjoys.



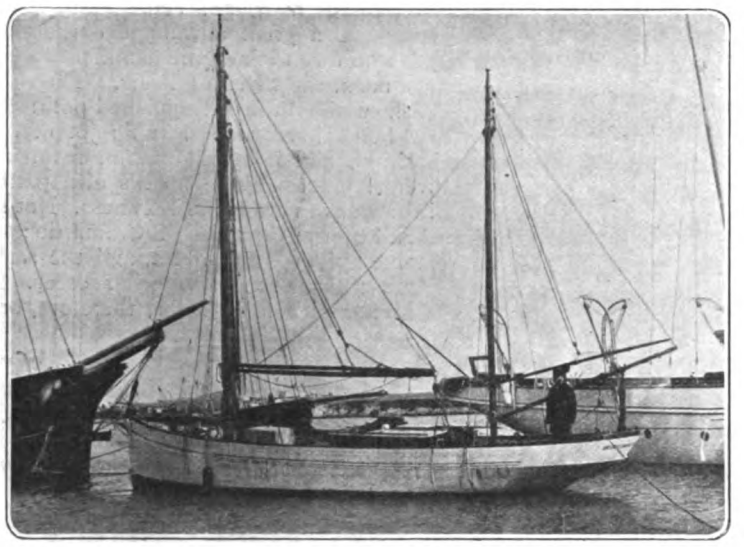
THE NEW LORD JUSTICE GENERAL AND LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION IN SCOTLAND: THE RIGHT HON. A. GRAHAM MURRAY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



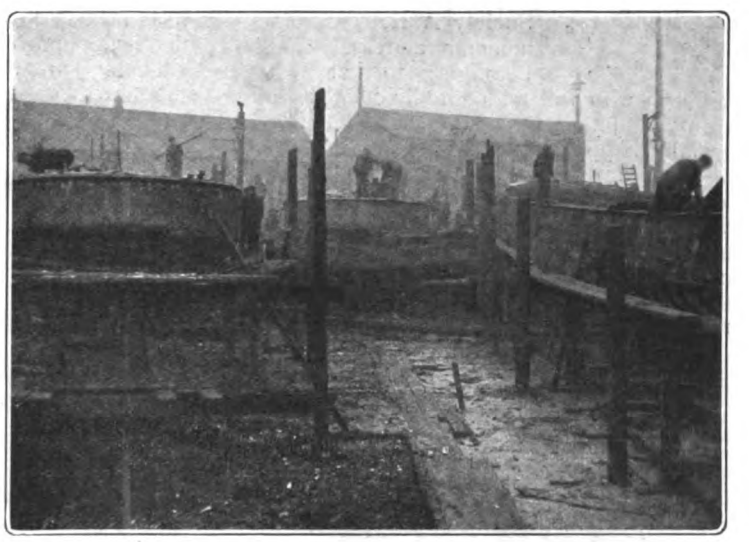
A FUTURE PEERESS: MRS. GRAHAM MURRAY, WIFE OF MR. A. GRAHAM MURRAY, WHO IS TO RECEIVE A PEERAGE.

Photograph by Jacolette.



TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A 42-FOOT CUTTER: THE "BRIGHTON," NOW ON HER WAY TO WEST AUSTRALIA.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



A "PENNY" FLEET IN BEING: THE NEW THAMES STEAMBOATS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE THAMES IRONWORK SHIPBUILDING COMPANY'S.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

An Adventurous Voyage. The *Brighton* is figuring in one of those adventurous voyages which seem to be gaining steadily in popularity. Manned by Mr. A. L. Napper, formerly commander of Mr. Vanderbilt's turbine-yacht *Tarantula*, Mr. J. L. Langford, a pearl-diver, and a coloured boy who stowed himself away at St. Vincent, she reached Table Bay recently on her way to West Australia from the famous south-coast watering-place after which she is named. Originally an open centre-board cutter, forty-two feet in length by eleven feet in breadth, she was decked over for the journey, and has stood the beating of wind and wave exceedingly well, coming safely through two gales, and being the subject of an attack by a whale, who was, fortunately, frightened off in time. She completed the ten thousand miles to the Cape in a hundred and five days, and will be employed as one of the pearl-fishing fleet at Broome.

Lady Fitzwilliam. The adventurous young Earl Fitzwilliam is very fortunate in his pretty Countess, who shares his tastes for sport and for country life. The mistress of Wentworth Woodhouse is a daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland, and her marriage to the then Lord Milton was the smartest social event of 1896. By the bride's own wish, her wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's, and the function brought there one of the most remarkable social gatherings ever seen east of Temple Bar. Lady Fitzwilliam is a fine amateur actress and a most graceful dancer; many people regard her as very like her aunt, Lady Grosvenor, whose love of literature and music she has always shared.



THE WIFE OF A TREASURE-SEEKING PEER: LADY FITZWILLIAM.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Royal Comings and Goings. Their Majesties' plans have, naturally, been modified by Princess Victoria's illness, but there seems no doubt that, after the Princess's recovery, the King and Queen will both go abroad, the Sovereign to the Sunny South, and his Consort to her native land, where, early in April, her venerable father will celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday. Among other Royal personages staying in Cairo is the Empress Eugénie, who hopes to get as far as Khartoum before returning to her villa on the Riviera. This year's Royal débutante, Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, will be present at their Majesties' first Court, next week (17th). Later on, the young Princess and her mother will make a tour in Italy.

H.R.H. in Dublin. Thanks to the Royal visit, the Dublin season opened last week more brilliantly than has been the case for many long years past, and Irishmen of all political opinions gathered in force at the Lord Lieutenant's first Levée. His Royal Highness can look back to an exceptionally full week. Brilliant State functions succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity, perhaps the most charming of the entertainments being Lord and Lady Grenfell's ball at the Royal Hospital. Had it not been for the fact that Lord and Lady Londonderry have been suddenly placed in deep family mourning by the death of Lord Londonderry's brother, the Prince would probably have paid a visit to Mount Stewart; as it is, His Royal Highness returned to England after the conclusion of his sojourn in Dublin, and will spend the next few weeks at Marlborough House.



THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE LION AND UNICORN FEEL THE COLD.

The scheme of the Victoria Memorial has necessitated the provision of a second main gateway, and this, in turn, has called for a second lion and unicorn. These have been carved from huge blocks of Portland stone, and have now been hoisted into position. While they were waiting to be placed they were in the muffled condition here shown, and were the subject of much caustic comment.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



THE SOUTHWARK "RIVIERA": WORSDALE COURT, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY.

The Medical Officer of Southwark has summoned the owners of these cottages to show cause why their rustic retreat should not be condemned as dangerous and unfit for human habitation. On being handed a photograph of the Court as it is in summer, the magistrate exclaimed, "Why, it looks like a bit of the Riviera," and adjourned the proceedings until he could inspect the premises in question.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.

A Gifted Trio of Amateurs.

Society is rich in good actors and in brilliant amateur actresses, and of the many players belonging to her few can compare with the gifted trio who will undoubtedly delight Dublin audiences this week. Mrs. Willie James is equally successful in comedy and tragedy, and especially happy in portraying a very young girl—such a one, for example, as provides the title-rôle in "The Manœuvres of Jane." Lady Maud Warrender, one of Lord Shaftesbury's many lovely sisters, is chiefly noted for her exceptional musical talent. She has studied with the best masters, and could have secured a triumph on the operatic stage had it been possible for her to take up singing as a profession. Miss Muriel Wilson is actually said to have been offered an engagement by one of our leading actor-managers, so struck was he on seeing her play in one of the many charitable entertainments organised in aid of the War Funds. Miss Wilson has that rare, magnetic charm which means so much in the career of a great actress, and she moves when on a mimic or real stage with that complete mastery of herself which, as a rule, differentiates the professional player from the clever amateur.



[Photo. Alice Hughes.

MRS. WILLIE JAMES.



[Photo. Lallie Charles.

MISS MURIEL WILSON.

SOCIETY AMATEUR ACTRESSES, PLAYING IN "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN, ON THE 9TH AND 10TH.



[Photo. Kate Pragnell.

LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Gold from the Sea.

Once again the old, old scheme of extracting gold from the water of the sea has cropped up, and this time with special vigour. A syndicate has been formed even, and several prominent names have been associated with it. Sir William Ramsay, the famous scientist who recently won the Nobel prize for chemistry, was, at first, said to have expressed his belief that it was possible to obtain gold from sea-water on a large scale and profitably; and he has thought it well to make a statement concerning the matter: "Public reference having been made," he writes, "to a confidential report of mine dealing with the possibility of extracting gold from sea-water, I beg to state that the process is still in an experimental stage. Needless to say, I hold no shares in the syndicate." Meantime, the firm who made the machine for the collection of the precipitated gold after its production by the newly-invented process have been experimenting on their own account, and are satisfied that a ton of water only yields one-thirtieth of a grain of the precious metal. It is evidently going to be more profitable to prospect at Kintail, in the county of Ross, where it is said that there has been an important find of gold-bearing quartz.



GOLD FROM THE SEA: SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE SCHEME.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Peeresses Married Out of the Peerage.

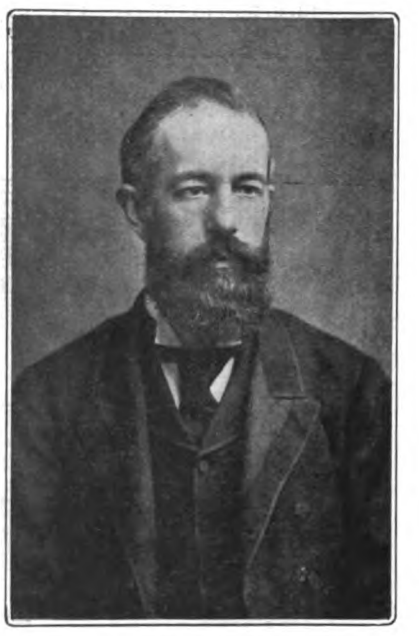
In the matter of marriage, Peeresses in their own right have a great advantage over those fair ladies who owe their dignities and privileges to the fact that they are, or have been, the wives of Peers. Thus the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, when she wedded the distinguished politician who now bears her name, lost no jot of her great position, and her bridegroom, reversing the universal practice, gave up his own patronymic in favour of that of the Baroness. Not so the husband of the Countess of Cromartie; he has remained plain Major Blunt, and the same course was followed in two other cases. A Peeress in her own right lacks, therefore, one great privilege of her Peers. She cannot raise her spouse to her own rank, and this certainly seems strange in these liberal days, when, according to many serious thinkers, woman suffrage is only a question of time.

The Second Choice.

Those Peeresses who have given up the privileges of their position have been and are many, for it is a curious fact that the widows of Peers generally choose commoners as their second husbands. This has been the case with several of the Victorian Duchesses, and with many Countesses and Baronesses. With few exceptions, these ladies have wedded men of action. Thus the Countess of Malmesbury is the wife of Sir John Ardagh, who has done so much good work for his country. Jemima, Lady Darnley (the mother of a little Peeress in her own right), gave up using her title when she wedded the handsome naval officer whose name she has taken in preference to that marking higher social position.

The New Editor of the "Morning Post."

Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, Mr. Nicol Dunn's successor in the editorial chair of the *Morning Post*, is, of course, best known to the public at large as a prolific—and expert—writer on military matters, but he is by no means without general journalistic knowledge. For ten years a member of the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and for the past decade on the staff of the paper of which he now becomes the chief, he has had plenty of experience, and may be expected to keep his charge well in hand. He is a barrister, although it is not recorded that he ever practised; has travelled in India; was a member of the Duke of Norfolk's Commission on Militia and Volunteers, and a signatory of the Majority Report; and has an almost endless catalogue of articles and books on military affairs to his name. Manchester is his native city, and he is in his fifty-second year.



THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "MORNING POST": MR. SPENSER WILKINSON.

Photograph by Russell.

"MERCIA" IN A JAPANESE RÔLE.



"THE DARLING OF THE GODS" IN AUSTRALIA: MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS YO-SAN.

Photograph by Talma and Co., Melbourne and Sydney.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THERE are certain enthusiasms that bid defiance to the passing years, and my feeling for Epping Forest is one of them. Though I live far from its boundaries, there are seasons of the year when I make my pilgrimage to the shrines that are set there—the shrines of the four seasons. Though tiny villas, even as the sands of the shore for multitude, encompass it on all sides, Epping Forest rests secured to the public for ever, and gives to thousands upon thousands of our poorest children their first, and sometimes their last, glimpse of the best things of life. Then, again, consider how the thought of a real forest lying next-door to London stimulates the jaded imagination! It gives colour and interest, and even a touch of romance, to the trams that go down the Mile End Road. For all the dirt and squalor on either side of them, they are going to the edge of a real forest, where nymphs and "summer-sleepy dryads" might live their charmed, secluded lives, if the gods were not banished from our midst. Even Pan could find no more exquisite pleasaunce for his piping within close proximity to the four-mile radius.



THE GODS UP-TO-DATE: "A HIT, BY JOVE!"
Drawn by William Heath Robinson.

But the gods are exiled or dead, and a paternal Government, that would be ashamed to yield to a consideration for mere beauty, proposes to run telephone-poles through Epping Forest. It is a hopeful sign that a deputation of sane and worthy citizens has been received by the Postmaster-General, and has protested against the proposed act of vandalism. If the authorities are allowed to work their will, a trunk-line with thirty wires, destined to serve the eastern counties, will drag its hideous length through the Forest, although the Great Eastern Railway Company can carry the poles and wires quite comfortably along its own iron road, and will be pleased to do so. I don't suggest that this is matter for red flags or barricades; indeed, it is worthy of note that the Postmaster-General did not even require a guard of soldiers when he received the deputation. But the spirit of the law that makes Epping Forest the cherished possession of London's citizens is violated by the designs of the Post Office, and should the intended outrage become an accomplished fact, I shall cease from sending picture-postcards, and persuade my friends to follow my example, to the great diminution of Mr. Postmaster-General's receipts.

Gooseberries and Diamonds.

In the far-off days when folks were early Victorian and easily contented they asked for nothing more exciting in seasons of slackness than the story of a giant gooseberry or some doughty mariner's tale of the sea-serpent. At certain times of the year these pleasing narratives were circulated, and we congratulated the country gentleman upon his garden's glory and the veracious ship-master upon his providential escape from the locker of Davy Jones. But times have changed, old manners have gone, and the giant gooseberry yields pride of place to the giant diamond. When I read the account of the huge and useless gem that has been discovered in a Transvaal mine, my only feeling was one of regret that Nature herself has surrendered to the vulgarity of the age. The gooseberry sufficed. It was opulent and succulent, enjoyed its little hour of praise and its master's letter to the *Times*, and then passed to its appointed home. But what can the world do with a three-thousand-carat diamond? Even the wife of an opulent Chicago pork-packer might blush to wear it, and, if it is correctly valued, the interest upon its purchase-price would represent three-quarters of a million per annum.

Gold and Sea-Water.

Certain morning papers have been announcing the possibility of securing gold from sea-water, and the acquisition of foreshore by capitalists who wish to make money out of Neptune's realm without the risk of going down to the sea in ships. The prospect is not one that pleases. It points to the upheaval of many modern conventions, and will make the struggle for the Empire of the seas keener than ever. Moreover, if there is gold in sea-water, and it can be extracted at moderate cost, the once-precious metal will soon be a drug in the market. I fear the days to come, when the seashore of this country will be divided out among capitalists and syndicates, and the children will be forbidden to paddle or bathe lest they disturb the gold in the water, and all the lonely parts of the ocean will be dotted with floating buoys marked "Private: Trespassers Beware." It is obvious that, however vast the water-area of this planet, it will not suffice if there is gold in it. Certain countries that are largely land-locked—Germany and Russia, for example—will be forced to desperate action to get control of the element that hides the precious metal, unless some scientist arises to prove that the best supply of gold belongs to sunrise and sunset, and starts a syndicate to control them.

Morocco's Sultan.

Mulai Abd-el-Aziz IV., by grace of Allah ruler of Morocco's destinies, is young but smart. France has sent to his capital her Ambassador, M. St. René de Taillandier, diplomat *au bout des ongles*, to persuade the young ruler to admit France to his most intimate councils. "The Exalted Presence" has replied by summoning the rulers of all the tribes to his Palace, to ask them, in all courtesy, if they would like to see Morocco handed over to the Nazarene. The answer is by way of being a foregone conclusion, but the French Minister must wait for it. I am reminded of the unfortunate Mission to the same city undertaken, when Lord Salisbury was Consul, by Sir Charles Euan Smith. He was offered huge bribes, which he treated with amused contempt; he was threatened with a popular rising, but remained quite unmoved. And yet, in the end, he returned to England baffled and beaten; the *vis inertiæ* of the Moorish Government was too strong for him. Will M. de Taillandier do any better? And will Abd-el-Aziz fulfil his threat of appealing to Germany? These questions are small ones enough just now, but they have in them more than enough material to dwarf the sensations of to-day.

A LONDON FAVOURITE PLAYING IN THE PROVINCES.









MISS BILLIE BURKE, WHO IS PLAYING THE PRINCESS IN "ALADDIN,"

AT THE SHAKESPEARE, LIVERPOOL.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle*.")

"A MAKER OF MEN"—"GREAT FRIENDS."

PERHAPS I went to the St. James's insufficiently prepared for "A Maker of Men." The Frankenstein title gave no warning as to the character of Mr. Sutro's comedietta; otherwise, I should have dipped into two or three of Michelet's works, had a glance at Zola's "Fécondité," refreshed myself with "The Angel in the House" and Ruskin's remarks about it in "Sesame and Lilies," to say nothing of the host of other works known by everybody—except, it appears, the modern Public Schoolboy, who, I presume, calls himself Public School*man*. So I was not quite apt for the noble sentiments of the play, with which, of course, I heartily agree. Still, being unattuned, I had a lurking suspicion that there was a rather excessive *bourgeois* flavour in the piece, using the term in relation to matrimony as I believe it was originally employed; and after the first half, during which we were agreeably excited as to whether the bank-manager would or would not get the rise in salary that was to make the difference between grinding poverty and decent comfort for his wife and children, the piece seemed rather too much of an undramatic sermon. I have an intimate reason for knowing that there exists at least one woman quite as good as the bank-manager's wife, but I do not believe that such good women can turn on admirably rounded-off rhetoric at a moment's notice, and, if they could, they would be tactful enough to refrain. Nevertheless, at a time when the bad habit of giving "variety turns" as *levers-de-rideau* is spreading, one welcomes the *lever-de-rideau*, quite nicely written, that Mr. George Alexander has produced, and also the fact that it is excellently acted. Mr. Graham Browne has for some time been recognised as a *jeune premier* of very considerable value, and he played admirably as the bank-manager. Miss Edyth Olive's triumphs—real, solid triumphs—have been won in classic drama: as heroine of "A Maker of Men" she shows herself at home in modern dress, and by her beautiful performance should win true recognition of her remarkable gifts.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, PLAYING MISS TREE'S PART AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by the Rembrandt Studio.

It may not be quite certain that Mr. G. S. Street has taken the stage by storm, and I have even read that "Great Friends," the latest production of the Incorporated Stage Society, is anæmic, that the characters are "phantoms," and the work is boring, except during the utterance of some witticisms which would read better than they sound on the stage. "Phantoms" is a new term, used presumably for word-puppets, or marionettes, or clockwork figures, and the like, which we have been accustomed to employ when suggesting that the *dramatis personæ* of a play are not lifelike. It may be that there is a subtlety in the term, since the word suggests that the parties were once alive. To me, such criticism seems quite unjust. There is a weak spot in "Great Friends," which assertion hardly anyone will deny, and the characters are not very beefy or full-blooded, and their behaviour suggests the drifting more consonant with real life than the cut-and-dried conduct of the commonplace play; but the work is a true comedy of modern social life which interested and vastly amused the audience when I was present.

Moreover, it appeared to me that the house took the view I share, that the persons of the drama were really drawn from life in a quite masterly way, and that the elaborate analysis of character was not carried too far. They were ingeniously individualised and finely contrasted. The chief person, Sydney Baldwin, although Mr. Dawson Milward acted the part very ably, was the least convincing, and this because the actor was not suited to the part, which demanded, above all, the suggestion of amiable irresponsibility that would form a fairly acceptable excuse for the selfish conduct of Sydney Baldwin, a very skilfully drawn study of a selfish, fatuous, clever fellow, weak for either good or evil. It is difficult to imagine him, as presented by Mr. Milward, falling a victim to the passionless philandering of a Lady Raffin, a creature drawn and played superbly. Such a person as her Ladyship has never been put upon the stage so perfectly. She is a woman weary of a husband obviously uninteresting, almost repulsive, and, naturally, she longs for amusement and pleasure from the society of other men, which she is willing to win by any means short of one. She will flirt to the top, but has no intention of sacrificing for passion's sake her position as wife of a rich man with a title. So she issues a number of obligations payable at the Bank of Love or Passion, and dishonours them. She is one of the creatures whom women dislike and distrust by instinct and reason—soft-voiced, caressing in manner, gifted with a power of appearing frank, but venomous in speech, malignant, and deceitful. She is drawn clearly, sharply, strongly, and Miss Gertrude Kingston absolutely realised her.

Several other characters were very amusing and in the vein of pure comedy. For instance, Charlie Pontemarx, Baldwin's future brother-in-law, a ne'er-do-weel, hardly vicious, of good family, who also was one of Lady Raffin's victims, proved to be intensely diverting when acting under the fatuous delusion that she preferred him to Baldwin and was bored by the politician; whilst his visit to Hampshire to call Baldwin to account for neglecting Grace, the charming girl who, in the end, triumphed over Lady Raffin, produced a thoroughly entertaining scene. Mr. G. M. Graham played the part very ably. Grace is a rather less successful character. Miss Grimston was clever in her manner of presenting the simple, honest, unsophisticated girl, without succeeding in making her seem very interesting. Miss Helen Rous was altogether admirable in her presentation of Lady Caroline Pontemarx, the rather domineering mother of Grace, always defeated in her struggles with Lady Raffin; whilst Mr. Herbert Grimwood, as her downtrodden husband, gave a perfect little character-study. Also I should mention Mr. Vernon Steel, who acted in excellent style, with an agreeably quiet sense of humour, as Grace's unsuccessful suitor. The characters of two men-servants were well enough played by Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn and Mr. Williams, but the parts made the play drag a little and were on a rather lower standard than the others.

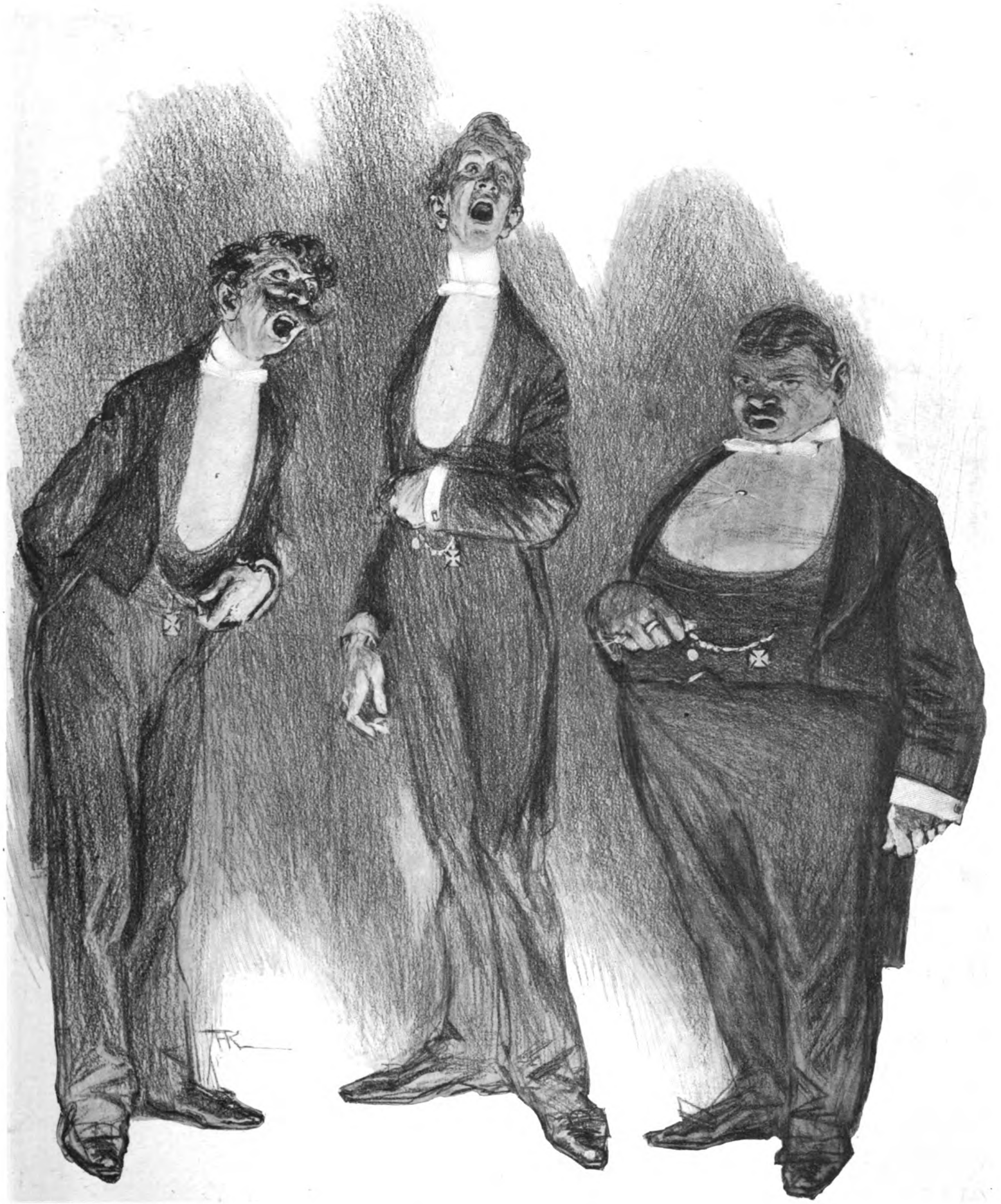


THE "HERO" OF HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, WHO IS ACTING IN MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

To sum up, Mr. Street shows that he has all the qualities for a writer of comedy—a very fertile wit and the power of making his cleverest lines seem natural, a power of character-drawing and a sense of the stage. He has been a little rash in choosing so slight a subject, and the result was that in the last Act the play stood still for some minutes—a little compression would almost cure this, but not quite, for he has also made the mistake of leaving the audience for a time uncertain as to the issue of the play.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



IV.—THE GLEE-SINGERS.

"SHALL WE ROUSE THE NIGHT-OWL IN A CATCH?"—*"TWELFTH NIGHT," Act II., Scene 3.*

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—III.

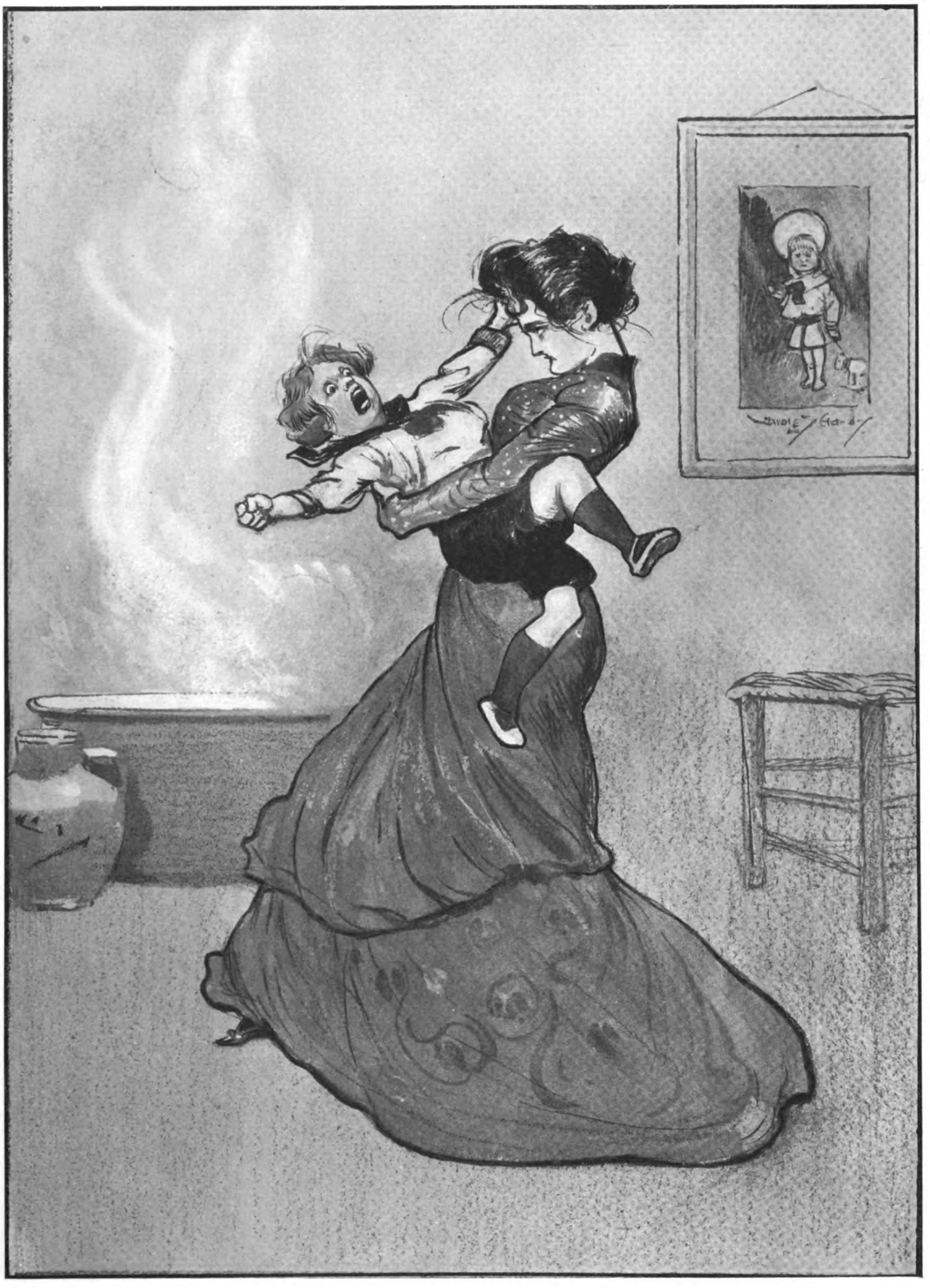


The Lop-Eared Bloog.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

KNIGHT

Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.



XI.

"HOMES.—WANTED, SOMEONE TO ADOPT A STRONG, HEALTHY BOY, AGED SIX YEARS."

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.



CHARACTERS FROM "ORCZY-BARSTOW'S" PLAY.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.



STUDIES OF MISS JULIA NEILSON AS LADY BLAKENEY.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

"PITY THE UNEMPLOYED!"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



WITH APOLOGIES TO THE REAL UNEMPLOYED.

"THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S.



MISS NANCY PRICE,

WHO IS PLAYING EUPHEMIA CHITTY IN CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL'S NEW FARCICAL ROMANCE.

Four photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann; centre photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

So much has been written about Matthew Arnold that it might well be supposed impossible to say anything that is fresh on that charming personality. But in the current number of the *Quarterly* the President of Magdalen has written to purpose. He says that, in spite of all the books and writings about Arnold, we have no true or full biography and are still left in darkness on the main problems of his history. Mr. Herbert Warren is of opinion that the best book so far written is that of Mr. G. W. E. Russell in the "Literary Lives" series. He says that Mr. Russell has the best conception of the variety, range, and relation of Matthew Arnold's interests, and the fullest sympathy with them. But he holds that, while the tradition of the living man is still itself alive, a biography should be written with due reticence and reserve, but should be sufficiently definite. The difficulty is that Arnold himself forbade a biography, and his executors have carried out his wishes even to the point of fanaticism, for his letters were so severely edited that they lost pith and flavour. Mr. Warren thinks, perhaps rightly, that Arnold considered his life a failure, and, therefore, did not wish it told. When he compared himself with his old friends and contemporaries risen to be Judges, Cabinet Ministers, and Archbishops, it was difficult for him not to do so. His life was a hard life; he was assuredly Pegasus in harness. He did not love his profession. It was well-nigh a positive purgatory, though, perhaps, he managed it badly and was not sufficiently economical of time and strength.

As things stand, there are mysteries in Arnold's life. Why did he publish his first poems anonymously, and why did he recall them almost as soon as they appeared? His first book contained what is, perhaps, after all, the very best of his work. As a youth, he was handsome, athletic, elegant, fashionable, an exquisite in dress. Mr. Warren does not refer to the penetrating portrait of him that was drawn by Charlotte Brontë. His early poems, as Mr. Warren rightly remarks, are full of passion. Who were Marguerite and Olivia?

> The mists are on the mountain hung,
> And Marguerite I shall see no more.

We cannot tell. His gleam of worldly success was his appointment to the Professorship of Poetry in Oxford. Arnold's characteristic ideas sprang from the period of storm and stress, 1840 to 1850. He never struck the note of Imperialism. The Colonies to him are but children of the Philistines, and an offspring more hopeless than their parents. Arnold never appreciated the real importance of natural science. He never knew the significance of "The Origin of Species." His best poems are those pervaded by the quality of poetic sentiment. So far as he contributed to the ideas of his countrymen, it was as a writer of prose rather than a poet.

Was he a prophet? Not quite. He had a message for his times. But, as William Watson has said—

> Somewhat of worldling mingled still
> With bard and sage.

He could not dispense with his white gloves, his pouncet-box. He never went very deep, though his intuitions were those of genius. As a poet, Mr. Warren ranks him with Collins. "A defective ear, an uncertain choice and mastery of metre, yet often a lovely, unsought, unaffected music, always a tender elegiac passion, a pure drawing and colouring of Nature, a philosophic and scholarly aroma blended with exquisite delicacy of sentiment—these are characteristic of both." This is well said, and yet I think the familiar comparison with Gray is far truer. There was very little that Matthew Arnold shared with the Collins of the last sad days at Chichester, in those fits of melancholy madness and in that deep dejection which Johnson has chronicled.



"Called for the Poor Rate, have you? What is the Poor Rate, may I ask?"
"It's for the benefit of people without means, Sir."
"Ah, then, you mean you've called with it, not for it!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

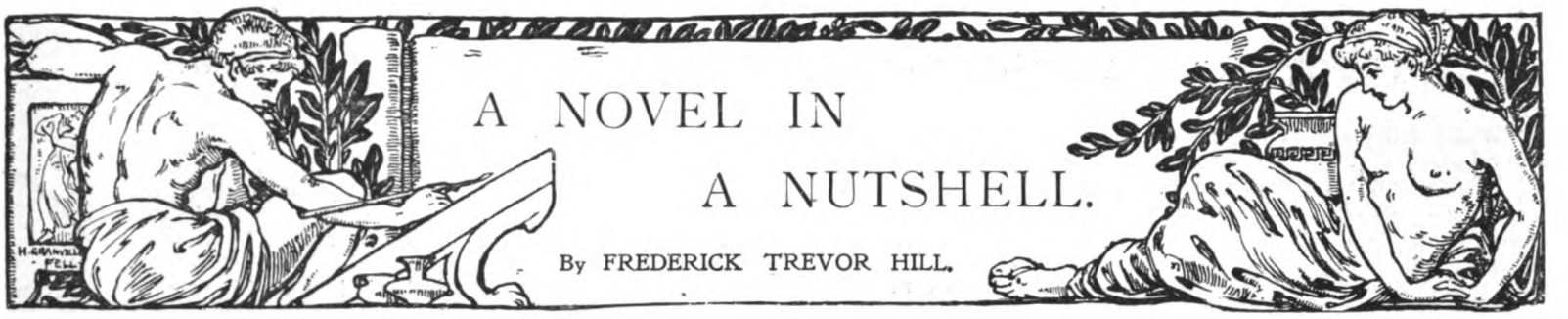
I am very glad to note that "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," the Roumanian folk-songs translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettell, has been published complete in one volume by Harper Brothers. They are, perhaps, the most remarkable contribution to poetry published for years, and Miss Alma Strettell's gift as a translator is nothing short of genius.

We are to have a volume of Letters and Essays by the late Canon Ainger, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, and also a memorial volume, which will be issued by Messrs. Constable and will contain many letters.

Miss Edith Sichel, in the *Quarterly*, does justice, and perhaps more than justice, to Mr. Ainger. She records some of his *bon mots*. On one occasion, at a dinner-party, he spilt some wine upon the table. "You would never have expected *me* to show this disrespect for the cloth," he at once apologetically exclaimed to his hostess. Miss Sichel does not mention that, when one of his colleagues published a book of Reminiscences, Ainger said, "It should have been called 'Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.'" These are not dazzling examples of wit, but they are characteristic enough. Miss Sichel is able to print some of Ainger's verses and notes from his lectures, but she does not mention his early papers in *Macmillan*, where he began, under a pseudonym, the business of authorship. She tells us that Ainger considered his best piece of work was his biographical introduction to Hood. Ainger's claims as an editor of Charles Lamb have hardly survived the severe scrutiny of recent years.

The "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains" of J. H. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," run into two volumes and will be one of the first published biographical works of 1905. They will be edited by his wife.

O. O.



THE SHIELD OF PRIVILEGE.

THE fellow never deceived me for an instant. I state this at the outset, because Benson and his clique in the Club corner have carried the matter beyond the limits of a joke. I have as nice a sense of humour as anyone, but I do not propose to be made a laughing-stock simply because Benson chooses to say I was duped. That version of the story may be funny, even in Benson's mouth, but it does not happen to be true. I was prejudiced against MacLeod from the moment I laid eyes on him, and I am no mean judge of character.

In the first place, I did not like the way he entered my private room. He followed the office-boy too closely. Neither did I like his personal appearance. I particularly disliked the squint with which he watched me and his mouth at the same time. This was especially distressing as the part of his mouth under observation seemed to retreat before his divided glance until it hid around the corner, setting his whole face askew. Moreover, the very way he closed the door behind the office-boy was suspicious, and I did not in the least credit his avowed susceptibility to draughts. In fact, his every look and movement would have put a far less keen observer than I upon his guard.

He placed a chair close beside me—confidentially close—and for some seconds regarded me with his uncomfortably slanting squint.

"D' yer know who I am?" he asked, at length, speaking through closed teeth.

I shook my head.

"I 'm Buttsy MacLeod," he whispered, confidentially, and shoved his chair back, the better to observe my astonishment.

I exhibited no surprise, however. I was not even interested. The name conveyed nothing to my mind, and I said so.

MacLeod's right eye swooped down upon the corner of his mouth, which literally flew into his cheek, giving him an expression of mingled anger and contempt.

"D' yer mean ter say yer never 'eard of me?" he asked, bobbing his neck threateningly from side to side.

I shook my head again. He dipped a hand into the breast-pocket of his overcoat and jerked out a bulging pocket-book, from which he extracted a bunch of newspaper-cuttings pinned together with a brass fastener.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he slapped the clippings down upon my desk.

"Well?" I queried, indifferently. "What are those things?"

"Me notices," he answered, with a touch of pride.

I stared at the man with increasing interest. I have always prided myself upon the accuracy with which I can determine a man's business from his face, and the possibility of a mistake nettled me.

"You are an actor?" I inquired, incredulously.

"An actor! Naw!"

The answer was a snarl of disgust, and, without further questioning, I removed my spectacles, cleaned them, and picked up the bunch of Press-clippings. The first words I read restored my self-confidence. The fellow was a burglar.

I glanced at MacLeod over my spectacles. He was watching me with a disgustingly self-satisfied smile. I made no comment, however, and resumed my perusal of the clippings.

Buttsy MacLeod, it appeared, was one of the best cracksmen in the business, and a "gun" frequently wanted by the Metropolitan Police. His powers were proclaimed by the number of unsolved "affairs" with which his name was connected. I read of a bank robbery, a house-breaking job, a diamond disappearance, and half-a-dozen other mysteries, each account of which closed with a statement from the police that they believed Buttsy MacLeod was at the bottom of the matter, or that suspicion pointed to Buttsy MacLeod, or that the thing had the clean-cut look of a Buttsy MacLeod job. It appeared, however, that Buttsy was more often suspected than detected. Most of the clippings included a brief biography of Buttsy, and more than one illustrated its story with a more or less fanciful portrait of the gentleman encircled by a chain of burglar's tools and handcuffs, or otherwise appropriately framed. Every time I came upon one of these flattering portraits, I glanced at the supposed original, who favoured me with profile or full-face, as the occasion suggested, his expression invariably denoting conscious pride and self-satisfaction. Buttsy was the most inordinately conceited man I had ever encountered.

I finished my perusal of the clippings, folded them up, and handed the bunch to MacLeod without comment.

"Pretty good, ain't they?" he asked, expectantly.

"Pretty bad, I should say," I retorted.

"Bad!" he exclaimed, almost peevishly. Then he paused and smiled faintly. "I see," he continued; "you 're kiddin' me. Bad 'cause they 're so good, eh? Well, I 'm Buttsy MacLeod all right. That 's me." He tapped the bunch of papers as he replaced it in the pocket-book.

When taking the measure of a man, I usually look him straight in the eyes. My wife says I have a remarkably penetrating gaze, and it is perfectly true that when our cook was suspected of irregularities in the kitchen she broke down completely under my intense scrutiny, and confessed without a question. MacLeod's squint, however, was most unpleasant, and I could not watch it long without feeling my own eyes at odds and my face askew. I therefore removed my spectacles and kept wiping them as I questioned him.

"What is your business with me, Buttsy?" I began.

I have always understood that noted criminals like to be addressed by their nicknames, but MacLeod did not seem over-pleased with my familiarity.

"Law business, of course, Mister Peterson," he answered, emphasising the title. "I wanter retain yer."

"To retain me?" I repeated. "I don't take criminal cases"

"You 'll take this one. There 's something I ain't showed yer yet," he replied, coolly producing a revolver from his pocket.

The moment his hand left the weapon mine covered it and I had it levelled at his head.

"'Tain't loaded," he observed, calmly, as he continued delving in his pocket. "Wot d' yer t'ink I am?"

I could see that the exposed chambers of the revolver were empty, but I lowered the weapon cautiously.

"Yer quite a game-cock, ain't yer?" he remarked. "That 's wot I wants—a fightin' lawyer who ain't afraid. Look at that now."

He spread out before me a full page of the Sunday Supplement of some newspaper, giving a detailed account of Buttsy's more or less chequered career, illustrated by numerous portraits of himself, sketches of the houses he had robbed, and photographs of the lawyers who had defended him. All this was headed—

"FAMOUS ADVISERS OF AN INFAMOUS INDIVIDUAL."

"I am not a criminal lawyer," I repeated, indifferently, as I pushed the paper aside with the muzzle of the revolver.

"I know it; that 's why I come to yer. The criminal sharks is no good. I wants brains."

I glanced at my would-be client with some surprise. He certainly displayed unusual intelligence for a man of his class. His conclusion that the Civil Bar—the more remunerative side of the profession—contained the ablest men was quite logical. Of course, very few practitioners in the Civil Courts have had any experience before the criminal tribunals. But experience is a poor substitute for native ability, and MacLeod had apparently weighed the Criminal Bar and found it wanting in the latter quality. My particular field of practice—the examination of patents—had not, of course, given me much opportunity for Court work of any kind. In fact, I had never tried a Jury case, but I have always believed that my faculty for character-reading would distinguish me in the active branches of the profession, and more than once I have thought of testing my prowess in this regard. MacLeod's case seemed to present an unusually favourable opportunity for this. He was apparently a notorious character, and his trial, if Court proceedings should ensue, would doubtless attract considerable attention. I had no desire to act as the office-adviser to any criminal, great or small; but I did long to match myself, man against man, and brain against brain, in a legal contest of note, believing that in the rapid give-and-take of criminal practice I should not find myself at a loss. I was not alone in this opinion, for my wife has often remarked upon the rapidity and keenness of my questions, which frequently anticipate her thoughts, and in a mock trial at our country home, not long ago, everyone told me I was surprisingly forceful. MacLeod was unquestionably a criminal, but he was entitled to all proper protection, and, since he had not received this at the hands of the criminal lawyers, he was justified in seeking it in the higher ranks of the Bar. The situation appealed to my sense of professional duty, and I decided to accept Buttsy's retainer.

My insight into the man's character, however, warned me to give no advice until I made sure of my fee, and I hinted as much to MacLeod. He replied by producing a fifty-dollar bill and laying it on my desk.

"I want a receipt," he muttered.

I pocketed the bill, and asked him to explain his case as I wrote the required acknowledgment. He did not speak, however, until he had fastened the receipt to his Press-clippings. Then he glanced at me slyly.

"Wot I tell youse is just as confidential as though yer was a regular lawyer, ain't it?" he began, suspiciously.

"I don't know what you mean by a 'regular lawyer,'" I answered, stiffly; "but, of course, the communications of a client to his counsel are absolutely sacred throughout the profession."

"Sacred?" he repeated, with a crafty look. "Yer mean yer daresent give up wot I tells yer withouten my leave, don't yer?"

"That's one way of putting it," I assented, with dignity.

"Ain't that th' law?" he persisted.

"It is," I agreed. "Proceed with your story, MacLeod."

"Supposin'," he continued, disregarding my instructions, "supposin' I was pinched with the goods on me, and the owner didn't—didn't recognise 'em, or didn't claim 'em, anyhow, could they put me through?"

"It might be very difficult to prove larceny without such testimony," I replied. "I don't want to answer hypothetical questions, however. Get to your story, and I will advise you accordingly."

"All right," he replied, shifting in his seat and hitching his chair a trifle nearer me. "This all comes of tryin' country work. I hadn't oughter left the city, and I don't again after I shake this. You live in the country, don't yer?" he asked, with an eye on a local time-table lying on my desk.

"In the summer," I replied. "Not now. Go on."

"Well, yer knows country ways, don't yer?" he asked, a little anxiously.

The term was somewhat vague, but I replied that I resided nearly six months of the year at my country place, and could, I thought, claim familiarity with rural habits.

Buttsy seemed relieved.

"It figures out this way," he began again. "Me side-partner in this deal picked off a bunch of houses, shut up for the winter, that were full er loose things. He gave out that there weren't no risk and we could work 'em on off-nights. So I up with him and cracks the first he'd marked down right enough. But, while we was sortin' th' loose in the grey, along comes some galoots to do repairs, and we had to vamoose with only about half of the best. That was bad enough; but I was tryin' on a coat when me side-partner give me the word, and I left me own coat, with two letters in the side-pocket. That give a hint to them country 'trailers'; but, still, it took 'em six hours to put the Chief on, and here we are."

"You mean there's a city warrant out for your arrest?" I asked, following his recital with some difficulty.

"I don't know nothin' about warrants," he answered, impatiently, "but they's after me. 'Hutch' Mallon piped that in me ear down to Hogan's, where a couple of 'plain-clothes' was nosin' around. They'll get some chicken-liver to squeal me whereabouts before night."

The case sounded rather desperate, but I was not certain that I fully understood it.

"Let us get at this thing systematically," I began, cheerfully. "These—er—these affairs mentioned in the papers—do the police want you for them?"

"Naw. They can't prove nothin' there, and they knows it. I brushes up when I leaves. That's what makes 'em so dead sore on me. In the city I never gives 'em a smell, and it'll be nuts to them to soak me on this hayseed job. They won't do a thing now but lamm me in the neck for every time I've fooled 'em up——"

"Let us consider the details of this particular case *seriatim*," I interrupted. "When did this—er—this transaction take place?"

"To-day."

"Indeed? At what hour?"

"We cracked about four and we skipped about seven."

"Where was the house located?" I continued, picking up a pencil to note his answers.

"At Walsboro'."

I dropped my pencil.

"Walsboro'!" I exclaimed. "Why, I live in Walsboro' myself in the summer! Whereabouts was the house?"

"Yer can search me," he answered. "It was about three rotten roads back from the railway."

This was exceedingly embarrassing. All my friends lived in the direction indicated, and probably someone I knew was the victim. Still, business was business, and my first duty was to my client. Perhaps my knowledge of the locality and its residents might stand me in good stead before the case was finished.

"Was it a brick house with a shingle roof?" I asked, describing Emmosmith's house.

"Shingle roof, yes," he replied—a trifle disgustedly, I thought.

The answer confirmed my worst fears. One of my best friends was the victim. Still, the identification was not complete. There were several shingle-roofed brick houses in the vicinity.

"Did it have a greenhouse at the side?" I asked.

"Naw."

I gave a sigh of relief. It was not Emmosmith's house, and anything was better than that. Indeed, there were people in Walsboro' whose misfortune would cost me no tears. Balderson, for instance; if, by a happy chance, MacLeod had selected that pompous ass for a visitation!

"Was the house well furnished?" I asked.

"Naw! Nothin' but plated stuff, except weddin'-present odd lots marked an inch deep. Made me sick!" he muttered.

This clearly pointed to Balderson, and I smiled at the description, but determined to make sure.

"Did the house set back from the road?"

"Yep."

"Did it have a clematis-vine over the front-door?"

"Yep."

"Was there a big hall-clock on the stairs?"

"Yep."

By Jove, it was Balderson's house! I could scarcely conceal my delight, but I managed to maintain a judicial exterior.

"I understand that you—er—retained some of the property?" I suggested.

"Aw, we pinched a few, but they was boardin'-house truck. Eisenblume laughed a tooth out when I asked him a couple of hundred on my lot."

I could not help chuckling outright at this appraisal of Balderson's chattels. But I was still in the dark as to Buttsy's defence, which had become doubly important to me since Balderson would be the complainant. I was now almost more interested in defeating Balderson than I was in clearing MacLeod, and I determined to leave no stone unturned.

"What room did you first enter?" I began, briskly, picking up my pencil.

"'Tweren't a room. 'Twas the staircase."

"The staircase?"

"The landin'."

"Ah!"

I drew a sheet of paper toward me and began to map out a rough diagram.

"It is most important to ascertain," I observed, "whether any of the workmen who surprised you actually saw you in the house. Of course, anyone might have had your letters in his coat. It is unfortunate that you left those, but the evidence they supply is, at best, circumstantial. We must be prepared, however, to meet proof that the workmen saw you in the house. Perhaps we can demonstrate by a diagram that this was impossible. Now, this is a plan of the ground-floor of Balderson's—of the house, I mean."

MacLeod took up the diagram and examined it critically.

"This here's wrong," he remarked, with a dirty finger on my drawing.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"The big room's on the other side."

"I don't think so," I answered. "Anyway, it will serve to illustrate the situation. Now, when the workmen entered——"

"This part's wrong too," interrupted Buttsy. "The stairs ain't in the middle of the hall. They're 'way off here."

"You're mistaken," I replied, impatiently; "but——"

"Well, I know 'taint so," he asserted, impudently.

"Don't contradict me, MacLeod," I answered, severely. "I've been in the house dozens of times, and I know."

"Don't care if you've lived in it!" he retorted, hotly. "I ain't been in it only once, but I guess I know my business. Bet yer fifty I can go it from cellar to roof. Here——"

"Nonsense, MacLeod!" I interrupted, with some annoyance. "I've no time for trifling——"

"Nonsense!" he burst out, angrily. "Here's fifty to cover that! Write it down! Write it down now! I'll nonsense you! First-floor: square hall—library to right, dining-room to left—stairs 'longside library—three broad steps and a turn; then——"

"Hold on!" I interposed, apprehensively.

"Hold on nothin'!" he continued, aggressively. "No sneakin' bets now. Seven steps to first landin'—hall-clock in hole in wall, with grey chiny vase standin'——"

"A grey china vase!" I exclaimed, in dismay.

"Yes, a grey chiny vase!" he repeated, mockingly. "Picked me up for a greenhorn, eh? Well, I ain't! Second-floor: small, square hall, with panel picture of Venus walkin' in th' wood——"

"Stop!" I gasped.

"Wanter squeal 'cause I ain't called the woman right? Well, you shave closer next time yer tackle a first-rater for an amateur! Passage-way to right openin' on two sleepers and a bath," he gabbled along, conceitedly; "two more sleepers, big closet, bath-room, and door on left leadin' to rear hall, three sleepers, and attic staircase—two turns in stairs to attic—slidin' skylight to left; shingle roof, painted red."

"Red!" I shouted, grasping at a straw. "This house hadn't a red roof!"

"Aw; look at me pants," he retorted, disgustedly.

"That's my house!" I roared.

MacLeod's right eye held me fascinated while his left viciously chased his mouth.

"Tell me somethin' I don't know!" he muttered. "Wot d' yer t'ink I hired yer for?"

I didn't have to defend MacLeod in Court, because the police failed to obtain proper identification of the articles he pawned and because other proof was lacking. My reasons for undertaking his case, however, were exactly as I have stated, and when Benson says I was gulled from first to last he simply lies. Buttsy MacLeod's character was an open book to me from the moment we met, incomprehensible as this may be to a man of Benson's calibre.

THE END.

FROM THE LAND OF THE AZTEC.



BEAUTIES OF MEXICO.

PEERESSES MARRIED OUT OF THE PEERAGE.



THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE,
WIFE OF MAJOR EDWARD WALTER BLUNT.
Photograph by Langfier.



SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY,
WIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN CHARLES ARDAGH.
Photograph by Russell.



JEMIMA, COUNTESS OF DARNLEY,
WIFE OF CAPTAIN A. C. LEVESON, R.N., AND HER DAUGHTER BARONESS CLIFTON.
Photograph by Speaight.



OLIVIA, COUNTESS CAIRNS,
WIFE OF MR. ROGER CYRIL HANS SLOANE STANLEY, AND HER DAUGHTERS.
Photograph by Speaight.



VISCOUNTESS PARKER,
WIFE OF CAPTAIN L. W. MATTHEWS.
Photograph by Langfier.

CONSTANCE, COUNTESS DE LA WARR,
WIFE OF THE REV. PAUL WILLIAMS WYATT.
Photograph by Russell.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS,
WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM LEHMAN ASHMEAD BURDETT-COUTTS.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

CORA, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD,
WIFE OF MR. MARLY THOMAS KENNARD.
Photograph by Lafayette.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"OLD GORGON GRAHAM."

THE American language may not always be the most elegant of literary vehicles, but it is the only possible medium for the wisdom of John Graham, of the Stock Yards, Chicago, a latter-day Solomon, whose first book of Proverbs, "The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son," by George Horace Lorimer, has now been continued under the title of "Old Gorgon Graham" (Methuen). The new book is less blatant than its forerunner. Pierrepont has now been at work for some time in the ancestral pork-packing business, and the first letter is in reply to one he had written to his father suggesting that, as the old man was laid up for repairs, the time had come for his son to relieve him of some of the burden of active management. The old man comes to the point at once—

I don't propose to break any quick-promotion records with you just because you happened to be born into a job with the house. . . . Out of business hours I like you better than anyone at the office, but in them there are about twenty men ahead of you in my affections. The way for you to get first place is by racing fair and square, and not by using your old daddy as a spring-board from which to jump over their heads.

In order that Pierrepont may nurse no fond illusions, old John continues—

I might as well add that when I retire it will be to the cemetery. And I should advise you to anchor me there with a pretty heavy monument, because it wouldn't take more than two such statements of manufacturing cost as I've just received from your department to bring me back from the graveyard to the Stock Yards on the jump.

The second letter informs Pierrepont that he is to manage the lard department—

until I get back; but beyond that I can't see. Four weeks doesn't give you much time to prove that you are the best man in the shop for the place, but it gives you enough to prove that you ain't.

But the parental advice is not all on the factory. There are general rules for men of the world. While at Carlsbad, Mr. Graham had a call from Pierrepont's old college-friend, Clarence, who came armed with a letter of introduction from young Hopeful. Clarence, to quote the Gorgon's phrase, "blew in from Monte Carlo, where he had been spending a few days in the interests of science." The youth was in distress—

Said he couldn't understand just how it happened, because he had figured it all out by logarithms and trigonometry and differential calculus and a lot of other high-priced studies that he'd taken away from Harvard. Was so sure that he could have proved his theory right if he'd only had a little more money that it hardly seemed worth while to tell him that the only thing he could really prove with his system was old Professor Darwin's theory that men and monkeys began life in the same cage. . . . I'll bet the Professor got that idea while he was talking with some of his students.

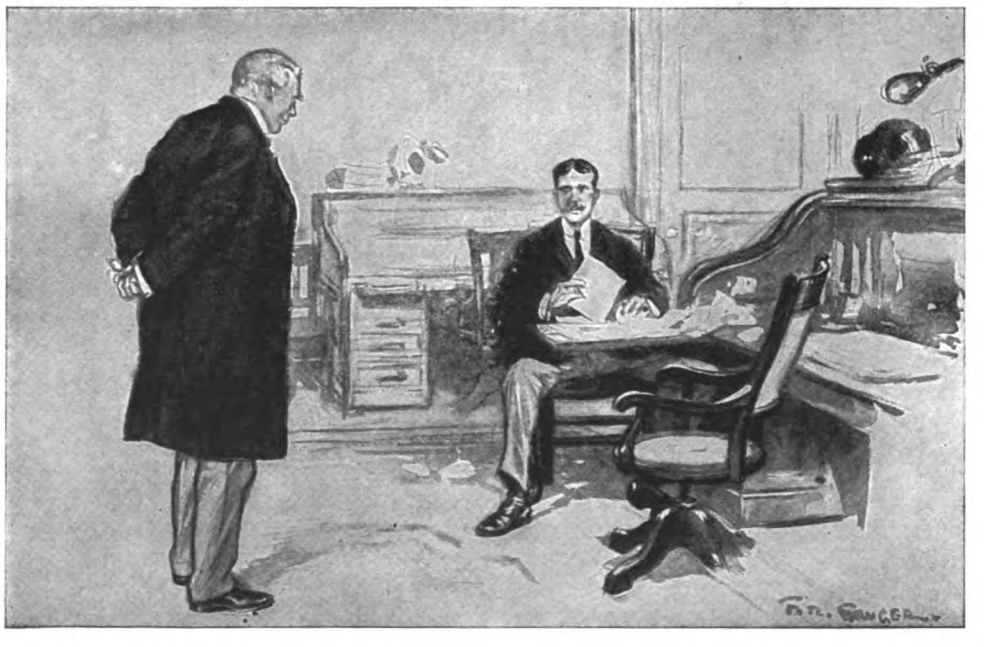
Of course, the inevitable happened. Mr. Graham foresaw, naturally, what Clarence was after, but he made no offer, and forced the young man to beg. The excellent elder lent the money, but wrote to the cashier to knock it off poor Pierrepont's salary. He hoped it would be repaid, but advised his son to "save book-keeping by charging it off to experience. These quick, glad borrowers are slow, sad payers." In this hard school the son evidently throve, for we hear of him later as having given the stern parent fair satisfaction in the lard department, and the next letter from the head of the firm to the cashier on Pierrepont's account ordered a salary of a hundred dollars a week. Old Graham believed in paying good men well, just as firmly as he believed in "firing" the incompetent. The announcement of the rise in salary contains a hint of Pierrepont's approaching marriage, and gives Mr. Graham senior a text for a disquisition on the delicate diplomacy necessary to securing happiness in that perilous state. The honeymoon must be "rounded off with a business talk," in which the lady must be told the worst at once about the butcher, the baker, the milkman, and the gas-meter. At first he would recommend that housekeeping money be brought home in cash—

Explain that it's all you've got for sweating like a dog for ten hours a day, through six long days, and that the cashier handed it out with an expression as if you were robbing the cash-drawer of an orphan asylum . . . It's mighty seldom that a woman's extravagant unless she or her husband pays the bills by cheque. There's something in the actual legal tender that keeps a woman from really wanting a lot of things that she thinks she wants.

Here follows a touching anecdote telling how Pierrepont's mother, reared in affluence, with eighteen niggers to keep the family idle, went bankrupt in her first month of housekeeping. Her iron husband, refusing to be melted by tears, made her believe she was in the grasp of the law, but said that he could persuade the Court to appoint him receiver, and so hush up the scandal with the neighbours. For the next four weeks the villain kept the books himself and handled the cash until things came right again. Then he revealed his deception, but his wife never quite forgave him. He did not deserve it. The Gorgon, however, could be humane and kindly, for all his business instincts, and the letters reflect his quiet pride in Pierrepont's steady success. The youth marries and receives more advice, including a lecture on the handling of his mother-in-law, whom the old man found at the wedding "crying into her third plate of ice-cream." He did not display quite his usual skill in trying to comfort her. But he can enjoy a laugh against himself, as in the story of the clerk who rebuked him and lived. One morning, things were rosy, and he bade this clerk get a new suit at his expense. In the afternoon the letters were worrying and he abused the same official, who said nothing till the end, and then quietly asked, "Mr. Graham, don't you want those clothes back?" The Head took the rebuke and added an overcoat to his original gift. His humanity triumphs in the last letter, where he has heard of the arrival of Graham the third, and at once sketches out a plan, with an illuminating foot-note on trusts, for the infant's education as partner one day in the firm.



CRYING INTO HER THIRD PLATE OF ICE-CREAM.



"SAY, MR. GRAHAM, DON'T YOU WANT THAT SUIT OF CLOTHES BACK?"

Drawings reproduced from "Old Gorgon Graham" by permission of Messrs. Methuen.



WHAT, under the circumstances, must be regarded as the very marked success which attended the revival of "Charley's Aunt" at the Comedy Theatre is practically responsible for Mr. Frank Curzon's decision to follow it with this evening's revival of "Our Flat." Should the farce prove acceptable to the taste of the new generation of playgoers which has arisen since it was originally done at the Strand, it will be the precursor of a series of reproductions which will, to all intents and purposes, make the Comedy, if not another home of Répertoire, yet a house of Revivals. Mr. Willie Edouin will be seen in his old part, and his chief associates, who are well known to London audiences, will be Miss Pollie Emery and Miss Nora Lancaster, the other characters being allotted to players who have been associated with the farce in the provinces.



A FAIR EQUESTRIENNE: MISS TINA CLEMENTS, RECENTLY APPEARING AT THE COLISEUM.

Photograph by Bassano.

While "Our Flat" is being played, a special matinée will be given of Mr. Edouin's farce, "On the Rank," in which he plays the part of a cabman who assumes several disguises. Although it has never been acted in London, Mr. Edouin has played the part both in the provinces and in South Africa, and, if it succeeds at the trial matinée, a place will be subsequently found for it in the evening bill. Meantime, Mr. Edouin's place in "Sergeant Brue" is being filled by Mr. Arthur Laceby, his understudy, who has been acting the part of the Magistrate in the merry entertainment at the Strand which bids fair to emulate the run of other successful musical comedies.

Sensation at the rate of £300 a minute. That is the rate at which the new Port Arthur scene at the Coliseum works out. Although there is a book, no spoken word is, as a matter of fact, to be introduced into the scene, though it is accompanied all the time by singing, or by music which Mr. Walter Slaughter has specially composed. Without unduly stretching the point, the production, which is in the able hands of Mr. Marshall Moore, who has had the benefit of the experience of Mr. Fred Villiers, the famous War Artist who has been representing the *Illustrated London News* with General Nogi's forces, might be called an operatic sensation. It will depict not only the land-attack—cavalry, infantry, and artillery being represented on the stage—but also battleships in action, a most realistic representation of the sea and of the movement of the great vessels on it being obtained by the use of the revolving stages, moving in opposite directions.

The great success of the "song scenas" at the Coliseum has decided the management to introduce two more, which will be produced next Monday. One of these, called "Miss Extravaganza," written by Mr. Arthur Anderson and composed by Mr. Walter Slaughter, will satirise many of the extravagancies of modern Society, and Mr. J. C. Piddock will appear in it. Miss Decima Moore will succeed her "Irish Girl, the Colleen," with "The Hielan' Fishwife," which will introduce many popular Scotch airs, with additional music by Mr. Walter Slaughter and lyrics by Mr. Roland Carse.

Machnow, of the London Hippodrome, the newest of the army of giants who have figured on the stage, in the booth, or in the circus-ring, is nearly ten feet high, and weighs three hundred and sixty pounds. The ring on the forefinger of his right hand scales approximately half-a-pound; his boots cost eight guineas a pair, and his frock-coat contains sufficient material to clothe five men of average size. His collar is as small as the rest of his clothing is large, and would easily fit a man four feet in height.



AN ODDLY-NAMED GIANT AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MACHNOW, "THE MODERN GULLIVER."

From a Photograph.

Miss Maud Jeffries, who, after starring through the provinces as the heroine of "The Eternal City" in one of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Companies, went to Australia to play that part, has more recently been, and is, touring through that country as Yo-San, in "The Darling of the Gods." All being well, she will return to London in July next.

It is curious to reflect that, seeing that during his long rule at the Lyceum, both as leading actor under the Bateman management and as sole lessee of what he made the first English-speaking theatre in the world, Sir Henry Irving was the representative Shaksperian actor of England, he never appeared professionally at Stratford-on-Avon. This condition of things is now about to be remedied, for he has accepted the invitation of the Stratford Memorial Committee and Mr. F. R. Benson, who is this year directing the Birthday Celebration, as he has directed so many others, to appear as Shylock during this year's Celebration.

Miss Viola Tree, who has recovered from her illness and has for the last week been recuperating at Brighton, will, in all probability, make her appearance at His Majesty's Theatre during the present week. The natural result of her illness has been that the rehearsals of "Agatha," in which she is to play the leading part, have had to be postponed, and the performance, instead of being on the 23rd inst., as previously arranged, will not take place this month at all, but will be given on the afternoon of March [illegible]. Meantime, Mr. Tree will have another performance, if not to direct entirely, yet to occupy his attention, for the first matinée to be given in public by the students of his Dramatic Academy has been fixed for the afternoon of the 28th inst., at His Majesty's Theatre. On that special occasion, the prices of admission will be lowered.

Mr. George Grossmith junior.



Miss Pauline Chase.

COCO APES HUMANITY AT THE WALSINGHAM, AND IS ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

KEY-NOTES

HECTOR BERLIOZ is, in this country, at the present moment scarcely a name to conjure with. There probably never was a musician whose reputation has grown so slowly as has his. Everybody seems to be definitely certain that Berlioz was a great man, yet, at the same time, very few know anything about any musical work that he has produced. Critics of extreme views at one time declared that Berlioz outstripped every composer in the race for artistic success. The late Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, who united to his other gifts a genuine feeling for what was right and significant in music, always protested that Berlioz was one of the Patriarchs of that art who had produced so many children of fame, while he himself was left out in the cold. Berlioz himself felt that position intensely, and in his composition he well knew that there was no chance for him to enter into the halls of fame in his own lifetime.

We rather imagine that it will take some time, even at the present moment, before Berlioz is sufficiently recognised in accordance with his own claims upon art. "The Childhood of Christ" is a very wonderful composition, and yet it is scarcely a work appealing to the generality of mankind. It was produced at the Albert Hall, under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge, by the Royal Choral Society a few days ago, the soloists of which occasion were Madame Sobrino, Mr. Ffrangçon-Davies, Mr. Dan Price, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow. This is only another proof of Sir Frederick Bridge's determination that nothing shall pass him by which might add to the repute and the fame of the Royal Choral Society. Whether Berlioz would have been altogether pleased with such an exaggerated performance is scarcely a matter that should occupy the time of the critic. The life of Hector Berlioz may be reckoned among the sad lives of such artists as Mozart, Purcell, Shelley, and many other great and talented men whose extinction still remains a tragedy in the annals of time. In a word, Berlioz lived half his life in journalism, relinquished that half with almost an outrageous note of joy, and completed his life, remembering the sadness born of the fact that his creative feeling had made his journalistic work a burden. The performance at the Albert Hall was exceedingly good, and there was a subtle humour about the whole production which recalled to one's mind how easy it is for a man to abuse a general sentiment of music, and yet to fall into a trap made by himself: for in that blessed word "Amen," in this work, Berlioz is so serious that he almost makes one forget that, once upon a time, in his "Damnation de Faust," his Fugue upon the same word was destined to become one of the chief jokes in musical history.



THE APOTHEOSIS OF MARGUERITE.



Mlle. van Parys. M. Ansaldi. M. Rey.

FAUST'S LAST GLIMPSE OF MARGUERITE.

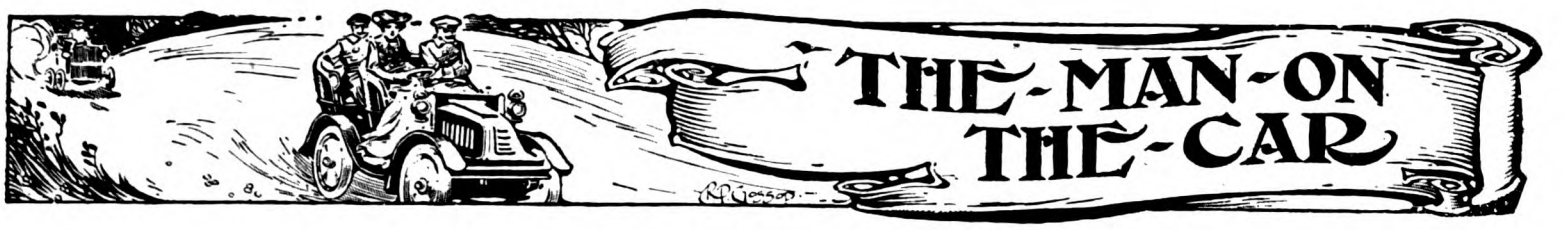
GRAND OPERA ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: THE LYCEUM OPERATIC COMPANY IN THE PRISON SCENE OF "FAUST."

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

The London Symphony Orchestra is a very enterprising institution. Its concerts have been conducted by various well-known Musicians, and the fourth of these entertainments was, within the past week, conducted by Sir Villiers Stanford. The works included in the programme belonged distinctly to what has been called the Academic order of musical things. Sir Hubert Parry, admirable musician and admirable critic as he is, was represented by his "Symphonic Variations," musical inspirations which we always regard with a certain amount of humour, because here the composer is so often inclined to release himself from the original task which was self-imposed. Sir Villiers Stanford does not happen to possess any particular genius for conducting, a matter for considerable regret, seeing that the fact of his being a musician very often entails his engagement in this capacity. As a matter of fact, Stanford's gifts lie entirely apart from musical gesture and musical assertiveness. He once wrote an opera which everybody acknowledges to be something of a masterpiece—we speak, of course, of "Shamus O'Brien." On another occasion, he wrote a grand opera which is to be described as nothing but an Academic failure. But, at the same time, his conducting lacks ingenuity, and, despite great improvement during recent years, he still needs the training of his instincts in bringing instruments from one point to another point, in uniting his forces so completely that one may say, as one does say at the end of some great feat accomplished by Weingartner or Henry Wood, that it is impossible to separate the orchestra into sections and to compliment the flutes while one condemns the violins.

The Æolian Hall is rapidly making its way towards popular favour, and the third of the Monday Subscription Concerts given there was distinguished by the appearance of Miss Gertrude Peppercorn and Herr Hugo Becker. Miss Peppercorn is a very vigorous and very assertive player; she has a powerful technique, and she is obviously gifted with that sort of musical emotion which leads in interpretation to musical excitement. The chief defect of her good quality, however, lies in her virility, and also in her determination to make a little too much of her vital thoughts. It was a pity, therefore, that she chose to play on this occasion many works by Chopin. Chopin needs, of course, an essentially delicate treatment. He was a Pole, and he inherited from that extraordinary nation all its weakness and half of its strength; thus, when he came to write Nocturnes and dream-like Fantasias he gave utterance exactly to the spirit and the thought that lingered in his temperament, in his real and most definite sense of nationality. But there were times when he rose in rebellion and tried to hammer out something in the great order of things, something that might rouse the spirit and the determination, the boldness and the fighting power, of those who surrounded him. Thus it was that he came to be known, in epigrammatic phrase, as the musician partly of neuralgic Duchesses and partly of the weak-kneed soldier. Herr Hugo Becker, on this particular occasion, took part in Beethoven's Sonata in A (for Pianoforte and 'Cello), and used his instrument with almost ideal effect. There is no doubt about the fact that Herr Becker is a very great 'cellist. His interpretation of two movements from a little work by Boccherini would alone suffice to prove the fact. In truth, solo-'cello playing is not a very sympathetic art, and the place of the instrument is so obviously in the orchestra that one almost forgets to consider it as a thing by itself. But this particular player reminds you, even as Berlioz reminded us many years ago, that every instrument has its own genius, its own power, and its own sentiment.

COMMON CHORD.



The All-British Automobile Across the Atlantic—Ninety-six Miles an Hour—The Show at Olympia—Forthcoming Dust-Trials—Another Proposal for a Motor Racing-Track in this Country—The Delhi-Bombay Trials.

THE English-built, the all-British automobile is making itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic. The faith pinned by Napier to the six-cylinder motor, which was so scoffed at and scorned by the "Little Englanders" amongst the automobile public, trade and pastime, has been triumphantly vindicated. I have already chronicled the cutting of the world's five-mile record by Arthur Macdonald on the six-cylinder Napier at Daytona Beach, but, since



THE CONTEST FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP: THE SOUVENIR PRESENTED, WITH THE CHALLENGE TROPHY, TO THE WINNING DRIVERS.

Photograph by M. Branger.

writing, news has arrived that he and the car illustrated in *The Sketch* of Jan. 25 have not only put on a new mile-record, disposing of the distance and speed record held hitherto by the Gobrin-Brillie of 100 horse-power, but have won the twenty miles race for the Thomas Cup and also the Miller Ten Miles Trophy, in which event the twain set up a new record for that distance, namely, 6 min. 15 sec., from a standing start, or equal to 37·5 sec. for each mile, including the first, a rate of progress equal to ninety-six miles per hour. Mr. Macdonald was knocked out of the Vanderbilt One Hundred Miles Race by the failure of a back tyre of his car. Hard lines!

On Friday next, 10th inst., the great Automobile Exhibition will open at Olympia, West Kensington. If not in arrangement and environment, at least in varied interest this Show will excel any ever held in this or any other country. Everything and anything of importance that was exposed under the roof of the Grand Palais in the Champs-Elysées last December will be found under the uglier but huger sweep of Olympia's vast span, and much more beside. I almost fear that the Exhibition will prove so large and so monotonous in arrangement that all but the most enthusiastic visitors will sicken and tire before they are half through. Viewed by the light of the plan, the gangways between the stands are too narrow for good appearance, but that may not prove to be the case when everything is in position. I note that some inspired soul has suggested that Richmond Park will be available as a demonstrating ground for contemplative customers, but this genius has spoken without thought of the ten-miles limit and the bevy of gold-braided keepers that are certain to be out there that week to see that it is not infringed.

The Automobile Club intend, I hear, to take dust-trials up in real earnest in a very short time. Permission has, I believe, been obtained to carry out trials on a quiet stretch of road on Wimbledon Common, on to which the Club officials will place the dust they will kick up. So there will be no waiting for dusty weather, but as long as there is no wet the trials can go ahead. It is good to learn that the real thing is to be used this time, and not the sweepings of flour-mill floors, which were far and away too light and flighty to represent average dust, although they failed altogether to produce such a cloud as is given off by a good old Kentish chalk-road after the passage of a fast car. Many hold that the only hope for dust-reduction is in the amelioration of the surfaces of our roads, but I am more than convinced that much, very much, can be effected by giving special attention to the lines and height of the car, and particularly to the formation and curves given to the metal aprons now placed so frequently below the crank-chamber and gear-box to protect them from mud and dust. The maker who will give apron-formation his close attention will achieve unexpected results.

One motor-track is no sooner suggested than, like the Duke in "Olivette," someone bobs up serenely with a suggestion for another. We have already seen one ambitious proposal, which hovered about a site not a hundred miles from Purley, on the Brighton Road, die a natural death, although it had the countenance, patronage, or whatever it is the Club extends to such ventures, for a consideration. Last week the *Autocar* discussed a motor racing-path to be constructed in connection with an Exhibition scheme of that Prince of Entertainment Planners, Mr. Imre Kiralfy, and now I am told of one that is much in contemplation at Skegness or Clacton-on-Sea. The latest proposal concerns the construction of a motor racing-track, with a broad straight four miles in length, with returning loops at each end of half-a-mile in radius, which would mean, roughly, a course of seven miles in length. A pretty costly job if it is to be carried out in a proper manner. I really don't believe we shall ever see a special motor-track built in this country, owing to the enormous outlay necessary and the doubt as to where the return is to come from. We must be content with the Madeira Road, Brighton, or Blackpool Front.

So far as can be gathered from the reports to hand from disinterested persons, the Delhi-Bombay Trials appear to have been something more than a frost. Doubtless, we shall have the truth, and the whole truth, sooner or later, but it would appear that the Trials themselves were run practically in the interests of a firm of agents and the automobile they most affect. If that is so—and it seems to be near the truth—then it is a more than scandalous thing that manufacturers should go to the huge expense of sending out cars to take part in Trials in India in which, from the first, they never had, nor were intended to have, the ghost of a chance of obtaining marks or awards, no matter what their performances. It is more than a little instructive to read the *Times of India* on the subject, and strong comment is the mildest term which can be applied to the following: "It may be positively asserted that no decision ever did or ever will cause more



THE NEWEST THING IN TRI-CARS: "THE REXETTE"—"KING OF LITTLE CARS."

This car, examples of which will be shown at Olympia, costs £105, and is claimed to be speedy, reliable, silent, and an excellent hill-climber. It is made by the Rex Motor Manufacturing Company, of Coventry.

astonishment than the awarding of the Gaekwar's Cup to a car which lost fifty-eight marks *en route*, in the face of the fact that the 12 horse-power Darracq and the 6 horse-power Wolseley (staunch little car) came through without the loss of a single mark." Light, more light, is wanted here.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Acceptances—Grand National—Other Items—Doubles—"Exes."

THE Spring Handicaps have yielded wonderfully well in the matter of contents, and it speaks volumes for our handicappers, all of whom have done their work well. Of the fifty-one entries for the Lincoln Handicap only ten have gone out, the most important, by-the-bye, being Romer, who is owned by Mr. Joe Davis, of Hurst Park fame. I fancy Romer had too much weight, and it may be that he is, after all, an autumn horse. The Lincoln ought not to take much winning this year. Of the Newmarket horses left in, it seems to me that Joe Cannon holds the key to the situation with his pair, Csardas and Salute. The last-named, who is now owned by Lord Cholmondeley, is thrown in; while Csardas, for a Royal Hunt Cup winner, is very leniently treated. However, the sweet little cherub is bound to come to the aid of Mr. Ord, and we had better await developments before pronouncing for anything in this race. I think, in a season like this, the older horses are very likely to do better at Lincoln than the younger ones, and Ypsilanti would most certainly get a place were he fit and well on the day.

It is simply astounding to find fifty-eignt of the sixty-four entries left in the Grand National, seeing that only nine finished in the race last year. However, owners of useful steeplechasers will run their horses on the off-chance when the prizes are tempting. The weights this year have been compiled by Messrs. Topham, who, by-the-bye, run the show. Tips for the race are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, but in this particular race you want to take them with a fall barred. I shall, at this early stage of the proceedings, declare right out for Ambush II., who will, I think, carry the colours of His Majesty the King once more to victory. The horse is very well handicapped on his best form. He is a plodder and a good jumper, and I am told he slipped when he came down at the last fence in 1904. Of the other horses engaged, Kirkland is very well in, and Robin Hood IV. is quite likely to get a place, for which, by-the-bye, Detail is certain to be well supported by the public who believe in horses for courses.



THE EX-MASTER OF THE QUORN HOUNDS: CAPTAIN J. BURNS-HARTOPP.

Captain Burns-Hartopp, who has retired from the Mastership of the Quorn after seven seasons in office, is to receive suitable acknowledgment of his valuable services to the Hunt. Already, a movement is being made by Leicestershire hunting people to present him with a testimonial.

Photograph by Russell.

For the City and Suburban, eight of the fifty-five entries have gone out, and I was disappointed to find Delaunay among the "outs." True, 9 st. 2 lb. was a stiff weight for a four-year-old, but not, in my opinion, too much for an animal at one time tried to be better than Pretty Polly. The "City" will be a capital race. I fancy St. Amant will run well over this, his favourite course, while Blackwell has a big chance of winning this race with either Pharisee or Housewife. I have many times said the Great Metropolitan was the prettiest race to watch o any. There should be a good field this year, and it would not surprise me in the least to see the race won by Mr. Ben Ellam, who lives near the course. He has Pitch Battle engaged in the race, and the horse should be well suited by the circuitous course. The Duke of Portland's Caro has a big paper chance. Of forty-six entries for the Jubilee, thirty-nine remain in the race, and, if past records go for anything, Ypsilanti ought to give Delaunay eight pounds, although the latter will have come on a bit by May, while the aged gelding will not improve with age. Romer is not badly treated in this race.

The Continental List men are not very liberal in the prices paid over double events, and I think in nineteen cases out of twenty speculators would do better by backing the two horses of their choice separately on the day. The present cramped prices over the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National are caused through the agents of the foreign firms having snapped up all the long shots available in the London Clubs for hedging purposes, and the few layers with long-price books open soon find their volumes filled up. But after the owners' commissions come to be thrown into the market the aspect of the whole business is changed, with the result that many horses come up in the prices current, while others go out. Readers will remember my telling them in this column how Uninsured was backed in South Africa last year by someone to win several thousands, and the cable is very likely to be set to work again this year, as the South African books on the English races are big ones.

I sympathise to a certain extent with the Earl of Carnarvon in his efforts to get the expenses of the owners cut down, and I always have contended that all our race-course managers should supply free stabling and free fodder for horses running at their meetings, also free sleeping accommodation for the lads. I cannot, however, shut my eyes to the fact that many gambling owners often send horses to a meeting and then do not run them, which causes no end of inconvenience to the paying public. I should like to see owners fined fifty pounds for every horse sent to a meeting and not run, unless the permission of the Stewards was first obtained to keep the animal in his stable. Race-meetings should be run like theatres. If the "stars" are once billed, those "stars" should be compelled to appear. Owners of horses must not forget that they owe a lot to the people who pay one pound per day for admission to the rings at our race-meetings. Without the gate-money, very few meetings would be able to exist, and the stakes run for would be of much smaller value than they are at present. When a horse has been given through the columns of the Press as an arrival, his owner should be compelled to run him *pro bono publico*, if for no one else.



SPORT IN THE DOMINIONS OF THE CZAR: RUSSIAN HUNTSMEN AND THEIR PACK.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FEBRUARY fill-dyke ushered itself into existence last week without any of the boisterous symptoms which winter usually displays in its final exit. A day of lamb-like mildness and almost melting mood, in weather when fur-coats seemed overpowering and a diaphanous blouse almost possible, with mimosa in the flower-sellers' baskets once again, and the impudent chirping of precocious



[*Copyright.*

A SIMPLE EVENING-GOWN OF WHITE GLACÉ.

Metropolitan sparrows to remind one that the time of mating is at hand. It could only be a farmer of grumbling habit who would describe our first day of spring, 1905, as a "weather-breeder," in the pessimistic manner of the Surrey yeoman; yet storms often follow these ideal days of early spring in our weather-ridden island, and those who can mount the magic carpet and find themselves amidst mimosa and budding orange-blossom within twenty-four hours are to be seen daily departing by the 10 a.m., followed by the envious regards of less electro-plated mortals.

A friend, possessed with ideas, and herself the brilliant wife of a favourite novelist, has borrowed a notion from the Cautionary List of last week's *Truth*, and intends to annotate her visiting-list on the same candid lines, with the artistic intention of providing her husband with thumb-nail sketches for his novels. For instance—

"Lady E., 44, L. Place; well over sixty; golden hair; girlish manners; two husbands (consecutively); gives good dinners; affects young men; wears wonderful diamonds which a wicked world reports as formerly provided by another woman's husband."

"Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Aaron, 113, D. Street; originally of Palestine; changed present name from Maccabæus; financially potent; with social yearnings; methods of creating present enviable state of income plunged in twilight; two sons who are being piously modelled on the English-gentleman pattern by means of Eton, Oxford, and unimpeachable tutors; grandmothers and other impecunious blood-relations rigorously banished from the gorgeous portals of D. Street."

"Captain L. L., A. A. Club; good-looking; no visible means of subsistence; of boundless effrontery in the pursuit of heiresses; Service men speak of him witheringly as a 'Spring Captain,' which is rude Anglo-Saxon for Militia; has been engaged six times in two Seasons, and still active; the only money he has ever been known to pay being for stamps and his Club-subscription"—and so on indefinitely. It is to be hoped that that visiting-book will be provided with a spring-lock, otherwise the distinguished novelist's rest will be broken in upon by libel-suits, not to mention blackthorns; but his wife says that has been arranged!

Fashion seems in rather a fluctuating mood at the moment, and oscillates between large Romney-hats and those ridiculously minute capotes which are a cross between a smoking-cap and a Glengarry. Both wide sleeves and tight sleeves are in view, skirts that sit out stiffly and skirts that trail and droop, while for outer wearables the little coat still contends with the Kit-kat length which prevailed during the winter. Naturally, one's sartorial outlook is limited in February, but creations are being sent down daily to Monte Carlo that shadow forth the manner of next summer, and already one hears of a great deal of gold and silver both in lace and tissue as being employed on evening-frocks, together with revisiting of moire antique to Riviera moons, while the softly draping cashmere is plentifully seen for white day-gowns, and in pale colours as well, trimmed either with embroidered velvets or the again-revived silk fringe. Terry velvet, another friend of the 'fifties, is on the list of novelties from the Rue de la Paix, a gay little frock in pale tan, with ficelle lace and peeps of pale-green chiffon in the front, being one of the new things



[*Copyright.*

A "TAILOR-MADE" OF THE MOMENT.

in this material admired by an observant correspondent on the Terrasse at Monte this week.

Two frocks of distinct though dissimilar merit embellish our pages this week: one, a tailor-made of parts, with smart frock-coat and two-decker skirt supremely well cut in dull-blue cloth, the collar and

cuffs of sapphire velvet, the muff chinchilla, the hat a curious harmony of dark petunia and powder-blue—an entirely new combination which the greatly daring Paris *couturière* is at the moment busily exploiting. A simple evening-frock of pale dove-coloured taffetas shows another phase of fashion. Fichued, paste-buckled, and falling in soft folds after the approved manner of sixty years agone, little satin slippers of the same tone as the gown are a welcome re-introduction, and for afternoon-wear elbow-sleeves and long suède gloves are again a well-established reality amongst the well-dressed.

An invitation recital at the Angelus Hall, Regent Street, furnished many emotions and one very apparent moral to the appreciative audience foregathered on Friday afternoon, when that marvellous instrument, the Angelus, discoursed Hungarian dances, reveries, capriccios, overtures, polonaises, and Beethoven knows what, in the



A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING OF MUSICIANS.
These Musicians have all spoken in praise of Odol.

most finished manner possible, and with an expression, technique, and execution worthy of all the Immortals together. Mr. Eugene Meier provided some exquisite violin-solos, the Angelus acting as a perfect accompanist, to the edification and envy of everyone present not already possessed of that fascinating instrument.

When poets, in a fine frenzy of emotion, take to deifying their particular source of inspiration, either generally or "in parts," you will find them expending energy and emphasis on every atom that goes to make up the beloved whole. Her rippling hair, her liquid eyes, her shell-like ears, her marble shoulders, her pearly teeth—we all know how the gamut goes. The ardent lover never realises how much hair-brushes and henna, dentifrice and pearl-powder go to assist the unspeakable perfection of his goddess. Nor is it intended that he should. Still, the gentle art of beauty is not a cult at which to curl the lip—unless, indeed, with the object of showing how white Odol can render the aforesaid pearly teeth—when, whatever the cause of a smile, one can only pause to admire the effect. In connection with this same fragrant preparation, the makers thereof announce that they have received special testimonials from each celebrated musician included in the group above, and are able to quote the departed veteran, Maestro Verdi, as well as Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Siegfried Wagner, and Herr Nikisch, as giving vent to passionate protestations of admiration for Odol and its attributes. Indeed, to give verbatim two lines, we are told that the composers and conductors "represented in the illustration have been among the most enthusiastic users, admirers, and recommenders of Odol." Further testimony, whether written in epic or doggerel, in noble periods or professional patter, is surely unnecessary, and it only remains for the great British public, singly or collectively—but the latter for choice—to buy Odol and live happily, with white teeth, ever after. The harrowing picture of somebody who didn't, or couldn't, or wouldn't buy Odol was, indeed, vividly drawn for me the other day, and this is what happened. I shudder as I write! She—I think it was a she: they have so much less sense than he's. At all events, she did not buy Odol, and so her teeth fell out, her cheeks fell in, her tears fell down, her admirers fell away, and she finally fell into the tomb—a tragedy in five Acts; and to think it need never have been written if that misguided mortal had bought herself betimes an opaline flask of translucent, transcendental, transfiguring Odol!

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JACINTH.—Of course, calling is an unmitigated nuisance, and the written laws thereof are undoubtedly relaxed. You should be punctilious about first calls, but for the rest must use your own judgment, bearing in mind that nowadays we are more practical than to waste six afternoons of the week in "shooting pasteboards" as people did a dozen years back. The telephone, bridge, and week-ends out of town have all done much towards banishing formal calls. For which relief, indeed, much thanks.—SYBIL.

PERSONAL NOTES.

A Czar of Courage. Nicholas I., the great-grandfather of the present Czar, was a very different man from his successor. In 1825 he became Czar because his elder brother had contracted a morganatic marriage, but the Imperial Guard mutinied and a great crowd surged up to the Winter Palace to support the Grand Duke Constantine. It looked like a revolution, but Nicholas was not a man to be trifled with. In his white uniform, and long, white mantle, and with his golden helmet on his head, he drove his sleigh through the Palace-gates into the middle of the crowd. He was a magnificent man, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he thundered at the mob, "On your knees, curs! I am your Czar!" There was a moment's hesitation, and then the mob uncovered and fell on their knees. "It is well," said Nicholas, and drove back to the Palace. There was no further opposition to his accession.

"Bagatelle." The late Sir Richard Wallace's beautiful domain near Paris is regarded as something of a white elephant by the Municipality to whom it has been left. Sir Richard Wallace never employed fewer than twenty gardeners, and the expenses of keeping up the grounds came to considerably more than three thousand pounds a year, without counting the sums spent on the house and the stables. The Marquis of Hertford expended a thousand pounds in planting the hillock which concealed the water-works with shrubs, and every year five miles of flowers were set out in the beds. The question for the Paris Municipality now is, where are they to find the money for keeping up the property, for they have no funds at their disposal for the purpose, and they cannot very well let the beautiful grounds go to ruin.

Prince Troubetskoi. Prince John Troubetskoi, who has suddenly leapt into fame on account of the bomb which was placed outside his house in the Rue d'Argenson, is the Russian Military Attaché in Paris. He is one of the best-known and best-liked of the Russian colony in that city, and his powerful face, fringed with thick, iron-grey whiskers, is familiar to the "Tout-Paris." He is about sixty years of age, and is often to be seen driving a phaeton with a pair of high-stepping horses along the boulevards. His house in the Rue d'Argenson is a very fine building, four storeys high, and is most artistically furnished.



LANCASTRIANS' SHIELD FOR H.M.S. "LANCASTER."

The Association of Lancastrians in London has presented to H.M.S. *Lancaster* a shield for annual competition by the guns' crews. This trophy has been beautifully executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., London and Sheffield.

The New Judge. Mr. Henry Bargrave Deane's appointment to a Judgeship of the Divorce Court is particularly appropriate, for Mr. Deane has been the leader in the Probate and Divorce Courts for some years past. The son of a prominent lawyer, the late Dr. Parker Deane, Q.C., it was natural that he should adopt the law as a profession, and he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple some five-and-thirty years ago. He has been Recorder of Margate for the past twenty years, a "Q.C." for nine years, is the author of a treatise on "The Law of Blockade," has a commanding manner, was a ruthless cross-examiner, and looks his part thoroughly.

The South-Eastern Railway is running week-end trips to Deal and back. First-class rail and accommodation at the South-Eastern Hotel and return-ticket from Saturday to Monday are provided for forty shillings.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.

MARKET GOSSIP.

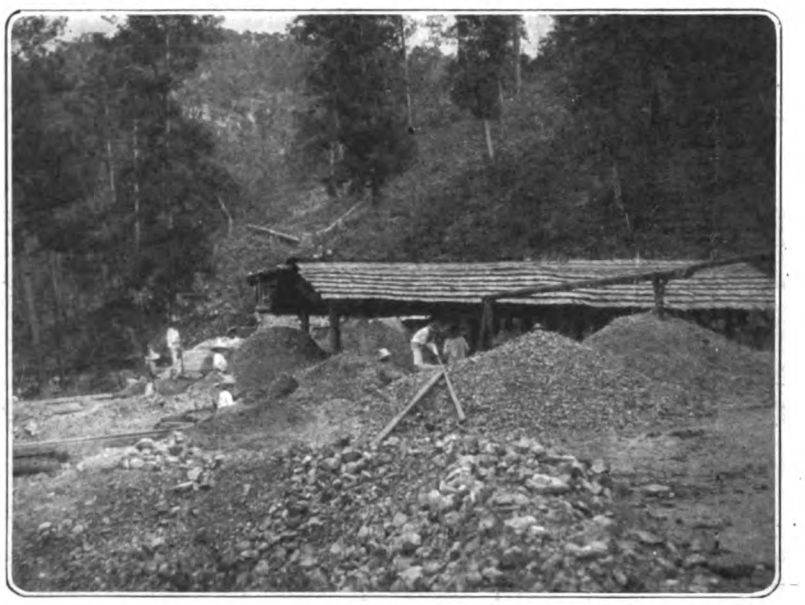
THE Bank Return was a very strong one, owing to the receipt of nearly a million of gold from abroad, and in ordinary times it would have had a very steadying effect on gilt-edged stocks; but business is so slack, and all markets, except Yankees, show such pronounced dulness, that nothing seems to put any life into them. The Chairman of the London and County Bank, at the meeting, spoke most optimistically as to the future of the best investment stocks, and it is, at least, comforting that a man in the position of Sir Thomas Jackson anticipates an improvement in the coming half-year.

Apart, however, from a permanent revival of Stock Exchange activity, we think a recovery of the transient order is very nearly due, and that the next few days will bring this about.

This week we give a view of the Los Angeles Mine—the property of Mr. McConnell, in the State of Chihuahua, in the Republic of Mexico—for which we are indebted to the Premier Exploration and Development Syndicate, Limited. This Company has lately been formed to exploit a concession of 150 square miles in the mineral district of San Juan de Nepomuceno. In this district are several prosperous private mines, of which the Los Angeles is the best-known. The Syndicate has the right to prospect all Government lands within this area, and, according to the report of Mr. W. R. Scott, there are both work and wealth enough at its disposal to last for many years.

HOME RAILWAYS AFTER THE DIVIDENDS.

By those in close touch with the markets in the Stock Exchange itself, it is being said that the Railway dividend announcements just made have seldom been received with such languid interest on the part of the public. From this the deduction is obvious that speculation in Home Railway stocks has sunk to an abnormally low ebb, while the results achieved are so near to popular estimates-in-advance as to have provoked neither buying nor selling to any considerable extent. The dividends certainly cannot be acclaimed as good, and to say they are colourless is to put a favourable complexion upon the distributions. The Chairmen, at the meetings already held, have called attention to the almost sensational decline in the number of passengers carried, the loss to the railways being, of course, so much gain to the trams. One by one the great trunk-lines are reluctantly experimenting with electric-traction on their own systems. The event of the Home Railway world last year was the cutting-down of expenses in consequence of proprietorial agitation arising from the reduction in dividends. Out of the latter evil came the former good, and we wonder whether it is too much to hope that the competition of the trams will still further force the railway boards into making new exertions for saving what, after all, is a paying branch of their business—the suburban traffic.



SORTING ORE, LOS ANGELES MINE, STATE OF CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

KAFFIR CONTRADICTIONS.

Spreading out all the arguments in favour of Kaffirs on one side, and all the arguments against them on the other, the net balance will be found to be heavily in favour of the bull side. That is, in theory. If theories governed quotations, Kaffirs would be standing considerably higher than they are, insomuch as the industry is not only on the high road to restoration to the ante-War prosperity, but prices are much lower than they were just before Peace was declared. Unfortunately for holders, the principle of theory does not always count for much in the Stock Exchange. What practically happens may be quite a different thing, and the listlessness of the market is the reason why prices fail to maintain the advantages gained during the brief spurt of November and December last. It is singular with what unanimity the outsiders, who take only a second-place interest in the Stock Exchange, regard the Kaffir Circus as being very little use to them from the money-making point of view. They decline to be caught bulls of shares: they see no attraction in buying at these prices and in such a dry market. It is not surprising, not a bit; but until this attitude of restraint becomes broken down by sheer force of gold-production, dividend-payments, share activity, or some such force, no abiding improvement can be looked for in the Kaffir Circus.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"What's up?" asked Our Stroller, colloquially, as he strayed into the midst of the Kaffir Street-market the other evening.

"What's up?" repeated the interlocutee, indignantly. "Nothing's up. It's coming down."

Again the crowd of upturned faces ducked as a little shower of cement or small stones rattled down from the scaffolded erection overhead.

There was another half-indignant roar at the workmen.

"Bad enough to have prices fall, without bricks thrown in," grumbled a dealer.

"It all comes from above," and the speaker laughed at his own words. "Nothing meant, nothing meant," he added, hastily.

"And Kaffirs come from below," remarked a third. "The market has as many moods as a woman."

"Without the attractions."

"Ah, but, you see, the market is no longer young, and I was speaking——"

"Why trouble to explain?" asked a fourth. "Granted that Kaffirs come from below, what are the prospects of Devels?"

"That's fairly decent for a young 'un," condescended the man who had first spoken. "Transvaal Developments, my dear boy, will go over 2."

"Not half!" exclaimed another.

"Oh, no, I don't suppose they *will* go to a half over 2. But to forty-two-and-sixpence—yes."

"In which case Henderson's ought to be a good buy."

"Think so? I'd rather have Johnnies or Barneys. They're both pretty cheap now."

"Provided that the market develops any staying power."

"Goes without saying, of course. If I were a rich man——"

The Stroller at this moment got separated from the quartette by railway-van circumstances. After the mêlée he found himself, a little breathless, on the West-End fringe of the market.

"Let's go and have a look at Yankees," he said to his other self, who agreed, and he forthwith made tracks for Shorter's Court.

"What's that they're bidding for?" inquired Our Stroller, with the accustomed assurance of a practised hand.

"Southern Pacific and Atch. Is it very many shares?" and the dealer leant forward with an air of expectancy.

"Thanks, but I don't—er—that is, I'm not operating," our friend replied, hesitatingly.

The trio against the wall eyed him with concentrated witheringness, but Our Stroller pretended to take no notice and lounged up the Court.

"Shoving them along, aren't they?" a man said to him, as he stood near the Trunk entrance to the House.

"I got up all right," replied our *protégé*, misunderstanding the remark. The other speedily enlightened him, and they both laughed.

"Thought you were a broker," the House-man explained, to which The Stroller bowed and thanked him for the compliment.

"Don't know there's much compliment about it," and the member laughed again. "See your way in Yankees at all?"

"People say they are going better."

"I admire evasiveness. What's your own particular fancy?"

"They tell me Southern Pacifics are the next things to be taken in hand. My friends were discussing it at the Club last night."

"Not far out, either, it seems to me. My own weakness——," and he stopped.

"Is?"

"Well, it sounds childish, but I have a great fondness for Steel Preferred."

"From which I infer you've done well out of them in the past. Eh?"

"Dare say that's got something to do with it," admitted the member. "I wouldn't be cooling my heels out here if it weren't in the hope of buying a few cheap."

"What can they go to?" asked Our Stroller.

"I don't know. Who does? I put 105 on them as their present value."

"You've heard that story about the little girl?" he heard somebody say.

"Which story?" was the reply.

"A little girl wanted to play a joke upon her mother one First of April, and she said, 'Oh, Mummy, there's a strange man kissing the new governess in the nursery.'"

"Well?"

"The mother ran upstairs, but the little girl went after her and caught her up. 'Oh, Mummy, you *are* an April fool,' she said, delightedly. 'It's only daddy!'"

Our Stroller agreed with his *alter ego* that he had heard something like it before.

"Despite the President," a man, apparently a broker, was saying in conclusion of a sentence.

"And look as if they'd go better, that's the funny part of it."

"Can't help going better," joined in another, who stood stolidly pipe-sucking.

The Stroller nodded good-night and made his way into the Street. He passed his three friends, and affected not to notice them when he saw they were staring at him.

"If I don't hurry—— Why, here you are!" and he almost ran into the arms of his broker.

"Oh, no, don't apologise for leaving town so early. No, I'm not coming back to your office. Which way are you going home?"

"I was just off to get a steady hour at billiards," the broker answered. "Some fool put my name down for the Stock Exchange Billiards match, and, well, I've left it there. It means practice, though."

The pair stopped only for tea-and-toast, then bowled up West in a hansom.

Only a few men were in the long room, and the tables looked exceedingly inviting.

"How many will you give me?" said The Stroller, carefully selecting his cue.

"Start level, and then we shall see how many you must owe me," replied his friend.

Both men scored rapidly, and in fifteen minutes the first hundred went up, the broker looking rather blue.

The Stroller replaced his cue and said he had had all the luck. The few spectators made flattering remarks.

"Aren't you going to give me my revenge?" asked the broker.

"Presently, if you don't mind. I've a tiny sprain in my right wrist, and it's just catching me. May I rest for a game?"

The others round about made further remarks, and another game commenced. Our friend watched the play, seated by another man whom the broker had introduced as Mr. G., one of the shining lights of the Jungle Market.

"Can any good thing come out of West Africa?" The Stroller adapted.

"They say not, but yet I don't know. I can't help thinking we shall see West Africans better next month."

"The wish being father to the thought?"

"Yes, of course, we all want 'em better, if only to encourage business. I'm not above advising my friends to buy Wassau and Amalgamated, you know."

"As a mere gamble, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. Gold will be produced some day——"

"From sea-water, too. Running very slowly, aren't they?"

"And when these West Africans—what's that, marker?—begin to produce, people will begin to buy them."

"Par—89!" called the marker, who is accustomed to Stock Exchange customers, whereupon Our Stroller took his broker in hand, with results that should be manifest in the House-match when it is played.

THE EGYPTIAN AND SUDAN MINING HANDBOOK.

Messrs. Mathieson and Sons, of Copthall Avenue, have sent us a copy of their new Handbook dealing with the Egyptian Mining section of the Stock Exchange. It is priced at a shilling, and contains much useful information, including details of the whole of the concerns having Egyptian concessions, and copies of the prospecting-licence usually granted, and of the mining-lease under which mines can, when located, be taken up. Everybody interested in Egyptian concerns should have a copy for reference.

Saturday, Feb. 4, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

THE GENERAL.—We cannot quite understand whether your mother left you specifically the stocks named, or a general legacy of so many thousand pounds, in satisfaction of which the executors have transferred the stocks. If the former, you are entitled to the dividends from the date of the death; if the latter, the executors have a year in which to pay and you have no cause of complaint. The securities are all very good; but, if you were to sell those paying the lowest rates of interest at present prices, and re-invest the money in (1) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (2) Johannesburg 4 per cent. or City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds, (3) Argentine Great Western Pref. stock, (4) Interoceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds, (5) Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture stock, (6) C. A. Pearson 5½ Pref. shares, (7) Imperial Continental Gas stock, you could, with every reasonable safety, bring the yield up to 4½ per cent. all round.

UNLUCKY.—If you are always selling out whenever your investments drop a few points, you cannot expect to do anything but lose your money. Buy Bank of Egypt shares, or Trustees and Executors shares, or Foreign and Colonial Investment Deferred stock. See "Our Stroller" for Mine tips.

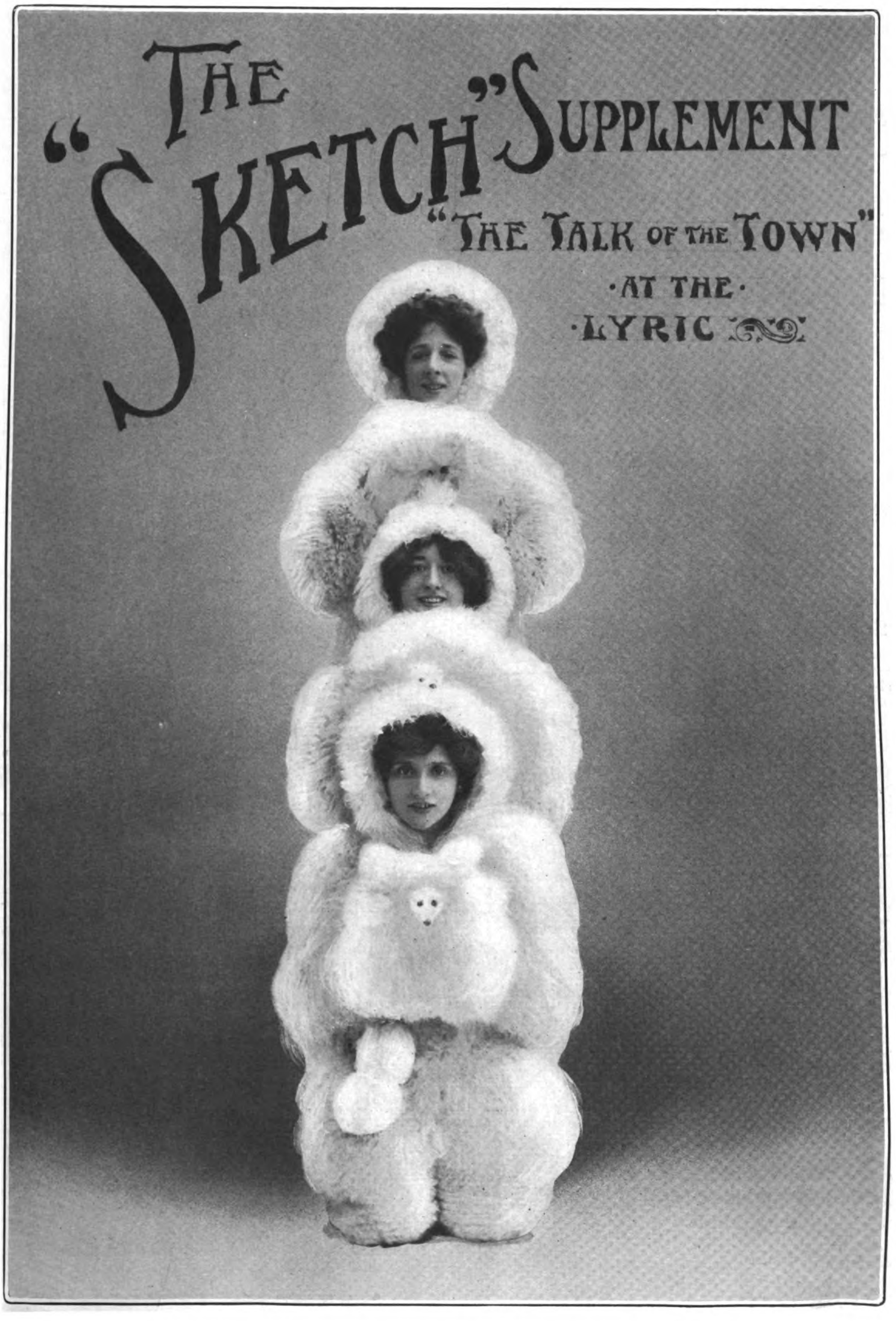
SHANNON.—If you are fool enough to place your money, subject to five years' notice of withdrawal, with the money-lenders trading under the *nom-de-guerre* mentioned, you deserve to lose it. You cannot get 10 per cent. for money without work and without great risk.

FENLAKE.—We do not know the people you name, but if you can get your money back and a profit, we strongly urge you to take it and have no more dealings. These sort of people often pay the first time, on the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a herring.

RECTUS.—You can safely deal with Nathan Keizer and Co., of 28, Threadneedle Street, E.C., for premium bonds. It is only the names of members of the Stock Exchange that we do not mention in this column.

CONSERVATIVE.—The Bank is first-class. Why not also purchase (1) Bank of Egypt, (2) *Lady's Pictorial* Pref. shares, (3) Premier Diamond Preference, (4) the 6 per cent. Debentures of the United States or New York Brewing Companies? We think both these are well covered by the value of the properties mortgaged, and are therefore safe and cheap. See also answer to "The General."

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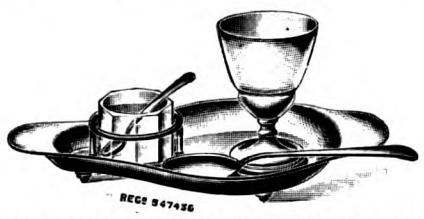
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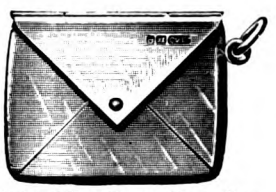
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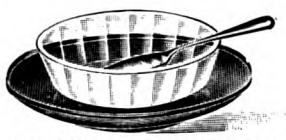
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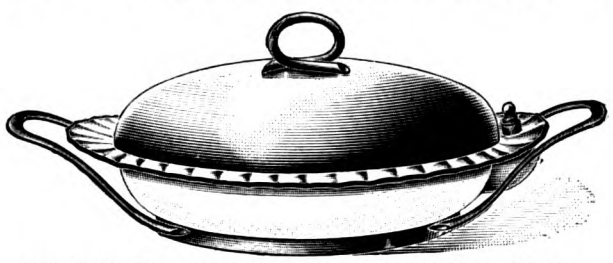
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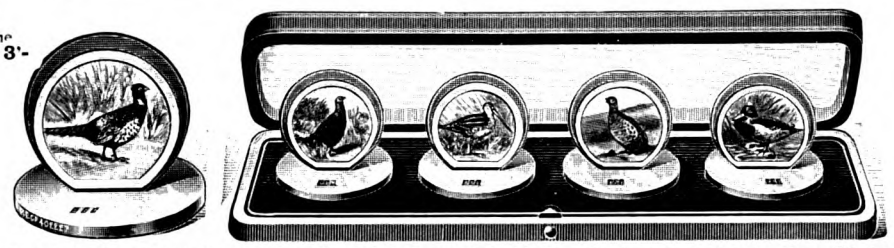
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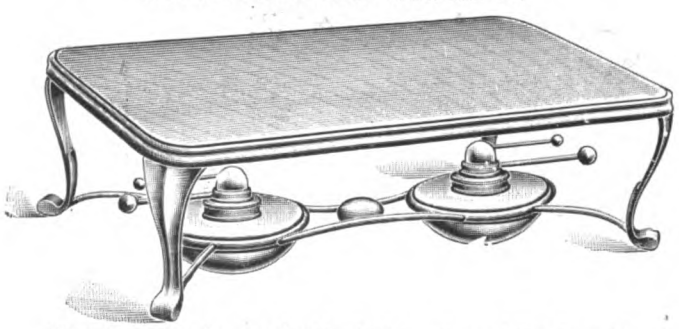


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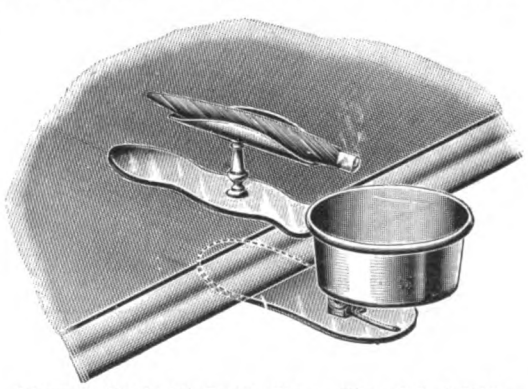


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"THE TALK OF THE TOWN," AT THE LYRIC.



MISS AGNES FRASER AS ELLALINE LEWIN.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

MISS OLIVE MORRELL AS JUNE, A GIPSY GIRL.

"THE TALK OF THE









MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS JERRY SNIPE,
A MAN IN POSSESSION.

MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER

Photographs by

MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS LIEUT. REGGIE DRUMMOND.

MISS MAUDI DARRELL AS MADAME MODISTE.

'OWN," AT THE LYRIC.









...S GERALDINE EVELYN SNIPE.
...ank W. Burford.

MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS JERRY SNIPE, IMPERSONATING LIEUT. RICHARD HAMBLEDON.

MR. ROBERT EVETT AS LIEUT. THE DUKE OF TOPFORD.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN,"

AT THE LYRIC.



Miss E. Standen.

"Dress, dress, man cannot guess
The joy that to woman it brings."

Miss M. Barton, Miss Cissie Vaughan, and Miss Boielle.

"My little Laplander, your bright eyes
I can see, where'er I may be."

Miss Boielle.

"We are little chauffeur girls,
Anything but slow, for girls."



Miss Lydia West as Mabel Nightingale.

"With your mocking eyes, and your dainty pose ——"

Miss Lily Macintyre and Miss E. Standen.

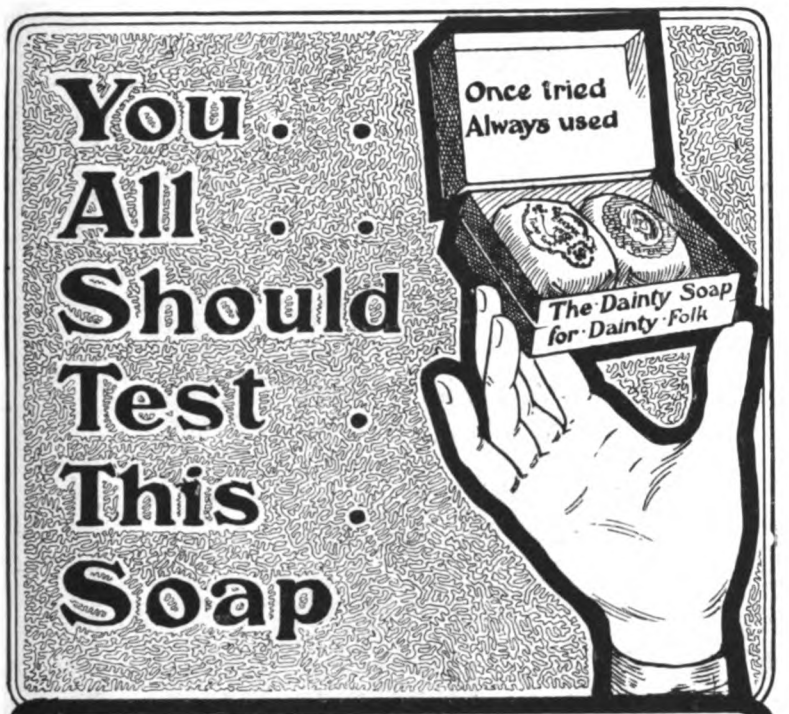
"She, when lovers confess, takes a while to say 'yes,'
For, in that little while, she's fixing the style of her dress, dress, dress."

Miss Cissie Vaughan and Miss D. Quarry.

Miss Gertrude Thornton as Marjorie Nightingale.

"You're a shocking tease, you're a sad coquette."

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.

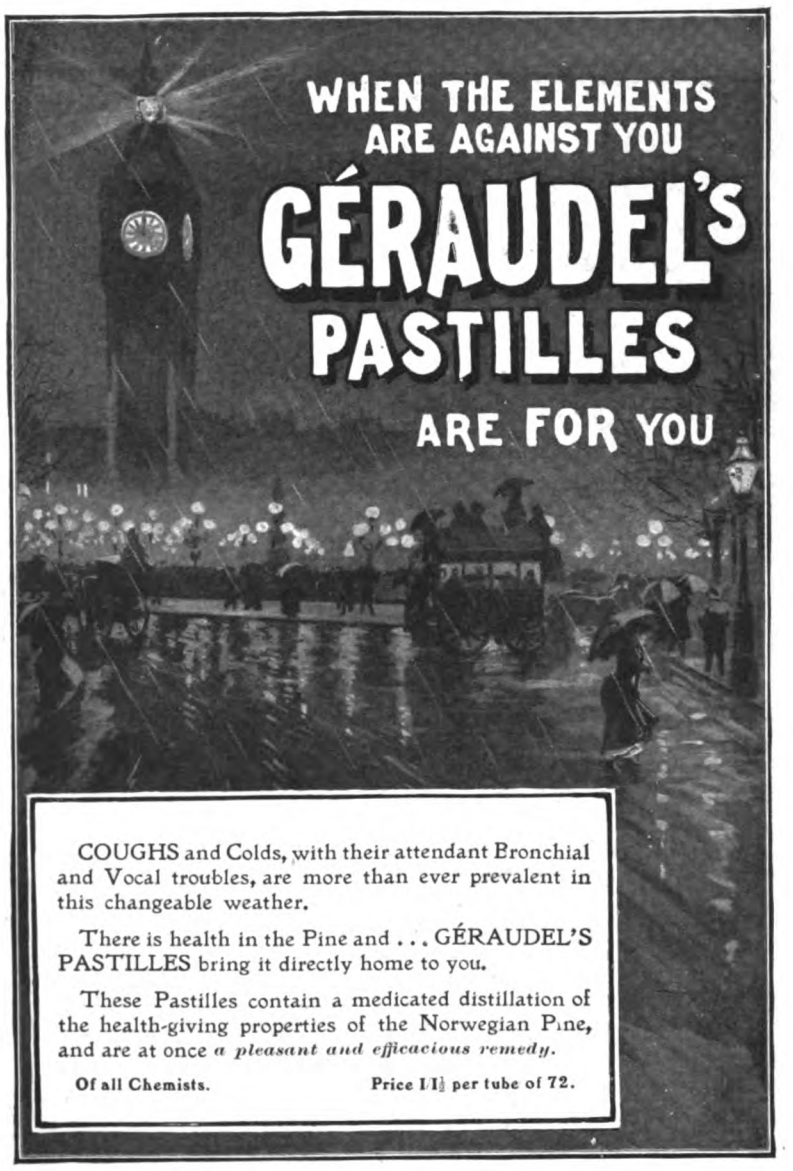


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Harley St W.
Gentlemen. Marmalade is most wholesome but Orange Peel is so indigestible even when boiled as to try the strongest stomachs.
It should always be eaten as Jelly with toast whatever
13 Mar 1902. M.D.

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The Sketch

No. 629.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1905. SIXPENCE.



MISS GERTRUDE GLYNN, OF THE GAIETY.

Miss Glynn understudies Miss Gabrielle Ray in "The Orchid."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

London,
Sunday, Feb. 12.

I HAVE heard it said of the Royalty Theatre that the house is rather difficult to find. The dramatic critics, however, that much-maligned band, are not likely to make this complaint. Not one of them, I suspect, but could find his way to the Royalty blindfold. Indeed, the Royalty is one of the four theatres in London that never seem to tire of sending out invitations to the Press. The gentleman at present in possession is Mr. Henri de Vries, a famous Dutch actor, who is presenting an old-fashioned farce in two Acts and a little drama called "A Case of Arson." There are nine parts in "A Case of Arson," and Mr. de Vries just manages to play seven of them himself. Actor-managers with a long and expensive salary-list will be inclined, perhaps, to envy Mr. de Vries his versatility. Well, we have all been told that if you want a thing done well you must do it yourself; but I could not help reflecting, as I watched last night the monotonous entrances and exits of the Dutch gentleman at the Royalty, that it would have been better to have divided the parts, in the usual manner, amongst several players. In "A Case of Arson," though, or any other case, I am afraid Mr. de Vries will not be so long at the Royalty that the dramatic critics are likely to forget their way to Dean Street, Soho.

The unobservant may imagine that the inhabitants of Dean Street take no interest in the fortunes of the little theatre or in the appearance of those who visit it. As it happens, however, I am in a position to correct that impression. As my cab was turning out of Shaftesbury Avenue into Dean Street last night, the unfortunate horse went down with a crash on to its side, with the result that the equally unfortunate "fare" shot over the splash-board and landed on the animal's back. My dignity, I need hardly state, did not desert me, but, under the circumstances, I decided to walk the remainder of the distance. Having recovered my hat, therefore, re-tied my tie, brushed some of the dust off my clothes, staunched the flow of blood from my cheek, and paid the cabman, I strolled airily towards the theatre. Just as I was about to mingle with the crowd of critics and deadheads, though, it occurred to me that I might make myself a little more beautiful if I adjusted my tie in front of a glass. There was a hostelry on the far side of the road, I noticed. Crossing over, therefore, I pushed open a swing-door and entered the saloon-bar. In the saloon-bar I found a gentleman and a lady, who were amusing themselves, between intervals for refreshment, by peering out of the window at the assembling audience. Their pet-names, it seemed, were Bill and Floss, and their conversation—at least, as much as I heard of it whilst removing the final traces of my cab-accident—went something like this—

BILL. Wot 's up at ve theayter ter-night, then?

FLOSS. I dunno. 'Seem ter be a lot o' people comin' up.

BILL. Ah. Rare game runnin' theayters, yer know.

FLOSS. Oh? I s'pose 'tis.

BILL. You bet yer boots. Wot wiv ve bars, mindyer, an' one thing an' another. A rare game, my gal, an' don't you forget it!

FLOSS. That 's wot you an' me 'ad ought ter be doin', Bill.

BILL. 'Alf their chawnce!

FLOSS. I shud be on ve stige, yer know.

BILL. An' welcome. I 'd look arter ve bars.

FLOSS. I believe yer. 'Ullo!

BILL. Wot 's up nah?

FLOSS. See that covey just goin' up ve steps?

BILL. Wot abaht 'im?

FLOSS. Got a fice as long as a bloomin' fiddle.

BILL. Shouldn't wonder if 'e 's in ve orchestra.

FLOSS. Garn, funny! More likely one o' them noospiper chaps.

BILL. Looks a bit extry speshul, don't 'e?

FLOSS. 'Ere, chuck it! Lumme! Spot ve gal getting aht o' ve broom?

BILL. Looks more like a Red Injun than a Lunnon toff.

FLOSS. Not 'er! Them 's igrettes, or wotever they calls 'em. Ain't she got a swagger on 'er!

BILL. Not 'alf!

FLOSS. 'Ere 's another noospiper chap! I see 'im rahnd 'ere last week.

BILL. Lawst week? I 've seen 'im 'ere onst a week as long as I can remember.

FLOSS. 'Alf 'is luck! I s'pose they mikes a sight o' money, don't 'em?

BILL. You bet! I wonder wot 'e 's on. *Dily Mile*, I shouldn't wonder.

FLOSS. Ah, or '*Eartsease*, or one o' them, eh?

BILL. Wot 's '*Eartsease*?

FLOSS. A piper, o' course, silly!

BILL. Not ser much of ve silly. There 's ve gent a-lookin' at yer.

FLOSS. Looks a bit better nah 'e 's cleaned 'is fice, don't 'e?

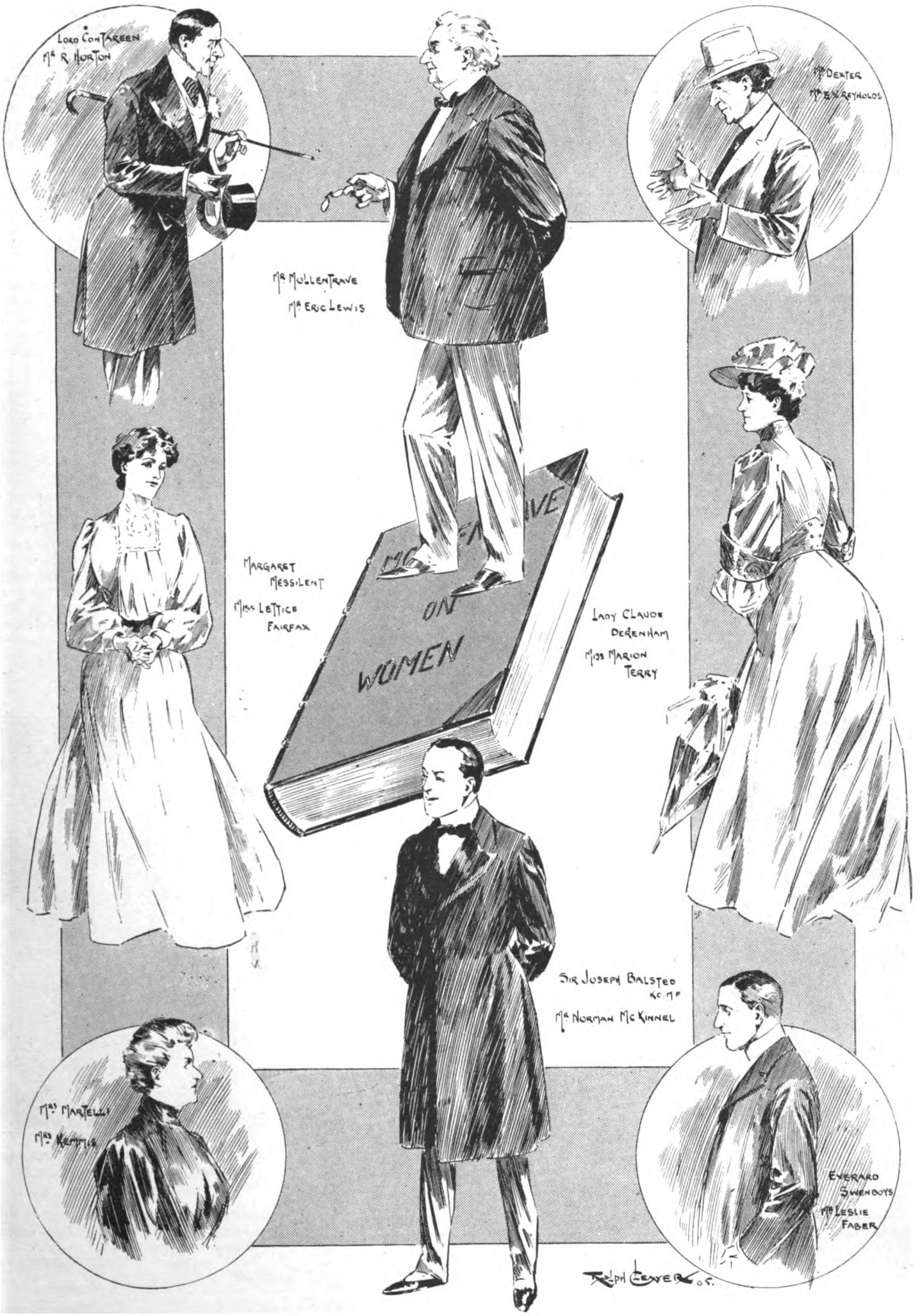
BILL. Shut yer rah. You 'll be gettin' us turned aht; that 's wot you 'll be doin', my gal.

FLOSS. Well, it wouldn't be the first time. Night-night, cocky!

The danger of riding in hansom-cabs is only one of the complications of life in London. Another of these complications is the necessity—the actual necessity—of looking through thirty or forty papers and magazines every week. I am willing to admit, of course, that papers and magazines are more or less a habit. The copy-books will tell you, however, that it is easier to form habits than to break them, and, for the sake of me, I cannot help scanning all the daily and weekly papers that lie on the Club table. This very afternoon, for example, I went into the Club feeling quite fresh, and merry, and confident. I took up a Sunday paper, and read the criticism of last night's performance at the Royalty. The critic disagreed with me entirely. I took up another Sunday paper, and found a scathing review of a book that had pleased me very much. Then I had some tea. After tea I began to look through some of the weekly reviews. One told me, in emphatic terms, that Mr. Chamberlain was a fool. I threw it down hastily and took up another. This one assured me that, although Mr. Chamberlain was a brilliant politician, and Mr. Balfour a perfect gentleman, it seemed quite likely that there would be a general election just about the time when my new book is to come out. I threw that down, too, and took up a magazine. The first article that met eye was entitled, "Is there Any Hope for English Drama?" or words to that effect. The secretary of the Club not being present, I hurled the magazine into a far corner and snatched at a financial daily. In a flash I had learnt, from a black, two-column heading, that Kaffirs were in a bad way, and that anybody who had been buying them might consider himself, without more ado, a fool. I sighed deeply, laid aside the financial paper, and wandered out of the Club.

Speaking of English Drama, I saw somewhere that Mr. John Hare had been telling somebody that the English Drama was "in great peril." I wonder what it is that Mr. Hare means. How can an abstract, intangible thing like dramatic art, of whatever country, be in peril? Nobody can kill it, nobody can even make it bankrupt. I do wish that Mr. Hare, and the other clever or well-meaning people who talk like that, would take the trouble to be a little more definite. They seem to forget that these mystic utterances may keep simple, weary folk awake o' nights.

THE THIRD PLAY BY MR. ALFRED SUTRO RUNNING IN LONDON.



"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Modern Political Manners — Public Schools and the Army — Compulsory Greek — A Crusade against Week-Ending.

THE public manners of our young politicians and statesmen do not err nowadays on the side of urbanity. Great statesmen of the past, such as Bismarck, kept brusqueness as one of the arrows in their quiver, and some of the greatest of our own men have been rather brutally direct on occasions; but to be inconveniently frank on the wrong occasion is certainly not a sign of statesmanship, any more than rudeness is a gentleman's weapon in politics. The young men of all the parties require a rating from the older hands who still believe in the *suaviter in modo*.

The discussion as to whether Public Schoolboys make better officers in the Army than boys who have not been at a big school still continues. It is a question which I think officers who command or who have commanded regiments can give a more valuable opinion concerning than the most accomplished civilian, however thoroughly he may have studied his subject. I am sure that, unless some military school to correspond with the Britannia or Osborne is established, a school which has the tone of the big Public Schools, the boy who comes from Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Marlborough, Westminster, and the score of other great schools, is likely to have the moral qualities of a good regimental officer more highly developed than a boy who has passed through some private forcing-house.

Were it possible to award marks at an entrance examination for spirit of discipline, willingness to take the initiative and to accept responsibility, and truthfulness in difficult circumstances, I believe that the Public Schoolboys would stand higher in these subjects than those who had not passed through a big school, and these qualities are more important than a knowledge of the higher mathematics or a smattering of Latin in a boy who is to become a trustworthy leader of men. It always seems to me that it is the education of the officer after he joins the Army that is at fault, not the training of the Public Schoolboy before he goes up for his examination for Sandhurst.

Languages are certainly of the highest importance, for an officer who cannot speak French and German easily goes dumb through half of the world; and he must know enough of mathematics to check the accounts of his Company and make a few simple calculations in the field. Freehand drawing is useful, for the boy who sketches well will be clever eventually in military topography. For the rest, the boy who can strike out a line of his own in a run from point to point is likely to be a better officer than he that has a knowledge of the Greek poets.



A NEGRO PRIEST NOW ON A VISIT TO RUSSIA: BISHOP ROBERT GEORGE MORGAN.

Bishop Robert George Morgan, of the Church of England, who is a Jamaican negro, is at present in St. Petersburg seeking information concerning the Greek Church. He is the guest of the Metropolitan of that city.

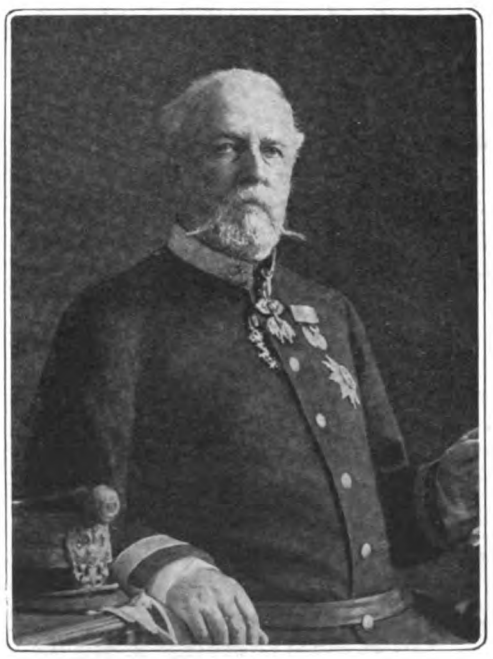
Photograph by Bulla, St. Petersburg.

Sandhurst is a model college now, and the cadet leaves it with the rudiments of military knowledge well and pleasantly impressed on him. It is when he joins his regiment that he learns how dull a soldier's life can be. The daily routine of a regiment, the perpetual looking at men's belts to try and find a spot on them, the fatigues, the unappetising spectacle of great chunks of raw beef in the ration-shed at five a.m., the re-learning of the simple drill because of slight regimental differences from the drill-book on which the Sergeant-Major prides himself, the dreary procession down to the shoot ng-butts, the collecting of reports, the turning-out guards, the going round dinners—these are what the boy, who has been making plans for the marches of armies and fighting battles on the Kriegspiel board with a force of all arms, finds is real soldiering.

He turns to the amusements outside barracks as a relief from the stale smell of the men's rooms and the perpetual crunching of the gravel under the feet of recruits at squad-drill, and many a boy who has left school with the making of a keen officer in him becomes one of the King's bad bargains because he sees all the uninteresting side of a soldier's life just when he has the greatest capability for enjoyment. Any War Minister who can make soldiering as interesting to the young officer as it is to the cadet will have no need to quarrel with the rough material the Public Schools send him.

Compulsory Greek is another subject concerning which much ink is being spilled. Whether Greek is a necessary strop for the razor of the brain to those who wish to dally by the Cam and the Isis is a matter which the Dons decide. Its compulsory inclusion seems to me to be related to the entrance examination for the Chinese Army, in which each candidate for officer's rank is required to shoot three arrows. For the ordinary man-of-the-world, to have the memory of having once possessed a smattering of Greek may be a luxury—it certainly is not of use. At one time, I could scramble through a translation of some of the lighter efforts of the Greek Dramatists, and "Farrar's Irregular Verbs" are the remembrance of a schoolboy's nightmare, but now I have not enough of Greek left to decipher an inscription on a tomb. I never feel its loss, whereas no day of my life passes that I do not regret that I was never taught English composition, never was asked to spell my own language correctly, and punctuated only by instinct.

A crusade is to be organised against "week-ending," and is to be led by two Archbishops. As is usually the case, there are two sides to the shield, and I hope that in tilting at the people who go out of town on Saturday because they can keep holiday more freely in the country than in London on Sunday, they will not interfere with the very necessary day of rest in fresh air which enables busy men to work the harder the week through, or discourage those people of rank who go down to the country on Saturday so as to spend the Sabbath amongst their own people, considering this to be one of the duties of the ownership of land.



THE ACTUAL KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY: KING OSCAR II., WHO HAS HANDED OVER THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT TO HIS SON.

King Oscar was born on the 21st of January, 1829, and succeeded to the throne on the 18th of September, 1872. In 1857, he married Sophia, daughter of the late Duke William of Nassau, who has borne him four sons.

Photograph by Pietzner.

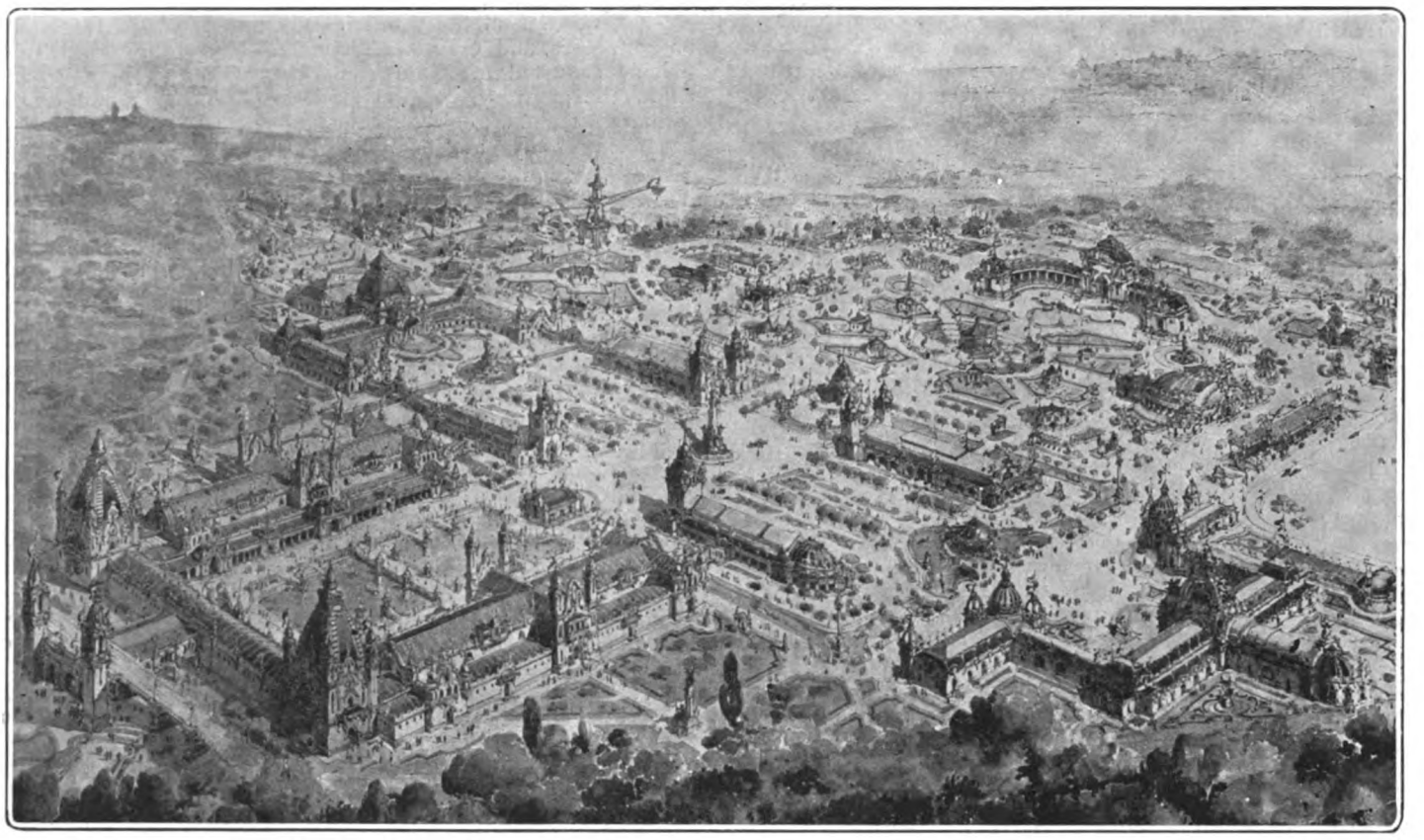


THE ACTING KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY: GUSTAF, DUKE OF WERMLAND, WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE STATE BUSINESS.

Oscar Gustaf Adolf, Duke of Wermland, who is transacting the business of State in place of his father, is heir to the throne, and was born on the 16th of June, 1858. He married Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, in 1881.

Photograph by Florman.

A GIANT EXHIBITION, AND AN EXHIBITION GIANT.



A RIVAL TO EARL'S COURT: MR. IMRE KIRALFY'S PLEASURE-GROUNDS AT UXBRIDGE AS THEY WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

About May of next year, Mr. Imre Kiralfy will throw open to the public a gigantic new pleasure-ground on a site of nearly eighty-eight acres which abuts on the Uxbridge Road, near the Central London Tube Station. Mr. Kiralfy intends to combine modern sport and competitions with numerous novel attractions of a general nature, and his exhibition will boast an Automobile Race-track of one and a-quarter miles to the lap, and a Sports Ground of over six hundred thousand square feet, with a large football-field, a cinder-path, and a cycle-track. A spacious Clubhouse and a garage for over three hundred motor-cars will be provided, and a great National Sports Club organised.

By Courtesy of Mr. Imre Kiralfy.

THE 20-INCH MLLE. CHIQUITA, WHO INTRODUCES THE 116-INCH MACHNOW.



A GARGANTUAN REPAST: MACHNOW, OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME, AT BREAKFAST.

Machnow, the Russian Giant who is appearing at the London Hippodrome, has an appetite fitting his size. His usual breakfast is said to consist of two quarts of milk, twelve eggs, and two large loaves. His lunch consists of three pounds of meat, vegetables, five pounds of potatoes, and a quart of beer; for dinner he frequently has soup, from three to five pounds of meat, vegetables, three pounds of bread, and two quarts of beer. His supper is comparatively light—ten to fifteen eggs, bread-and-butter, and a quart of tea.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

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GENERAL NOTES.

MR. ARTHUR LEE, who awoke one morning to find that his name had become familiar throughout Europe, is very popular in the House of Commons. He has many friends on both sides, and everyone recognises his ability. His strong face quickly attracted attention while he sat among other young men below the gangway, and the House soon became familiar with the Military Attaché who was with the United States Army in Cuba and who became a favourite at Washington. While a private member, Mr. Lee was a frank critic of the military administration of the Government, but, although trenchant, he was never bitter. His promotion to the Treasury Bench after only three years' experience in the House was rapid, but it caused no surprise. Perhaps the greatest surprise in Mr. Lee's own life was the sensation caused in Germany by his allusion to the new distribution of naval power. He is only thirty-seven. His wife is a New York lady.

While there is so much talk about bombs in Russia, it is worth recalling that one of the bombs which Orsini and Pietri used against Napoleon III. is preserved in the Musée de l'Opéra at Paris. It is a relic of the first attempt with bombs, and it differs very considerably from the bombs which are now used. It is in the shape of a huge chestnut, the prickles of which are formed by cartridges which exploded on being struck. The interior, which has, of course, been emptied, contained bullets, nails, and a high explosive. These bombs were thrown by hand, and burst against whatever they hit. Two of them were thrown at the Emperor's carriage on Jan. 14, 1858; and, though the Emperor was unharmed, several persons in the crowd were killed and wounded. The third, which is that now in the Museum, was seized in the hands of one of the conspirators as he was in the act of throwing it.

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TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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A BRAVE RUSSIAN ACTRESS: MADAME MITCHURINA.

Photograph by Mrosovsky.

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE QUEEN certainly possesses the genius of kindness. This was shown in a striking manner last week, when a little Camberwell invalid, on the eve of going into one of our palaces of pain—in this case the Brompton Hospital—wrote a short note of sympathy to Princess Victoria. The little girl, who rejoices in the alliterative name of Violet Victoria Velden, was amazed the next day to receive a kind note from Miss Charlotte Knollys and a bunch of lovely flowers, sent by the Queen and by the Royal convalescent. We may be sure that the pretty gift, and the note written on Buckingham Palace paper, were far more prized by the respectable working-folk to whose child so charming an answer was returned than would have been a gift of a more material nature.

A Brave Russian Actress. St. Petersburg is still talking of the bravery of Madame Mitchurina, one of the leading actresses at the Imperial Alexander Theatre. A few nights ago, this lady was warned that the theatre had been selected as the scene of a riot, and she was told that, whatever happened, she must go on playing her part, the play being, oddly enough, an adaptation of the French comedy, "Decadence." Every fifth member of the audience was a police-agent, and it is easy to realise how terrible must have been the strain of acting under such conditions. So admirably did she perform her task that the audience were so pleased with her acting that they took no notice of the disturbing elements about them, and the evening passed off quietly.



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE: MISS ALICE BLIGHT, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GERARD LOWTHER ON THE 28TH.

Photograph by Gilliam's Press Syndicate.

Reiss and Roubles. Colonel Reiss, who was accompanying General Stoessel at Colombo, has stated that Port Arthur could not have held out a moment longer. That was to be expected, it is the reason given that is extraordinary: "The contents of the military treasury had dwindled to fifteen roubles," says Reuter. Little wonder that it is argued that the power of money is on the increase.

An Anglo-American Alliance. The marriage of Miss Alice Blight, daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Gerard Lowther will strengthen and bind yet closer the many links existing between the Old World and the New. The popular diplomatist's bride is a pretty American heiress, clever, witty, and agreeable, as all Transatlantic belles seem to be, and already conversant with the world of which she will now form a part. Mr. Gerard Lowther was one of the late Lord Pauncefote's most trusted lieutenants at Washington, and is now British Minister at Tangier.

The King at Stowe House. The visit recently paid by the King to Stowe House has two points of uncommon interest that have not been generally commented upon. One of these is that His Majesty accompanied Lord Rosebery with a view to assisting him to fulfil the duties of his position as trustee under Cecil Rhodes's will, by advising him as to the purchase of certain of the art treasures in the mansion for the British Museum. The other is that, as a correspondent of the *Westminster* reminds us, Lady Kinloss should, according to the will of Henry VIII., be occupying the throne of these realms. Had not Edward Seymour, Lord Beauchamp, waived the claim of the Suffolk line to which the much-married monarch had limited the succession by ordaining that, failing issue of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, the Crown should pass to the children of his sister Mary by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Lady Kinloss might have been Queen of England to-day instead of a Peeress of Scotland in her own right.



A BEAUTIFUL IRISH GIRL: MISS JUDITH PENROSE, A DUBLIN DÉBUTANTE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Dublin's Débutantes. For more than a hundred years the Dublin Drawing-Rooms have been famed for the beauty of their débutantes, and in this matter the new century shows no falling off, for Irish girls are as winsome as they were in the far-away days when the two beautiful Miss Gunnings made such a sensation, first at the Viceregal Court, and then in eighteenth-century London. The scene presented by a Viceregal Drawing-Room is very splendid, especially when Royalty is there, as was the case when Miss Claudia Campbell and Miss Judith Penrose were presented.

A Yarn of the "Victoria and Albert." A Service wag has it that the instability of the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* is to be charged to the discredit of a computer, who accidentally added the year of our Lord to a column of figures, and did not realise his mistake until the vessel first took to the water. That computer, on this showing, is, surely, cousin to the waiter who was wont to add to his pourboires by so placing the day of the month upon his bills that he was able to reckon the figures in with the pence.



A BEAUTIFUL IRISH GIRL: MISS CLAUDIA CAMPBELL, A DUBLIN DÉBUTANTE.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

B



A NOBLE REVIVALIST: LORD KINNAIRD.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

Banker, Athlete, Revivalist. Lord Kinnaird, who has a birthday this week (16th), is a notable type of British Peer. An Old Etonian, he was in his time one of the best, if not the very best, of gentlemen cricketers, and in connection with our national game he has done much good work, founding Clubs and playing all over the country. He is one of the great bankers of the nation, and the Barclay combination is said to have been, in a measure, due to his initiative and financial genius. As all the world knows, Lord Kinnaird and his popular, thoughtful-looking wife are keenly interested in the series of Revival Meetings at the Albert Hall, and Lord Kinnaird opened the proceedings on the first day.

Noble Amateur Actors. Lord Clifford of Chudleigh is one of the best amateur actors in the kingdom, and his gift is shared by Lord Altamont, the Marquis of Sligo's son, who is appearing with him in the performances of "The Marriage of Kitty" which will take place at the Court Theatre, on Friday and Saturday of this week, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.



A NOBLE AMATEUR ACTOR: LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDLEIGH.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

Japanese and British Marksmen. The Mikado's "scientific fanatics" filled some of their compulsory leisure on the bank of the Sha-ho by organising and carrying out a miniature Bisley. Officers, foreign attachés, and civilians were all asked to take part, and no less than five-and-twenty prizes were offered for expertness with the rifle at a range of 280 mètres with a five-ringed target of one mètre diameter. Certain of the scores are decidedly interesting: Colonel Hume, of England, and Lieut.-Colonel Iwamitsu, of Japan, tied and led with fourteen points. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who won a barrel of Japanese pickles, followed with twelve; Lieutenant Hoffmann, of Germany, and General Kuroki were each credited with seven; and Major-General Kodama, who is evidently more at home with the sword, only three. All the competitors used weapons taken from the Russians, and were, thus, placed upon equal terms.



THE MIRACULOUS BAMBINO AT ROME, BEDECKED WITH JEWELS BY ROYAL PILGRIMS.

From a Stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood.

Lord Clifford has built a charming little theatre at Ugbrooke Hall, and there, each winter, Lady Clifford and he entertain many distinguished players, the whole party taking part in a series of plays calculated to show their range and versatility.

Ancient Persian Manuscripts. Some valuable old Persian manuscripts have just been discovered, not, as might have been supposed, in Persia, but in Paris. Every few years the authorities hold an auction of articles which have been confiscated by the police from thieves and murderers, and among them were found these manuscripts. One of them contains the works of the famous poet Nizami, author of the "Five Treasures of Nizami," while another is a mathematical work, and the others are didactic essays. All of them are written on a fine, soft parchment, which smells strongly of camel's milk. The bindings are very old, and are of leather stamped with gold and silver ornamentation, and most of them are kept in little cases specially constructed for them. They were evidently stolen, but no one knows who was their original owner. There is likely to be keen competition for them among Orientalists.



THE ADAPTER OF "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.": MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Mr. Temple Thurston is, of course, the husband of Katherine Cecil Thurston. His adaptation of his wife's book, "John Chilcote, M.P.," is to be produced by Mr. George Alexander on a date yet to be fixed.

Photograph by Beresford.

The New Leader of the Divorce Bar. By the elevation of Mr. Bargrave Deane to the Bench, the Probate and Divorce Bar has a new leader, in the person of Mr. Joseph Child Priestley, most juvenile-looking of prominent lawyers, who assumes the position by reason of the fact that he is now senior King's Counsel in practice at the Court in question, although he only took silk some two years, or rather less, ago. Mr. Priestley is one of the numerous distinguished men who are the sons of distinguished parents: the second son of the late Sir William Overend Priestley, M.D., who, for a time, sat in the House of Commons as representative of the Universities of Edinburgh

It would appear that Mr. Spenser Wilkinson only takes up the reins of office at the *Morning Post* temporarily, for it is now officially announced that Mr. Fabian Ware, who for some years wrote leading articles for the paper, is to be the new editor. Mr. Ware joined the staff of the Transvaal Educational Department some four years ago, and is at present Director of Education in the Transvaal. He was born at Clifton, Bristol; is thirty-six years of age; was for ten years assistant master in secondary schools; and in 1903 was chosen member of the Transvaal Legislative Council.



ANOTHER "DOUBLE" OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER: MR. ARTHUR APPLIN.

Mr. Applin was amongst the actors named as likely to "double" Mr. George Alexander in "John Chilcote, M.P." As we have already stated in this Journal, Mr. Thorold was, however, eventually chosen.

Photograph by Browne and Co.

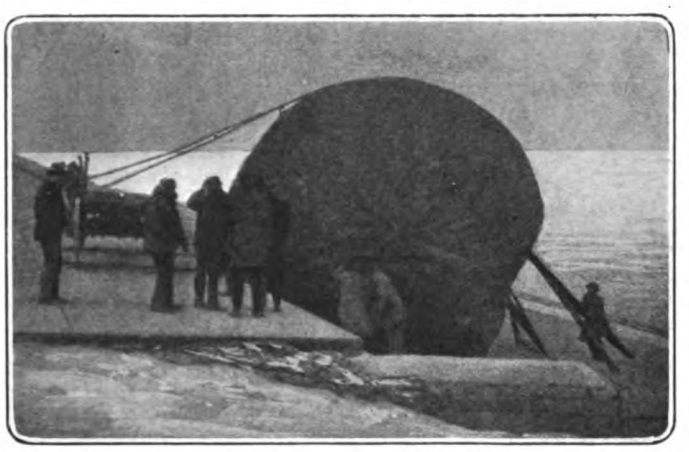
Princess Henry of Pless. Prince Henry of Pless and his lovely English Princess are spending the spring in London, and their many friends in this country have rejoiced with them in the birth of their second son. "The Princess with the Golden Locks," as she was early nicknamed, fond as she is of her German home, has remained devoted to her native land, and always spends a portion of each year here. She shares her only sister the Duchess of Westminster's love of sport and yachting; and she can, of course, indulge her tastes more freely here than in Germany.

The "Fool-Killer." Whether or no Peter Nissen's theory that it is possible to travel safely over land and water in the apparatus he invented for the purpose is correct still remains to be proved, for, although the constructor lost his life in crossing Lake Michigan in it, there seems little doubt that had aid been awaiting him on the Michigan shore "Fool-Killer No. 3" would not have fulfilled the promise of the name he gave it. Certain it is that it proved its ability to roll with the wind over land, water, and ice. The description of it, however, does not suggest luxurious transport. It was made, we are told, of heavy canvas, and, when inflated, was thirty-eight feet long and twenty-two feet in diameter. At each end was a port-hole; through the centre ran a shaft hung from cords fastened round the inside, in the same manner as the spokes in a wheel; on this shaft was a sliding seat, so arranged that its occupant could, by moving towards the sides, steer his strange craft by throwing up one end or the other to catch the wind; a two-inch hose through one end of the balloon allowed for a supply of air; and a special pump prevented the ingress of water. Surely, these particulars alone are likely to limit the number of the unfortunate Nissen's imitators.



PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

Photograph by Lafayette.



"FOOL-KILLER NO. 3" BEING ROLLED INTO LAKE MICHIGAN.



THE "FOOL-KILLER" STARTING ON ITS FATEFUL JOURNEY ACROSS THE LAKE.

THE "FOOL-KILLER" THAT JUSTIFIED ITS NAME.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

Prince Albert Ghica and the Turkish Government. Additional evidence, if evidence be wanted, of the eternal romance of the world is provided by the love affairs of Prince Albert Ghica of Roumania and Miss Madge Dowling, whose engagement was formally announced last Christmas. A fortnight or so ago the Prince himself stated, in the presence of his *fiancée*, that, for formal reasons, their wedding had been postponed. Then, later, came what has been generally taken, in part at all events, as the reason, a communication stating that "The Imperial Ottoman Government declares that Mr. Albert Ghica, a Roumanian subject, born of Roumanian parents, and who styles himself 'His Highness Prince Ghica,' has no right whatever to represent himself as having claims to a so-called Albanian throne." To this "Mr. Ghica" has replied that he holds official documents substantiating his claim to the title of Prince; that he has never been a pretender to the throne of Albania, but was elected supreme chief of the movement for promoting Albanian independence; that he will do everything possible to relieve Albanians of the shameful tyranny of the Turk; and that he has the deepest contempt for the Turkish Government. Both Miss Dowling and the Prince deny emphatically that the marriage is broken off.



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY ROMANCE: PRINCE ALBERT GHICA OF ROUMANIA AND MISS MADGE DOWLING.

Photograph by Thomson.

A Royal Denial. King George of Greece shattered a delightful story when he denied the widely circulated report that his yacht had been fired upon by the notorious Baltic Fleet while on her way from Denmark to France. Many a writer would have given much to have been able to substantiate the statement and to have placed Royal yacht and trawlers upon a level, but it was not to be. King George's refutation was as prompt as it was emphatic: "I have the honour to inform you . . . that the Royal yacht never came in sight of the Russian Baltic Fleet at any time or place. (Signed) Boudouris, Captain of the Royal Yacht and A.D.C." No doubt, a fortunate circumstance.

The Titles of the New Peers. It must be agreed that both Sir Francis Jeune and Mr. Graham Murray chose their new titles with considerable reason, and the new President of the Court of Session must feel a little regretful that Colonel Murray-Graham should have raised an objection to his proposed assumption of the style of Lynedoch. It would have been excellent, indeed, could he have thus revived the Barony bestowed on his kinsman, Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, who, discarding the ploughshare for the sword, rose to the rank of General, served with the greatest distinction throughout the Peninsular War, and was rewarded with the Barony aforesaid. Still, after all, Colonel Murray-Graham and his son are the more direct



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE SKETCH CLUB AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR STUDIO: MR. AND MRS. W. LEE HANKEY.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

representatives of the soldier-Baron, and the new Peer has but done the courteous thing in bowing to his relative's wish that he should not deprive his branch of the family of the opportunity of reinstating the title in the pages of Burke and Debrett. Sir Francis Jeune's proposal that he shall be known as Lord St. Helier, of St. Helier, in the island of Jersey, and of Arlington Manor, in the county of Berks, is not likely to cause opposition, and must be said to be an excellent one. Not only was he himself born in St. Helier, when his father was Dean of the island, but his family lived in or near there for several generations.

"R. L. S." and Mr. Graham Murray.

Speaking of the new Lord President reminds us that the *Law Times* recalls the fact that Mr. Graham Murray was the intimate friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that it was to him that Stevenson turned for the solution of a problem in legal procedure when he was engaged upon the writing of his last romance, the fragmentary "Weir of Hermiston." That the novelist should have found it necessary to consult his friend upon such a point is of particular interest in view of the fact that, early in his too brief career, he took to the study of law, giving it "a certain amount of serious, although fitful, attention until he was called to the Bar" in 1875.

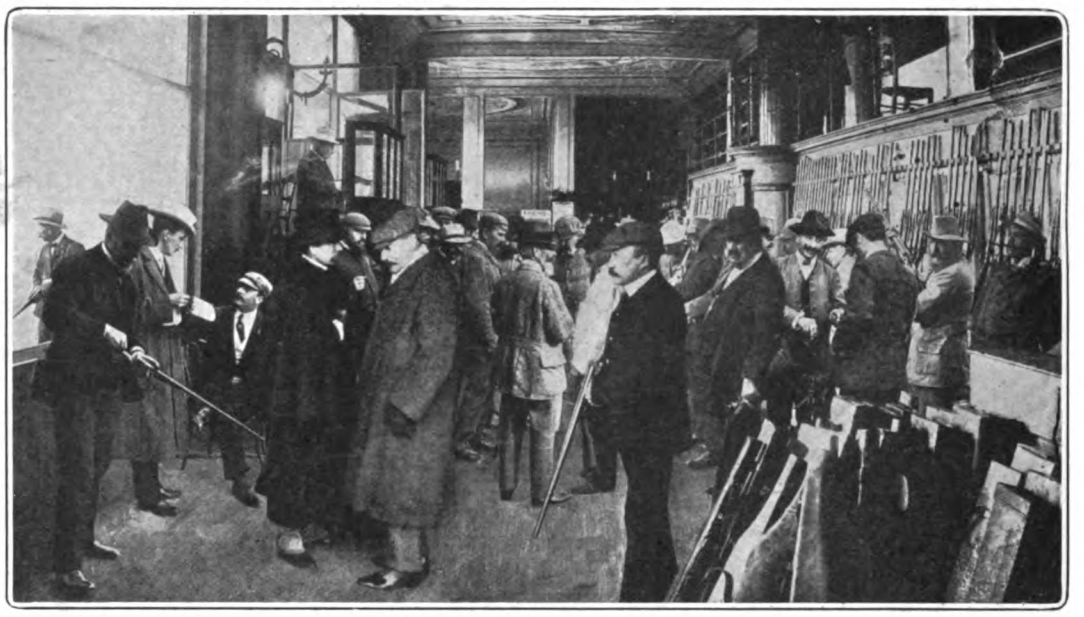
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hankey.

The brilliant artist who has just accepted the Presidency of the Sketch Club is not only something more than a prophet in his own country, but he is held in high honour abroad, for one of his most charming works, "A Rustic Toilet," hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hankey are deservedly popular in the art-world, for they are ever ready to extend a helping hand and to show hospitality to the young and struggling members of their profession.

Changes in Parliament.

Parliament at its reassembling has missed several old, familiar faces. From the House of Lords, Viscount Ridley, an ex-Home Secretary, and the Earl of Hardwicke, Under-Secretary for India, have gone to join the majority. The House of Commons has lost two of its most notable figures, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. James Lowther: men who have not left their like. Friends mourn also for Mr. Spencer Charrington, for Mr. Heywood Johnstone, and for Mr. Wingfield Digby. The recess deprived the Nationalists also of Mr. Leamy, one of the ablest and most experienced men in their ranks. It was an unusually fatal recess, and was specially unfortunate for the Government, which lost two seats in the by-elections.

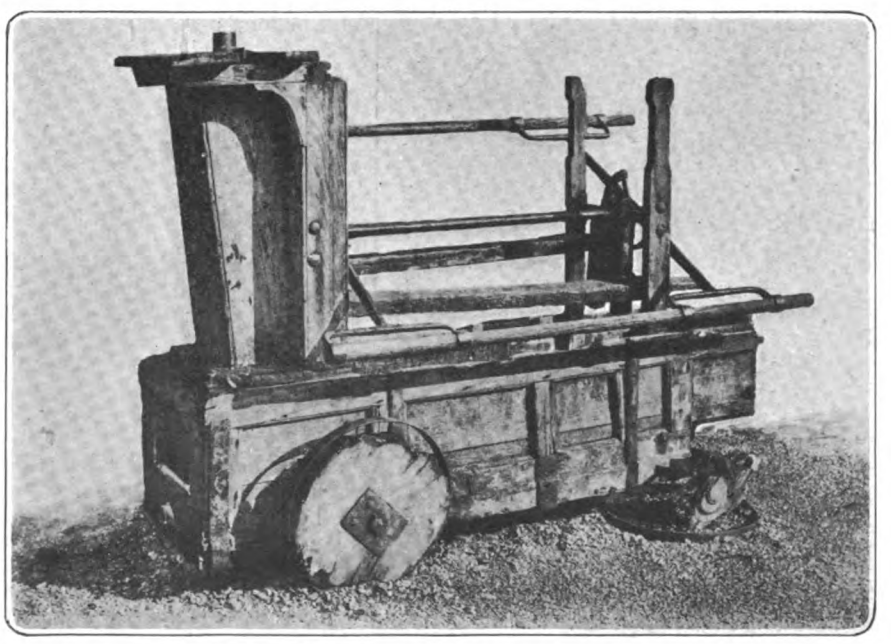
Hon. F. Thellusson. Lord Savile. Mr. F. H. Roberts. Mr. C. Robinson. M. de Pape. Count de Robiano.



"Doris" (Dr. Doyen). Baron A. de Tavernost. Sir Thos. Freake. M. Journu. Baron Langhendonck. Marquis Ridolfi.

SOME FAMOUS PIGEON-SHOTS: AN INTERESTING GATHERING AT NICE.

Photograph by Regnauld, Paris.



AN ANTIQUE FIRE-ENGINE STILL IN USE NEAR LISKEARD, CORNWALL: LOOE'S ONLY APPARATUS FOR FIGHTING FLAMES.

This engine turned out recently in response to an alarm of fire. The inhabitants of Looe are now agitating for something more up-to-date.

Photograph by Gibson and Sons.

There are two changes in the Government since last Session. The Cabinet has been weakened in the House of Commons by the elevation of Mr. Graham Murray to the Scottish Bench. His successor, the Marquis of Linlithgow, is in the Upper House; and the Marquis of Lansdowne has another new colleague there in the person of the Marquis of Bath, who now represents the India Office as Under-Secretary. Of the Cabinet as reconstituted there are nine members in the House of Lords and ten in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet consisted of five Peers and twelve commoners.

The King of Spain's Trip.

Several dates have been announced for the King of Spain's visit to the Courts of Europe this year, but no time has as yet been decided upon, and for a very good reason. The King cannot travel while the Ministerial crisis is on, nor while the Cortes is sitting, and, so far, Señor Villaverde has not settled on his plans. If the Cortes is adjourned till May, as is most likely, the King will start for Paris in April, and this is what will most probably happen. While the King is in Paris he will stay at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, in the suite of apartments on the first floor which was occupied by the King and Queen of Italy when they went to Paris in 1903. King Alfonso's next visit will be to London, so we may expect him here about the third week in April.

FROM DALY'S TO THE APOLLO.



MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN,

WHO HAS REPLACED MR. LAWRENCE REA AS FLORESTAN DE VALINCOURT.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

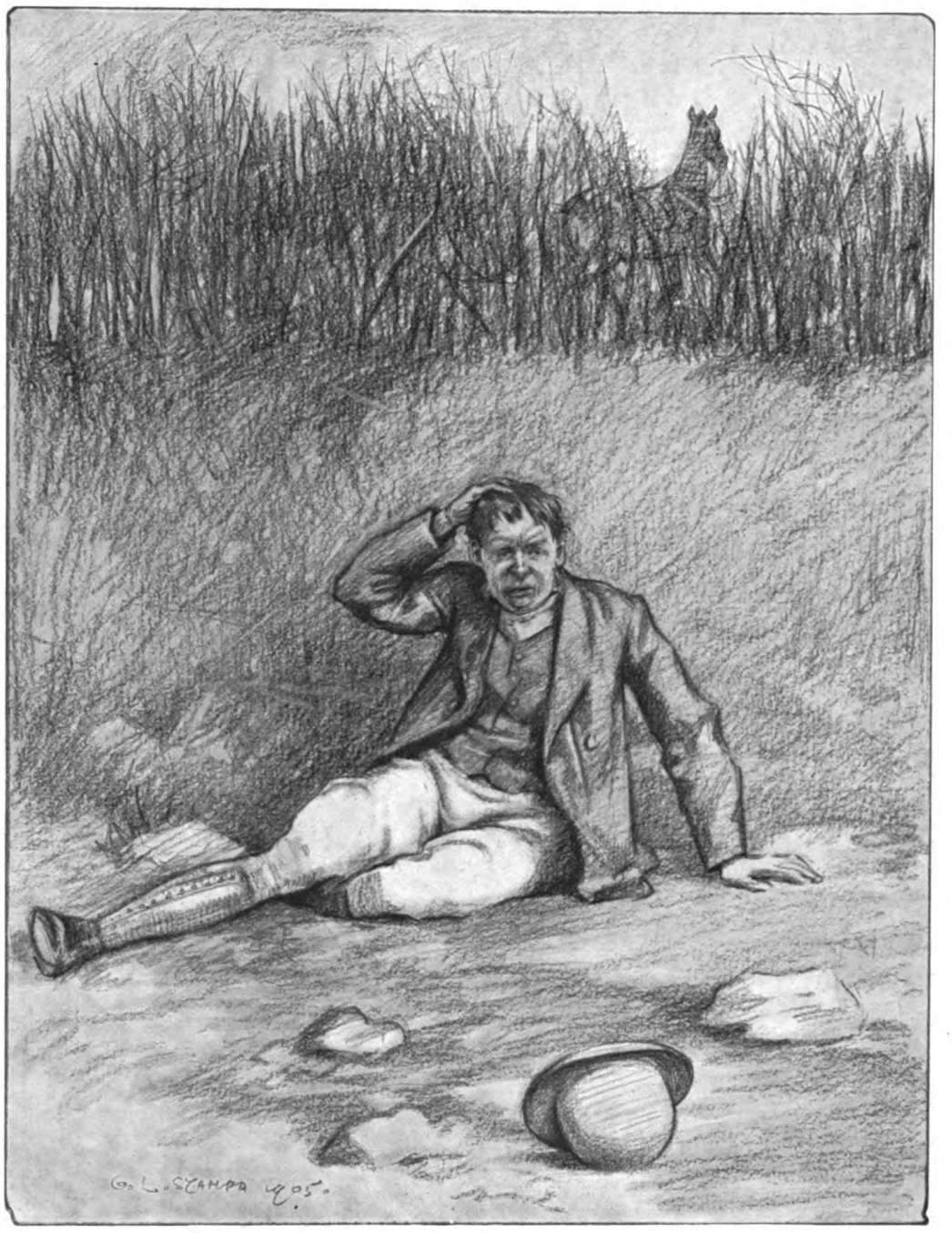
MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT is not easy to snub a Continent, but, if the Japanese Ambassador to Paris is reported aright, he has accomplished the difficult task in most delicate and pleasing fashion. He is reported to have remarked that for the past half-century Japan has been sending to the West some of the most beautiful art-work the world has ever seen. Silks, lacquers, bronzes, delicate designs in ivory-work, and other things of equal merit have spread the fame of the Island Kingdom among the connoisseurs of all nations, and yet Japan was regarded as a country whose acquaintance with civilisation was of the slightest. In the past twelve months, however, Japanese soldiers have killed some seventy thousand Russians, and now Europe accepts the civilisation of the Mikado's devoted people as a fact that is not open to controversy. Not even Heine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Jean Paul Richter, had they met for the purpose, could have bettered this. It is not offensive, it is not arrogant, but, to use a homely phrase, it hits us where we live.

Paris in London.

I have been reading in my paper about a suggested Paris quarter for London. The idea seems to be to establish some shops and restaurants in a chosen spot and to conduct them as though this were France instead of England. A few years ago, I should have been full of faith and hope in such a scheme. I should have seen in my mind's eye the open-air café that London lacks, a place that could be closed against the rain and opened to the sunshine. And when our stay-at-home citizens had learned the uses and qualities of a café, I should have expected to see the Thames Embankment promoted to some position of permanent utility. Experience has taught me not to hope; I do not even agitate. Not so long ago, the attempt was made, and, as soon as the café was built, the local authorities said, in effect, to the proprietor: "How dare you be so bad and bold and Continental as to erect an open-air café! Shut up." The proprietor shut up, and the local authorities, having exercised their local authority, were, doubtless, well pleased with themselves. If, in consideration of the *entente cordiale*, the powers that be will allow us to sit and smoke our cigarettes over a cup of coffee in the open air, the introduction of Paris to London may be a success. If they are still adamant, not to say wooden-headed, Paris will remain with the Seine.



SANDY JAMIESON: *It's a mercy it's only ma heid! It micht 'a' been ma new five-an'-ninepenny hat!*

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

King Oscar's Retirement.

The news that King Oscar has retired from the active business of State will surprise very few people. Sweden's veteran ruler has borne the burden of life for some seventy-six years and the cares of Kingship for nearly half that period. His country's fortunes are best judged by the fact that they claim so little of the attention of our Press; but Sweden has problems in plenty—her proximity to Russia and her association with Norway suffice to supply them. Lately, certain questions relating to the consular service have created very considerable unrest, and King Oscar may fairly urge that he has served his country long enough. The Crown Prince, Gustave, Duke of Wermland, who will take over the responsibility for State affairs, is not very well known outside his own country. Like so many of the Northern Princes, he is devoted to sport and is a good shot. If he can reconcile Kristiania and Stockholm he will have justified his appointment. I suppose the chief interest in questions relating to Sweden, so far as this country is concerned, lies in the fact that we do more trade with the people than any of our rivals. The next interest comes from consideration of Norway and Sweden as sporting centres. The fishing in the one and the shooting in the other are quite of the first class, and grow more popular with Englishmen year by year.

The Rush to Rome.

How curiously the patronage of winter's holiday-makers shifts and changes! Time was when Monte Carlo was the goal; then people spread across to the Italian Riviera. A few years later there was a big movement in the direction of the Pyrenees, and, a year or two after, Egypt was receiving many visitors who were crossing the Mediterranean for the first time. For this winter Rome seems to have been taken into special favour. Every second or third person who is going abroad, or has gone, seems to have chosen the Eternal City, though, doubtless, the cold weather prevailing there will persuade a large part of them to seek the South of Italy, where, by the way, Capri is coming into special favour. I am always sorry for the people who see Rome for the first time now. In the past decade the city has been suffering terribly from the assaults of the commercially inclined builder. This ultra-modern Vandal has erected some of the ugliest buildings you could desire not to see, and the ever-increasing poverty of the nobility has helped his wicked work until there are quarters that a man who knows his history is bound to avoid.

YOUNG PLAYERS OF THE DAY, AND A POSSIBLE PLAYER OF THE FUTURE.



A FAMILY LIKENESS: THE DAUGHTER OF MISS FANNY WARD (MRS. LEWIS).

Photograph by Langfier.



TWO PRETTY CHILD ACTRESSES: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AND MISS MAIDIE ANDREWS AS CHARLEY AND CISSIE

IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

Photograph by Whitlock.



A BRAVE ACTRESS: MISS CECILIA LOFTUS,

WHO HAS DEFIED HER DOCTORS BY LEAVING HOSPITAL TO JOIN HER COMPANY AT TORONTO.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE EMPIRE'S PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE MLLE. ADELINE GENÉE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Miss Cecilia Loftus has been seriously ill, but it is reported that, acting against the advice of her physicians, she has left the hospital at Akron, Ohio, in which she was being treated, in order to join her Company at Toronto.

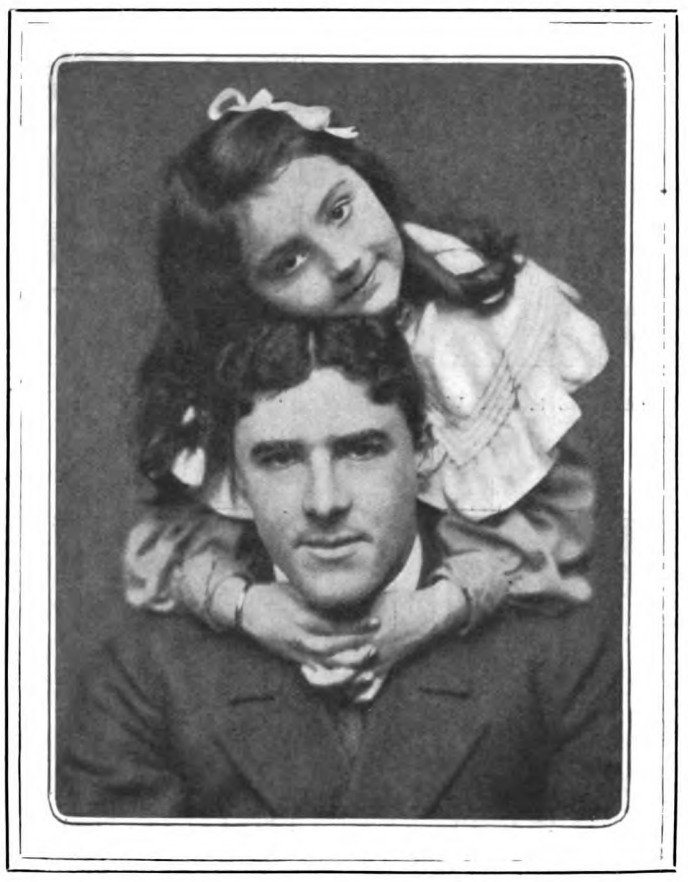
THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND" AND "THE LADY OF LEEDS."

PRESUMABLY "John Bull's Other Island" was successful in the autumn, seeing that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have revived it—for matinées only, alas. It is noteworthy that such a play should enjoy success at matinées, since everybody is aware that matinée playgoers belong chiefly to the sex that dons stage-obscuring headgear, and, moreover, the play is chiefly political. One welcomes any measure of success to Mr. Shaw as a dramatist, for, as a rule, his remarkable pieces are treated with curious injustice. There are many people who take "G. B. S." to be a charlatan, an eccentric person with a touch of genius, no conscience, and a carefully calculated form of insanity employed in a catch-penny fashion. It is easy to make this mistake, but the fact is that, despite certain fads and fancies with which I have no sympathy, he is profoundly sane and deeply in earnest. It must be admitted that a bubbling sense of humour causes him sometimes to indulge indiscreetly in the joy of shocking the Philistines. Perhaps in early days he acted as a public jester a little in order to attract attention. Now, however, that sort of thing is needless, and one regrets the fact that occasionally a suspicion arises that a particular matter is due to the desire to horrify the *bourgeois*. "John Bull's Other Island" stands out as the only real political play of our times that has reached the footlights, as a work remarkably luminous concerning the Irish, as a drama peculiarly interesting and diverting, despite its lack of movement and excess of length.

Some of the critics pretend that all the characters talk Shaw. For a long time it has been the correct thing to say this of every play by the author; this sort of "correct thing" saves thinking. As a matter of fact, all the characters talk in an interesting way, and so suggest Shaw; but the marvel of the work lies in the fact that at least half-a-dozen persons in it express different views as regards our relations with our sister country, and are nicely enough individualised to show that their ideas come from their hearts and brains and that they are living, different people. The person presented superbly by Mr. Louis Calvert—subject to an allowance for a permissible touch of exaggeration, introduced for the purpose of satire—is one of the most amazingly true and humorous characters in drama, and even those with political views whose withers are wrung cannot help amusement at this cruel study of the well-meaning, commonplace, phrase-fed, philosophical Radical. Broadbent is certainly one of the most brilliant creations of modern comedy, and the only drawback about him is that full appreciation of the humour demands a little, not much, thought and knowledge of political ideas and ideals. His scenes with Nora, delightfully represented by Miss Ellen O'Malley, give pleasure even to those who know nothing of politics. It may be admitted that the author is not a sufficiently severe critic of himself, and sometimes lets his pen run away, so that scenes are occasionally continued beyond their apogee, but it is easy to forgive superfluous phrases when they are witty. Many of the old cast are still in the bill, playing admirably, and, since "The Lady of Leeds" is awaiting my attention, I must pass by the others.



MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence is at present on tour with Sir Henry Irving, and is playing such parts as Henry II. in Tennyson's "Becket." His wife is best known to the theatre-going public as Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

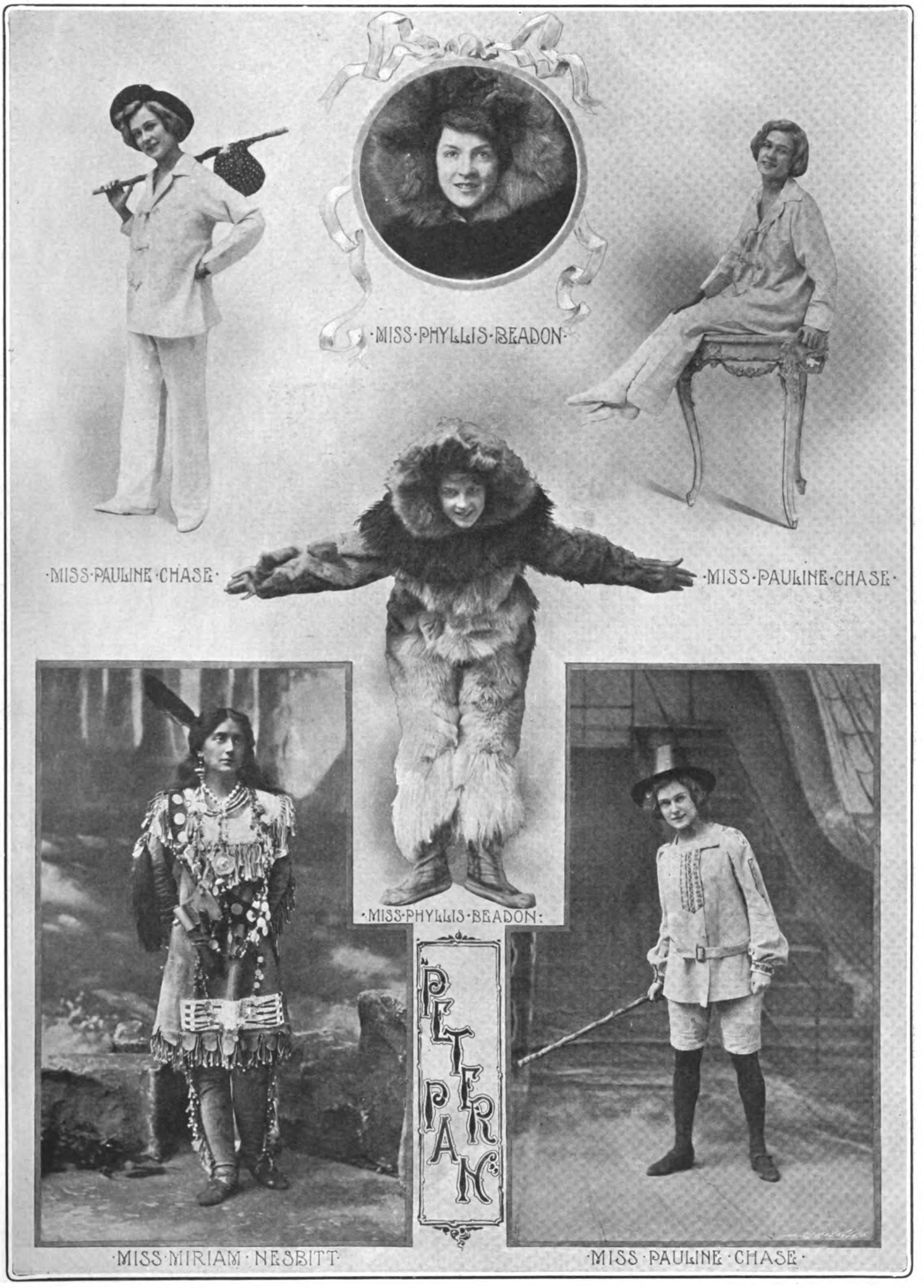
Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

It was rather a mistake to hurry off to "The Lady of Leeds," for the new play is a poor thing. Captain Marshall's sense of humour cannot have been fully awake when he decided to use a practical joke as basis for his modern treatment of "The Lady of Lyons," to which play there might well have been some reference on the programme. Those people to whom the humour of a practical joke appeals may like the new piece. It looks, however, as if, after starting his work, the author felt that there was a danger of its seeming odious, which induced him to try to render it digestible by making it quite incredible. Certainly the play has less than the standard of verisimilitude necessary for good farce, and it lacks the bustle and mechanical movement that sometimes give animation to indifferent farces. Apart from the stale business of a boating accident which causes the two chief characters to appear dripping, and the absurd comicalities of a bridge episode belonging to the same standard of plausibility as a musical-comedy low-comedian's humours, the piece proceeds with a solemn absence of action that suggests ambitious comedy. I had forgotten a deplorable piece of burlesque singing by Mr. Weedon Grossmith. Steadily and tranquilly the practical joke marches along, unaided by any kind of auxiliary plot, unassisted by any characters merely ancillary to it. One would have admired sincerely a comedy in which the author showed such a daringly strict devotion to his theme; but when the theme is merely the practical joke played by an Irish Peer and an English Colonel on a wealthy young woman, to whom they present as a foreign Prince a beggarly out-of-work waiter, to whom they promise forty pounds if he will and can dupe her into getting engaged to him, the devotion is painfully misplaced and the theme soon seems horribly threadbare. The trouble does not end here, for, having carried through the practical joke to the moment of triumph, when the poor girl finds out how meanly her weakness for royalty has been played upon, the author finds himself in a great difficulty about ending his play, and is reduced to employing telegrams and a newspaper announcement—stage business, in fact, almost coeval with the birth of Bulwer-Lytton's play—in order to render it possible for the victim of the practical joke to marry the ex-waiter; even then we are left to assume that she would marry and could be happy with the dirty-souled little blackguard.

The piece gives one the idea that success has played the author an ugly trick, has caused him to think that, with his rich supply of easy wit, the one agreeable feature of the farce, and his knowledge of the stage and its tricks, he can carry any theme to success. Much of the piece gives the idea of having been written at racing speed, and without consideration of the actual effect of one scene upon another. One is not hostile because the play is farce—no critic is so severe as to turn up his nose at good farce—but because it is ill-imagined and shoddily constructed. Some excellent acting proved of little avail. It must be mentioned that the play caused a good deal of laughter, gradually diminishing in volume and frequency. The experienced playgoer knows exactly how Mr. Weedon Grossmith would play such a part as the modern Claude Melnotte. The actor is not one to modify for particular parts the method by which he has earned great popularity. Miss Nancy Price, the Pauline of the play, did not suggest a North Country vulgarian, but gave a clever, nicely coherent study of a Cockney; perhaps she was a little slow at times, but slowness was a fault of all the Company and of the play. Miss Fortescue, as the stately, aristocratic companion, showed something of the grand style of acting and gave the best work of the evening. Miss Maud Wynter, with some ingenuity, gave a little touch of freshness to a soubrette part. Mr. Vane Tempest acted with ease and decision of style the ugly part of one of the contemptible conspirators.

"THE CHILD BARRIE'S" FANTASY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

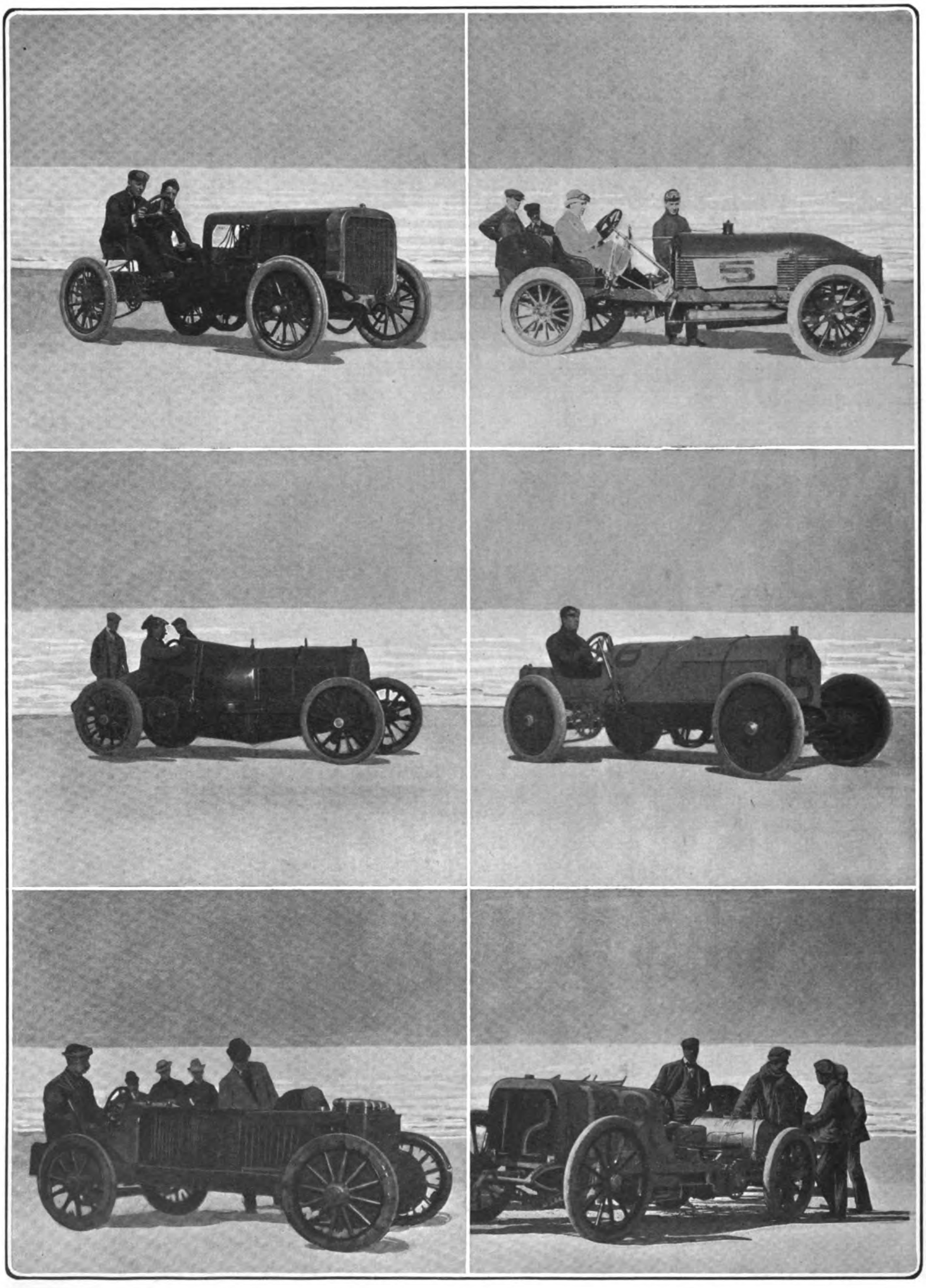
Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



The first twin (Miss Pauline Chase) and the second twin (Miss Phyllis Beadon) are members of Peter's band, and accompany him on his adventures in the Never, Never, Never Land, Under the Ground, and on the Pirate Ship. Tiger Lily, the Redskin (Miss Miriam Nesbitt), falls in love with Peter Pan and has no hesitation in telling him so. Peter, however, will have nothing of her love.

C

MOTOR MONSTERS AT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA.



WEBB ON HIS 60 HORSE-POWER POPE TOLEDO.
S. D. STEVENS ON HIS 90 HORSE-POWER MERCÈDES.
WALTER CHRISTIE ON HIS 60 HORSE-POWER CHRISTIE.
A. E. MACDONALD ON THE 90 HORSE-POWER NAPIER ON WHICH HE BROKE A WORLD'S RECORD.
E. R. THOMAS ON HIS 90 HORSE-POWER MERCÈDES.
FRANK H. CROKER ON THE 75 HORSE-POWER SIMPLEX ON WHICH HE MET HIS DEATH.

The Florida East Coast Automobile Association's Annual Mid-winter Motor Race-meeting began on Ormond-Daytona Beach on the twenty-third of last month. Two days before the meeting, Frank H. Croker, son of Mr. Richard Croker, was fatally injured. Seeking to avoid a motor-chair car, he endeavoured to turn his machine sharply, but the damp sand held his wheel and ripped off one of the tyres, with the result that the car was overturned into a foot of water. The driver, Raoul, was killed outright, but Mr. Croker lingered for some hours. Mr. A. E. Macdonald's time for the five miles was, as already recorded in this Journal, 3 min. 17 sec.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



V.—THE EQUILIBRIST.

"THEY THAT STAND HIGH HAVE MANY BLASTS TO SHAKE THEM;
AND IF THEY FALL THEY DASH THEMSELVES TO PIECES."—*"RICHARD III.," Act I., Scene 3.*

Titles Travestied. By H. C. Sandy.



THE ORCHID.



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

SUZANNE THE FIRST, AND SECOND.



THE FIRST: MISS MARIE TEMPEST.



THE SECOND: MISS FLORENCE TEMPEST.

Miss Marie Tempest, who has made so decided a success in "The Freedom of Suzanne" at the Criterion, was recently out of the cast for a few days, owing to indisposition. Her part was admirably played, during her absence, by her sister, Miss Florence Tempest.

Photographs by Lallie Charles.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"VON S TSAREM!"*

"IS there a man in the world who would change places with Nicholas Alexandrovitch? To live in an inferno of terror; without a true friend in the world; nourished with flattery and falsehood; surrounded by spies and prying courtiers; distrustful of the truth, and of the honest men who tell it; satisfied with pomp and circumstance and empty power." Well, if Dr. Joubert has a good foundation of fact for the extraordinary book he has just given to the world, the answer to the pertinent query that closes its sixteenth chapter must surely be a decided negative, and we can well understand why the dreaded cry "Von s Tsarem!" ("Away with the Tsar!") rings nowadays from the White Sea to the Crimea, from Warsaw to the Ural Mountains. The author's writing is vivid and rooted in the deepest feeling; he passes equally readily from wit to pathos, from venomous satire to sound logic, and, though he makes statements that sound at times irrelevant and cruel, his book seems to have something of the quality of the trumpet-calls that brought the walls of Jericho to the ground.

Here is a specimen of his word-pictures—

> Stand with me on the railway-station at Radzivilishki. There is a long train beside the platform crowded with poor reservists. The first bell has rung, and wives with tear-stained faces cling pitifully to their husbands' necks; and children stand by whimpering and holding their fathers' hands. The bell again. An old woman in rags caresses her son's face in her hands; but she cannot speak, nor even cry. Her heart is dead—she glares at the railway-carriages hopelessly; and yet she does not understand. Then the last summons of the bell. The police, stretching out their arms, join hands and push the people back. With a mournful shriek the engine draws them slowly away—away. A bitter cry of anguish goes up from the platform. Someone is down; and a girl is bending over a body on the ground. It is the old woman, who has dropped dead.

There is no very fine writing here, but the tragedy it describes will remain in our memories undisturbed by the news of infinitely greater catastrophes. When Dr. Joubert turns to the causes that brought the war about and throws light upon the corruption that thrives throughout Russia, he is able to express as much in a paragraph as would serve to fill a volume written by men who had less to say—

> In the months of April, May, and June the Tsar paid for an enormous amount of hay for the army in Manchuria. When the contract was completed and the contractor had been paid, an officer whose duty it was to check the amount supplied discovered that the contractor had only delivered about one-third of the order, though he had received payment in full. Nothing would induce that officer to change his figures, and he made his report accordingly to his superior officer. The superior officer raised his eyebrows, hummed and hawed, and finally pointed out to his subordinate that he was making a very grave charge against the contractor, but that the matter should be investigated. If he proved to be right in his assertion, all would be well; but if not, it would be a very serious matter for him. The next day it was found that the officer was wrong, and he was summarily dismissed from his post. Shortly after his dismissal he was arrested as a "dangerous person." At this moment, the unfortunate officer, who had no earthly right to be honest, is lingering in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

It would appear that the people responsible for the wholesale army and navy robberies have no use for honest men. Dr. Joubert calls these highly placed chiefs by their names, and denounces specific acts of peculation. Moreover, he declares that the Tsar knows all about the existing corruption, that accounts of it are set upon his table in his private rooms by agents of the Revolutionary Party. The rulers of the Revolutionists hold regular meetings, at which certain of the country's enemies are doomed to a death from which there is no escape.

Here is the author's account of the acts and warnings given to the late Councillor Plehve—

> M. de Plehve had for years carried on a policy of oppression and bloodshed as Minister of the Interior. . . . The Executive Committee wrote and warned him that his persecutions must cease. . . . A second letter was sent to him, which was also disregarded. . . . A full report of the Kishineff outrage came into the hands of the Executive Committee, which proved that de Plehve had actually instructed the head of the police in Kishineff not to interfere or stop the massacre of the Jews. Three weeks later de Plehve received a third letter from the Executive Committee, warning him to make his peace with God, as the fate of Alexander II. awaited him. . . . His precautions enabled him to prolong his life for a year; but on July 28, 1904, he met his fate.

Military stores are being sold in Russia to the Revolutionary Party, details of certain bargains being set down—

> Not very far from St. Petersburg, an ordnance officer of the Tsar sold to a certain man not unknown to the chiefs of the Revolutionary Party, who happened to be in need of explosives and who prefers to buy them in the cheapest market, seventy-five thousand roubles' worth of the Tsar's powder for fifteen thousand roubles in cash, which he paid on delivery of the powder at a safe place. Near Riga, twelve thousand of the Tsar's latest-pattern service-rifles were bought by a man who has a future use for them . . . for forty thousand roubles, half in notes and half in gold.



CZAR "LOUIS XVI.": NICHOLAS II. IN THE UNIFORM OF HIS COSSACKS.

The Czar is here shown wearing the full-dress uniform of the Cossack, and carrying that most important part of the Cossack's equipment, the "naghaika," the short-handled whip which was so freely applied to the shoulders of the strikers in St. Petersburg recently.

While the Revolutionaries help the Grand Dukes to rob the army, they make what amends they can by circulating the literature of their faith among the Tsar's soldiers. The author declares that, while General Kuropatkin has some three hundred thousand troops under his command in Manchuria, the country has to pay the cost of maintaining a million, so recklessly is money wasted and misappropriated. This extravagance must lead to financial ruin; the treasures of the Greek Church may find their way to the world's sale-rooms; and the action of the great Jewish financial houses in issuing more loans to maintain Tsardom is commented upon with proper severity—

> That the Jews should give their support to Nicholas Alexandrovitch is to me inexcusable. Yet I see that Messrs. Mendelssohn and Co., of Berlin, S. Bleichroeder . . . Messrs. Lippmann, and Rosenthal and Co., and others, have undertaken to float a Russian war-loan for the sum of 500,000,000 marks. I wonder what that great philanthropist and philosopher, Moses Mendel, would have said had he known that his descendants would subscribe money to uphold the power of the Tsars of Russia, who have murdered and oppressed their race for generations, and whose representative to-day is seeking by every means to extirpate the remnant of Israel from Russia? Are Kishineff and Gomel already forgotten?

Dr. Joubert hits hard, and in all directions. His contempt is aroused by the British attitude over the Dogger Bank outrage, and he expresses himself with refreshing directness—

> But here in England there is hypocritical nonsense spoken of magnanimity—which would be spelt more correctly fear. . . . We quote our list of battleships as evidence that we are not afraid of Russia, but we do not mention our army and the Indian frontier. We are miserable humbugs—and may the Lord have mercy upon us.

Certainly the author will not show any mercy. Throughout his pages one sees the shadow cast by the coming revolution, one hears the shrill whistle of bullets, the heavy roar of guns, and the shouting at the barricades. Of the uprising and its success the author has no doubts. "There are some," says Elia in a famous essay, "whose hope totters on crutches, others who stalk into futurity upon stilts." Dr. Joubert is of these last.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

* "The Truth About the Tsar." By Carl Joubert. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1905.)

THE EXAMPLE OF SOCIETY IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO."



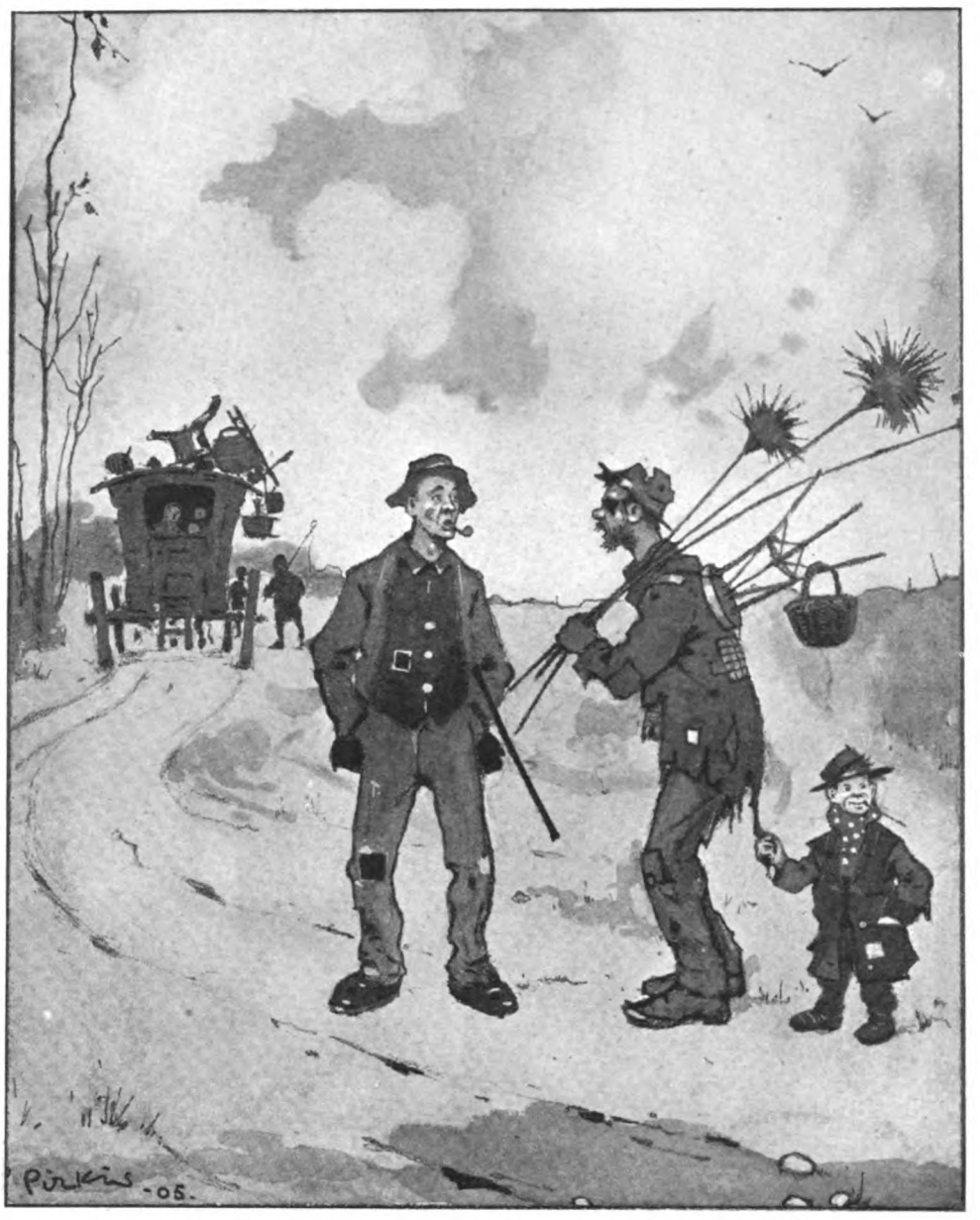
MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, WHO PLAYS LADY ALETHEA FROBISHER.

Lady Alethea Frobisher, admirably played by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, is held up as an example of Society as Mr. Sutro sees it, and is the object of the playwright's frank attack. Frivolous, desirous of admiration, careless of her home-duties, she takes her husband into Society, making him an unwilling masquer in the endless masquerade, until he is in danger of becoming nothing more than "Lady Alethea's husband." She is not, however, a bad woman; in her innermost heart, she loves her husband, and, in the end, renouncing London Society, she accompanies him to Queensland, there to live a healthier, homelier life.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HENRY JAMES has made his début as a lecturer in America. It was inevitable. Major Pond is dead, but his spirit survives. Mr. James had never spoken in public till he delivered the lecture on Balzac last month before the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia. Like all Americans, however, he found speaking easy, and his delivery is described as "resonant," which I should scarcely have thought possible. Mr. James pleasantly introduced his lecture by a survey of a group of novelists, among them Jane Austen, whom he thought sufficiently valued, to say the least. Her work as a whole, in his view, presents "no more hold for criticism than is presented by the surface of a smooth, bald egg." Dickens he imagined always as "calling to one's imagination a dismal, large room with unwashed windows," while "George Eliot one sees forever in an afternoon light of the close of day." "Balzac is for all times and weathers, yet he is not a classic." The ladies who sat before Mr. James in attitudes of adoring attention immediately proceeded to the libraries and took out novels by Balzac to such an extent that, according to the latest advices, there is not one left on the shelves of the book-resorts in Philadelphia.



TRAMP THE FIRST: *'Ullo, old 'un, are you one o' them aliens?*
TRAMP THE SECOND: *Wot! Me one o' them there dirty, loafin', furrin, peddlin' tramps wot comes here wivout a farden, an' craads the mawkit, an' gets kep' by the likes o' us. Me! Not arf!*
DRAWN BY "PIRKIS."

Mr. James contrasted Balzac with Thackeray, characterising Balzac as more humane and fair to his women. Thackeray had no mercy for his Becky Sharp and Blanche Amory, but delighted to scourge the "little, bare, white back" of the latter. Balzac would have granted her "all the privileges of its bareness and whiteness." It is considered in Philadelphia that Mr. James's lecture was entertaining and not too obscure.

Mr. James's view of America is very fully though not too clearly set out in his memoir of W. W. Story, a book which has not attracted enough attention. Story was a sculptor without training, a voluminous writer without distinction, and an inexplicably prosperous man. Mr. James estimates him soundly, but he, perhaps, fails to give him full credit for some really pretty and sentimental lyrics. But the value of the book is in the personal element. Speaking of the Boston of his youth, Mr. James says that "existence gave the sense of a large, square, high-windowed room, all clean and cool and thoroughly swept, of sparse, excellent furniture, and a delicious absence of rubbish. The only quarter where rubbish was more or less tolerated was that of literature; it was not tolerated in the moral quarter or in that of conduct. Every male called his friends 'Mr.' The only relation of intimacy at all conceived was that of a man's fireside, and his intimacy with his wife, his children, and his Creator. And if this was the case for men's relations with other men, it was still more marked for their relations with women. They had none, obviously, but with their proper wives, and with a wife every man was duly provided."

Rufus Griswold, the much-abused biographer of Edgar Allan Poe, peeps out at Mr. James from years of earliest boyhood. "I seem to see him pass in and out of the house of childhood, with a lurid complexion, long, dark, damp-looking hair, and the tone of conciliation." Evidently a Transatlantic Stiggins with literary tastes.

Of Mr. James's early friends in England, the chief seems to have been Mrs. Procter, the widow of Barry Cornwall and the mother of Adelaide Procter. To Mrs. Procter Kinglake dedicated "Eothen," addressing her as "Our Lady of Bitterness"; and she seems to have deserved the description and she did not resent it. She quarrelled with Kinglake and refused to speak to him for twenty-five years, but the old man attended her funeral. She recalled from her girlhood an occasion on which Leigh Hunt had said in her father's house that he was going up to Hampstead to see what Shelley's "new" wife was like. She also recalled his saying, on her asking him at the next opportunity for news of his friend, "Oh, she's like a cross baby."

An eminent American advertiser has been vexed by jealous grammarians. A man with two College degrees wrote to tell him that he split his infinitives, and that that for a man in his position was very unfortunate. He undertook to give assistance for a thousand pounds the first year and requested a reply by wire. "I told him," says the indignant advertiser, "that I had as much right to make grammar as Sam Johnson or Shakspere, and that if he chased my infinitives for a week he would get mighty sick of his job." Recovering his calmness, he goes on to say, "In any advertising which I have to write, in any announcement which I have to make, I am careful always to say what I think rather than what I feel, and to say it in everyday, understandable English, and in a plain, straightforward way." No doubt, he succeeds in his aim.

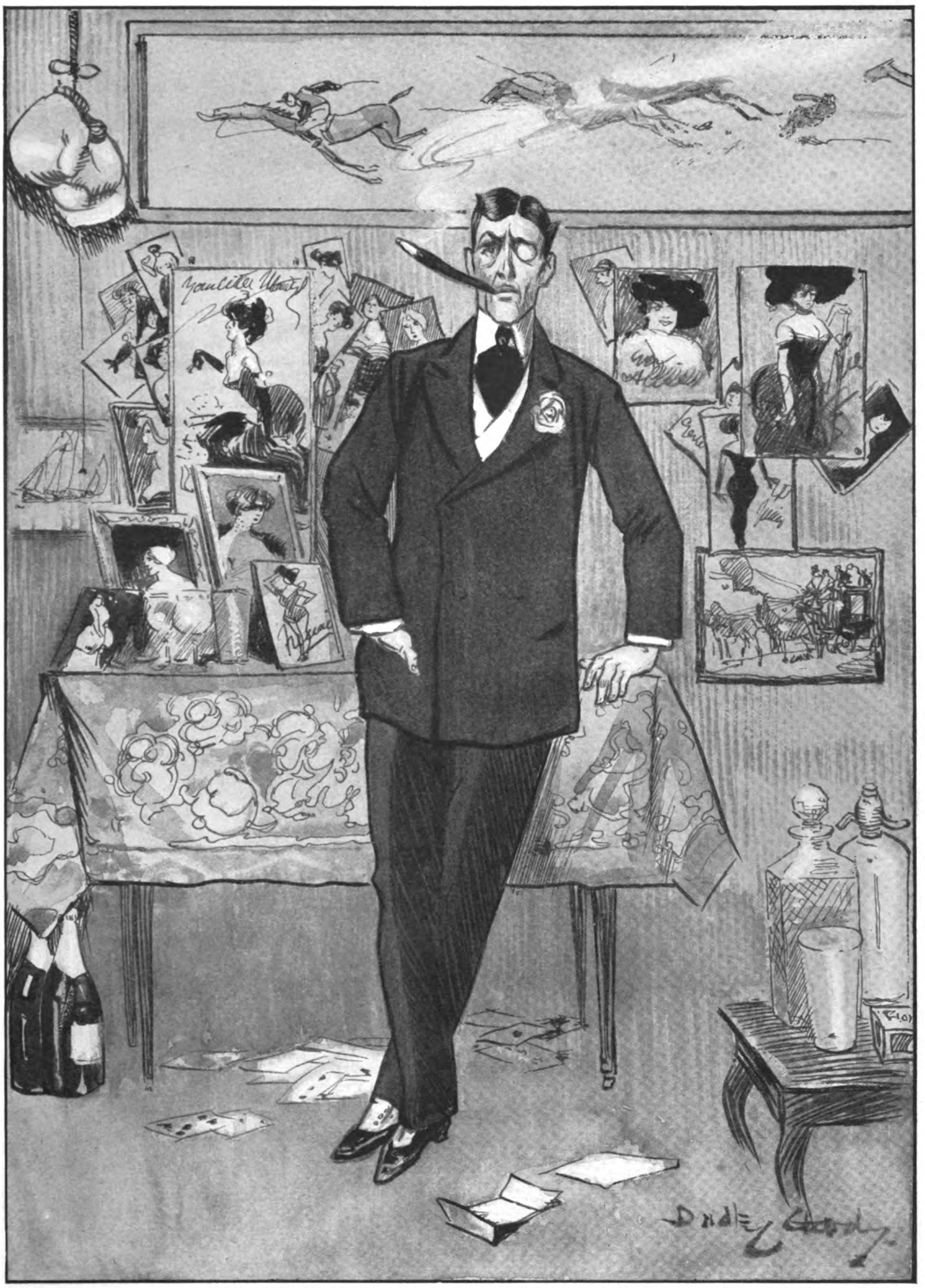
Mr. Baring-Gould has written a new book about South Wales, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen.

Professor Sully, long a well-known resident of Hampstead, has a paper, "Hampstead Revisited," in *Longman's*. He says that cabmen have been keenly alive to its high situation, and that residents who go much into London need to practise economies. Yet, protected as it has been, the retirement of Hampstead has had to succumb to the march of progress. The tide of Metropolitan expansion flowed resistlessly to the base of the hill and began to creep up towards the doomed village. Flats have been driven like wedges into the most retired and picturesque parts of Hampstead, into the quietest bit of the umbrageous hollow of Frognal, and, most of all, into venerable Church Row itself. Among the inhabitants, according to Mr. Sully, suburban display has taken the place of simple and unobtrusive dignity. Still, much survives which is fitted to charm and console, while the Heath is little altered.

Messrs. Constable will publish Miss Corelli's new volume of essays, and also, I understand, her next novel. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co., of New York, will continue to publish her works in America.

O. O.

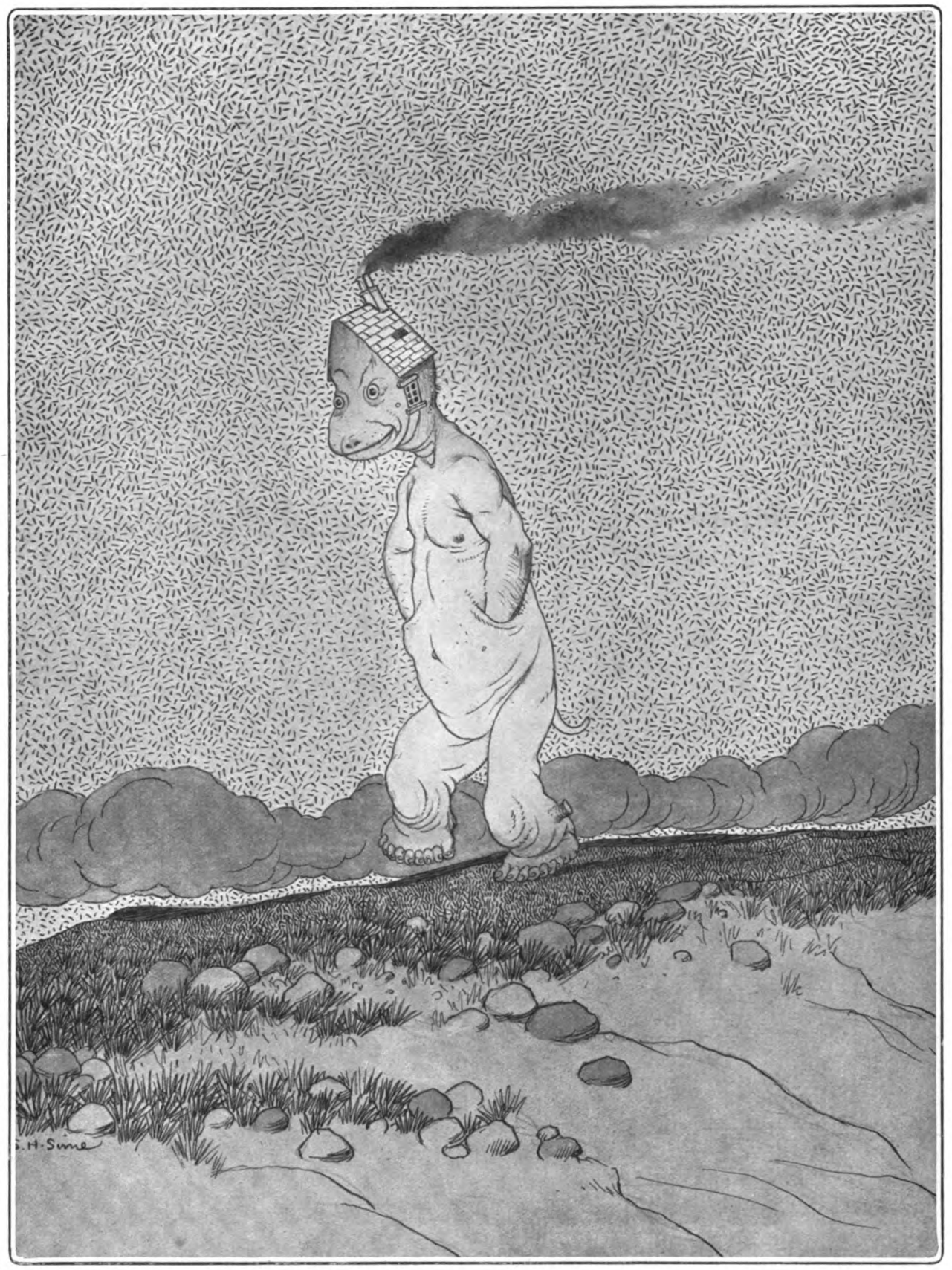
Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.



XII.

"£1,000 WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY GENTLEMAN OF REFINED TASTES—25 PER CENT. OFFERED—REPAYMENT AFTER DERBY DAY."

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—IV.



The Ta-Ta.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

KNIGHT

THE NEW "LADY MADCAP."



MISS MADGE CRICHTON, WHO IS NOW PLAYING LADY BETTY CLARRIDGE AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

EYES FRONT.

By THOMAS COBB.



Mr. Percy Harborough, at the age of thirty-two, had a satisfactory income, an extremely susceptible heart, and a pronounced squint. When his right eye was fixed upon an object in front, the left would be turned towards a different object at his side.

Although he stood nearly six feet, was broadly built, and had regular, handsome features, this obliquity gave him a ludicrous appearance which called forth remarks from the trivial-minded. If it could not be denied that he had loved before, Percy Harborough declared that he had never loved any woman as he loved Norah Leighton now.

This declaration was made to her face, in Mrs. Leighton's drawing-room, and Percy looked exceedingly crestfallen when Norah assured him, with admirable self-possession, that she could never consent to become his wife.

She was in her twenty-fourth year, tall, fair-haired, handsome in a style that was almost aggressively robust. Her blue serge skirt was short, and she wore a white, knitted blouse, being on the point of setting out to captain a hockey team in a match a few miles from London.

"If there's anything I can do," persisted Percy, "you—you have only to—to give it a name, you know."

"There's really nothing," said Norah, as he stood with one eye fixed imploringly on her face, the other on the window. "And," she added, "I mustn't miss my train."

"Still, there must be a reason," he urged, "and I wish to goodness you would tell me what it is."

Norah shook her head as she glanced at her watch.

"Why won't you tell me?" he demanded.

"Oh, well," she exclaimed, "I have no wish to hurt your feelings."

Taking his hat from the table, and flushing like a girl, he walked to the door, and the next minute Norah had the satisfaction of hearing him leave the house. In the train, with her hockey-club across her knees, she could not help thinking of her recent unprecedented experience, for, although nobody had ever before asked her hand in marriage, she had not omitted to consider the subject so as to be ready for any eventuality. In favourable circumstances, the condition might, perhaps, be tolerable. It would give her even more liberty than she enjoyed at present, together with a larger allowance for dress and pocket-money. It seemed, on the whole, that the disadvantages would be outweighed by the advantages, and she had gone as far as to appraise Percy Harborough as a possible husband. His tendency to sentiment might be cured by judicious snubbing, whereas he possessed an agreeable income, an excellent temper, and the capacity (more or less) to sympathise with her athletic ambitions. Yet there was the one fatal defect, and she could not bring herself to marry a man for whom some of her friends had opprobrious nicknames.

Whilst Norah was distinguishing herself at the hockey match, Percy Harborough felt the need of a confidant, and, after dinner the same evening, sought his friend Spalding, who leaned back in an arm-chair, smoked a pipe, and allowed Percy to talk for as long as he pleased. Spalding knew Norah, and, while admitting that she was a handsome woman, felt that, for his own part, he would as soon marry an iceberg. Still, he tried to regard the matter from his friend's standpoint, and gazed into his pipe-bowl while Percy hinted delicately at the cause of her objection.

"So you think that's the only reason?" asked Spalding.

"I'm as certain as that I'm sitting here."

"Because I didn't think Norah was a marrying sort," said Spalding. "If that is her reason, the matter is entirely in your own hands. Why on earth don't you consult Sir Edward Terence?"

Percy started from his chair as if he had received a sudden revelation. He continued to talk far into the night, and the following morning wrote to ask for an appointment with the famous ophthalmic surgeon, in due course entering his consulting-room feeling almost more nervous than when he had confronted Norah a few days ago. After a careful examination, Sir Edward pronounced the defect to be quite remediable. A simple operation would be necessary, and the fee would be a hundred guineas. The risk was infinitesimal, but Percy must go to a nursing-home to which the surgeon was accustomed to send his patients. It would probably not be necessary to stay there longer than a week.

Before Percy left Harley Street, the day and hour had been named, and the next thing was to take a cab to the nursing-home, where he saw the matron, agreed to pay eight guineas, and to reach the house on Friday evening, in readiness for the operation at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. On Thursday he invited Spalding to dine at his Club, and bored his guest by talking of nothing but his hopes for the future. Another fortnight or three weeks, and Percy hoped to be able to look Norah straight in the face, and once more, with every prospect of success, ask her to become his wife.

He felt, naturally, eager to get the operation over. He had never yet taken an anæsthetic, and he did not very much like the experience, but he fixed his thoughts on Norah Leighton and assured himself that she was well worth the ordeal.

Still, he felt not a little apprehensive as he alighted from a hansom on Friday evening and rang the bell. With a kit-bag in his hand, he entered the hall, and was at once taken to a room, where the matron invited him to sit down, and told the housemaid to send Sister Eva, who entered a few minutes later.

Sister Eva had only one point of resemblance to Norah Leighton, and this was a complete absence of shyness, although she absolutely lacked Norah's somewhat overwhelming assertiveness. She was a little below the average height, with a slight but bewitchingly curved figure, certainly shown to the most subtle advantage by her light cotton dress, her bib and apron. Her dark hair fell (naturally, Percy felt convinced) into waves over a low forehead, and she had a pair of remarkably sympathetic blue eyes. She was probably about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and she smiled upon her patient with the most delightful friendliness, which yet lacked any taint of familiarity.

By the matron he was practically handed over to Sister Eva's care for the space of seven days, and, to begin with, she led the way upstairs to what was half a bedroom, half a sitting-room.

"I hope," she said, "that you have had a good dinner, because there will be no breakfast for you to-morrow morning, you understand?"

"I think I have taken every precaution," he answered, and, having found a novel in his bag and been relieved by permission to smoke, Percy settled himself in an arm-chair to read until bedtime. But she was constantly in and out of the room, with the result that his attention wandered from the story, until, at ten o'clock, she bade him good-night and advised him not to sit up late. At seven the next morning, looking delightfully fresh and bright, she re-entered the room.

"Well," she cried, standing at his bedside, "do you feel at all nervous—though I suppose you wouldn't like to own it?"

"Oh, I don't mind owning it," answered Percy.

"By ten o'clock," she said, "it will be all over, only you must understand that your eyes will have to remain bandaged just for a few days."

"How on earth shall I pass the time?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, well, it's part of my duty to make it pass pleasantly," answered Sister Eva, with a smile.

"Mind you perform it!"

"I shall try," she assured him, and, as he lay on his back watching her deft preparations for the surgeon, Percy began to think that his temporary loss of sight would undoubtedly prove a drawback. When everything had been arranged and nine o'clock was drawing near, she seemed to hover more continuously about his bed, and in her manner there appeared to be something almost motherly and protective. On Sir Edward Terence's arrival, accompanied by a man with a rather large brown bag, Sister Eva stood for an instant looking down into Percy's now somewhat pale face with an encouraging smile. Then, without loss of time, the anæsthetist set to work, the surgeon took off his coat, and by ten o'clock, as Sister Eva had predicted, the operation had been successfully performed, Percy Harborough lying with his

[Continued on page 180.

WITH SIR HENRY IRVING ON HIS FAREWELL TOUR.



MISS MAUD FEALY, WHO IS PLAYING FAIR ROSAMUND IN TENNYSON'S "BECKET."

Photograph by Bassano.

eyes closely bandaged, and not knowing exactly where he was or what had been happening to him.

Of actual nursing there was little to be done, whereas the terms of his contract entitled him to Sister Eva's exclusive services. She had the pleasantest of voices, and he listened to it a great deal that day without the least sense of fatigue. She told him stories, and, even when she was silent, her presence seemed to relieve the monotony of the hours. For some days this kind of thing went on, Sir Edward paying regular morning visits, until at last he promised that the bandages might be removed the next time he came.

"I will tell you," said Sister Eva, that expectant evening, "one thing I can't quite understand."

"If you are like me, there are several," answered Percy.

"About you, I mean."

It seemed as if they knew each other quite intimately, and, although a week ago he had not seen her face, he had passed more hours in her society than in that of Norah Leighton, long as he had known her.

"I have seen Sir Edward perform the same operation dozens of times," she continued, "but nearly always on children. As you left it so long, I wonder you did not leave it altogether."

"Well," said Percy, "you see, I never had any particular object to gain until now."

"You make one immensely curious," she cried; "but I suppose I ought to suppress my feelings." But it really appeared that there were few things he could not bring himself to tell her, and, after a few moments' hesitation, Percy made a clean breast of his reason for undergoing his present experience, speaking, however, with far less ardour than had marked his manner to Spalding a week earlier.

Sister Eva sat by the bedside without venturing upon any interruption until his story ended, but then she held her head a little more erect.

"Then, as soon as I release you," she suggested, "you are going to test your fate again?"

"I imagine that's about the size of it," Percy admitted, but still without any superabundant enthusiasm.

"Well!" exclaimed Sister Eva, and then she became suddenly silent.

"What were you going to say?" he asked.

"Nothing of the slightest importance."

"I should like to hear what it was, though."

"Well," she cried, "if I were a man——"

"Rather a small one," he said, turning his face in her direction, although he could see nothing.

"If I were a man——"

"I can't possibly imagine you more than a boy," he answered, and Percy put forth a hand as if to clasp her own, only, having the advantage of uncovered eyes, Sister Eva was able to evade him.

"Please be quiet and don't interrupt," she insisted. "If I were a man, and a woman wouldn't have me just as I was—no, thank you!"

"Still, you might like a fellow and yet feel a kind of repugnance at some—at some peculiar characteristic."

"Utterly impossible!" she retorted.

"Anyhow," said Percy, able to refer to his defect now that he was assured that it had been remedied, "you might excusably prefer your husband's eyes to be a pair."

"If I could think of a man as my husband, I shouldn't bother about anything of that kind. You either love a person or you don't," cried Eva, "and there's an end of it!"

"You think it's as simple a matter as all that?" asked Percy.

"Oh, I am quite positive!"

"You speak from experience?"

"Certainly not."

"From intuition, then?" he suggested, with a smile.

"Well," she answered, "of course, I know what every woman knows," and her outspoken remarks furnished him with food for reflection during the rest of that evening, so that, later on, she insisted that she had permitted too much talking.

In the meantime, Norah Leighton, happening to meet Spalding one evening, learned that his friend had gone to a nursing-home to undergo an operation.

"He seemed perfectly well a week or so ago!" she exclaimed, with considerable astonishment. "Do you know what is the matter with him?"

"The surgeon was Sir Edward Terence," said Spalding.

"Something to do with the eyes, then?"

"With one eye," was the answer, and Norah laughed as she inquired whether the operation had been successful. "Perfectly," Spalding told her. "They wouldn't let me see the fellow, but his nurse came down to speak to me—uncommonly good-looking girl—and she said he would be out in a day or two."

"Oh, then it won't be long before I see him," said Norah, upon whom Percy's conduct had certainly made an impression. With a man as keen as all that, one could do pretty well as one pleased! Still, she must see him for herself before arriving at a determination. Percy would not allow many days to pass when once he had left the nursing-home. A fortnight, however, went by, and yet there was no sign of him. Questioning Spalding, she learned that Percy had gone into the country.

"I saw him the day before," said Spalding, "but he seemed to be in no end of a hurry. At first, I scarcely recognised the chap—a wonderful improvement, you know."

Norah now began to think it might be possible to regard Percy Harborough more favourably, and after another fortnight had elapsed, still without any word of him, she felt piqued, and even a little disappointed. Then it chanced that she met him one morning in Oxford Street, just outside Marshall and Snelgrove's. The operation, she saw at once, had quite transformed him, and, indeed, it became difficult to realise that this could really be Percy, especially as he showed a disposition to lift his hat and allow her to go her way without a word. Norah, however, would have none of this, but, stopping, offered her hand and cordially bade him good-morning.

"You are quite a stranger!" she exclaimed.

"The fact is," said Percy, with a great deal of embarrassment, "I only came back to London yesterday."

"Ah, you required a change of air after your operation?" she suggested.

"Er—ye—es," answered Percy.

"I heard all about it from Dick Spalding," said Norah. "Are you coming to see my mother this afternoon?"

"Afraid I'm engaged this afternoon, you know," muttered Percy, more embarrassed than ever.

"To-morrow, then?"

"I'm off again to-morrow," he explained. "You see, I'm only passing through."

"Which way are you going now?" she persisted, for really the improvement in his appearance was extraordinary.

"Well," he returned, "I'm not going anywhere."

"You can't stand in the middle of the pavement the whole day, after all!" she cried, with a laugh.

"Seems rather like it," said Percy, tolerantly.

"Oh, then you're waiting for somebody?"

"Why—yes," he answered, and, as he spoke, Eva, no longer in the garb of a hospital-nurse, came out of the shop, carrying a small parcel.

"For anyone I know?" asked Norah, and Eva gazed this way and that before she bore down on Percy Harborough.

"To tell you the truth, I'm waiting for—for my wife," said Percy, feeling her hand on his arm, and, as he turned towards Eva with a sigh as if of intense relief, Norah seized the opportunity to make her escape.

A VALENTINE SONG.

Sing me a song of Valentine,
The pleasantest of saints;
A wreath of rosy ribbons twine:
Therein, for lovers' plaints,
Set willow-leaf and columbine;
Then wear it, little lady mine.

Sing me a song of Valentine,
And let the song be gay
With trills and thrills and fancies fine,
And not one welladay.
To merry tunes our ears incline,
Let tears be scattered to the swine.

Sing me a song of Valentine,
And kiss me ere you sing;
And, seeing that you still are mine,
I'll envy ne'er a King:
Although on venison he dine,
And mutton feed my Valentine.

NORA CHESSON.



THE truth of the proverb that everything comes to him—or her—who knows how to wait is likely to be exemplified in the case of Miss Lena Ashwell and "Leah Kleschna," to the great advantage alike of the playgoing public and the reputation of the brilliant actress who stands in the small band of the elect in her profession. When reference was first made to the play in this column, the chances seemed all in favour of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske coming from New York to play the part of the thief—reclaimed by love—in which she has made so extraordinary a success in the Manhattan Theatre. Recent events have, however, changed this, for the play has been acquired by Mr. Charles Frohman, who has arranged with Sir Charles Wyndham to play the hero in London. This part is that of a French Deputy whose optimistic view of life and his belief that "Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things" are so signally proved by the rehabilitation of the woman whom he afterwards marries.

Seeing that the part of Leah Kleschna was originally written for Miss Ashwell—indeed, it was inspired by her vivid performance of "The Maslova" in "Resurrection"—it would have been strange had any other actress played it for the first time in London. Naturally, Mr. McClellan, the author, desired that Miss Ashwell should act it, and it need hardly be added that this view was immediately fallen in with. The public will not have to wait long for the production, which will, from all that has been written about it, undoubtedly give a new thrill, for the play will be staged immediately on Sir Charles Wyndham's return from the United States, and will have to be done before Easter.

If the present intention holds, and there is no reason for supposing that it will not, Miss Ashwell will defer her own managerial scheme until the autumn, which is what she has always desired to do, though she might have been forced to take on the direction of a West-End theatre during the spring. When she does open, it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that her first play will be "Birds of Passage," which Mr. Michael Morton has adapted for her from M. Donnay's play.



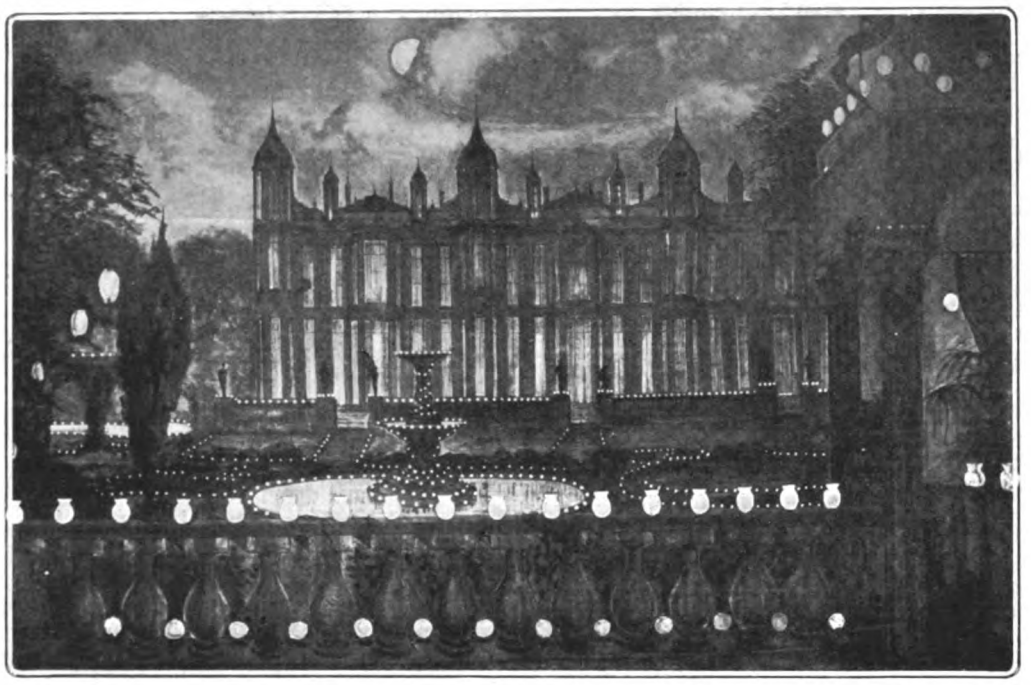
A WELL-KNOWN OPERATIC SINGER ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: MADAME ALICE ESTY, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE COLISEUM.

Madame Esty, in company with a tenor who prefers to remain incognito, is giving the "Miserere" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore" at the Coliseum. She is assisted by the choir attached to the house.

Photograph by Russell.

Miss Madge Crichton, who has recently succeeded Miss Augarde in "Lady Madcap" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, has made a most gratifying success. Unfortunately, however, for those who admired her so greatly in "Three Little Maids," and for those who admire her in her new rôle, her engagement is of a limited nature, and she will not long continue to play the part.

A direct descendant of William Shakspere on the stage to-day! One rubs one's eyes in amazement, but the fact is indisputable. In reality, he is descended from one of Shakspere's daughters, so that his connection with the greatest name in English literature is unquestionable. In appearance slight, and of barely the middle height, with a pensive face and a broad brow, the young man is fighting the battle as Shakspere himself fought it before he achieved success; not, it is true, calling motor-cars and cabs for the habitués of the stalls in the same way as his illustrious ancestor is reported to have held horses' heads, but acting such parts as he has been able to obtain in musical plays and modern farces. When one comes to think of it, this is probably exactly what Shakspere himself would have done had he lived in the twentieth century instead of in the so-called spacious days of Good Queen Bess. From purely sentimental considerations, it might have been imagined that, with such antecedents, a place would readily be found for the young actor in one of the theatres where Shakspere is so frequently played.



DAN LENO AS A SCENE-PAINTER: A BACK-CLOTH BY THE LATE "KING'S JESTER."

The late Dan Leno, of course, painted this scene solely for his own amusement, and it is thought that he used it for private theatricals. After his death it was purchased, together with a somewhat similar "cloth," by "My Fancy," who is using it at the music-halls in her sand-dance act.

Photograph by the Photolinol Studio.

Quite a long time has elapsed since so many "stars" have been gathered together as will meet at the Haymarket on Friday afternoon, when the complimentary benefit is tendered to our Russian theatrical guests who have been acting Eugen Tschirikoff's striking play, "The Chosen People." Miss Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield," Mr. Tree in "The Ballad-Monger," and Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude in the screen scene from "The School for Scandal," in addition to two one-Act Russian plays, will make up the programme, the variety of which has certainly not been exceeded in any similar entertainment. It is only owing to the fact that he is so far away from London that the occasion loses the extra distinction it would otherwise have received by the addition of Sir Henry Irving's name.

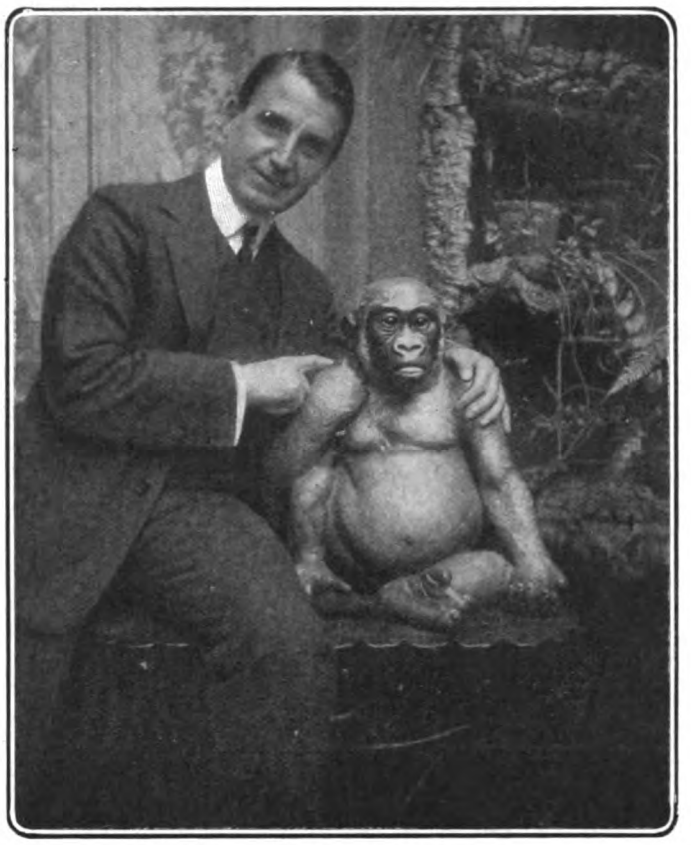
Mr. Max Pemberton has, in collaboration with Mr. Forbes Dawson, an actor who has, of late, been confining his work almost entirely to the provinces, dramatised his novel, "Beatrice of Venice," into a four-Act play, three of the scenes of which are laid in Venice and one in Padua. The stirring story has been told with a remarkably short cast, for there are only eight people in it. The authors, as Mr. Pemberton has been heard to remark humorously, have been lavish only in cries and shouts off the stage. It is hoped that the play will eventually be produced by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. Unlike most novels which are turned into plays, little new dialogue has been introduced; for Mr. Forbes Dawson has found that Mr. Pemberton's original dialogue "fits the mouth"—as we say in the theatre—splendidly.

London, during the season, will probably seem almost like a theatrical annexe of Paris, for many of the "stars" of the City of Light will be shining in our playhouses. Madame Le Bargy will be acting with Mr. George Alexander, Madame Bernhardt and M. Coquelin will probably be at His Majesty's Theatre, and Madame Réjane will be at Terry's.

KEY-NOTES

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS is rapidly advancing in public favour as a conductor, and at the Queen's Hall last week he conducted a most excellent concert, given by the London Symphony Orchestra, in which he was assisted by Madame Clara Butt as the vocalist. Madame Butt chose to sing Gluck's wonderful Air from his "Alkestis" ("Alceste"), "Divinités du Styx," a Scena which suits her magnificent vocal gifts splendidly. Madame Butt has often been reproached by reason of the fact that she has in the past frequently exaggerated the splendid low register of her voice. On this occasion no such reproach could be attached to her, for she surely never sang with more artistic intention, or with more artistic effect, than at this particular concert. Everybody remembers the song—with what solemnity it begins, with what pathos it continues, and with what final passion it ends. In these varying emotions this extremely popular singer proved that she has not forgotten the private House of Art into which she stepped some time ago, when she first attracted the public by her singing in the part of Orfeo in the opera, written under that title, also by the composer of "Alceste."

On the same occasion, Bach's Suite in C for two Oboes, Bassoon, and strings was played, and Mr. Williams most discreetly seemed here to leave his forces to use their own discretion, apparently acting quite an unimportant part as conductor, so far as gesture, animation, and objective work were concerned; yet, at the same time, his own individuality was obviously expressed, even though his soloists were clearly playing according to their own ideas; these were, for oboes, Mr. W. M. Malsch and Mr. E. W. Davies, and for bassoon Mr. E. F. James. It may be mentioned as an interesting fact that the fourth movement of the Suite ("Forlane") shows Bach in his most modern attitude; one could imagine Sir Edward Elgar writing the work and having to endure reproach for being ahead of his time. At the same concert the Third Symphony of Brahms, a singularly grave-like and melancholy work, was played, as Addison would have it, to admiration. Later, Spohr's "Larghetto" from the Symphony in C Minor was given, a work which, although full of sensuous beauty, derives its reputation from very obvious trick-work, and, though rarely heard, is always pleasing to the hearer.



A NEW ACTOR-LIBRETTIST AND HIS STRANGE PET: MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AND HIS GORILLA.

A new opera, with music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie and libretto by Mr. Henry A. Lytton, the well-known singer and actor, is to be produced at the Palace on the 27th. The period chosen is 1740, and the plot deals with an episode characteristic of the time.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

The "Barns-Phillips' Chamber Concerts" become more and more popular, and their third concert of the present season, which took place at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago, attracted a very numerous audience. This was partly due, of course, to the fact that certain selected works by Miss Ethel Barns herself were played on this occasion. Miss Barns has a most excellent talent, but it was impossible to feel that she had yet entirely realised her own musical personality. The Sonata in A. Major for Violin and Pianoforte, which opened the concert, and which was played by Miss Barns herself in conjunction with Miss Isabel Hirschfeld, is alone proof of that fact. Beethoven, especially the Beethoven of later times, is a Master not easy to follow, especially by one who is almost without discipleship. Beethoven removed himself into such distant spaces that the later Pianoforte Sonatas, for example, need the most intimate acquaintance before they can be thoroughly and completely understood as great and effective music. Miss Barns seems, to the present writer, to have taken, all unconsciously, the later Beethoven for her Master. She plays in this instance as though it were more a question of completing musical phrases "long-drawn-out" than of attempting to produce that which is essential to all art and beauty. The beginning of the slow movement, however, showed her sentiment towards this one essential matter in art, and the hearer, doubtless, expected that so lovely a theme would be developed under the influence of the same inspiration. Sadly enough, however, the ideal of which we have spoken seemed to touch her powers only at the beginning of continued thought, and, though everything from this point down to the end of the Sonata was accomplished in a musicianly and extremely clever manner, the working-out was by no means on the level of the occasional moments of beauty which form the introduction to many expectations. Miss Hirschfeld played "Four Preludes" by Schütt and Moskowski's "Etincelles" with great distinction. She has a style quite her own, and she has the peculiar talent of entering into what may be called various moods of music, so long as the composers she interprets are flexible enough to allow of a quick, an active, and an intelligible interpretation. The master who invented, to all intents and purposes, for modern times the idea of moods in music was, of course, Chopin; others have followed, and others have not been slow to appreciate the fact. Miss Hirschfeld is emphatically an interpreter of musical moods, and from that point of view she is a most admirable player. In these days it goes without saying that her technique was flawless.

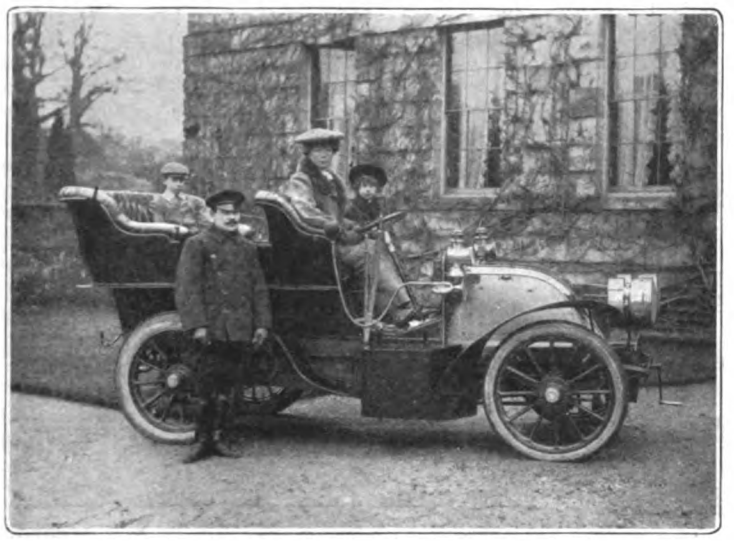
M. Emil Sauer is to give a Pianoforte Recital on the 27th inst. Sauer, when he first appeared in London, created a great sensation by reason of the fact that, in his own way, he showed himself to be the greatest pianist of the present generation. "In his own way" is a phrase which should be emphasised, because that way was, and is, melodramatic. It may be as difficult a thing to perfect oneself in melodrama as it is to reach perfection in other forms of art; but it happens that the sort of sensation implied by the very word "melodrama" is not ranked so highly as is the idea of comedy, tragedy, or "what-you-please." Nevertheless, the melodramatist, as instanced by a very celebrated actor now no longer alive, has always had a very great following, and a very popular following; Sauer, so far as music is concerned, occupies precisely such a position. He is to play his Second Sonata for the first time in England on this occasion, and three other new pieces, also by himself.

The Crystal Palace Concerts have already advanced into the position of a season which everybody will wish to attain great success. There is something almost sacred about these musical entertainments, which practically began, in conjunction with the Monday Popular Concerts, the taste in London for really classical and fine music. Mr. Arthur Fagge will be the conductor of the present series, and, according to the immediate arrangements that have been made, M. Tivadar Nachez and Mr. Benno Schönneberger will give a Violin and Pianoforte Recital on the 18th inst.; the Dulwich Philharmonic Society on the same date, in the evening, will give a performance of Elgar's "King Olaf"; and on the following Saturday afternoon Madame Albani will sing in the distinguished company of Mr. Santley, Mr. John Coates, Miss Adela Verne, and Madame Beatrice Langley. On this occasion, Mr. Theodore Flint will conduct. Other concerts are also announced, the last being given by the Crystal Palace Orchestral Society and the Crystal Palace Choir on March 25, when three entirely new Orchestral and Choral Ballads written by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor will be produced.—COMMON CHORD.

THE MAN ON THE CAR

Non-Skidding Apparatus—The Perfect Non-Skid—The Show at Olympia—A Simple Speed-Recorder—The De Nevers "Solid" Tyres—Cars Worthy of Consideration—Captain Deasy on Motor-Mountaineering—The 5000-Mile Trial of the 12-h.p. Siddeley—The Cost of the Test.

THE interest which still continues to be shown in non-skidding appliances is so great that the paucity of entries for the demonstrations held in connection with the recent Crystal Palace Show was to be regretted. The arrangements made, under the supervision of the honorary judges, for testing the non-skids were very complete, and showed the defects or virtues of the appliances in high relief. If the demonstrations demonstrated



AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBER OF THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB: MRS. GERARD LEIGH ON HER 12 HORSE-POWER CAR.

Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who takes so keen an interest in the ladies' branch of the Automobile Club and who is on its Committee, was among the first women in Society to realise the delightful possibilities of the horseless carriage, as regarded from the feminine standpoint.

Photograph by Bassano.

nothing else, they, at least, proved that, for a vehicle to be perfectly immune from side-slip, it is distinctly necessary that all four wheels—or, at least, both drivers and one steering-wheel—shall be fitted with non-slipping treads. Every car that was not so fitted slipped more or less, and the fact that the Samson and Grose non-skidding bands came through so effectually was due to this.

But, in this question of non-skids, I am convinced that non-slipping treads such as those named, in which the tread of the tyre carries strips of leather studded with steel rivets, the heads of which project, although effective enough even under such severe conditions as obtained at the Crystal Palace, are by no means final. The perfect and most acceptable non-skid, when it comes, will not be affixed to the tread of the tyre, deadening its resiliency, slowing the car, and, when affixed to existing covers by vulcanisation, weakening the rubber and fabric to which they are attached. The non-skids of the future will be attached to the frame or the axle or the felloes of the wheels, without interference with the stability of the tyres.

By the time these notes see the light of day the great Show at Olympia will have run the major portion of its course, and we shall all be in a position to judge, more or less, whether results justify us in the prediction that this Show will in future be the one and only Motor Show in London. It is to be hoped that this will be so, for in a multitude of Shows there is no wisdom, but rather vexation of spirit and a most inordinate and unproductive expenditure on the part of the trade. Speed recorders and indicators are always interesting, and the perfected apparatus of this character shown in operation at Stand 195 attracts much notice. The Milometer, a simple form of recorder which is attached to the wheel-cap and which registers up to ten thousand miles, is a welcome introduction. The visitor who is on the look-out for some substitute for pneumatic tyres to save him both money and anxiety should see the De Nevers "solid" tyres, which are grooved transversely, vulcanised on to canvas, and wire-jointed. These tyres did exceptionally well in the late Light-car Trials.

Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, as might be expected, make a very fine and varied show, the Crossleys, De Dietrichs, and Oldsmobiles, particularly the new types of the latter favourite little cars, being well worth inspection and consideration. As the world-famous Panhard still holds its pride of place amongst the automobiles affected by those who desire the best and most reliable cars, the fine exhibit made by Messrs. Panhard-Levassor, from 14, Regent Street, is largely patronised. It should be remembered that the English house has the monopoly of the three-cylinder Panhards which have earned so good a reputation by their sweet and silent running.

The Committee of the Ladies' Automobile Club is to be congratulated upon having secured Captain H. P. Deasy, late 16th Lancers, for the delivery of a most interesting lecture upon Motor-Mountaineering, by the light of his own performances with a Martini car up the rack-railway of the Rocher-du-Nez and six or seven of the best-known Swiss, Italian, and French Alpine passes. To those in search of fresh fields and pastures new, Captain Deasy's lecture suggested a means by which fresh experiences and fresh sensations might be gathered. The lecture-room was crowded, and the vote of thanks, proposed to the lecturer in a pretty and well-delivered speech by Mrs. Gerard Leigh, whose portrait is given on this page, had been well earned. The members and guests afterwards indulged in tea, music, and chat in the Grand Hall. The keenness and enthusiasm evinced by the lady automobilists in all matters pertaining to the sport and pastime are quite refreshing and speak well for the success of the Club.

Five thousand miles is on the big side for an average year's driving, and when this distance was selected for the officially checked trial of the 12 horse-power Siddeley car it was apparently done for the purpose of demonstrating the cost of running a good, staunch car, as well as proving the reliability of the car itself. As most of my readers are now, doubtless, aware, this trial came to a successful conclusion last Wednesday morning, when, in addition to the announcement that the car had covered the whole distance without any mechanical failure worthy of the name, some very interesting figures were given with regard to the actual cost of driving the car the above-named distance. In considering the figures, it must be remembered that the car had dry roads for three days only, and that for the major portion of the time the roads presented their worst winter aspect. The total consumption of Pratt's motor-spirit was 307 gallons = 16·2 miles per gallon = £15 7s.; 8¼ gallons of lubricating-oil, £1 4s. 9d.; 20 tubes of chain-grease, £1 5s.; a quarter-gallon of thick gear-oil, 9d.; 1½ tins of Price's Belmoline, 5s. 3d. Charging accumulators, 12s.; two air-valve springs, 4d.; two wing-stays (collision), £1. The tyre-renewals cost, in all, £20 15s. 6d., due to one burst tyre, two nipped tubes, and one cover badly cut. A little luck would have reduced this total by half. Thus, the cost of running the 12 horse-power Siddeley from the commencement to the end of the five thousand miles was 1·9d., or



AN UNCONSCIOUS IRONY: A MOTOR-AMBULANCE FOR DOGS THAT HAVE BEEN RUN OVER.

The motor-ambulance here shown was supplied by Mr. Gordon-Bennett, of "Cup" fame, and is attached to a dogs' hospital. It is stationed at 120, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, and is always ready to convey injured dogs from the streets to the hospital. A telephone call is all that is necessary to summon it to the spot.

Photograph by Regnauld.

nearly twopence, per mile. Upon only two occasions, due to the burst tyre and running-out of petrol, was the car late in at the Club. Twice a few minutes late in five thousand miles is much more than can be said of a good many trains. The car carried four passengers, averaging 11 st. each, and 2 cwt. surplus every day.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby—The Grand National—"S.-P."—Improvements.

THERE is a growing feeling at Newmarket that the Earl of Rosebery will win the Derby with his smart colt Cicero. His Lordship was Premier of England when his colt Ladas won the Derby, and many speculative sportsmen have once more backed the double event. Cicero, who will be ridden in the race by D. Maher, is trained at Newmarket by Percy Peck. It will be remembered by many that when Lord Rosebery's two-year-olds of last year were ready to be trained, his Lordship decided to send some to Blackwell and others to P. Peck. The two trainers were to toss for choice, and Peck, winning, made Cicero his first selection. The colt has wintered well and he is coming to hand quickly. The Newmarket touts all declare for him, which history teaches us is a bit against Cicero's chance; and this fact alone will compel some of the professional backers to look elsewhere for the winner. In my opinion, Cicero will be the best English horse in the race, and it remains to be seen what will represent M. E. Blanc. It is a remarkable fact that French form does not synchronise with Epsom, and those who are predicting a victory for M. Blanc both in the Derby and the Oaks are bold, to say the least of it. John Porter hopes to have something to ably represent Kingsclere in the Derby, but he will have to be a really good one to beat Cicero.



AN EXPERT WHIP: MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER.

Although the wife of the Master of the South Devon Hounds, Mrs. Washington Singer does not herself hunt, preferring to act as hostess, in magnificent fashion, to those who do. She is, however, an expert whip.

Photograph by Durrant.

I was disappointed with the form of Ambush II. at Kempton. The horse was big and looked as though he was short of a few gallops. It may be that his legs are not sufficiently strong to carry his big body. If, however, Mr. Lushington is able to put the King's 'chaser into strong work, I shall expect the Royal colours to be carried to the fore at Aintree, as Ambush II. is essentially a National horse. I do not think Leinster will stay the course, and should not be surprised to see his stable-companions, Buckhunter and Phil May, finish in front of him if all three were started. Detail, who is owned by a lady who races under the name of Mr. White Heather, is certain to be well backed for a place, and Kirkland is another the public will fasten on to. Of Mr. Spencer Gollan's pair, I have heard two stories: one, that Seahorse II. is the better of the two; and another, that Seahorse II. is a horse of moods that is not likely to get once round. Comfit, trained in the Kirkland stable, is nibbled at, but I shall stand by the latter, who has only to do the least bit more than he has done before to win outright. Only nine finished in the race last year, and, 'pon my word, I do not think many more will be in at the death this time.



Mr. Singer.

A MEET OF THE SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS NEAR MANATON, DARTMOOR.

Paignton, the beautiful Devon home of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Singer, is famed for its sport and for its hospitality. Mr. Singer has long been Master of the South Devon Hounds, and there is no more popular sportsman in the West of England.

Photograph by Dinham.

The War of the Starting Prices is waxing furious, and I think it is a great pity that all the big sporting dailies cannot combine and use one set of returns, to save quibbling on the part of backers and bookmakers alike. Anyway, confusion becomes worse confounded when the short prices sent out on the same tape as the long prices vary two or three points at times. I know the two gentlemen who collect the starting prices. They are men of high honour and big ability; but, now they are working independently, they agree to differ too often to suit the "S.-P." bookies and others who have to settle over one of the two sets of prices. I certainly do think that the two compilers should be allowed to compare notes, and, if possible, to adjust differences before sending their message for publication on the tapes and in the evening papers. Backers of horses quibble more over the price than anything else, and if one man gets 10 to 1 "S.-P." about an animal, while his friend gets 100 to 7 "S.-P." about the same horse, there is generally trouble. The "S.-P." bookmaker always announces on his card which set of prices he settles over; but many clients do not get a card, and when it comes to settling they clamour for the longer price.

I recently alluded to the improvements being made at Goodwood. A friend of mine who motored on to the course the other day tells me the race for the Stewards' will this year be an absolutely fair one, as there cannot possibly be any hustling or knocking out at the start. Many of you may remember that I objected strongly to the removal of the Royal Box from the Stand side to the Paddock end of the Enclosure. I am glad to hear that Royalty will return to their old spot. I am told, although not on official authority, that we are to have a military band stationed on the Lower Lawn at Goodwood this year—a perquisite I, for one, have agitated for for ten long years. The house-party are seated on the Lower Lawn, with nothing better to do than scan the horizon. A lively programme of music by a good band would, at least, vary the monotony. I hear that a tunnel is in course of formation from the course to the railway-station at Ascot, but this will not help the going on the race-track a little bit. Tunnels under the course are wanted badly, and could be easily and cheaply built. The going at Ascot was never better, and, come what may, meteorologically speaking, the going is bound to be good this year.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

PEOPLE who from one cause or another find themselves constrained to spend the spring in this Island of the North have compensations in plenty if their lines are cast in London, for town is already distractingly and delightfully full, and parties of all sorts are in swing. Little restaurant dinners, little theatre



[*Copyright.*

A FORECAST OF SPRING.

suppers, little bridge afternoons — every meeting seems to partake of that especial cosiness which the adjective "little" in this connection conveys. The only big functions in present favour seem to be women's luncheon-parties, at which the cheerful cackle of fourteen or sixteen busily moving tongues wakes the dining-room echoes in a manner that would have paralysed our sedate and serene grandmothers. If we do not go back to the days of placid pickle-making and home-brewed liquors for our manners and methods, we are very certainly, however, copying the garb of the Great Aunt period, and forecasts of fashion disclose the rustling taffeta, the voluminous skirt, the leg-of-mutton sleeve, the tiny turban-hats of the Trilby period, though our mankind have not taken to side-whiskers and floral waistcoats to keep the historical balance equal. People will fly to "The Lady of Leeds" for several reasons, and many will go again and yet again for one—namely, to see the ineffable frocks with which Paquin has fitted out the principal characters. I asked a friend, who went the first night, to produce some details; but beyond recording that Miss Nancy Price, as dressed by Paquin, was a dream, Miss Fortescue a vision, and Mrs. Theodore Wright a poem, I could arrive at little from this virtuosa in vague emotions, so I went myself, and confirmed her verdict, but with addenda. There is a frock of tilleul green chiffon, another of pale-blue China silk with blue and silver embroideries, a fascinating cloak of white crêpe and Alençon lace, and a superb tea-gown of white tulle and lace over white satin. Mrs. Theodore Wright wears a mauve brocade—the ideal matron's *grande tenue*—and a chestnut-brown silk gauze with trimmings of wavy brown silk is again a frock of the many fascinations of which Paquin is past-master.

A case of especial interest to women was decided in the House of Lords last week, when an appeal was allowed against a former verdict in the now celebrated Hanbury will case. Though the deceased's wishes with regard to the ultimate disposal of his money were abundantly clear, the wording of his will did not sufficiently direct, or, perhaps one should say, decide, the issue; or, to put it in even another way, his intentions were obvious, while his instructions were vague. The final decision, reversing a former one by which the widow had absolute power in the ultimate disposal of this vast fortune, prevents the mischance of its dispersal in any way but that intended, and is therefore hailed as just and equitable by every one who reads and reasons. Mrs. Victor Bowring, formerly Hanbury, has use of the property during life. It subsequently passes to the dead man's sister and nieces, of whom he was devotedly fond; and so, by devious ways, justice is arrived at and rendered.

With three weeks of spring gone into the Never Never, it cannot be previous to indicate the trend and trek of spring fashions. Therefore, this attractive sketch of a spring gown in pale heliotrope is of interest. The belt is gathered heliotrope taffetas over a widely flowing skirt, the pleated sides of which are gathered under the large, flat picture-buttons now so much the mode. An infinitesimal turban with widely waving osprey crowns the fluffy coiffure, and behold a summed-up expression of Spring 1905 at her best and bravest. An altogether bewitching evening-frock is shown in the combination of dark-rose velvet and flounced Alençon petticoat of our other sketch, which is at



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A LOUIS XV. DINNER-GOWN.

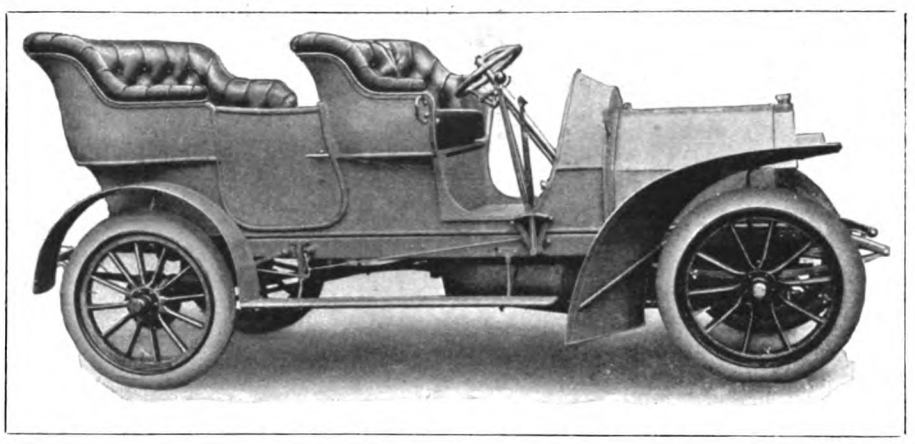
once a practical, picturesque, and original design. In black it would have an excellent effect, the silk-lined side-panels of velvet break up the lace petticoat so attractively.

I went with a friend last week on the always interesting expedition of choosing new wall-papers with which to embellish her four walls,

and arrived at the inevitable conclusion that even the most tasteless Early Victorian of them all would find it difficult to accomplish a really ugly house nowadays, so exquisite are the productions of this year of real grace in wall-coverings. At Graham and Banks' we saw designs which it took the brain and heart of any artist to create. A hedge of Michaelmas-daisy, looking like the herbaceous border of an old-time garden; wreathed Virginia-creeper, making a broken border on plain colours; dimity and chintz papers, delightfully reminiscent of fresh, summer bedrooms in old country-houses; then a series of panels over which adjectives quite fail. Amongst others, we selected a nobly drawn pattern called "Field Flowers," printed in soft mauves, reds, and greens, on a creamy ground, which will transform a large and now ugly bed-room into a bower of beauty, and, for a wide, low morning-room filled with old Italian furniture, an exact copy of sixteenth-century Genoese velvet, a panel of which can be seen in Graham and Banks' show-rooms.

The ingenuity of the advertiser compels increasing admiration nowadays, none the less when one is the happy recipient of a fifty-pound note for merely making a successful guess, as in the case of Miss Edith Burns, of Didsbury, who has received this pleasant valentine from Messrs. Wright, of Coal Tar Soap fame, through having correctly calculated the number of clean-shaven men in the average thousand. Lots of interesting and original possibilities open up in this connection, and a field of adventure lies before the up-to-date man of affairs. A competition which would arrive at the number of gay, inconsequent folk who pay their bills, for example (statistics from tradesmen would, no doubt, be forthcoming); a careful computation of the wives and husbands who dwell fondly together (here the subtraction and addition could be assisted to a total by servants' hall committees)—the vista is unending. And no doubt there is "money in it," for a Transatlantic man of enterprise—a chemist—lately offered to present a diamond tiara, or its value in dollars up to five hundred pounds, for a complete list of the New York nurseries that did not patronise his particular patent feeding-bottle! One can imagine the dignified astonishment of the average British butler if, in answer to an imperative double-knock, he was confronted with a "Say, do they use Mr. Jones's feeding-bottle upstairs?" Doubtless the door would be hastily shut, but, still, Jones's feeding-bottle would remain an irritating memory, and the advertiser's object in spreading knowledge be furthered. "Make people talk about you," said a wise solicitor to a junior counsel who pleaded for his daughter. "Never mind what they say, but make 'em say something," and there lies the whole catechism of the successful man to-day.

SYBIL.



THE NEW 16-20 HORSE-POWER HUMBER, EXHIBITED AT OLYMPIA.

This new 16-20 horse-power car forms the central feature of the Humber exhibit at Olympia, and embodies everything that is latest and best in motor design. It is driven by a 4-cylinder engine with separate cylinders fitted with equal water circulation and improved honeycomb radiator; has interchangeable valves; an automatic carburettor, and a dual system of high-tension ignition by magneto and accumulators; two hand-brakes and one foot-brake; engines governed by foot-and-hand governor; a fan behind the radiator to draw the air through and increase the cooling of the water; the simplest possible arrangement for steering; and four forward speeds and reverse. The petrol-tanks will hold eleven gallons, and it is claimed that the car is not only exceedingly comfortable, but exceptionally strong. The design, also, is certainly graceful.

Playgoers who like to smoke between the Acts, and who deem a cigarette too mild and an ordinary cigar too long for the purpose, will find in "Tweenies" the very smoke they require. These miniature cigars are made by Messrs. Martin Brothers, of 25, Cheapside, and are sold at twelve-and-sixpence the hundred.

Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts send us the following letter—

DELHI-BOMBAY TRIALS.

SIR,—In view of the various statements which have appeared in connection with the above trials, and particularly in regard to the awards of the judges, the extracts set out below from a letter received from Mr. W. Sorel, the owner of the De Dietrich car which won the trial and the Gaikwar's Cup for reliability, will be of interest—

After the results were given out, a protest was signed and sent to the judges against the De Dietrich car, as she had actually lost a few marks. The matter was again reconsidered, *but the award maintained*, as no repairs or readjustments had been made on my De Dietrich automobile after leaving Delhi until my arrival in Bombay, whereas all the other cars had been worked on, and the engines and other parts readjusted beyond the two hours allowed for cleaning and lubricating. The De Dietrich was consequently considered by the judges to have been the most reliable throughout the run. The only troubles I had during the eight hundred and eighty miles were—first day, the little pipe leading from pump to water-manometer broke, and I lost all the water and had to wait twenty-one minutes for coolies to bring water to replace. In the same afternoon an ignition tappet-spring broke and was replaced in four minutes. Fifth day, bad tyre-troubles, otherwise no stops the whole of the time. The running of the car was greatly admired.

In view of the fact that it was suggested that some special favour had been shown to the De Dietrich in the awarding to it of the prize, it will be observed that all the points raised in the other competitors' letters were carefully reconsidered by the judges, and the award was made to the De Dietrich beyond all question on absolute merit, and after having proved itself the most reliable car.—Yours faithfully, for CHARLES JARROTT and LETTS, LIMITED, (Signed) CHARLES JARROTT.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE great body of the playgoing public, which has for so long admired the art of Miss Rosina Brandram, and has arrived at a feeling of what it is not going too far to describe as personal regard for one of the most charming women in the theatrical profession, cannot fail to be gratified by the announcement that she is improving, though slowly, from the severe illness which has kept her for some weeks out of the cast of "The Earl and the Girl" at the Lyric.

London and New York would seem to be fast becoming the theatrical complements of each other, a condition which, as Sir Henry Irving has pointed out over and over again, can only lead to the happiest results, since the stage can, better than anything else, teach a nation's customs and manners and its points of view to other nations. A vivid instance of the closeness between the capital of the Old World and the capital of the New is furnished by Mr. J. H. Barnes, who went to New York to take part in a play which was produced in that city during the second week of January, and, while these lines are being written, is on his way home again.

It is not often, in the nature of things, that the London public can have the opportunity of summoning a French author to the footlights in order to applaud him on the successful production of a work which owes everything to his genius except its English dress. When Sir Henry Irving produced "Dante," it was hoped that M. Sardou would come to London on purpose to be present on the first-night, but the possible rigours of the Channel passage proved an insuperable deterrent. Such considerations, however, will not stand in the way of M. Jean Richepin, who has promised to attend the first representation of his "Madame Du Barry" when it is produced at the Savoy Theatre by Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare. He is delighted at the idea of his play being done in London, and his delight is probably made not less in consequence of the trouble which, it is now a matter of theatrical history, attended the work at the outset, when it was sent to America to Mr. David Belasco for the use of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who, it is interesting to note, has recently produced in New York a new play, "Adrea," by Mr. Belasco himself.

Our reproduction of the City of London's picture of "The Siege of Gibraltar," for a copy of which the German Emperor has asked, has brought us some interesting information from Colonel L. Coulbrough. "It may interest the Council and some of your readers," says our correspondent, "to know that the regiment of infantry now at Hanover (or which was there in 1903) wears a very conspicuous armlet with "Gibraltar" on it in letters at least an inch high. One of the soldiers I asked for explanations could tell me nothing further than that the Kaiser had recently given them this 'decoration,' but why or wherefore he did so the man neither knew nor cared. Perhaps some of your readers can explain."

We are asked to state that the London concessionnaire for the "Rexette, King of Little Cars," illustrated in our issue of Feb. 8, is Mr. Herbert Smith, 9, Strand, W.C.

With reference to our reproduction of the pay-sheet of the Queen's Theatre for the week ending Friday, Dec. 27, 1867, a reader points out that our correspondent fell into an error in computing the salaries. It would appear that the Queen's Theatre was closed on the first three days of the week in question, and that, therefore, the pay-sheet shows the salaries paid for two nights only. Sir Henry Irving was thus in receipt of a weekly salary of £8, Sir Charles Wyndham of £9, Mr. Lionel Brough of £7 10s., Mr. Toole of £32, and so on.

Early in May, Miss Tita Brand, daughter of Miss Marie Brema, will begin a short season at one of the principal West-End theatres with Shakspere's "Othello." Miss Brand herself will sustain the part of Desdemona, and Mr. Hubert Carter, who recently made such a success in Marlowe's "Faust," will be the Othello. After "Othello" will follow Franz von Schonthan's well-known poetic play, "Renaissance." Finally, it is Miss Brand's intention to give a triple bill in a series of matinées, which will include a famous French playlet, entitled "Punchinello," the English version of which is written by Mr. Hubert Carter, which Miss Ellen Terry produced very successfully, and perhaps a new one-act opera by an English composer.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.

Firm Markets.

THE firmness of the high-class investment market has been quite a marked feature during the last few days. The Bank Return showed remarkable strength, and, although no reduction is likely this month, there are reasonable hopes of such a fortunate occurrence in March, provided, of course, nothing unforeseen—like a General Election—happens in the political world in the meanwhile.

Peace rumours continue very persistent, and, although they seem to rest on no solid foundation, we cannot ignore the fact that most of the best-informed and influential people connected with international finance, repeat them as if they thought there was some solid though unseen basis. It would certainly cause no surprise in high financial circles if we woke up one fine morning to find negotiations going on: not half the surprise, indeed, that the Japanese attack on the Port Arthur Fleet caused a year ago. We hope it may be so.

This week we give a portrait of Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who has for many years been one of the picturesque figures in City finance, but who has now determined to retire from Company and Westralian finance with which his name has been so intimately connected. Those who have attended the meetings of the Bottomley Companies will regret not to be cheered by the splendid optimism of the Chairman, who, to use the words of one of the shareholders, "was their best asset."



MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, WHO IS RETIRING FROM THE CITY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Canadian Railways.

Until the Grand Trunk report appears, it will be impossible to tell exactly in what way the Company has been able to scrape up sufficient money for the satisfaction of the interest in full upon the First and Second Preference stocks. Apparently the "sweepings" that come in at the end of the twelve months were something substantial, and the Board, no doubt, made a strong effort to infuse as much cheerfulness as they could into the results for the full year. If the dividend on Seconds had fallen short of the full 5 per cent., even by one point, the credit of the Company must have suffered severely, and just at a time when the new railway schemes with which Canada is throbbing made it essential that the Grand Trunk should occupy as creditable a position as possible, having regard to the large share that the Company is taking in the development of the Dominion. Trunk Firsts may now be considered a good investment, upon which proprietors may sleep without much apprehension of the price falling again below par, as it did last year.

With the buying-up at any prices such bonds and stocks as Quebec and Lake St. John Fives, Alberta Railway Fives, Qu'Appelle and Long Lake Sixes, and such speculative securities, we find it difficult to sympathise. So far as the first-named bonds are concerned, there is certainly more to be said for the support, because the interest becomes 5 per cent. this year, and the Company has a fair chance of being able to meet the additional obligation. But Qu'Appelle Sixes receive only part of their interest in cash, and the price has come up from 57 to the figures reversed, in less than a year, and Alberta Fives have risen still more dramatically. There is such a thing as over-discounting both the prosperity of the Dominion and the chances that these smaller Companies possess of being taken over by one of the more important railways.

South African Forces.

What makes it hard to believe that the Kaffir Circus will be allowed to slide away indefinitely is the hard fact that the magnates are spending immense sums of money upon the Chinese immigration to the Rand. Each coolie, it is said, costs about five-and-twenty pounds to bring from his own land and to establish in quarters on the mine where he has to work, and at this rate twenty thousand pigtails involve an expenditure of something like half a million sterling: in cash—not shares, be it remembered. Some of the money, of course, comes from the mines themselves, but, since so many of the latter are heavily indebted to the parent undertakings, which are only another name for big-house firms, the Transvaal gold output is probably paying for only part of the expense incurred in the alien invasion. Then, too, the deeper deeps want a lot more money for development purposes, and you cannot get cash upon favourable terms unless the market happens to be good. Nevertheless, the Kaffir Circus is as humpy as a camel—if we may be permitted to drop into slang. There is no fizz or sparkle about it whatever, and the announcement of a really good monthly return last Friday served but to depress prices. February's figures will probably look bad, because of the shortness of the month and the various religious festivals that the Chinese celebrate in the early part of the month, so the bulls must not build upon good returns for another few weeks. It will be seen that even our "House Haunter," usually bullish over Kaffirs, adopts a more pessimistic tone than a mere cold in the head seems to explain, and amongst members of the Stock Exchange it is becoming more and more uncommon to meet one who will unreservedly express hopeful sentiments for the immediate outlook in the Kaffir Circus.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

One disadvantage of going to the theatre on the night before is, that it makes you feel so horribly sleepy after dinner on the night succeeding. Add a seasonable cold in the nose and a throat dry as the thirst of Tophet, and you will admit, O Reader, that there are cogent reasons for these notes being brief and pithy—reasons extraneous to the standing one to which allusion need not be more pointedly made. I have a rare sympathy for your suffering, O Reader!

After the way in which the Colonial Corporation stocks have lately boomed, those who took the advice here tendered with regard to Johannesburg Fours when the price stood about 94 can lay the flattering unction of successful foresight to their souls. The movement does not appear at all likely to stop, either, and as solid 4 per cent. investments the new Bloemfontein or Port Elizabeth Loans require a good deal of beating. Let their prices once get up to the vicinity of, say, 105, and then will be the time to lay in Home Rails, if the quotations for the latter are anywhere near their current levels. The public have grown so blasé-ly accustomed to 4 per cent. on their money that they are astonished at the report of the Stock Exchange as to such investments having become increasingly scarce. The run for the moment is upon such securities, and there will be a grand hunt round after others when the present stocks become absorbed. Herein, it seems to some of us, the salvation of Home Railway prices must be found. With the present conditions, trade can hardly be expected to increase by leaps and bounds; the mere prospect of a General Election usually acts as a restraining influence over trade throughout the country. The Railway Companies, however, ought to be able to keep up their returns with quietly progressive figures, and this search for the 4 per cent. investments will certainly swing round to Rails in due course. Perhaps the first to feel the effect of this probable demand will be some of the Preferred Ordinary stocks, such as Brighton "B," York Preferred, or Twopenny Tube Preferred. This kind of thing returns all but a shilling or two of 4 per cent. on the money, and, naturally, an improvement in this quarter would react favourably upon the Deferred and the Ordinary stocks.

About a fortnight ago, a client came into his broker's office in a considerable state of perturbation. He holds a fair stake in some of the Indian Mining Companies, and, from the depths of a capacious pocket, he handed his broker an article anent the recovery of gold from sea-water. Did the broker think he had better sell his Champion Reefs, his Mysores, and his Ooregums? and I am told that you could hear the tears trembling in his throat as he asked the question. Would not this new process entirely supersede all present methods and make the gold-mines of the world quite valueless? As illustrating how a sensational suggestion can disturb the serenity of the average speculative investor, this case is worth noticing. Something of the same kind of apprehension caused the slump in Gas stocks when electricity came to the front, when wireless telegraphy threatened the Cable Companies, when—as now—the motor-omnibus business is supposed to be going to run the electric-tramcar from the street and its Companies from the list of dividend-payers. British Electric Tractions fell from 10 to 9¼ upon this folly, and the recovery has taken them to about 9½. Telegraph and Gas stocks must laugh, if such securities have as much sense of humour as Trunks, or of tragedy as Kaffirs, when they remember the frightful flurry which took place in the old days. These scares are too frequently produced by newspapers according prominence to the subject outside the columns respecting financial matters. So long as the papers deal with scare subjects in their City pages, which the ordinary shareholder in a commercial Company rarely looks at, the most violent language can be cheerfully tolerated, but when they come to deal with them in leading articles and in other ways by which the attention of the country clergyman and the moneyed widow is arrested, then damage will be done to prices, needlessly in many instances.

Talking about newspapers, one might have supposed that, after the Whitaker Wright and the Hooley "reverlashuns," our journals would have felt compelled, for very decency's sake, to drop the little games which some of them used to indulge in. But not a bit of it. A man interested in a little mining venture was telling me the other day that he had "squared the Press," giving one paper a free call of 1,000 shares at a low price, another an order for I don't know how many copies of the paper, in order that certain information might be inserted, and a third a round sum of money, in order that the shares might be kept prominently in front of readers. I don't suppose it is discreet, even if it is unlibellous, to give the papers' names, but those who remember the Whitaker Wright evidence will not experience much difficulty in guessing the titles. To bring such charges against newspapers in a general way challenges criticism, I confess, on the ground that in such a matter the specific case should be stated. I admit it, yet can go no further. "And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

A sustained rise in Kaffirs seems to be about as probable as a prolonged fall in the moon. By slow degrees we are being driven to the unwelcome conclusion that our clients do not want to buy Kaffirs, in any set of circumstances. There is nothing particularly astonishing in that, either. Those who went a bull in the better markets of before Christmas have got their shares still, or they have sold them at a loss, vowing never to touch Kaffirs again. On the other hand, we have all of us got long lists of selling limits on our order-books, few of which seem at all likely to be practicable on the junior side of the half-year. Every now and then some tired holder reduces his price, and we do a bargain in the

market; it is more than likely that our client loses money on the transaction, but we have no heart to advise him to hang on longer to his shares. With the prospect of a Liberal Government, I fail to see how Kaffirs can possibly go better for a while, notwithstanding the efforts of the party organs to smooth away the likelihood of legislation affecting the market. Very possibly there are almost enough coolies already imported, and a flooding of the country with Chinese does not appear highly desirable from any point of view, so that no harm would be done if the exodus from the Far East were stopped two or three months hence. But supposing the Liberals get into power, Ministers would assuredly have to make some kind of a show to mark disapproval of the present Government's rule in South Africa, and, whatever form the demonstration took, it is too much to expect that the Mining Companies would benefit by it. One is hard put to it nowadays to know what politics to adopt. There is the weak-kneed scholar with the jellified backbone who consents to an International Commission when a peremptory stand and a few ironclads would have wrung redress, instead of the dignified exit which the offender will now, in all probability, be able to make. There is the hysterical Missionary who is not content to let his country's commerce settle down into normal channels after an exhausting three years' war, but must fain throw the apple of discord where the balm of humdrum domestic legislation was, above all things, needful. There is the poor old gentleman with the double-barrelled nickname whom it is all but impossible to take seriously, and, besides, we have half-a-dozen ranting schoolboys, of various ages, who look upon the country as a nursery for knocking other people about and holding themselves up as the very mirror of all the virtues. I thank heaven that I was made no politician, but simply THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

A Promising Railway Speculation.

We can only be doing our readers a good turn by calling their attention to the "A" Certificates of the Central Bahia Railway Trust, which at 82 seem to us a first-rate investment, yielding nearly 5 per cent. and certain to be paid off (if the investor will wait) at par.

The following are the facts. There are outstanding "A" Certificates to the extent of £855,000, secured by a first charge on Brazilian Rescission Bonds of the nominal value of £1,135,000 and on £14,200 County Council 2½ stock. The surplus income is applied in the purchase of the certificates, which are thus being annually reduced. The price of the "A" Certificates is about 82, while, curiously enough, the price of Rescission Bonds—on which they are, in fact, secured—is 84.

Unless something unforeseen happens in South America, the price should steadily rise under the pressure of redemption purchases, and those holders who refuse to take less than par will in the end get it.

The National Provident Institution.

We are reminded of the flight of time by the issue of the report and accounts of this great Insurance Company for the year ending Nov. 20, 1904. As usual, the figures show a considerable increase both in the number of members and of accumulated funds. New policies to the number of 1,511 have been issued, insuring lives to the amount of over half-a-million and producing new premiums to the extent of £22,664 annually, while the year's increase in the accumulated funds brings this item up to £6,066,583. The total premium income of the Society amounts to £459,791, and its income from all sources to over seven hundred thousand pounds.

Saturday, Feb. 11, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

OMEGA.—(1) We should think City and Sub., Jubilee, and Langlaagte Estate would suit you. Bonanza looks cheap, but the question of how long it has to live is not clear, and variously estimated at from one to two years. (2) Anglo-French, Tanganyika, Lace Diamonds, and Johnnies.

MAC.—It is a gamble to hold. We do not expect much good from the property, but in mining the unexpected so often happens that there is always a chance. The fact of the new Company being registered in Western Australia makes no difference to the limited liability.

GREEDY.—The following might suit you: (1) Premier Diamond Preference, (2) Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Deferred, (3) Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" Certificates, (4) Babcock and Wilcox, (5) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, (6) One of the Cuban Railway shares.

CAUTIOUS.—The Company does not strike us as attractive. In the Catering business the competition is excessive and increasing. The Company in eight years, with a capital of £240,000, has a reserve fund of only £3,000, which does not make for strength.

CHILD'S HILL.—We do not know much of the business; but the paper trade is not over-prosperous. The Debentures are considered in the market to be well secured. We will make a trade inquiry and refer to the matter in next week's issue.

KYLE.—Of your mines, we have a poor opinion of A and B. The rest are very speculative, the most promising being the Copper concern. As speculations we prefer the Trunk and Mexican Railway Ordinary shares. The Calico Printers Ordinary are very much a gamble after the last disastrous report.

LITTLE MARY.—(1) The Association's holding in Premier Diamonds makes the shares look like a good speculation. (2) The Diamonds are a fair gamble, but the people connected with the Company do not inspire us with confidence. (3) Fair.

EGYPT.—The Bank of Egypt shares still yield a better return than the other. The country is going ahead very fast and there is room for both to rise yet.

R. G.—The Furness Railway Pref. cannot be considered as removed from all danger, as the margin is small and the stock is contingent. The Guaranteed is, of course, gilt-edged.

A. M. H.—Your letter has been answered.

We are asked to state that the Directors of Spencer, Turner, and Boldero, Limited, have resolved to recommend a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares for the half-year ending Jan. 15, 1905, and a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum (making 5 per cent. for the year) on the Ordinary shares.

Messrs. H. M. Hobson, 85, King's Road, Chelsea, have been appointed sole concessionnaires for the United Kingdom and the Colonies for the Decauville motor-cars.

CLEARANCE SALE ON ACCOUNT OF REBUILDING OF PREMISES.

ONE-THIRD OFF LIST PRICES.



"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."
After the Royal Academy Painting by Marcus Stone, R.A.
A Photogravure 11½ by 22 in. Artist's Proofs, limited to 200, £3 3s.; Unsigned Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s. In Water Colours, 10s. 6d. extra.
ONE-THIRD OFF THESE PRICES.



MARRIED FOR LOVE.
After Marcus Stone, R.A.
A Photogravure, Coloured by Hand, 16 by 11 in. Artist's Proofs, £3 3s.; Unsigned Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s. In Colours only.
ONE-THIRD OFF THESE PRICES.



HIS SHIP IN SIGHT.
After the Royal Academy Painting by Marcus Stone, R.A.
11½ by 22 in. Artist's Proofs, £3 3s.; Unsigned Proofs, £2 2s.; Prints, £1 1s.
ONE-THIRD OFF THESE PRICES.

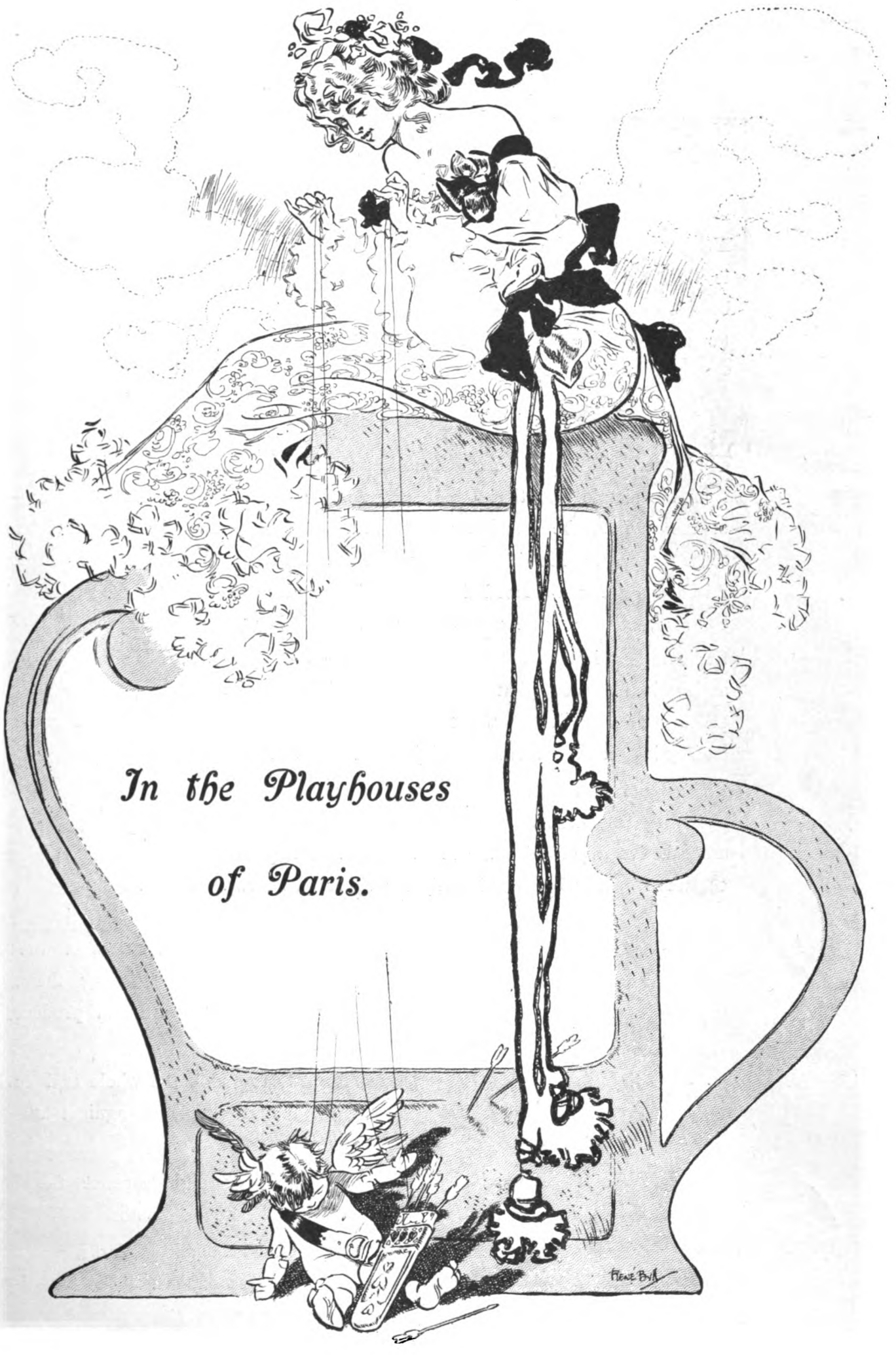
ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES FREE.

From Feb. 18 our Fine Art Plates will be on View and on Sale at Usual Prices at THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC GALLERY, 172, STRAND.

WEST-END AGENTS: MESSRS. BASSANO, 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, STRAND, W.C.

"The Sketch" Supplement.



Declaration.

Anyone who has an inkling of the indescribable annoyances and the interminable expense to which a manufacturer who deals in any alcoholic preparation is exposed—in consequence of the burdensome taxes on alcohol now enforced in every part of the world—will realise at once that only the most imperative reasons could have persuaded us to put our antiseptic dentifrice Odol on the market in the form of an alcoholic solution—that is to say, to make any sacrifice for the sake of offering a *liquid dentifrice*. Every specialist will be well aware that we could have presented the same antiseptic in the form either of a tooth-paste or of a tooth-powder. In fact, that would have been both a hundred times easier and a hundred times less vexatious. Our reasons for not having taken that course are based upon our own deep conviction and the clearly demonstrable fact that the teeth can be preserved from decay and from the results of fermentation processes (that is to say, kept in health) only by daily cleansing with an antiseptic *liquid*. Cleaning the teeth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes can never, under any circumstances, preserve them from destruction. That follows from the simple fact that the localities which are most exposed to injury—the backs of the molars, the interstices between the teeth, cavities in them, etc.—are exactly those parts which remain untouched by tooth-powders and tooth-pastes. In consequence, mischief once commenced in these places advances undisturbed. A liquid, on the contrary, can penetrate everywhere; and, if it has a real antiseptic effect, destroys all fermentation injurious to the teeth. No antiseptic dentifrice that exercised a real antiseptic influence (that is to say, annihilated the septic germs and arrested the processes destructive of the teeth) existed before our Odol, if we set apart poisonous antiseptics that are themselves injurious to the teeth, such as sublimate, etc.

Odol is the first and only preparation for cleansing the mouth and teeth which absolutely counteracts the causes of microbic fermentation. While all other preparations are effective *only during* the few moments of application, the antiseptic power of Odol continues gently but persistently for *hours afterwards*. This absolutely certain effect, scientifically proved, is principally due to an entirely new and unique property of the preparation, which causes Odol to penetrate the interstices of the teeth and mucous membrane of the mouth, to a certain extent impregnating them, and thus securing an *after-effect* for hours which no other mouth-wash can produce, not even approximately.

Owing to this characteristic, *peculiar only* to Odol, the whole oral cavity, to its minutest recesses, is completely freed from and protected against all fermenting processes and injurious bacteria.

The cost of Odol—half-a-crown a flask, or eighteenpence the half-size—is moderate when it is remembered that a flask will last for months.

Odol Chemical Works,

26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

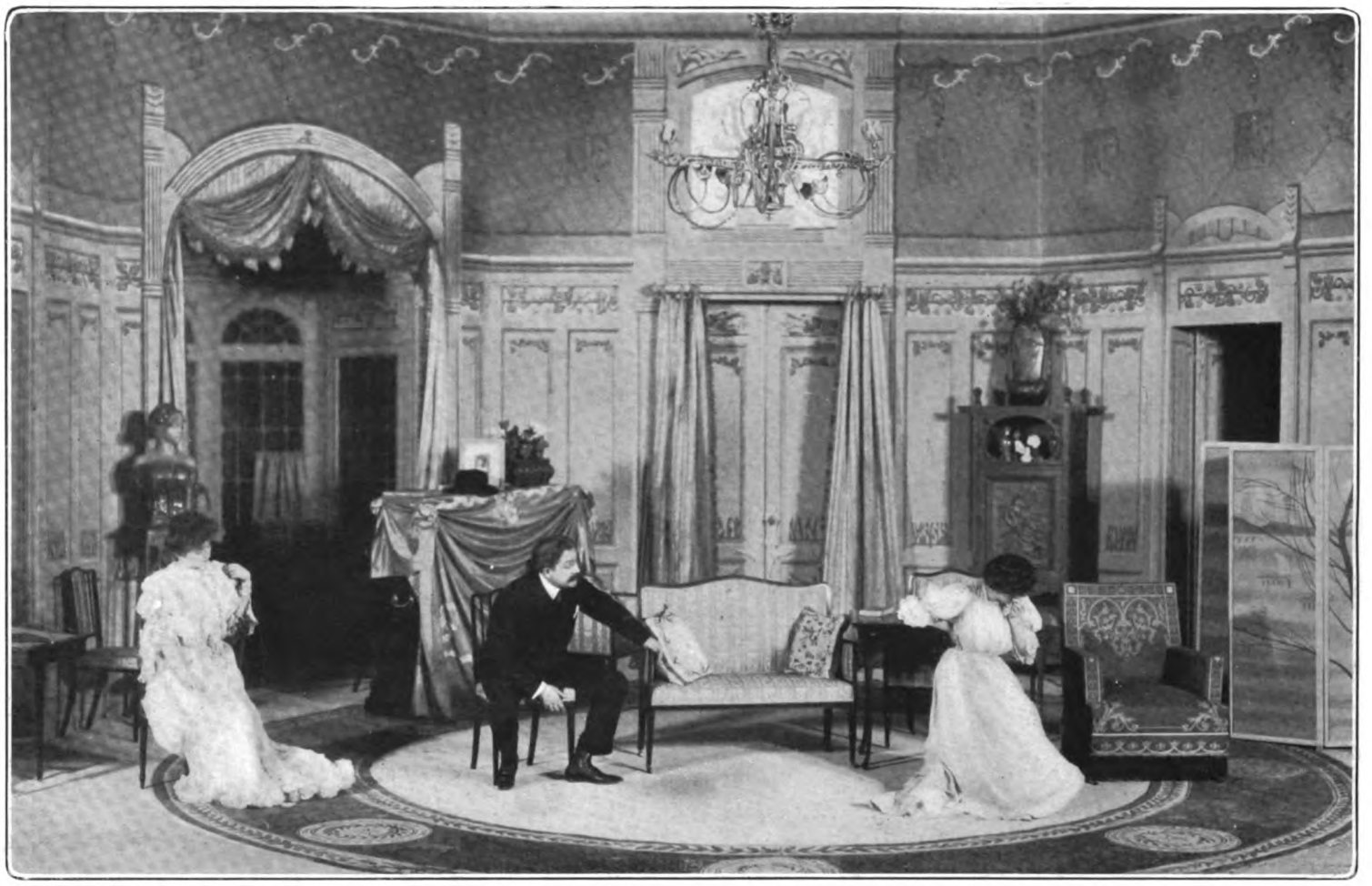
IN THE PLAYHOUSES OF PARIS.

Photographs by Paul Boyer, Paris.



"LA GIOCONDA," BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, AT THE THÉÂTRE DE L'ŒUVRE: MADAME SUZANNE DESPRÈS AS SILVIA SETTAIA.

IN THE PLAYHOUSES OF PARIS.



Paule (Mlle. Jeanne Thomassin). Chantelouve (M. Gaston Dubosc). Marceline (Mlle. Marthe Regnier).

"PETITE PESTE," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Marceline is a young lady of mixed morals, which is not to be wondered at since she spends the greater part of her existence in the house of Louis Chameron and Paule, a couple who do not deem the ring one of the necessities of the wedded state. She has, however, a conscience of sorts, and a deep regard for Chameron, and when she discovers that Paule has agreed to meet a young neighbour at Havre, she is up in arms to prevent this. To attain her object, she opens a flirtation with this man, with the result that he falls in love with her, and proposes. That he should be rejected is natural enough when it is known that Marceline vastly prefers Chantelouve—a gentleman of one-and-thirty liaisons—but that she should also reject Chantelouve when he, in turn, asks her to be his wife, is less natural—almost as extraordinary as the reason she gives for spurning the offer—that marriage is too strong a bond. And on the expression of this surprising sentiment the curtain falls.

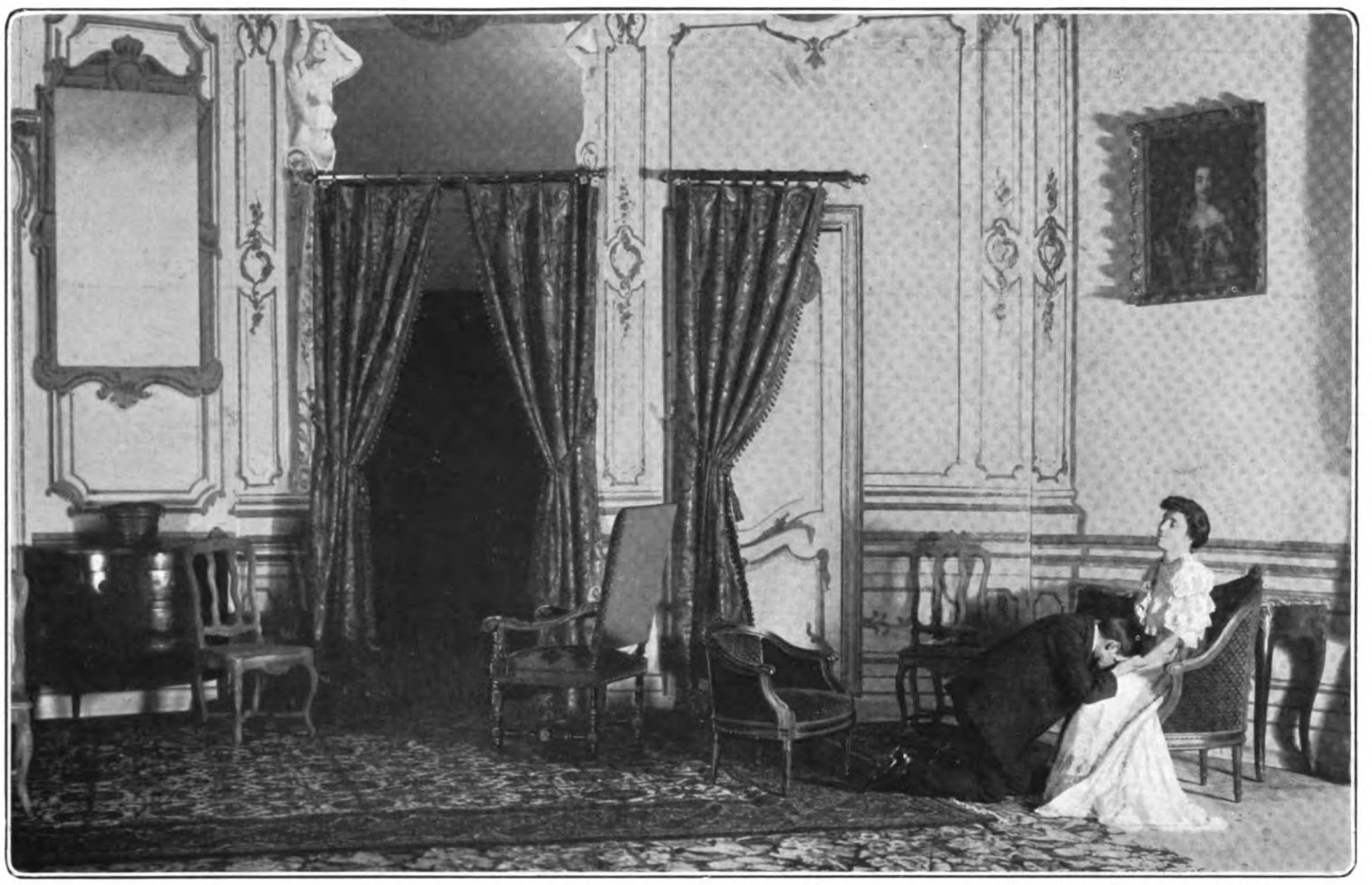


Robillard (M. Guyon fils). Dartignac (M. Galipaux) Prince Petroloff (M. Treville).

"LE CHOPIN," AT THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

"Chopin," being translated, implies love at first sight, and it is a "chopin" that the briefless Dartignac has for Madame Boulac. Now, Anatole Durand is also a victim to "chopin," is in love with Josette, who has been discarded by Dartignac, and is to marry her on the very day that the jealous Boulac insists on receiving proof of Dartignac's statement that he still pays attention to the said Josette. It is hardly necessary to point out that the young barrister is thus placed in a position of some embarrassment, from which, however, during the course of the play and by means we do not care to discuss, he extricates himself.

IN THE PLAYHOUSES OF PARIS.



Silvia Settata (Madame Suzanne Desprès).

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO'S "LA GIOCONDA," AT THE THÉÂTRE DE L'ŒUVRE.

Lucio Settata, the sculptor, falls in love with the model for his masterpiece, "La Gioconda," and, on the completion of the work, believes the joys of his life also at an end, and would kill himself. His wife Silvia, who loves him deeply, saves him from self-destruction, and nurses him back to health and to regard for her. His passion for Gioconda remains, however. Silvia intercepts a letter to the artist arranging a meeting with the model, and takes his place in the studio. There is a scene between the two women, a great scene in which each strives for the possession of Lucio. Gioconda would destroy her lover's statue of herself before she goes out, beaten; Silvia, knowing that its loss will be her husband's death, rushes forward to prevent this; the statue falls, and the wife's hands are crushed beneath it Thus, fighting for Lucio's love, she is maimed by the symbol of his passion.



"LA PETITE BOHÈME," AT THE VARIÉTÉS.

Barbemuche, an elderly gentleman curious to learn the ways of Bohemia as Murger imagined it, feasts in Rodolphe's garret in company with its tenant, Marcel, Colline, Schaunard, Mimi, Musette, and Phémie, and, feasting, invites the whole of his new friends to a costume-ball. This would be well enough, were he not the trusted tutor of the young Counts de la Bretèche and de la Fouchardière and did not de la Fouchardière fall in love with Mlle. Musette. Then, both de la Fouchardière and Musette begin to doubt their love, the former feeling that Musette is a little too Bohemian for him, the latter recognising that she is still fond of Marcel, her former lover. Musette, thereupon, returns to Marcel, and the Comtesse de la Fouchardière, who has begun to fear that her son will make a mésalliance, is satisfied.

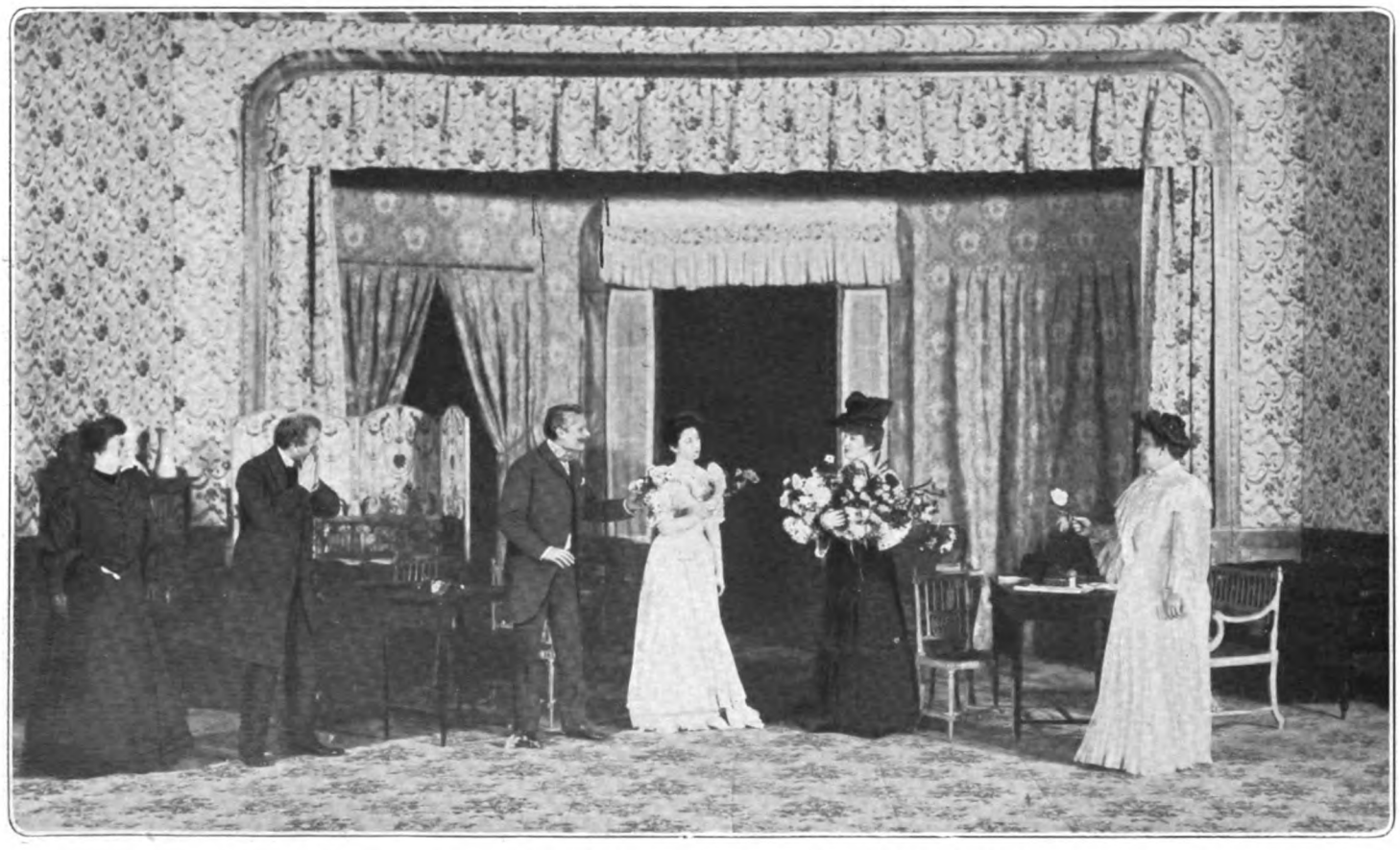
IN THE PLAYHOUSES OF PARIS.



Mlle. Kolb. Mme. Bartet. M. Fenoux. M. de Féraudy.

MOLIÈRE'S "AMPHITRYON," AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

Jupiter, in love with Amphitryon's wife, Alcmene, assumes the Theban General's shape, and, accompanied by Mercury, who becomes Amphitryon's valet, Sosie, for the nonce, plays the husband in the soldier's home while its rightful owner is away giving battle to his enemies. So perfectly do the gods ape the mortals that when the Simon Pures return no one believes in their identity. Jupiter, however, promises that matters shall be set right, and issues a general invitation to a great banquet. Sosie, the genuine, then gives the famous saying: "Je ne me trompais pas, Messieurs, ce mot termine Toute l'irrésolution; Le véritable Amphitryon Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine," whereupon Jupiter and Mercury disappear, and Alcmene is left to make her peace with her husband.



Lhominois (M. Gémier). De Mérivel (M. Coste). Madame Williams (Madame Andrée Mégard).

"LE PATRIMOINE," AT THE ODÉON.

Married, and the father of a grown-up daughter, M. de Mérivel wears the chains of matrimony with so easy a grace that he is apt to forget that he is chained at all. By this many are troubled—his wife lest her husband shall dissipate the fortune that their daughter, Andrée, should inherit; the parents of Andrée's fiancé, Jean Berthier, for obvious reasons; Madame Lhominois because she is in love with De Mérivel. The latter lady endeavours to persuade her husband to advise the inveterate bon-vivenr, but he, knowing the man with whom he has to deal, and deciding that Andrée's money is everybody's chief concern, attempts to provide a liaison of such a kind that lavish expenditure shall not be necessary. For the heroine of this, he chooses Mrs. Williams, an American "Society lady." The result is not happy; Mrs. Williams out-Cleopatras Cleopatra, and matters are going from bad to worse, when she is confronted with Andrée, is fascinated by her, and repents.

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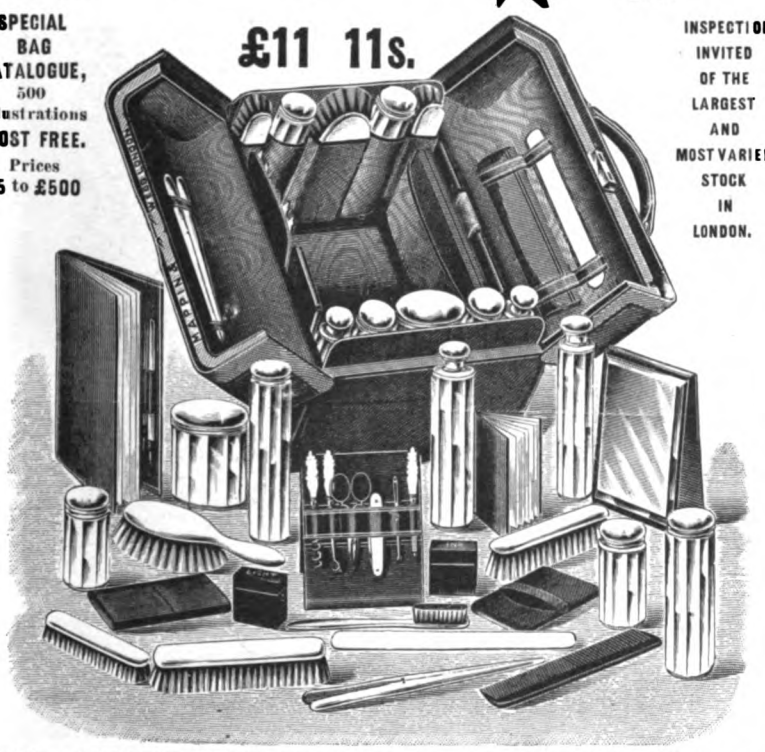
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The Sketch

No. 630.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1905. SIXPENCE.



MR. AND MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS) AND THEIR BABY DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



Manchester,
Sunday, Feb. 19.

'TWAS a strange, great, exhilarating sight upon which I gazed last night from the stalls of the Queen's Theatre of this city. From floor to ceiling of the vast house I saw row upon row of pale, watching faces—the faces of men, women, and girls, who toil the year long in grimy factories, wearing through life amid the cold squalor of hard, unlovely streets. And what was it, do you suppose, that had brought this multitude, weary of themselves and each other, to the Queen's Theatre? They had come to listen to the love-story that shall never find its equal in this poor, prosaic old world—the love-story of "Romeo and Juliet" as told by Shakspere. Nor was last night, let me tell you, an exceptional occasion. For seven weeks this simple revival has held the stage of the Queen's Theatre, and I was told that the run is to continue for a further period of nine weeks. The Londoner may sneer at the provinces, but the provinces, in their genuine love of art, have yet a lesson for Londoners.

I had heard, of course, of the wonderful success of this revival. I had heard, more especially, of Miss Margaret Halstan's triumph as Juliet. Well, now that I have come and seen for myself, I can endorse, with enthusiasm, all that was told me. There have been great Juliets in times gone by—actresses of power, emotion, experience. Most of them, however, have lacked the kingly gift of youth. Not so Miss Halstan. She has that rare, that almost impossible combination of endowments for this exacting part—the fresh beauty of a very young girl and the soul of a woman. In the opening scenes she seemed so frail, so sweet, so simply tender that one trembled for the moment when she must rise to the heights of tragedy. But, when the moment came, the childishness was all cast away, and, with the deepening voice, the hopeless outlook upon fate, we saw the Juliet who, of a truth, had come into her kingdom of sorrow unbearable.

Spring is at hand! I mention this, not as a matter of news, but rather that I may get even with the Spring Poet. Once on a time, when I sat on hard benches and struggled to relieve the depressing influence of some hideous class-room with cheap comic papers, I used to imagine that the Spring Poet had no more existence in real life than the humorous office-boy. Later, when I became an editor, I discovered that the Spring Poet not only existed, but that his torments and atrocities far exceeded the most unhealthy flights of imagination on the part of the people who prepared for my halfpenny the journals to which I have alluded. At this very moment, believe me or not as you think fit, the Spring Poet is working overtime all the week round in order to cope with the demand that he has managed to create for his April goods. Had he the gift of providence, of course, he would have done the work upon which he is now engaged last Spring. As it is, you have only to pass his house at midnight during the month of February, and you shall see, silhouetted on the blind, eight nervous fingers that tear recklessly at eight locks of hair. The Spring Poet, though, does not knock off work when he has completed his tale of Spring goods. On the contrary, April sees him tinting the autumn leaves with yellow, whilst Autumn, in its turn, necessitates a rhyming of "Yule" with "who'll," "squire" with "choir," and "peace" with "geese."

In the meantime, the Poet's wife busies herself with household duties. She is a good woman, but worried, and the Poet's trick of wandering round the kitchen and toying abstractedly with the uncooked vegetables whilst he is striving after a rhyme does not tend to perfect domestic felicity. The conversation of the couple, on such occasions, would run, I fancy, in this way—

POET. Do you happen to know any word, dear, that rhymes with "carol"?

HIS WIFE. No, darling. Don't upset that flour. I want it for the pie.

POET. Carol? Carol? What a rotten word!

HIS WIFE. Can't you alter the line, so as to get "carol" in the middle and an easier word at the end?

POET. I could, of course, only the line I've got now is rather pretty. It goes, "The budding thrush sends up his April carol." Rather nice, don't you think?

HIS WIFE. Who's it for?

POET. The commission from the *Ludgate Gazette*, you know.

HIS WIFE. Oh, that wretched Smith-Horton! I should alter "budding thrush," if I were you.

POET. Why? I rather liked that. It suggests——

HIS WIFE. Yes, I know, but Smith-Horton always insists on a meaning, doesn't he?

POET. Smith-Horton's a Philistine. It's a desecration of one's art to write for him at all. Besides, he only pays threepence a line.

HIS WIFE. Didn't we have this same difficulty about "carol" once before?

POET. Yes, when we were at Ramsgate in August. I had it in my Christmas verses for the *Fleet Magazine*, if you remember.

HIS WIFE. Of course. Don't get your coat in the lard, darling.

POET. Dash it all! I wish you wouldn't put those things so near the edge of the table.

HIS WIFE. Well, dear, you're not obliged to come into the kitchen when I'm cooking, are you?

POET. I suppose one can go where one likes in one's own house!

HIS WIFE. You wouldn't like it if I came into your study while you were writing.

POET. You often do, anyhow.

HIS WIFE. Only when it's absolutely necessary. If we had another cupboard in here I shouldn't have to keep the groceries in there.

POET. One can't buy cupboards without money.

HIS WIFE. No, and you can't earn money without working.

POET. I like that! Haven't I been worrying all the morning to find something to rhyme with "carol"?

HIS WIFE. You have certainly been worrying, dear.

POET. Look here, Emma! It's all very well—Jove! I've got it!

HIS WIFE. That's a good thing.

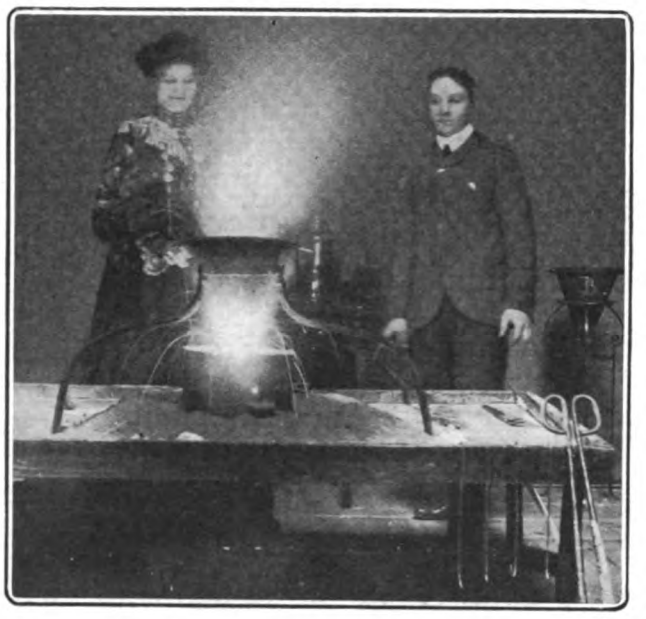
POET. "Quarrel"—that's the word. Thanks awfully, darling. (*Rushes out.*)

I have been told, by entirely irresponsible people, that the gentleman who protested last week, from a top box at a certain theatre, against the introduction of a certain name mentioned in the play in connection with Ginger Ale, was an advertising agent. The art of advertising, therefore, becomes so much the more complicated and interesting. For example, can you not imagine somebody getting up after the first Act of "Beauty and the Barge," and exclaiming, "Hi! This is all very funny, you know, but *my* name happens to be Captain Barley, and I shall be appearing at the Coliseum next week with a marvellous troupe of performing oysters! The most thrilling show in London! Don't miss it!" Or some energetic author, again, may spring to his feet after the second Act of "Mollentrave on Women," wave a flamboyant poster, and cry, "Mollentrave, ladies and gentlemen, was a humbug and a fool, but I, Cyril St. Luther Meredith, am the greatest living authority on the subject of feminine idiosyncrasies! My new novel, entitled 'The Utter Astonishment of Lord Michigan,' will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Kill, Pulpleaf, and Co., price six shillings! You *must* read it, really!"

A HEAT OF 5,200 FAHRENHEIT. AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE: MELTING IRON IN A TOP-HAT.



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IRON PIERCED BY IRON: THE LIQUID METAL PIERCING AN IRON PLATE.



THE LIQUID METAL PIERCING AN IRON PLATE AFTER PASSING THROUGH A FOOT OF COLD WATER.

"The Crucible," presented at the London Pavilion by Miss Lou Robinson, is a worthy follower of "The Magic Kettle," of which, in a sense, it is a parallel. The force of the Kettle, however, was cold; that of the Crucible is heat, a heat produced by the ignition of a few pinches of a chemical, placed upon a black powder, and said to be 5,200 Fahrenheit. The black powder is poured into a small crucible, the unnamed chemical added, and the latter lit with an ordinary match. The result is a white light of intense power, and, in some thirty seconds, a solid lump of iron. In similar manner, the liquid metal produced is directed into a mould, and, in ten seconds or so, a horse-shoe is formed. A short time longer for finishing this on the anvil, and it is ready to be handed round to the audience. The silk-hat experiment, in which an ingot of iron is made in a hat filled with sand, is designed to prove that the heat is localised and does not affect its surroundings. More remarkable still is the piercing of an iron plate, through which the liquid passes with the ease of a knife passing through paper.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE CLUBMAN.

Tolstoy and the Bournemouth Band—Our People-Oppressing Institutions—The Russian Officers from Port Arthur—Navy and Army—"Rule, Britannia," under Difficulties—The Aristocratic French Navy—The Court-martialling of General Stoessel.

THAT Tolstoy should turn and rend England, saying that its tyranny is almost as bad as that of Russia, is humorous, and the instance he quotes, that an exiled Russian who lives five miles distant from Bournemouth is forced to pay for the upkeep of the Bournemouth band, will raise a smile, though the great patriot is not quite correct in his facts. A permanent war concerning the rates always rages at Bournemouth, and, no doubt, the exiled Russian enters into it with full zest; but the Bournemouth band, being an exceptionally good one, pays expenses, as a good band will always do at a watering-place.

But it will astonish a great many people who really believe that Great Britain is the land of the free to find that the great apostle of freedom regards our most cherished institutions, our municipal governing bodies, and the like, as instruments for the oppression of the people. Only the other day an intelligent and friendly Frenchman told me that our British Army had relied for the past century solely on the fame our infantry gained in the Peninsula, and I should not be astonished now if some venturesome German cast a doubt on Britannia's reign over the waves.

The Russian Generals and Admirals who have returned from Port Arthur seem to have beguiled the tedium of the voyage by throwing doubt on the efficiency and patriotism of their brother commanders. Such excellent "copy" as this was not to be missed by the French reporters who were on board, even though the publication in Paris of these untimely recriminations should weaken the cordiality between the two allied nations, as it probably will. The Russians seem to have carried the jealousy which exists, to some extent, in all great nations between the Army and Navy to most unusual lengths.

In England, the friction between the Services is inappreciable and only shows itself in little skirmishes over precedence. I remember a dreadful storm in a tea-cup in one of the minor Colonies because a Colonel commanding a regiment had been sent in to dinner before the commander of the gunboat on the station. One or the other, I forget which, had a special claim to honour, as being the senior officer of his Service on the station, and the guilty "A.D.C." who had made the blunder had believed that he was acting in accordance with the scale of precedence.



THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: DUKE CHARLES EDWARD OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA,

WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE PRINCESS VICTORIA ADELAIDE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBURG-GLUECKSBURG.

The Young Duke, who is better known in this country as the Duke of Albany, is in his twenty-first year, and is the posthumous and only son of Prince Leopold, youngest brother of the King. He succeeded to the Ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on the death of the Duke of Edinburgh in 1900, the Duke of Connaught renouncing his own rights in favour of his nephew.

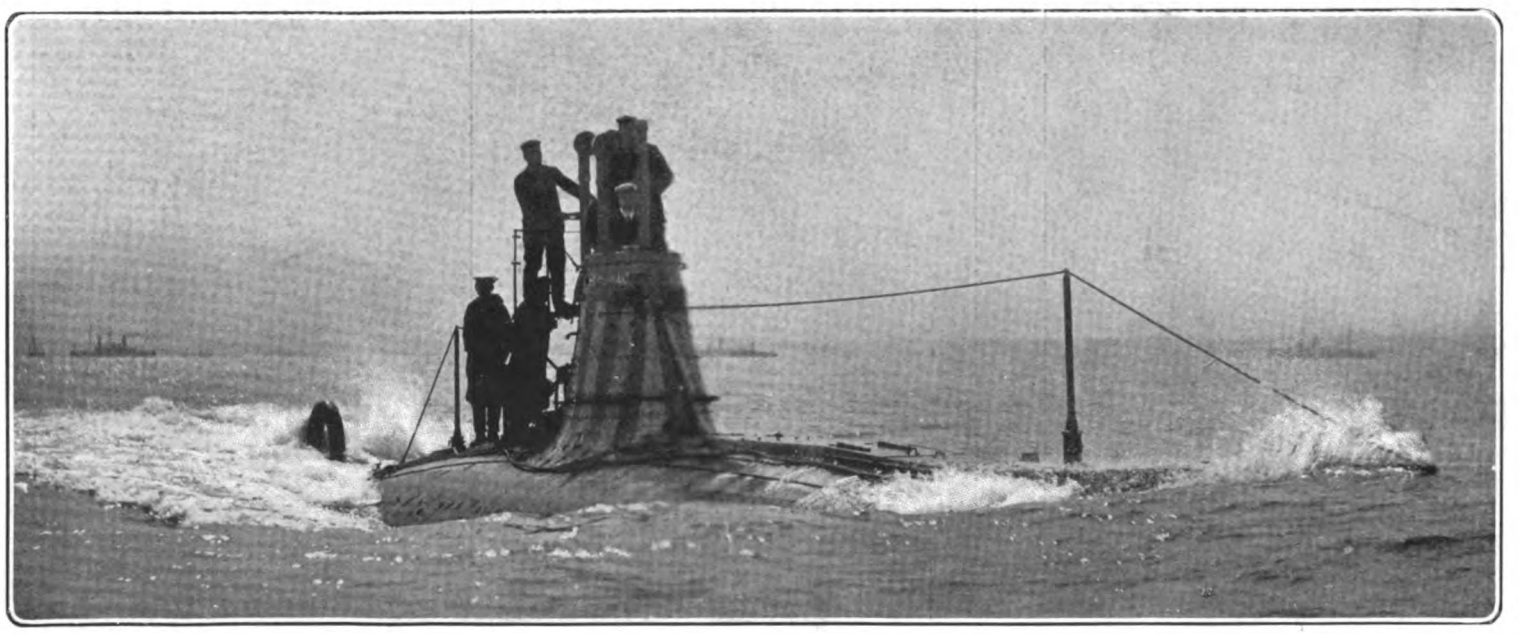
Photograph by W. S. Stuart.

The "A.D.C." was, however, an officer in the Colonel's regiment, and, therefore, the peppery naval officer saw in the mistake not only an attempt on the part of the Army to oust the Navy from its position as the senior Service, but an attempt to exalt the Colonel personally at the expense of all naval officers. The commander of the gunboat came in full uniform to interview the Governor, and that genial and peaceful official was much surprised at the hornets'-nest his "A.D.C." had stirred up. Explanations and an apology smoothed the ruffled feathers officially, while unofficially, as most of the sailors were dining next guest-night at the Mess, we tried and condemned that "A.D.C." about midnight by a subalterns' court-martial of the joint Services—that I ever took part in such an awful thing is, of course, a matter of deep regret to me.

The sentence, I remember, was that the guilty man should be mast-headed by climbing the roof of the Mess-house, and that he should stay there for the space of half-an-hour, and sing "Rule, Britannia," with such variations as might occur to him. Perched on the top of the great stretch of thatch, the "A.D.C." sang like a nightingale, while the joint Services standing below in the moonlight assisted him by interpolating a chorus at uncertain intervals. The next day the Colonel summoned us all before him and complained of what he called "the howls" which had disturbed his slumbers. We, with the self-effacement which is characteristic of the British officer, endured his reproaches in silence and never let him know how we had restored the good feeling between the Services which he had jeopardised.

The French Army considers the Navy too aristocratic a Service. The sailors of our friend across the Channel certainly do consider themselves a *corps d'élite*, and I believe that the proportion of Royalist and Imperialist French naval officers is a large one. During the years I was in the Far East, I used to see something of the Russian naval officers, at Yokohama and elsewhere, and I was astonished to find what bad feeling existed between the officers of the Siberian Navy and those of men-of-war sent out to the East on particular service. The officers who belonged to the European squadrons would scarcely speak to the men who belonged to the ships permanently stationed in Eastern waters, and talked of them as though they were quite inferior beings.

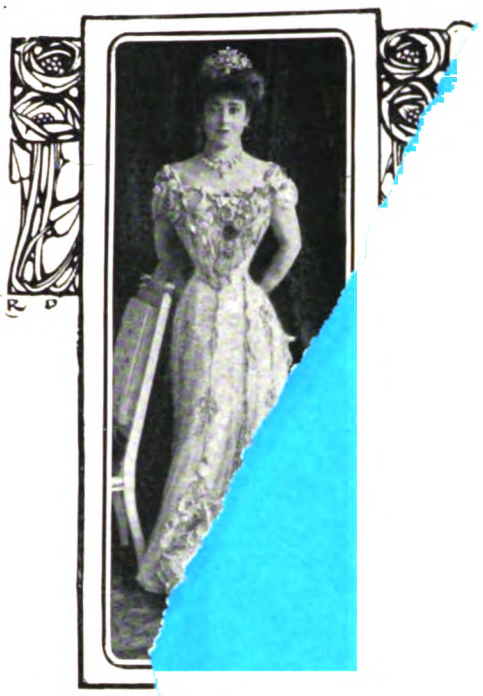
Most soldiers will, I think, sympathise with General Stoessel, who will appear before a Court to account for his conduct of the defence of Port Arthur. It is always easy for an observer after the event to point out how the defence could have been conducted on much better lines, and I cannot recall any siege that has not given rise, afterwards, to stories belittling the commander of the defence. These stories do not come from the men who endured the strain, but, as a rule, from the feather-bed critics who always would have done so much better than the man in the field if they had been in his place.



THE SECOND DISASTER TO OUR SUBMARINE FLOTILLA: "A 5" RUNNING AT ELEVEN AND A-HALF KNOTS.

For the second time, a disaster involving the death of a number of Naval men has occurred to one of our submarine-fleet. In the case of the "A 5," however, the vessel, which was alongside the "Hazard" in Queenstown Harbour, was not sunk, although the first explosion aboard her was followed by a second while the rescuers were at work. By the irony of fate, the "A 5" was brand-new, and was to have made her first dive on the very day of the disaster.

Photograph by Cribb.



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RULER OF THE CZAR'S "
THE GRAND DUKE MIC
Photograph by Hahn.

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PLAYWRIGHT ;
N, AUTHOR OF
SIGNERS."
by Brooker.

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d the late Alfred Knight,
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." And then for the first time
realised that she had mistaken
ng for the station-master.



THE NEW EARL OF KENMARE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Earl and Countess of Kenmare. Both the new Earl and the new Countess of Kenmare are closely identified with Ireland and with Ireland's interests and industries—the one is owner of some twenty thousand acres of the Killarney country; the other has made the district her especial care for a good many years past, and founded the prosperous local furniture industry that has been of such material assistance to those who are now her husband's tenants. Lord Kenmare has not, of course, passed his four-and-fortieth year without experience of military and official life, and he has been Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Victoria, was State Steward to the Earl of Aberdeen during his Viceroyalty of Ireland, and is Hon. Colonel of the 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, a County Councillor for Killarney, and Master of the Horse to the Lord Lieutenant. Lady Kenmare was the Hon. Elizabeth Baring, daughter of the first Lord Revelstoke, and is, of course, a sister of the present holder of the title.

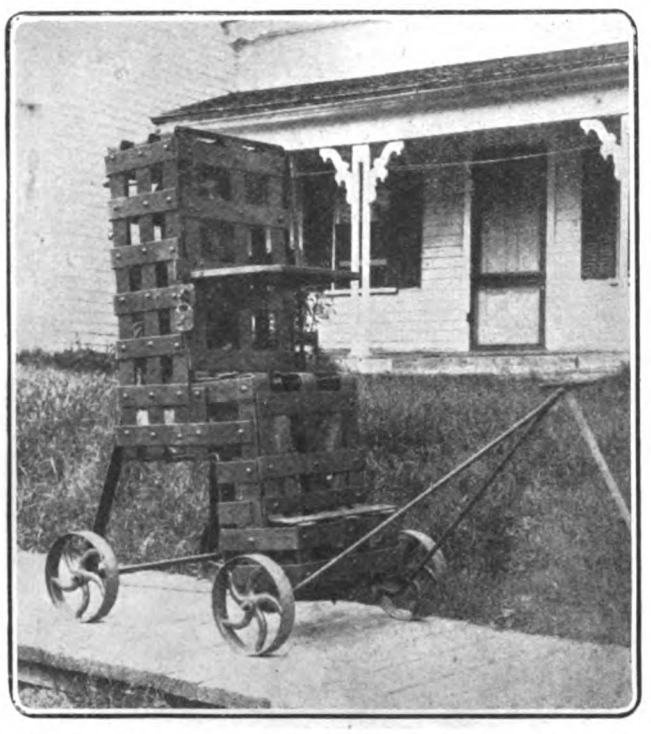
The Royal Lord Warden. The Prince of Wales is by no means the only Royalty who has accepted the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports; but in the passage of years the office, although retaining its picturesqueness to the full, has been bereft of numerous attributes. Originally the position carried with it the Governorship of Dover Castle, which meant that its owner was responsible for the manning and provisioning of the Navy, was Lord-Lieutenant and Sheriff, High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Custos Rotulorum, arbiter of life and death, and entitled to a magnificent salary, to say nothing of profits accruing from "rights of soc and sac, tolol and theam, bloodwith and fledwith, pillory and tumbril, infangtheof and outfangtheof, dok and dym." Nowadays the privileges are less, but, if for that reason alone, the Prince's term of office will certainly not be less popular than those of his Royal predecessors in the title—Edward I., Henry V., Richard III., Henry VIII., James II., and Prince George of Denmark, Consort of Queen Anne.

"Paper Lords" No Longer. The Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, and especially their wives, have to thank the King for an act of courtesy that was needed for the abolition of an anomaly and for the settlement of a question that was a frequent cause of inconvenience. For over three hundred years the Judges of the Court of Session have been privileged to take the rank and title of Baron and to hold it as long as they held their judicial office. It is this limitation that is done away with, and in future the "Paper Lords," as they were dubbed to distinguish them from Peers, will no longer return to the plain "Mister" on their retirement. The Judges' wives have even greater cause for recognition of His Majesty's thoughtfulness, for, up to the present, their husbands' position has never given them rank, and they have had to be content with "Mrs." As the Judge may now retain his title for life, so his wife becomes "Lady" when he becomes "Lord," and may even retain the dignity during widowhood.



THE NEW COUNTESS OF KENMARE.

Photograph by Russell.



A PROPOSED CAGE FOR VAGRANTS: THE TRAMP-CHAIR INVENTED BY A MAINE SHERIFF.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

D'Annunzio. Gabriele D'Annunzio, who, at the moment of writing, is reported to be seriously ill, is suggested as a possible and fitting candidate for the Chair of Literature in the University of Bologna, soon to be vacant. It is needless to argue the claims that the poet and novelist has upon such a position—there will be many to support and as many to scoff—but his candidature, if he prove a candidate, should yield an interesting contest. The state of candidate, by the way, is not new to him, although the office he sought is vastly different from the office he is said to seek—he has been Deputy for his native village to the Italian Parliament for some years. The greater part of his life is now spent in Florence.



A RIVAL TO THE PRINT-COLLECTING MILKMAN: A FISHERMAN'S COLLECTION OF DUTCH FAIENCE.

The London milkman who has what is claimed to be a unique collection of old prints worth not less than a thousand pounds, and containing examples of Joshua Reynolds, R. Westall, G. B. Cipriani and Bartolozzi, Ledder and Carden, Bucks and Baxter, and Morland, has long had a rival in the person of the Marken fisherman, De Waart, who is noted all over Holland for his collection of antique Dutch faience. His cottage, of a corner of which we give a photograph, was burned down a few days ago.

Photograph by Gribayedoff.

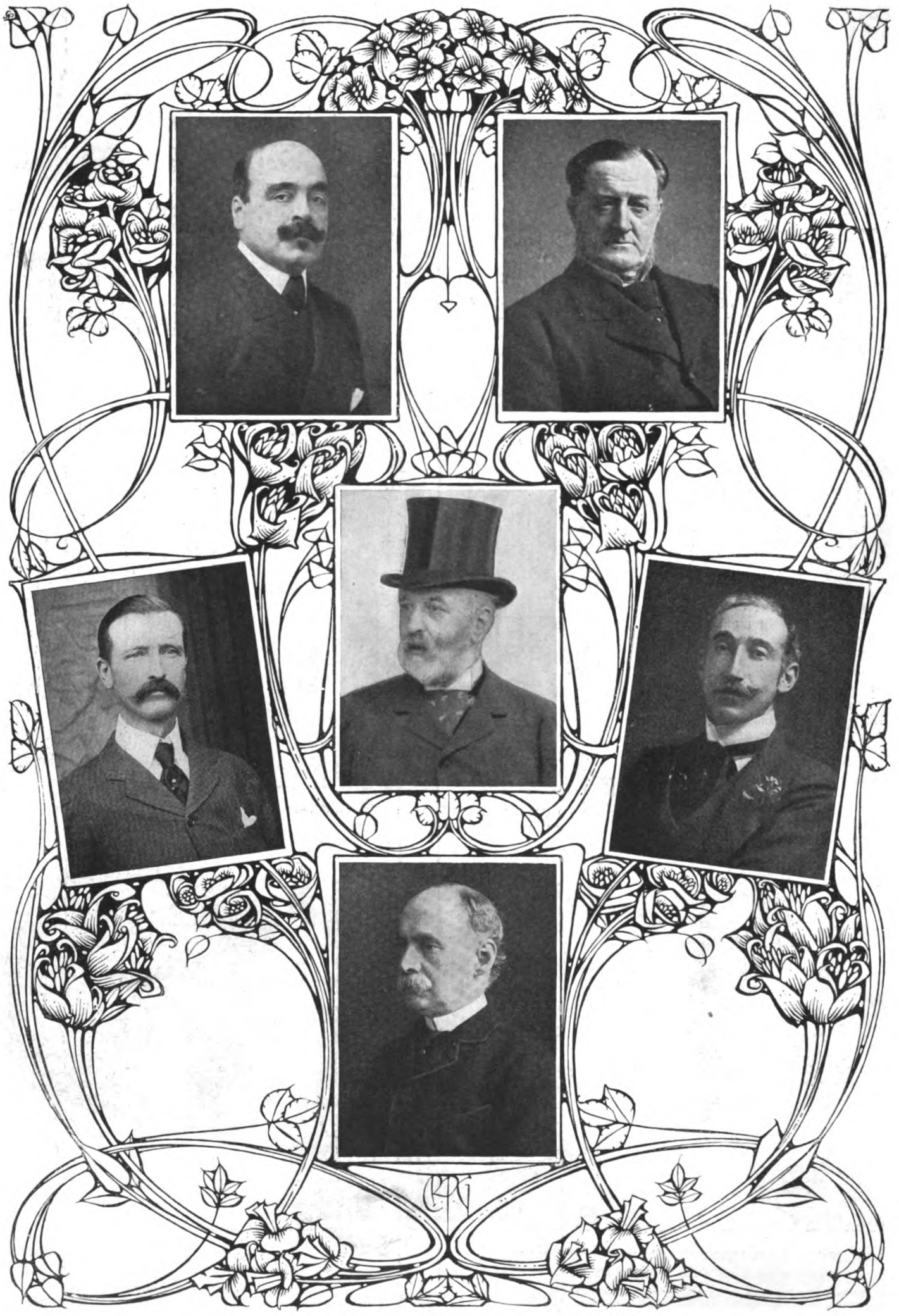


MR. W. T. STEAD MAKES HOLIDAY AT GRINDELWALD, AND TAKES TO TOBOGGANING.

Mr. Stead has escaped from the polemical atmosphere of the "Playgoer's Club" to breathe the serener air of Grindelwald. Who would have thought some twenty years ago that the then editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" would ever become one of those national institutions the mere mention of whose name raises an appreciative smile? "W. T. S.," as his friends call him, has, at any rate, the great virtue of always having something to say and the knack of making that something unconventional.

INTIMATE FRIENDS OF THE KING.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Russell.



THE MARQUESS DE SOVERAL
(Portuguese Minister in England).

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.

LORD ROTHSCHILD (Financier).

MR. WILLIAM JAMES.

LORD KNOLLYS (Private Secretary to His Majesty).

SIR E. A. SASSOON.

See "Small Talk of the Week."

INTIMATE FRIENDS OF THE KING.

Photographs by Dickinson, Ellis and Walery, Elliott and Fry, Maull and Fox, Russell, and Thomson.



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD
(Financier).

THE HON. HENRY JULIAN STONOR
(Groom in Waiting and Gentleman to His Majesty).

LORD ROSEBERY.

SIR ERNEST CASSEL
(Merchant).

LORD SUFFIELD
(Lord of Waiting in Ordinary to His Majesty).

LORD ESHER
(Deputy-Governor of Windsor Castle).

See "Small Talk of the Week."

COUNT MENSDORFF-POUILLY
(Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in England).

LIEUT.-COLONEL COUNT GLEICHEN
(Extra Equerry to the King).

LORD BURNHAM
(Principal Proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*).

Intimate Friends of the King. The King is rich in friends. His Majesty is faithful to those whose tie with him may be called hereditary, such, for instance, as Count Mensdorff, Count Gleichen, Lord Stanley, Mr. Stonor, Mr. Sidney Greville, Captain Holford, and last, not least, Lord Knollys, whose own father was for long attached to their Majesties' Households, and certain members of the Court world have been known to their Sovereign from their birth. Of His Majesty's contemporaries and friends of early manhood, Lord Suffield and Lord Carrington may be specially mentioned. For something like forty years these two Peers have been in constant Royal favour, as has also the stalwart statesman who was a Protectionist long before Protection became fashionable; we refer, of course, to Mr. Henry Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin and his (political) adversary, Lord Rosebery, are always included in the King's birthday party at Sandringham.

The Sovereign's Favourite Hosts. Those of the King's personal friends who most often and most successfully entertain the Sovereign include both commoners and Peers, Lord Howe, Lord Alington, Lord Farquhar (the only commoner who ever acted as "best man" at a Royal wedding, that of the Duke and Duchess of Fife), Lord Gosford, Lord Burton, Lord Burnham (who can claim to have the best shooting within easy reach of London), Lord Rothschild, and last, by no means least, Mr. "Willie" James, whose pretty, clever wife was a Miss Forbes of Newe, almost invariably forming part of a Royal house-party; and during the last few years one of our King's favourite companions has been the Marquess de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister; and Lord Esher, the one-time private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire, has also been constantly at Court since the Accession, his fine taste commending him to the Sovereign.

A Few More. The King has long shown special favour to the great Rothschild clan. As Prince of Wales, His Majesty was present at the marriage of "Mr. Leopold" and Miss Perugia, this being the first time His Royal Highness had been present at a Jewish wedding. His Majesty is often Lord Rothschild's guest, both in town and country, and it was when staying with the late Baron de Rothschild that the King, then, of course, Prince of Wales, injured his knee. Various members of the Sassoon family are also honoured with the Royal friendship.

Next Week's Weddings. March opens brilliantly from a matrimonial point of view, and two interesting marriages will be celebrated on the 1st—that of Mr. Hugo Baring and Lady Magheramorne, who have decided that their wedding shall take place in London after all, and not at St. Giles', the country place of the bride's brother, Lord Shaftesbury; and that of pretty Miss Sydney Brodie and Mr. Alfred Oppenheim. Miss Brodie is the daughter of the head of one of the great Scottish clans, Brodie of Brodie, and she is connected by ties of blood with the Duke of Fife. Her brother, the present head of the family and owner of Brodie House, who is also King's Lieutenant of Nairn, was married not very long ago to Miss Violet Hope.



MISS SYDNEY BRODIE, ENGAGED TO MR. ALFRED OPPENHEIM.



MR. ALFRED OPPENHEIM, ENGAGED TO MISS SYDNEY BRODIE.

Photographs by Langfier



MRS. ALLAN DALY, ENGAGED TO MR. A. BRODRICK LESLIE-MELVILLE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Lady Paston Cooper, the wife of the Crimean veteran who celebrated his eightieth birthday last year, was, at the time of her marriage to Sir Astley, Mrs. J. S. Fergusson, the widow of an officer belonging to the Life Guards. She is popular in military society and takes great interest in the various soldiers' charities. Our portrait of her is by Mrs. Gertrude Massey, and is a reproduction of a pastel of unusual size—seven feet high.



A POPULAR MEMBER OF MILITARY SOCIETY: LADY PASTON COOPER.

From the Pastel by Gertrude Massey.

A Truly Royal Gift. The Prince of Wales's gift of four pictures to the Irish National Gallery is one worthy of an enlightened patron of art, and is sure to gratify every type of Irishman. In this matter, the Heir-Apparent is following the magnificent example set to all modern monarchs by the old French line of Kings. Every provincial museum in fair France has enduring tokens of how generous and enlightened as art-patrons were Louis XIV. and Louis XV., to say nothing of the great Napoleon, who had the wit to follow in his predecessors' footsteps. His Royal Highness made a happy choice, for Constable is a name that all lovers of art, whatever their nationality, must revere, and Corot is acknowledged to have been the greatest landscape artist of his nation and of the last century.

Actors and Arbitration. The cause of universal peace is progressing indeed, when the scheme to promote international arbitration is to have a theatre of its own. An association has been formed in New York having this idea for its basis, and Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, the well-known actor, is one of its Vice-Presidents. On the Committee are Sir Charles Wyndham and Mr. Edward Terry, as well as many of the best American "stars."

A Veteran Actor. The death of Mr. Lewis Ball, which was recorded in the daily papers in the middle of last week, has been a subject of considerable interest in the theatrical world, for the old gentleman, who was in his eighty-fifth year, was regarded as one of the grand old men of the drama. Until within the last three or four years, Mr. Ball was a member of Mr. Edward Compton's Company in the provinces, playing the leading old men.

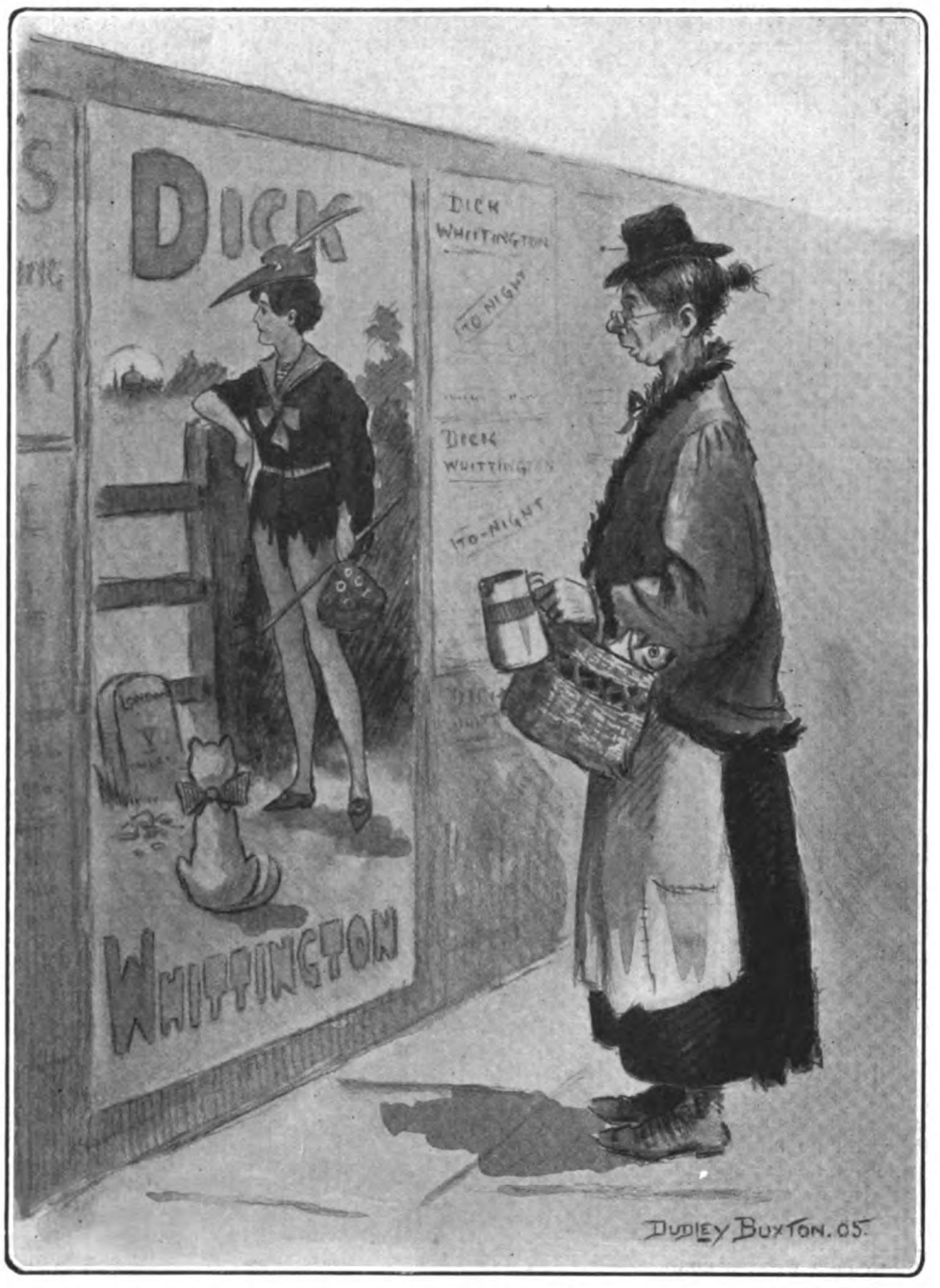
Mrs. Allan Daly. Mrs. Allan Daly is engaged to be married to Mr. A. Brodrick Leslie-Melville, eldest son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie-Melville. She is the only daughter of the late Colonel Harvey Penny.

The Early Spring Season. The Early Spring Season has opened brilliantly, thanks, in a great measure, to the political situation, which is, naturally, one of intense interest to every section of the London world. Will there not be a dissolution? That is the one question which all the world is asking itself. Meanwhile, of considerable moment, both to the Court and to Society, is the newest engagement—that of the Princess of Wales's intimate friend and Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Lygon, to Major the Hon. Henry Trefusis, of the Scots Guards.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IT is the custom in Europe to believe that our cousins of the United States are compelled by exigencies of political development to do most of their fighting through the medium of their Yellow Press. Their regular army numbers no more than seventy thousand men, or about ten or twelve per cent. of the numbers that face each other in Manchuria, waiting for the milder days that will unravel for so many the riddle of the Universe. But a recent discourse at the Royal United Service Institution taught me that the United States could count upon the services of seventeen million able-bodied men in time of invasion, some two million more than the aggregate of the mobilised armies of Europe. Seeing that the United States are hardly likely to be invaded at any time save by the water, it is clear that the intending invaders must be prepared to see stars and feel stripes. Small wonder that, with the full knowledge set out here, the Senators of the United States are quite prepared to tear up Treaties of Arbitration whose wording vexes their sensitive ears.



"Just becos' she's a play-hactress, she can dress 'ow she likes! There wouldn't be 'arf a fuss if I went about like that."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.

The Big Stick.

"I've got a big stick," admitted President Roosevelt, discussing, in a recent speech, his country's relations with the Great Powers; "but I don't brandish it." One expects this restraint from Mr. President, but it is clear that the man in the American street believes in using sticks when he possesses them. The younger generation of the citizens of the U.S.A. is not likely to keep the big stick in the background. All classes of school-children are taught military exercises and marching. Minor tactics and military drill are taught in preparatory schools. When the young American gets half a chance, he is wont to beat drums, fire guns, put on uniform, and generally to prospect the noisiest road to glory. While a country is proceeding on these lines and is the proud possessor of the most unblushing Press in the world, shares in the International Peace Movement will continue to be quoted at a discount. America has made so much, that the temptation to add military history to the manufactures of the twentieth century may prove irresistible.

The Cross-Channel Journey.

I seem to remember a remark made by Mr. J. L. Toole, in reference to the cross-Channel journey, to the effect that, since Britannia ruled the waves, it behoved her to rule them straighter. Well, in the days of strained relations between Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven on the one side, and Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe on the other, the vexed condition of the narrow seas seemed very right and proper. Now, the case is altered, and thinking men are quick to realise that by the time Frenchman or Briton has crossed the Channel to embrace his sometime foe, he may be too ill to fulfil the object of his journey. It is hardly surprising, under these circumstances, to find people talking of the Channel Tunnel again, or going into elaborate details about a proposed ferry that is destined to make the crooked straight. Such a ferry would take five years in the making. In the meantime, Messrs. Jacques Faure and Hubert Latham have crossed the Channel in a balloon, and have accomplished part of the journey at the rate of a hundred and ten kilomètres per hour, a pace that would hardly disgrace a motor-car. With balloons above the sea, ferries upon it, and tunnels underneath, the terrors of the Channel will soon be no more than the uneasy dream of a departing generation.

Wanted, an Historian.

When the *Nisshin* and *Kasuga* took their adventurous journey from the Mediterranean to Japan, at an hour when war was already in the air, and Russian cruisers passed through the Suez Canal almost at the same time as the Mikado's newly purchased ships, we all realised that the journey must have possessed an extraordinary degree of interest. And now, reflecting upon the recent history of the Baltic Fleet, we feel the need for a sincere and accurate historian who could give us the atmosphere of life on those ships from the day when anchors were first cast in the friendly, neutral waters of Madagascar, and Rohdjestvensky's fleet saw to the east of them the apparently illimitable range of ocean whence at any moment the terror might spring upon them. In his "Truth About the Tsar," Carl Joubert gives us one glimpse of the conditions prevailing. He declares that there are revolutionaries among the crews who will know how to act at the right moment. Of the action and the moment we know nothing. We cannot avoid the thought that a writer of parts, who could face the terrors of the hopeless journey, would have enough material by now to last him the rest of his days. And by his side the Kiplings, Joseph Conrads, and Clark Russells would bow diminished heads.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"A CASE OF ARSON"—"THE DIPLOMATISTS"—"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN"—"OUR FLAT."

EVERYONE admits that Mr. de Vries accomplished his curious task at the Royalty in "A Case of Arson" with wonderful skill—so great, indeed, that one of the objections to the "doubling" of parts was inapplicable: I do not think anyone would have guessed the identity of the actor in his different characters. On the other hand, the mechanical overpowered the intellectual: the surprising "quick change" of costume and make-up was as amazing as the actor's alteration of voice and manner, and one forgot the play in the entertainment. The drama by Mr. Heyermans, author of the powerful work, "The Good Hope," which Miss Ellen Terry has presented with great success, may be intensely dramatic, but the curiosity, wonder, and amusement connected with the Fregoli business deprived it of due effect. Let us hope we may soon see the valuable gifts of Mr. de Vries employed legitimately. Mr. Vibart acted ably with him as the cross-examining magistrate. People seem to have been needlessly hard upon Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of "La Poudre aux Yeux." His farce, "The Diplomatists," is unambitious, and somewhat old-fashioned in humour, but clean and rather clever, and although the performance was injured by insufficiency of rehearsal, the audience was amused: plenty of honest, spontaneous laughter was caused by it; as much, indeed, as by some of the pretentious farcical works lately produced and treated with great respect. "The Diplomatists" does not show the talented adapter at his best from any point of view, yet his power of writing clever dialogue is evident in it, and a fair number of scenes are amusing, even to those who prefer a more subtle form of farce. An excellent Company presents the work, and the comic acting of Messrs. Groves, Raiemond, Garden, and Kelly is decidedly good, whilst Miss Florence St. John's performance is ingenious, and Miss Lily Grundy plays agreeably as the *ingénue*.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY (MRS. CYRIL MAUDE) AND HER CHILDREN, PAMELA, MARJORY, AND JOHN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.

One interesting aspect of "The Diplomatists" is its form, for the work is in two Acts. The two-decker is rare nowadays in London, a regrettable fact. Many a subject too big for one and too small for three Acts has been condensed or expanded disastrously in order to meet the fashion. The tyranny of the three-decker is as injurious to the playwright as the three-volume system used to be to the novelist. What is the dramatist to do when he has a novel but rather slight idea? If he squeezes it into one Act, he may find it unproduced because most of the few theatres that give a *lever de rideau* choose to "play in" the house with an imitator of Corney Grain, or non-dramatic entertainers of some sort. Naturally, he tries to work it out into three Acts, with the result that there is a weak second Act which causes rejection by managers or condemnation by the public. Seeing that the theatres are not flourishing, it looks as if experiments should be made, and one that might be useful would be in the way of changing the form of entertainments by giving plays in unwonted shapes. I have no doubt that a programme consisting of a good two-Act farce and two-Act drama would appeal just as well as one consisting of a non-theatrical *lever de rideau* and a three-decker.

To the last two ambitious plays presented, "The Lady of Leeds" and "Mollentrave on Women," my remarks are applicable. Each suffers from a weak second Act, each has a slight theme, and both would gain if converted into works of two Acts. It may be added that, unless authors of standing like Captain Marshall and Mr. Sutro will assist, there is little likelihood of managers making the experiment. Is not the sense of disappointment felt by some when listening to the new work at the St. James's due to the feeling that there is rather too much of one idea or set of ideas? No doubt, Mollentrave, the central figure, is diverting with his collection of theories about women: of course, he would have been more amusing if the theories had possessed some novelty and the practical application of them were to show some originality. Moreover, the comic scheme is rather puzzling: one hardly knows whether it is intended that we should regard the misogynist as a fatuous old man whose plans go right owing to pure luck, or as a really shrewd observer whose calculations enjoy a deserved success. Obscurity on such a point is not permissible. The case of Hamlet and the disputes about his character may be cited in Mr. Sutro's favour, but it is by no means certain that the quarrels concerning the disposition of the sad Prince are creditable to Shakspere: possibly the author had not a perfectly clear idea himself; worse still, there may be an element of opportunism in the affair, and some puzzling elements are, perhaps, due to modifications in the part made for the sake of the plot! Of course, it is shocking to say such a thing, even if there be some truth in it.

However, returning to Mollentrave, we find, at least, one very amusing figure, brilliantly presented by Mr. Eric Lewis and drawn really in the vein of comedy. It is the more regrettable that he is used in a farcical work in which the other characters are manœuvred simply according to the exigencies of an intrigue possessing little ingenuity. The result was that an able actor like Mr. Norman McKinnel could make little of Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P., who, so far as characterisation is concerned, might have been a well-to-do doctor, solicitor, or engineer, or even commercial man: not a trace of the great advocate is discernible. Possibly there is a very esoteric turn of humour in this, and the author may be anxious to suggest that, out of wig and gown, a fashionable silk is a dull and commonplace fellow. Poor Miss Marion Terry's exquisite powers as comédienne were almost wasted on the part of the colourless widow. Miss Lettice Fairfax, as the pretty girl who got engaged to Sir Joseph, managed to be bright and amusing by deft performance of farcical scenes, and Mr. Leslie Faber acted skilfully in the character of her sweetheart. Still, Mollentrave is the play, and he is a really diverting, well-imagined, admirably represented character, and amused the house immensely. The play is worth seeing for his sake, and, fortunately, he is upon the stage most of the time. So, the audience, after enjoying the sentiment of "A Maker of Men," has plenty of simple fun from the main piece.

Yet another farce—someone a little while ago said that farce was dead. "Our Flat" makes one wonder what became of the successful authoress: I can remember a sentimental play by her produced at a Vaudeville matinée after the success of her farce, and nothing else. Yet "Our Flat" should have led to commissions, since it was a capital specimen of its class and a good deal of its humour bears revival. It may be hinted that the "up-to-date" gags introduced have a new-wine-in-old-bottles effect, and are, therefore, injurious. To see Mr. Willie Edouin in his old part reminds one of the terrible number of cases during a good many years in which this admirable comedian has had to make bricks with very little clay. Some day, perhaps, he will get a rich part in a true comedy, and may I be there to see. Without being enthusiastic concerning this sudden deluge of farce, one may, at least, feel glad that the works do not belong to the *double entente* class, and that they, perhaps, indicate a reaction against the sloppy sentiment of so-called romantic drama. In "Our Flat" there is a case of a player alone in one class, but Mr. Edouin is well enough supported. Miss Polly Emery is very ingenious in the humours of the "slavey" type of which it is not difficult to grow tired. Miss Maggie Bowman, Miss Nora Lancaster, and Mr. Charles Stewart assisted usefully with excellent work.

THE TRAMPS' RUSE.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

A RECRUIT FOR THE NEXT DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.



MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS WIDOW TWANKEY IN "ALADDIN," AT THE SHAKESPEARE, LIVERPOOL.

Mr. George Graves, who is amusing Liverpool by his impersonation of Widow Twankey at the Shakespeare Theatre, is to return to London and to "Véronique" as soon as his pantomime engagement is finished. He will, of course, play his old part, M. Coquenard. Mr. Graves, by the way, has just arranged to appear at Drury Lane next Christmas.

Photograph by Richard Brown, Bold Street, Liverpool.

THE GIBSON GIRL BURLESQUED.



MR. HARRY RANDALL EMULATES MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Davey.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"CONFOUND THAT BOY!"*

"HE is of the race of giants. In the tempestuous gambols and soaring ambitions of his youth we read the promise of a mighty manhood." This is from the modest prelude, entitled "Youth and Genius," to the career of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who, at the age of thirty, has found a biographer in Mr. A. MacCallum Scott. The fervid and ingenious Scott has not executed his task by collusion with the giant. This is a pity, for Mr. Churchill might have furnished some particulars of his tempestuous gambols in the nursery. We ought to know the precise moment when he felt "the hand of destiny" first, and knew himself to be "the instrument of some great purpose of nature, only half disclosed as yet—a cell charged with a tremendous voltage of elemental energy." Why didn't Mr. Scott advertise for Mr. Churchill's nurse? That worthy lady would have let us see the infant Hercules in his cradle, and told startling tales of his elemental energy among the crockery.

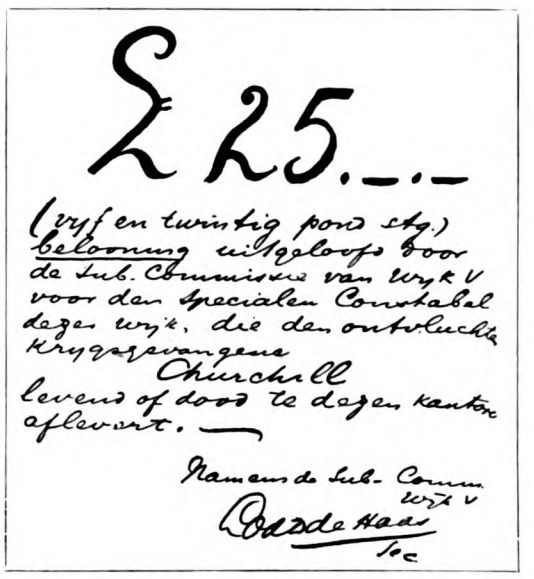
This oversight is out of keeping with the spirit of a book which confesses that the "great purpose of nature," as illustrated by the giant Winston, is advertisement. "The immortal Barnum had not a greater gift for making himself and his affairs the talk of the world. Winston advertises himself as simply and unconsciously as he breathes." He was the hero of four campaigns by dint of unconscious breathing at an age when most young men of his station have just learned to swagger down Piccadilly. He was only twenty-three, and a subaltern of Hussars, when somebody forestalled Mr. MacCallum Scott, and wrote: "At the rate he goes there will hardly be room for him in Parliament at thirty or in England at forty." There is so little room for him in Parliament now that whenever he rose to speak last session Mr. Balfour had to leave the House to take the air, and on one occasion nearly the whole Unionist party fled from the scene. When Winston is forty, nobody else in England will be able to breathe, and we shall all have to emigrate, and leave this island to the man who has eclipsed the immortality of Barnum.

Needless to say that in India, on the Nile, and in South Africa, Winston proved himself one of the greatest of soldiers. Naturally the kinsman of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who had not the happiness of knowing that destiny meant him to advertise Winston, was easily the superior of Kitchener. In Cuba he received the "Order of Merit" from a Spanish General. Merit was scarce among the Spaniards, but they gave it all to Winston. It could not be said of him, as of the Minstrel Boy, that "his father's sword he has girded on; in the ranks of death you'll find him." But for political life he has girded on his father's collars. He has an affectionate remembrance of his father's attitudes. In a speech at Manchester he described Mr. Morley, who had the honour of listening, as "almost the only member of the late Liberal Government to whom my father invariably referred as his right honourable friend." When Winston is forty, and Mr. Morley, like the rest of us, has to fly the country, he will have the consolation of taking this testimonial—this little bit of generous advertisement from the great advertiser—into a strange land.

Winston has written books, and revived our interest in forgotten authors like Burke, Macaulay, and Disraeli. In many of his passages "these writers speak again." They little knew that their great business was to advertise Winston, and that he would make them immortal in return. But as an orator he is purely original. When he speaks there is really nothing with which you can compare him, except radium. They advertise each other. "Great, disturbing, and mysterious forces lie chained up within him"; and whenever they break loose, you may look out for epigrams. Didn't he say that Mr. Balfour was a "Sheffield shuffler," that Mr. Arnold-Forster was a "Jack-in-office," that Mr. Brodrick had "German measles"? When were wit, invention, and felicity so dazzling? Who can wonder that, with such gifts, he is always "radiating emanations"? Then his public spirit; for the quintessence of patriotism, try Winston. For the right moment to leave your party—just when your own interests are made by the great purpose of nature identical with the interests of your country—there is no guide like Winston. Beware of imitations. Look carefully at the label; none other is genuine. Whenever you have the chance, vote for Winston.

There can be no more doubt of Mr. Churchill's sincerity than of any other brand in the political market. But, with the noble aid of Mr. MacCallum Scott, he beats all rival advertisers hollow. The great national issue is "the dramatic personal struggle between Joseph Chamberlain and Winston Churchill." "Confound that Boy! He's always doing something weird!" says Mr. Balfour in Mr. Gould's cartoon. The weirdest thing happens, no doubt, in his dreams of victory, when he sees himself, the only Free Trade champion, overthrowing Mr. Chamberlain in the final tourney, and crying to the prostrate foe: "Yield thee, caitiff, or I 'll cram this pot of Winston jam and this jar of Winston pickles down thy Protectionist throat!"

L. F. A.


£25.-.-
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Namens de Sub-Comm
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Sec

BOER VALUATION OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "£25—DEAD OR ALIVE."

The above is a reproduction of the proclamation posted on Government House, Pretoria, after Mr. Winston Churchill's escape during the South African War. Translated, it reads:—"£25 (Twenty-five pounds sterling) Reward is offered by the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division, on behalf of the Special Constable of the said Division, to anyone who brings the escaped prisoner of war Churchill, dead or alive, to this office. For the Sub-Commission of the Fifth Division, (Signed) Lodk. de Haas, Sec."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen.



THE GREAT GENERAL AND DIPLOMATIST, JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH——

By Courtesy of Messrs. Methuen.

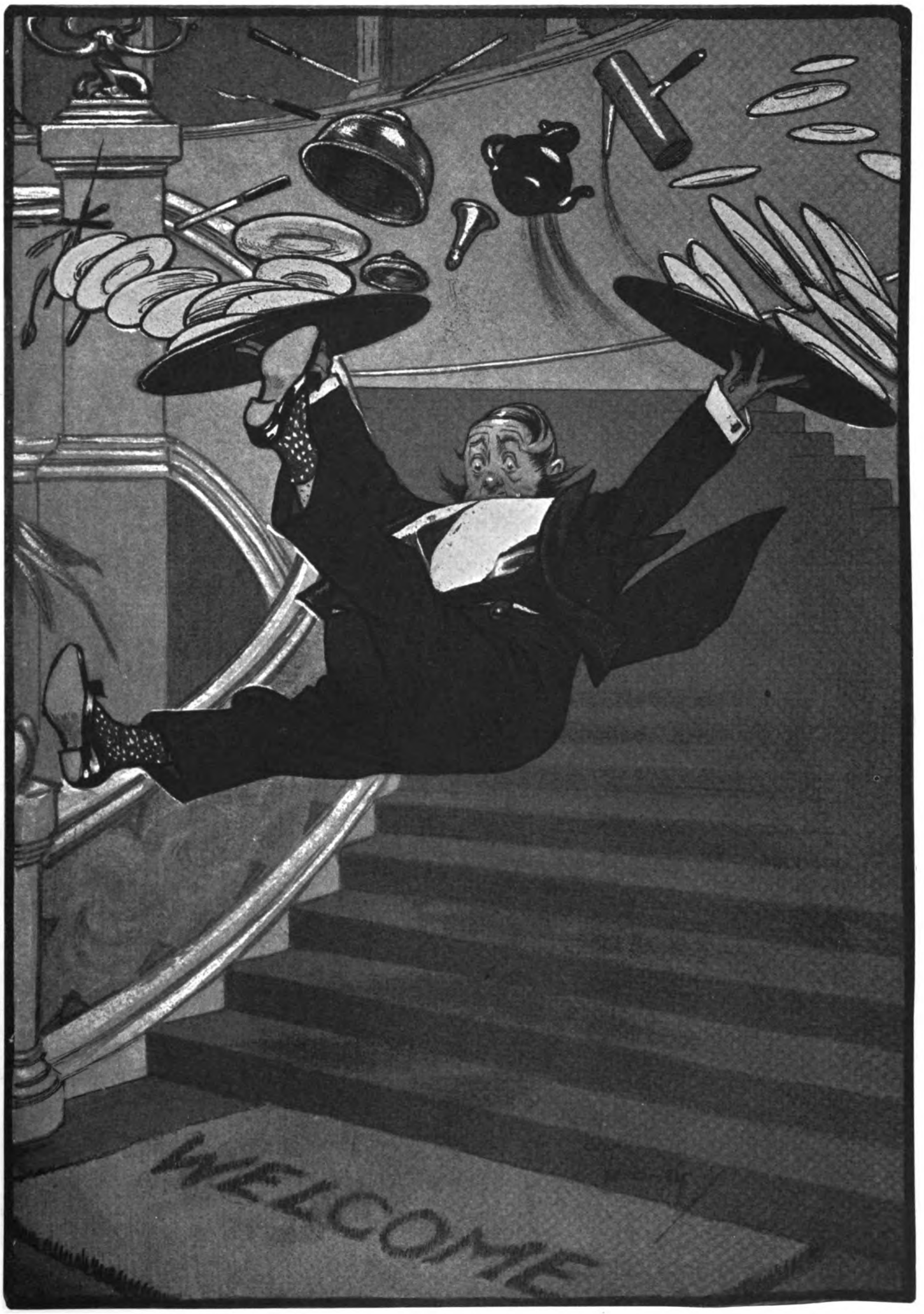


AND HIS "GREAT" KINSMAN, MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

Photograph by Thomson.

* "Winston Spencer Churchill." By A. MacCallum Scott. (Methuen.)

THE UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURIST.



THE IRONY OF THE MAT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

OUR great unrecognised novelist, to my mind, is Mr. Leonard Merrick. In these columns, long ago, I tried to set forth his merits, and other critics have praised him with equal warmth; but to the general public, and even to the literary public, he seems to be unknown. For a reason I have never been able to understand, some English writers are favourites on the Continent who have failed to get their deserts at home, and the other day I bought in Paris quite a number of Mr. Merrick's books in the Tauchnitz edition. Among them were some I had never previously heard of. The list is as follows: "The Man who was Good," "This Stage of Fools," "Cynthia," "One Man's View," "The Actor-Manager," "The Worldlings," "When Love Flies Out o' the Window," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," "The Quaint Companions." They have all some shining qualities.

Mr. Merrick is profoundly and supremely interested in the stage, and, somehow, though people read about actors and actresses in the newspapers, they do not read novels about them. Most of us grow weary of the world we live in and its patter. Journalists do not often write novels about journalism. If they do, they generally make fun of it. But Mr. Merrick, who has, apparently, been at the heart of stage life, who certainly knows its drawbacks and its illusions, evidently cares for it as he cares for nothing else, and writes of it with the freshness and zest of an ambitious novice. He treats the sexual question in a manner almost peculiar to himself. He has laid hold of the truth that the most unhappy of marriages are not those in which both husband and wife are discontented, but those in which one loves deeply and the other does not care. There are other situations that draw him—some of them not pleasant. Life for him is a very poor business after youth is past, and I fancy he would interpret the period of youth less liberally than most middle-aged persons are inclined to do.

It cannot be said, then, that there is much sunshine in his books, though he has an eye for compensations and a belief in the philosophy that makes the best of the inevitable. But he has an amazing power of bright, swift narrative. He can tell a story as few can tell it; he can create characters who live; he has no tricks and no affectations. His style is clear and cultured, and sometimes even fine. It is a mystery that such a writer should remain in the background. To my mind, the situation in "The Man who was Good," where Miss Brettain finds herself alone in the streets of London, is one of the most enthralling in recent fiction. If the public knew the power and the fascination of Mr. Merrick's books, they would rush for them.

I apologise for returning so soon to the subject of Mr. Henry James, but I cannot help it. He has suddenly become the most interesting literary personality of the age, both in England and in America. This vogue has arrived after a period of comparative obscurity. His new book, "The Golden Bowl," was published in America some time ago, and the papers gave it most unusual attention. We have it in England at last, and everyone is discussing it, while the reviewers have braced themselves to confront its mysteries worthily. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has dedicated her new book, "The Bell in the Fog," to him, and owned him as her master. From Mrs. Atherton's point of view, this is a great mistake. The saving merit of her work has been its untamed originality. Such as it is, it has been her own. When she attempts to follow the obscurities and sinuosities of Mr. James, she fails. The critics complain, not without reason, of Mr. James's obscurity. One of them has said that his style is that of a man who has just been warned that he is not obliged to say anything, but that whatever he does say will be taken down in writing and may be used against him in evidence.



TITLES TRAVESTIED: "LADY MADCAP."

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

One of the finest specimens of Mr. James's style is reported by an American interviewer. Mr. James committed himself to little save that chatter must have its uses. "There must be a public for it. Indeed, I have a reason or two to believe there persists a public for it." He closed the interview as follows: "May I add, since you spoke of having been asked to write something about me, that I have a constituted and systematic indisposition to having anything to do myself personally with anything in the nature of an interview, report, reverberation; that is, to adopting, endorsing, or in any other wise taking to myself anything that anyone may have presumed to contrive to gouge, as it were, out of me? It has, for me, nothing to do with *me*—*my* me, at all; but only with the other person's equivalent for that mystery, whatever it may be. Thereby, if you find anything to say about our apparently blameless time together—it is your little affair exclusively."

I am glad to learn that there is to be a biographical work on Rosa Bonheur. It will be called "Rosa Bonheur: Letters and Souvenirs," and has been prepared by Mr. Theodore Stanton. Mr. Stanton has examined several hundred letters of the celebrated animal-painter, most of them addressed to well-known artists and literary personalities. The recollections are contributed by a score of old friends of Rosa Bonheur, all of whom have made their mark in various callings. The book is almost an autobiography, and will offer a curious picture of art-life in France during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Spielmann is busy on his new book, which will be entitled "The Art-Life and Letters of Kate Greenaway." The volume will be elaborately illustrated.

O. O.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE BAT IN THE BATH-ROOM.

By HAROLD SIMPSON.

IT was a somewhat pretentious house, standing in the suburbs somewhere south-east of London. A decadent verandah ran round the front, from which hung in all directions the mangled remains of what had once been a Virginia creeper. There was an air of untenancy about it which might have suggested all kinds of tragic horrors to the imaginative: pestilence, murder, ghosts, or typhoid. But Mrs. Samuel Gubbins was not imaginative. Perhaps Samuel Gubbins might have been under different circumstances, but if he was he never showed it; he lacked the courage necessary for such a display.

"I think it will suit us," said Mrs. Samuel Gubbins.

"I am sure it will," echoed Miss Samuel Gubbins.

"Looks a bit damp," suggested Samuel Gubbins junior, with a pluck that was not inherited from his father.

"Damp, nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Samuel. The faint spark of heroism died down. And Mr. Samuel Gubbins the elder said nothing.

The Samuel Gubbinses (so called to distinguish them from the family of Nathaniel Gubbins, who kept a grocer's shop, while Samuel—and don't you forget it!—was something in the City) had lived all their lives in the suburbs. They had, moreover—after, in a neighbourly way, Mr. Samuel had asked Miss Honoria Williams to share his destiny with him, and she, nothing loth, had hurried matters to a climax, for fear that he should change his mind—lived all their life in one house, and it was there that Miss and Master Samuel Gubbins had been born and bred. They had, at any rate, been born, though Mrs. Samuel in her secret heart cherished the conviction that Joe, as they called young Samuel, was the acme of good-breeding. Privately she admired his spirit when he opposed her, while publicly she crushed him as flat as any beetle. Her daughter Honoria gave her less pleasure, though she was an exact counterpart of what she herself had been in her youth. Possibly, Mrs. Samuel, like the rest of us, objected to having her past flaunted so continuously before her; perhaps she detected in Honoria a secret allegiance to her father, an allegiance always openly and vehemently repudiated, but existing, so Mrs. Samuel believed, all the same. Outwardly, Miss Honoria's sentiments were only faint echoes of her mother's, but there were times when that good lady had her suspicions. For several years Mrs. Samuel had been yearning for higher things; she wanted a house that would enable her to make a little more show, without, if possible, paying any more in the way of rent. Besides, the proximity of the grocer brother-in-law round the corner was a constant thorn in her side. But such houses were not easy to get, even in the suburbs; and now, when, after much searching, they had stumbled upon this El Dorado, Mrs. Samuel's mind was instantly made up. For the rent was delightfully low, while the house had a certain amount of style which went straight to her heart. It was a little out of order, certainly, but, doubtless, the landlord could be induced to do something in the way of repairs, while they would, at any rate, be rid of the grocer brother-in-law. Thus, her mind was made up before she set foot in the house; but she went through the tour of inspection in a critical manner, as a concession to the conventionalities.

Samuel viewed the house with dismay. His dislike for it was as instant as his better-half's approval. He considered it far too pretentious; it would take a terrible lot of keeping up, and he groaned inwardly as he thought of the drain upon his slender income. Why was it that a woman could never be content in her proper sphere of life? Man, he reflected bitterly, knew his place and stayed there; but woman must for ever be ousting someone else, or pushing her way on to a plane which was far too high for her, from which dizzy height she was constantly in imminent danger of tumbling headlong and breaking her neck, to say nothing of her own and her husband's reputation for sanity. Samuel Gubbins pondered all those things in his heart, but he said nothing. And so the tour of inspection continued.

There was no one to show them round. They had been told to call next-door for the key, and to leave it there when they had finished.

"Doesn't look as if the landlord had much hope of our taking it," remarked Samuel junior, with another brief show of spirit.

But Mrs. Samuel was too engrossed in her occupation this time even to repeat her formula about not talking nonsense. She merely sniffed. And Samuel junior made no further comment for some time. One thing, however, annoyed her greatly. By some inadvertence, two or three of the rooms were locked up, and by no possible means could they effect an entrance, though Mrs. Samuel thought the men of the party poor creatures in consequence. But there it was. Either they would have to take those rooms on trust, or they would have to pay a second visit of inspection another day. Samuel junior was despatched by his mother to the people next-door, but came back with the message that they knew nothing about the rooms, and supposed they were always locked.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Samuel, irritably.

But this slight check had only increased her determination. She set her lips tight and turned to her husband.

"We will take the house, Samuel," she said.

"What, without seeing the other rooms?" cried Miss Honoria, off her guard for the moment. But, meeting her mother's glance the next instant, she went very red and turned away.

It was then that Samuel the elder threw a bombshell into their midst.

"I believe that this house is haunted, and that is why these rooms are locked," he declared, with some vigour. They all looked at him in astonishment. Mrs. Samuel was too taken aback at the fact of his having expressed an opinion at all to have any retort ready for the moment, or even to grasp the drift of his remark. Samuel junior opened his mouth wide, and closed it again as he gazed at his parent, while only in Miss Honoria's eyes was there a responsive twinkle. Mrs. Samuel at length found speech.

"What nonsense have you got into your head now, Samuel?" she inquired, wrathfully. "Of course, there is no necessity to see the rooms. Haunted, indeed!"

But she had run her head up against a situation which was different from anything she had ever experienced.

"I shall not take the house until I have seen those rooms," retorted Samuel, firmly. "We must come again another day."

"Come another day!" snorted Mrs. Samuel. "Really, Samuel, you talk as though you had a million of money to jingle in your pocket. Think of the expense, and time, and trouble, and all!"

But Samuel was obdurate. They returned the key to the people next-door, informed them that they intended to pay a second visit later on, when they could get the rooms opened, and made the best of their way home.

It would be difficult to say which was the most astonished member of the party. Mrs. Samuel was literally flabbergasted: twenty-seven years of married life had never prepared her for anything like this. Samuel junior, in his own mind, thought it a rum go, and wondered what the deuce had come to the governor. But Honoria took her father's arm as they walked to the station. Whereat her mother sniffed again, though this time with but poor effect.

And now to inquire into the cause of Mr. Samuel Gubbins's most marvellous and sudden transformation. It has been said that under happier conditions he might have proved to be possessed of an imagination. Though these happier conditions had never prevailed, there seems no doubt that somewhere at the back of Samuel's nature lurked the explosive spark which only required ignition to set fire to the train: illumination had come upon him like a flash; and imagination, heavily curbed and bitted till now, to vary the metaphor somewhat, had, figuratively, taken the bit between its teeth and run away with him. Like a bolting cab-horse in a London street, it fairly ran riot, knocking over and annihilating everything that stood in its way for opposition. Well might Mrs. Samuel stand aghast. She was much in the position of a policeman who until now has quelled and

directed the tumult of traffic with the uplifting of one hand, but, face to face with this new and unexpected development, stands aside in one brief moment of hesitation, and in a flash the runaway is past him, with confusion in its track. So did the imagination of Mr. Samuel Gubbins flit past Mrs. Samuel Gubbins like a veritable dream-horse, and leave her open-eyed and open-mouthed upon the street of her perplexity.

If the truth be told, not the least astonished of them all was Mr. Samuel Gubbins himself. Once astride upon his Pegasus, he was committed to the full flight of fancy that had taken hold of him, but he was in a state of complete bewilderment as to how he had got there. Still, he clung to the saddle in desperation.

It was finally decided that they should revisit the house in a week's time. Mr. Gubbins was to see the landlord, who lived in town, in the meanwhile, and get him to promise to have the rooms opened. For that week he still lived in his exalted state. Mrs. Samuel felt almost afraid of him, and the poor little man passed through an Arcady of peace that had not been his since his wedding-day. A night or two after their visit to the house, he arrived home with a parcel under his arm. This parcel, when opened, was found to contain a collection of books, which, upon further investigation, proved to be various works, ranging from fiction to science, on the subject of vampires. After dinner he insisted on reading extracts from these to the assembled circle, and in his present condition there was no one found bold enough to say him nay. For a whole week the Gubbins family lived in an atmosphere of vampires; they ate vampires, drank vampires, dreamt vampires, until Mrs. Samuel's nerves were reduced to such a pitiable state that she trembled at every sound, and frequently took fright at her own shadow. With the peculiarity of the nervously distraught, she piled on the horrors by reading the books herself in the daytime while Samuel was away, and by the end of the week she was as nearly as possible a complete wreck, mental and physical. Even Samuel junior was affected by the prevailing depression, and no longer indulged in his fancy for sitting up late at night, a proceeding that his mother had suffered on the understanding that it was considered good form. But Honoria appeared as calm as usual, though, for the sake of appearances, she felt bound to echo a little of her mother's nervousness. Yet she might frequently have been caught watching her father with a perplexed and pondering air.

The fateful day arrived. The Gubbinses had seen the landlord, who had promised to have the rooms opened at once, and had given his solemn assurance that there was nothing wrong with the house.

"It's a charming place," he had said; "I feel half tempted, if you don't take it, to live in it myself."

"He seemed," said Mr. Gubbins, in recounting this conversation, "a little over-anxious to persuade me that the house *was* all right."

"Only what you and I should have done in his place, Samuel, if the house was ours," retorted Mrs. Gubbins, whose drooping spirits were beginning to revive a little at the prospect of seeing the house again.

"Yes, quite true, my dear," said Samuel, meekly. But there was a look in his eyes which seemed to give the lie to his lamb-like demeanour.

Mr. Gubbins was to come down straight from town and meet them at the house. He was there before them, and, as he stood upon the steps to watch their advent, he literally beamed upon them.

"It's all right, my dear," he cried; "the rooms are all open. We shall be able to see over the house thoroughly."

They entered the house. Mrs. Gubbins rested for a moment or two in the hall to recover her breath, for they had walked from the station. Honoria and Samuel junior took the opportunity of wandering off by themselves on a tour of inspection. Mr. Gubbins noted this fact with a gleam of satisfaction. Presently he and his spouse followed them. They looked into one or two of the hitherto unexplored rooms, and Mrs. Gubbins expressed her satisfaction. As they moved towards the last of the new discoveries, Mr. Gubbins let fall a casual remark.

"I wish," he said, "we had not been reading all those books about vampires. It makes one feel more than ever that this house might be haunted."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Samuel. But the excessive irritation of her tone betrayed an under-stratum of nervousness.

"Yes, I suppose it is nonsense, my dear," assented Mr. Gubbins, with all his old-time meekness.

He opened the door. Mrs. Gubbins pushed past him and looked in. It seemed as though there were shutters over the window, for there was hardly a gleam of light in the room. But through the shadows could be dimly discerned the clear, cold outline of a bath.

"Why, it's a bath-room!" cried Mrs. Gubbins, delightedly.

"There is nothing wonderful about a bath-room, surely, my dear," suggested Mr. Gubbins, from the door.

"Wonderful, Samuel! How foolish you are!" she retorted. "But you will, perhaps, recall the fact that we have no bath-room in our present house." She advanced a step or two into the darkness. Mr. Gubbins retreated a little farther into the passage, drawing the door imperceptibly towards him.

"True, my dear," he murmured.

"I must really get those shutters open, and see what it's like," said Mrs. Samuel, with sudden determination. She advanced another few steps. With a swift crash, Mr. Gubbins banged the door and turned the key. There was an ejaculation, compounded of surprise and anger, from inside the room. Mr. Gubbins stood with the handle of the door in his hand, perspiration pouring from his brow, and every limb trembling. Then all at once there was a series of the most heart-rending shrieks. Mr. Gubbins trembled more than ever, but did not move from his position. Still the shrieks arose, increasing in intensity. Attracted by the clamour, Honoria and Samuel junior came rushing down the passage. They found their father vainly struggling to open the bath-room door.

"Your mother!" he gasped; "in there!" And still the shrieks arose, until the sound of a heavy fall cut them short, and there succeeded to the tumult a calm far more terrible and more nerve-breaking than the tumult itself. With a strength born of desperation, Mr. Gubbins forced the door. All three were nearly precipitated into the room. Something fluttered past their heads and disappeared into the house. The room was still dark, but the form of their mother, stretched at full length upon the floor, became visible as their eyes grew used to the gloom. With some difficulty they dragged her out. Samuel junior rushed to the people next-door for brandy. By the time he returned with it his mother had partially revived. She made for Mr. Gubbins at once.

"What do you mean by locking the door on me, Samuel?" she demanded, with as much sternness as her dishevelled condition of mind and body would allow.

Mr. Gubbins looked at her and shook his head mysteriously.

"You may well ask that, Honoria," he said, in a low voice, peering furtively the while over his shoulder. Then he shuddered dramatically.

"As I stood there by the door," he went on, in the same mysterious voice, "I felt, all of a sudden, a chilly blast of air pass over me, the door banged in my face, and I was knocked backwards into the passage. Hearing your frantic cries for help, I arose and threw myself against the door; it would not yield. Honoria and Samuel found me exerting all my strength against it, and lent their aid. At last it opened. I thought it never *would* open. And then we found you prostrate upon the floor."

"But what was it, mother, that made you scream?" broke in Miss Honoria.

"Scream!" said Mrs. Gubbins, all her agitation returning at the remembrance. "Scream! I wonder who wouldn't scream, shut up alone in the dark, with some uncanny, black thing, cold and clammy, flapping in their face. The more I fought it, the more it came at me; it clutched at my hair, beat its wings in my eyes and my ears, tore at my lips with its claws, until, overcome with exhaustion and screaming, I sank to the ground."

"It flew past us as we opened the door," said Samuel junior, in a choked voice.

"What can it have been?" asked Honoria.

"I feared it," said her father, lugubriously. Then, in an awful tone, he uttered the one word, "Vampire!"

With a fearful shriek, Mrs. Gubbins went off into oblivion again. They got her downstairs as best they could, procured a cab, and, somehow, they reached the station, and so home. And never from that day to this has the subject been mentioned again between them. And the Samuel Gubbinses still live in the same house in which Honoria and Samuel junior were born and bred.

But on Honoria's wedding-day, when she was saying good-bye to her father before going away, there passed a word or two of intimate conversation.

"Good-bye, dear father," said Honoria.

"Good-bye, Honoria. I trust that you will be very, very happy."

She looked at him mischievously.

"There *are* dealers in Seven Dials who have bats for sale, aren't there, father?" she asked, unexpectedly.

On Mr. Gubbins's face appeared a look of consternation.

"All right, father dear; I won't tell," Honoria whispered. "And you managed it very well."

Gradually Mr. Gubbins recovered his self-possession. He raised his eyes to Honoria's. Then a little, rippling smile broke in waves over his face.

"Treat him well, Honoria," he murmured, whimsically, pointing to her husband.



THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—V.



The Gorobble.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

THE "HALLS" FROM THE STALLS.—By FRANK REYNOLDS.



VI.—THE COMEDIAN.

"NATURE HATH FRAMED STRANGE FELLOWS IN HER TIME."—"*THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*," *Act I., Scene 1*



SOME anxiety may well have been felt by the friends of Miss Winifred Emery at the idea of her undertaking so arduous a part as Beatrice after the long illness which kept her from the stage for over two years. Her acting and her success in the part have, however, seemed to combine to improve her health rather than injure it. This is, naturally, particularly gratifying to her immediate family circle, for Mrs. Cyril Maude is the proud mother of three beautiful children, Pamela, Marjory, and John, the last of whom, as the baby, receives a great share of attention, apart altogether from the fact that he is the son of the household, in which, however, there is no suggestion of favouritism between the children.

Miss Annie Hughes, who appeared at the Avenue last night as Eliza Dibb in Mr. Carton's farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," enjoys the distinction of being the only actress who is a member of the Lyceum Club. Actresses, not being regarded by the Committee as creative artists, in the sense that they do not produce any work on their own initiative, are not eligible for election, so that, as a matter of fact, Miss Hughes's position is not due to the fact that she is a member of the calling of which she is so conspicuous and highly gifted an ornament, for it is only on the strength of original work in literature, science, or music that a woman can be elected. At one of the recent weekly Saturday dinners, which are now features of the well-known Club in Piccadilly, Miss Hughes gave striking proof that she could speak words of her own composition with all the skill and point she has given to the lines of the various authors in whose plays she has appeared. In private life she is, of course, the wife of Mr. Edmund Maurice, as clever an actor as his wife is actress.

The many admirers of Miss Ellis Jeffreys, whose non-appearance on the London stage during the last few months has been a matter for regret, will be still more sorry to learn that, in accordance with statements which have been appearing in the New York Press, her absence is likely to be a prolonged one. She has, it is said, signed a contract with Messrs. Liebler and Co., of New York, to appear in that city during the spring in an adaptation of "The Prince Consort," by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox. For her further use in America, next season, it is also reported that Mr. Alfred Sutro has been commissioned to write her a play, which is to be delivered by Jan. 1 next. Mr. Sutro's success is another indication of the way in which the writer of the moment is run after, and managers seem to desire to make up to him by commissions for the way in which they have previously ignored his work.

The "Divine Sarah" has added yet another to her long, long list of triumphs, and, by her production of Victor Hugo's least popular tragedy, "Angelo," at the theatre that bears her name, has, to the astonishment of everybody, succeeded where both Mlle. Mars and the great Rachel had failed, and interested Paris in a play on which all critics from time immemorial had passed that worst of verdicts, "Fitter for the library than for the stage." The story of the play is too well known—most of us have had to plough through most of Hugo's plays during our school-days—to need detailed recalling.



La Tisbé (Mme. Bernhardt).

SARAH BERNHARDT IN A NEW RÔLE: THE FAMOUS ACTRESS'S PRODUCTION OF VICTOR HUGO'S "ANGELO, TYRANT OF PADUA." ACT. I.—THE GARDEN OF LA TISBÉ.

Angelo Malipieri has been sent to Venice as Podesta, or Governor, and, jealous though he is of his wife, Catarina, the man himself is in love with another woman, La Tisbé, an actress. She, on her side, loves Rodolfo, whom Catarina, without knowing his real name, and having met him only once in a cathedral, loves with all the strength weak natures sometimes show. The two women meet in Catarina's bed-room, where Rodolfo is, and La Tisbé would have summoned Angelo and wrecked his young wife's life had she not seen upon the wall a cross her mother gave to Catarina, the young patrician who saved her from torture. Instead of the poison Angelo had given La Tisbé to administer, she gives Catarina a harmless narcotic, but Rodolfo, thinking that her sleep is death, stabs La Tisbé to the heart. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, as La Tisbé, showed once more what a marvellous tragédienne she is, for, though two-thirds of the great audience knew each line of the play, there were few dry eyes as the curtain dropped upon each Act, and at her death, though most of us have seen her die full many a time, few of us did not shiver as we sat.

KEY-NOTES

THE closing of St. James's Hall must have recalled to many minds a thousand memories which identify England, not to say London, with the progress of all that has been best and most artistic in music, so far as chamber-concerts are involved in the matter. It was, therefore, something of a pity that the final concert did not exactly run upon the ideal lines which originally belonged to and were among the traditions of this particular Hall. A Ballad Concert is very much removed from anything in the way of that kind of high-class concert which appealed so intensely to the generation immediately before us. In those old days, men and women of refined brain and refined thought were constantly to be seen at the St. James's Hall listening to Quartets by Beethoven, by Schumann, and by other composers whose names are now entered on the scroll of fame. Never, perhaps, in the history of music has such an institution existed before. Therefore, the absence of the old, old giver of music-pleasure was doubly pathetic when it was possible on this ultimate occasion to hearken to the musical accomplishment of many distinguished artists who have had nothing to do with the building up of the artistic reputation of St. James's Hall.

Mr. Edward German, for example, may be described without inaccuracy as the successor of Sullivan; and in his beautifully alert song, "Love is Meant to Make Us Glad," Miss Martha Cunningham was quite the right interpreter of the quick and feeling music, which means much to the man who loves one hour of pure musical enjoyment, even though it possibly means a good deal less to the man who lingers for seven hours to hear the production of one single Wagnerian opera.

The Gardens of Vauxhall have long been deserted by the "flower of fashion," but still the remembrance of them lingers in the memories of those who at one time were determined to show that the South-East quarter of London was the most fashionable. North-West of the great river the trend of fashion has moved, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie has now composed for the Palace Theatre a new work ("The Knights of the Road") which would have been most incidental to the amusement of those visitors who crossed the Thames in order to find enjoyment from a musically independent point of view. Sir Alexander has a very keen sense of humour, and the fact that he has regulated the absolute time of his inspiration to precisely half-an-hour shows how intensely illimitable, and also how limited, is the musical meaning of one who can stop at any moment and still continue in composition for endless hours. This is, of course, written but partly in earnest, because Mackenzie never does work without realising the fulness and the ripeness of that which he purposes to convey to the multitude; therefore, even as in his more Celtic compositions, if that be the correct name to assign to them, this musician deals with a matter which must appeal intensely to his sense of humour, to his sense of emotion, and also his sense of composition.



BERLIOZ'S "FAUST" AT THE ALBERT HALL: MR. BEN DAVIES, WHO SANG FAUST.

Photograph by Russell.

Mr. Henry Lytton has supplied the libretto for Sir Alexander Mackenzie, another point which proves how right those critics were who declared deliberately, when Mr. Lytton first joined the London Savoy Company, that his work was dictated not only from mere artistic feeling, but also from an intellectual standpoint. With those critics we entirely agree. Mr. Lytton is quite clearly a man who is not only a mime, in the phrase of Terence, but one also who understands the precise meaning of the art which he intends to realise before the public. He is, to sum up, a man not only of plank-walking moods, but a man who is able to express himself in his moods apart from the planks.

At the Queen's Hall, a few days ago, Elgar's "The Apostles" was produced by the London Choral Society, under the *bâton* of Mr. Arthur Fagge. Elgar is, to our thinking, a very fortunate man, inasmuch as he is recognised by every competent critic, not only in England, but in France, Germany, and elsewhere, as probably the greatest musician of our time, unless the name of Strauss be both separated from and mingled with the name of Elgar. An exceedingly curious contrast between the two men might easily form the subject of a lengthy paper. But though Richard Strauss is removed from any popular thought or any popular fame by that endless fate which divides the artist from the man in the street, Elgar steps into an utterly different direction. Strauss is the great "Pagan Musician" of these days. Elgar is probably the greatest musician, from the religious point of view, that ever lived. Of course, there is no particular merit in discussing Paganism or assured religious belief in these days; Julian, the Apostate, controlled the argument of the world only on the day when he made his final ejaculation at the moment of his death. It would be superfluous to continue such an argument, although the deep Christian Meditation of Elgar proves that Julian was absolutely and entirely wrong in his ultimate judgment of things.



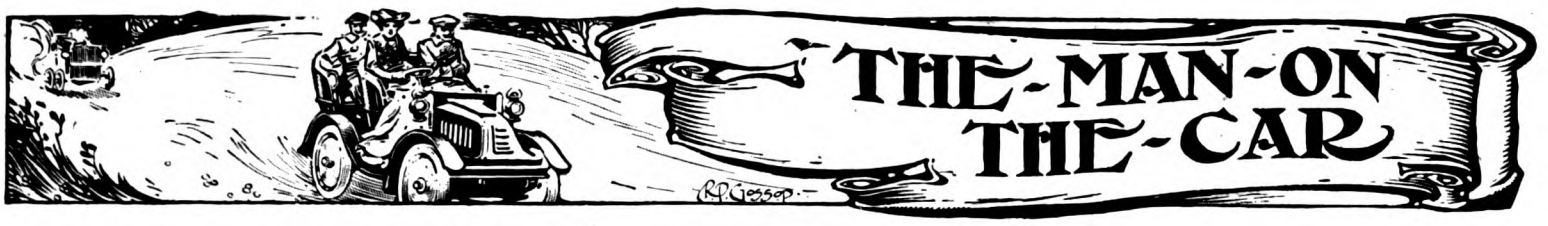
BERLIOZ'S "FAUST" AT THE ALBERT HALL: MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS, WHO SANG MARGUERITE.

Photograph by Hayes, Detroit.

One particular point which it is necessary to make concerning the performance about which we have spoken is that Mr. Ffrangçon-Davies, in the part of Christ, was not less than musically inspired when, with immense emotion and a very great sense of the intellectual treatment of the Character, he sang those wonderful pages entitled "The Beatitudes," which are prominently noticeable even in this magnificent score. Mr. Plunket Greene interpreted the part of Judas. This is a musical character which, until Sir Edward Elgar chose to deal with it, has stepped through the time of the world as one with whom no sympathy should ever be found. Palestrina, for example, never realised the point that Judas was simply waiting for the glorification of Jehovah, and that his actions were probably based upon this belief. Elgar, with his deep sense of what is right in life, in music, and in fact, has interpreted not only the apparently impossible position of such a mind, but also the tragedy which that impossible condition must in the end find its natural punishment. Madame de Vere interpreted the double part of the Virgin Mary and the Angel, and Miss Marie Brema took the part of Mary Magdalene, these two artists thus completing a combination of women's voices that could scarcely have been bettered. Mr. Gregory Hast and Mr. Francis Braun took the parts of the two chief Apostles, St. John and St. Peter, with considerable success. To conclude, the performance was one upon which everybody concerned should be congratulated, even though Sir Edward Elgar has provided his Choir, his Orchestra, and his Soloists with an extremely difficult task.

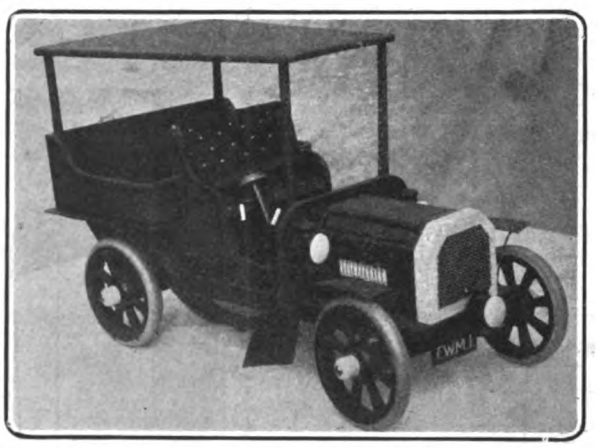
Mr. Joseph Bennett remembers delightfully a generation which we scarcely have touch with to-day. He quotes a delightful stanza concerning Mr. J. W. Davison, who, so far as we are aware, found some reputation in certain arrangements of glass which he was wont to make upon the top of his pianoforte. These are described as the amenities of mid-Victorian Bohemia. It is good to think we have changed all that now.

COMMON CHORD.



THE OLYMPIA SHOW—FAMOUS VISITORS—THE CLUBS' DAY—THE TYRE DETACHING AND ATTACHING COMPETITIONS—THE BRITISH ENGINEER AND THE BRITISH CAR.

THE first Automobile and Motor-car Accessories Show to be held at Olympia will be written down one of the successes of the year. By his early private visit, the Prince of Wales gave just the requisite hint to the fashionable world of London, and, from the moment of the doors opening on Friday week last until they closed last Monday, Society with a big "S" concentrated upon Olympia morning, noon, and night, by car and carriage, cars predominating. The Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Salisbury were in the Exhibition on the second day, and one was fain to remark the keenness of Mr. Balfour whenever he came across a more than usually interesting chassis. He remained for quite a space in examination of the superb 20 horse-power, 4-cylinder Ariel, which really compares over and a bit with the best in the Show. The Delaunay-Belleville chassis also held him awhile, but, true to his old love, he devoted much time to the examination of the exhibits of the Napier Stand. It is a thousand pities that the 6-cylinder flier driven so successfully in the States lately by A. Macdonald could not be got over in time for display.



A SHILLING MOTOR-CAR: AN INGENIOUS MODEL RECENTLY EXHIBITED.

The miniature car shown above was made by Mr. F. W. Massey, and was recently exhibited. The rules of the competition in which it was entered stipulated that the materials used in making each article shown must not cost more than a shilling. The model, which was awarded the first certificate and a special prize, took some fifty hours to make. The wheels were cut from solid pieces of wood, and the tyres were of painted wood, indiarubber being too expensive.

Photograph by Kennedy, Alderley Edge.

Thursday was the day of the Clubs, with special reference to the Ladies' Automobile Club, which, under the enthusiastic and fostering care of the President and Secretary, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Muriel, Countess De La Warr, and others, is making such rapid progress. The very handsome reception-room on the right of the Addison Road entrance was reserved for the fair automobilists, and there they not only "tea'd" themselves, but entertained friends of both sexes to tea likewise. Many delightful parties were made up for tours of the Show, under the personal conduct of a "Mere Man" or a lady member learned in all things mechanical, as far as cars go. I was more than astonished to hear ladies discussing revolutions and horse-power, change speed methods and gear-ratios, and the *pros* and *cons* of steering-wheel or pedal control of engine. The Brotherhood-Crocker system, in which the ignition looks after itself and the engine is entirely controlled as to speed by a foot-pedal moving in a small lateral arc, with the heel as a pivot, met with great favour, for by these arrangements, coupled with a very easy clutch, the Brotherhood-Crocker should be an ideal lady's car.



A £1,300 MOTOR-CAR: MISS DOROTHY LEVITT, THE WELL-KNOWN LADY MOTORIST, ON A 20 HORSE-POWER, FOUR-CYLINDER NAPIER.

Photograph by Bassano.

Quite a sensation was caused every afternoon in the Gallery by the tyre detaching and attaching competition, organised by the Continental Tyre and Caoutchouc Company on their stand. A number of very substantial prizes were offered by the Company for the best performances, each operation being timed by one or other of the Automobile Club's time-keepers, Messrs. F. Straight and H. J. Swindley. I watched some of the competitors at work, and must confess to more than mild astonishment at the rapidity with which the best of them detached the beaded-edged cover from the steel rim, slipped out the inner tube, inserted another, inflated slightly, replaced the cover, inflated with forty strokes of the pump, and screwed up mushroom studs and valve fastening. The best time made while I was a spectator was accomplished by A. Merry, of the Daimler Company, Coventry, who performed the work in the astonishingly narrow period of 6 min. 41⅘ sec., which may be a record. I remember that the Michelin competition of some two or three years ago at the Paris Salon was won by a man in some seven minutes odd.

The late Exhibition, like two or three of its immediate predecessors, cannot be said to have been remarkable for any startling innovations. The feature that struck the writer most pertinently was the praiseworthy endeavour made by the British automobile engineers to emulate and surpass their foreign rivals, without any tendency to slavish imitation. The British car, in its best form to-day, can give and show points to many foreign makes. There is a solidity and a simplicity, always the hall-mark of British engineering, which to-day characterises British automobile products. If any confirmation of this statement is necessary, I commend my readers to a careful comparison of, say, the Napier, Ariel, Argyll, Daimler, Brotherhood, Legros, Vauxhall, and other cars which, from truck to keelson, are British in design, in workmanship, and in material. Barring delivery, the British trade should soon be abreast of the demand, and as soon as English firms can deliver within a reasonable period the tide of demand for all-British cars will set in forcibly enough. There is already a most comforting anxiety on the part of buyers to buy British if they can get it.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

STARTING PRICES—ARCHITECT-JUDGES—FUTURES—LONG ODDS.

THE storm in a tea-cup over the starting-price returns has subsided somewhat, and the whole row was, I take it, the outcome of trade competition. The difference 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee is so small as to make no matter, and commission agents who believe in fair trade should allow their clients to state, when making a starting-price bet, which paper the payment should be guided by. As the Jockey Club does not take cognisance of betting, it is somewhat remarkable that the returns copied from one or other of the sporting papers should be printed in their official organ. On the other hand, it would in these days of in-and-out running be impossible to read the racing returns aright without first of all consulting the betting. We see horses starting at 20 to 1 finish down the course, while a few days later they are backed down to 6 to 4 and win in a walk. At the same time, it cannot be too widely known that the prices printed in the official organ of the Jockey Club are not collected by anyone in the service of the Stewards of the Club. I wonder that the *Pari-mutuel* has not caught on in this country. It is a fair way of betting, and the commission charged is certainly not as large as that required to keep up the bookmaker's house, his butler, his motor-car, and his little holiday in the winter to the Sunny South.

The official Judge to the Jockey Club, Mr. Robinson, has been spending a holiday in Egypt, and has returned to his duties looking all the better for his little trip. Mr. Robinson is a just Judge, and, what is more, he is a capable one. It is very seldom that we hear of dead-heats when he is in the box, and, I may add, in all my experience I have seen but twice what, in my opinion, were dead-heats at the finish of races. Mr. Robinson has been an architect. His predecessor, Judge Clark, followed the same profession, and the present Deputy-Judge, Mr. Manning, follows a similar calling, so we may justly consider that architects make perfect judges of horse-races. On one occasion, I remember a journalist friend asking Mr. Robinson what horse had won a certain race a few days previously. The Judge could not tell. "For," said he, "I do my afternoon's work, make up my books, and the thing is done with, once and for all." Mr. Robinson takes no interest in horse-racing beyond his official duties. He does not waste money in cab-fares, and he always drinks water neat with his lunch. He farmed at one time on a very large scale; but now he lives quietly at Reigate, where he is well placed for the many Park meetings held in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.



BRITISH DIPLOMATS' RECREATION IN AMERICA: SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON, MISS DURAND, AND MEMBERS OF THE EMBASSY STAFF.

Photograph by Clinedinst.

An attempt is once more being made to boom the French horses in the Derby, but I shall stick to Cicero, although a very old friend of mine tells me that Lord Rosebery was not very much impressed with the colt's record as a two-year-old. It remains to be seen, on the other hand, how the Flying Fox three-year-olds shape. They might crack up like the Meltons. True, Gouvernant was by Flying Fox, but he ran badly at Epsom. With regard to the Lincoln Handicap, I can



THE NEW MASTER OF THE QUORN: CAPTAIN FRANK FORESTER.

The new Master was formerly in the 4th Hussars, and has hunted with the Quorn and neighbouring packs for some seasons. He has been Master of his regiment's pack in Ireland, of the County Limerick Hounds, and of the Old Berkshire. He is owner of Hackler's Pride.

After a Painting.

near nothing definite as to the running of Hackler's Pride and Ypsilanti. The latter has performed well over the course when nothing like fit, but, if he is to go for the Ascot Gold Cup, I should hardly think he would be put into strict training in the March month. Again, he is well in for the Jubilee Stakes. Csardas will run well at Lincoln, but he is hardly likely to beat Hackler's Pride if the latter is fit and well on the day. A horse that runs well in the Cambridgeshire generally does the same at Lincoln in the following spring, and it must never be forgotten that the Netheravon people considered that Delaunay held no chance against Hackler's Pride at Newmarket, and the result of the race proved them to be right. Sir Charles Nugent's best for the Grand National will, when found, have a big following. In the meantime, I am told that Kirkland is being backed by the right people.

The Continental List men are opening books on many of the future events, but the prices offered are cramped in the extreme. For instance, in the Great Metropolitan 10 to 1 each is offered against Cliftonhall, Long Tom, and Mark Time, while only 12 to 1 is tendered against Sandboy, War Wolf, Karakoul, and Foundling, and 16 to 1 others is the biggest price on offer. Then, for the City and Suburban, St. Amant is favourite at 12 to 1, and other offers are 14 to 1 General Cronje and St. Denis, 16 to 1 Dean Swift, Nabot, and Vril, and 20 to 1 Andover, Challenger, Flower Seller, Ob, Queen's Holiday, St. Emilion, Vedas, and Whitechapel, while 25 to 1 others is, to say the least of it, a very short price to offer on an important handicap. For the Chester Cup 16 to 1 is only offered on the field, which, by-the-bye, is all right, provided somebody knows something. Prices on the Jubilee are, to say the least, cramped. The favourite is Delaunay at 14 to 1, and other offers are 16 to 1 Fermoyle, L'Aiglon, and St. Denis, 20 to 1 Challenger, Dean Swift, Nabot, Romer, Vedas, and Ypsilanti, and 25 to 1 others.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IN the spring—for spring is really here, and even sooty London sparrows are preening their plumage as they look around for mates—the eternal feminine is also considering her frocks, and those *chic* little toilettes, all rucked and ruched and swathed and softly falling, that peep out of their silver tissue at the dressmakers'



[*Copyright.*

AN EARLY SPRING WALKING-DRESS

are certainly most beguiling. Inexpressibly smart are the elbow-sleeves, with their double row of ruffles, that are to figure forth on the really well-dressed—though, of course, a somewhat extravagant fashion. London atmospheric effects on the white gloves of our daily afternoon wear are peculiar and extensive. What they will run to in round figures on sixteen-button-length one declines to consider, seeing the average life of any one pair of daily-worn gloves is an afternoon if white, and not much more than a week if black. *Couturières* of practical mould are adding under-sleeves of lace or other dainty flimsiness, and retaining the white elbow-ruffles, which give nearly though not quite the same air of distinctive fashion. Miss Fortescue's frocks in "The Lady of Leeds" are the very mirror of form, and anyone wanting a forecast of Madame Fashion as she will be in the spring and summer of 1905 should see that extremely amusing and admirably acted piece. Paquin has, in fact, out-Paquined Paquin, which leaves one nothing to add.

By the way, seeing we are so fond of reverting to the modes and sumptuary methods of our forbears, it will not surprise anyone still remembering the good old days to hear that night-caps are actually coming into consideration again—not the frilled and stiffly goffered creations of the 'forties, however. The present cap has a deliberate *raison d'être*, its pious mission being to perfume the wearer's hair and so add to the sum-total of her allurements. These scented caps have been introduced by Madame Pomeroy, of 29, Old Bond Street; they are padded and highly perfumed, impart any desired fragrance to our *ondulé* long locks, and cost the modest price of seven-and-sixpence. Before departing from Madame Pomeroy, it should be added that her Russian steam-bath for the face costs twenty-five shillings—this in answer to a correspondent's inquiry; and it should also be known that she personally directs her many flourishing businesses and can always be consulted at 29, Old Bond Street, by appointment, being now in town for the season. It has been suggested that this is an age of double-chins; but one cannot help thinking it a libel, seeing what squadrons of young and really agile grandmothers pervade the planet. Still, some are, no doubt, sedately and somnolently inclined, and with these characteristics the double-chin is doubtless inclined to keep company. To such Mrs. Pomeroy addresses some healing advice and a casket containing skin-food, oatmeal powder, and an astringent lotion all for the mere equivalent of nine shillings.

The French, who are always daring and unconventional in their colour schemes, were the first to find that green and blue go amicably together. The duet was brought in and flourished some years ago, while it is, of course, a matter of history that Watteau first found the possibilities of a marriage between blue and pink. This season our Gallic cousins are exploiting the dual attractions of pink and mauve. Of course, Dame Nature has done it before in the rhododendron, and taught us the way in which we may go; but it is really a surprise to see how charmingly these colours blend in the new silks and corded chiffon velours. This pretty little indoor afternoon-frock, for instance, is of mauve and dull-pink shot soft satin, tricked forth with lace and black velvet bows at neck and elbows. It is charming, and would bring quite a sunrise effect into a dull London room, where, be the surroundings never so artistic, a too reticent *soleil* makes gloom for three-quarters of the year. This walking-dress of reseda canvas, with white brocade revers and little



[*Copyright.*

A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN OF SOFT SATIN.

braidings and buttons of black and gold, is also very bewitching, the black bow and draped belt, also of chiffon velours, giving the necessary touch of effective contrast.

Spring, that brings us so many good things—the welcome sweetness of first flowers, the vocal wooings of the birds, the

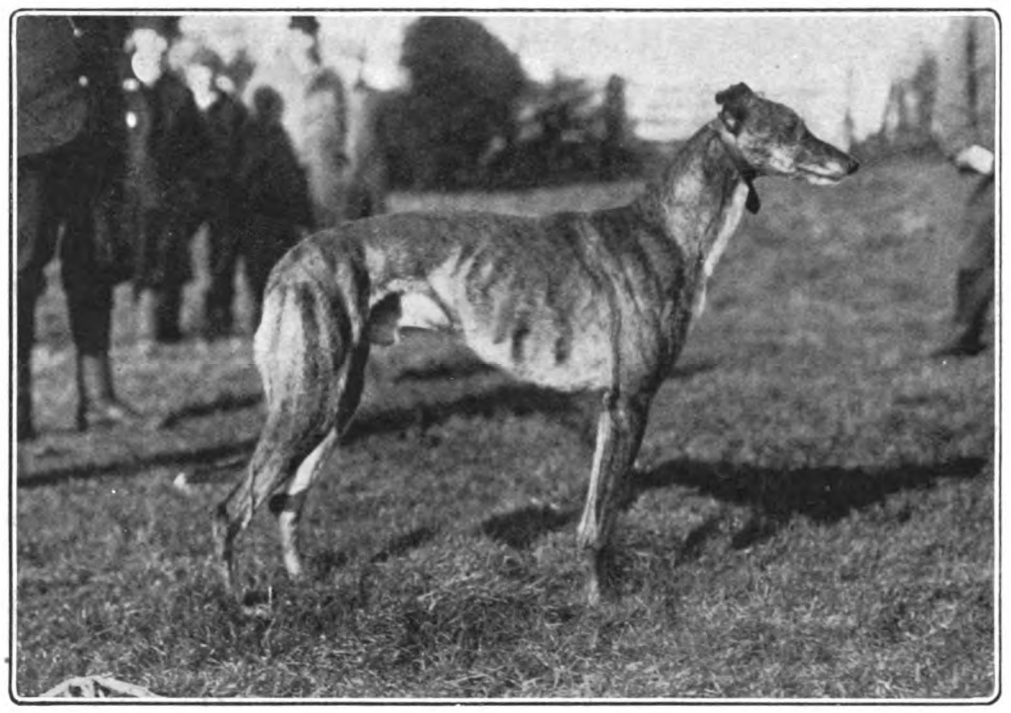
lengthening days, the long, long thoughts of coming summer—also makes the razor-like winds that blow from the east fill our cup with occasional bitterness, none the less that these graceless and disgraceful breezes nip and numb, bite and wither our poor cuticle until we wish that earth might swallow our empinked and empurpled complexions or the rude son of Boreas who plays such havoc with our chiefest attractions. A panacea is, however, at hand in the neat *flacon* of "Crème Simon," did one only think of it; for this excellent emollient soothes the skin, heals, restores, and executes repairs generally in a manner at once complete and convincing. The "Crème Simon" is available at all chemists', although it is made in and has headquarters in Paris. It will be found very useful abroad, being made up in *flacons de voyage*, and should find a place in every dressing-case.

SYBIL.

SMALL TALK FROM THE BOULEVARDS.

Joan of Arc and the Schoolboys.

In any other town in the world, I take it, except Paris, schoolboys who rose in riot against one of their Professors would, if they were too big to be whipped, simply be expelled and sent home, and that would be the end of their uprising. But here upon the Boulevards we have a way of laughing at our men of science and our politicians, and treating our schoolboys ultra-seriously. Could anything be much more farcical—except, that is, for the poor schoolmaster himself—than the uproar around the names of M. Thalamas and Joan of Arc? M. Thalamas, who was a Professor of History at the Lycée Condorcet, remarked in the course of a lecture that a good deal of legendary lore had probably gathered round the name of the Maid of Orleans. His class rose in its wrath, sang "Conspuez Thalamas" outside the class-room window and the windows of the history-master's house, and then marched off in a body to Joan's statue in the Rue de Rivoli, placed penny bunches of violets at her feet, and sang the "Marseillaise." They were dispersed by the police, but M. Thalamas was punished and removed to the Lycée Charlemagne.



THE HUNDRED-TO-ONE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. W. H. PAWSON'S PISTOL II.

Pistol II., which was on offer at a hundred-to-one when the card was called over on Tuesday of last week, won Mr. W. H. Pawson, the well-known gentleman rider, his first Cup victory. He is a Border dog, weighs 63 lbs., is trained by Simpson, and has thrice competed for the Cup. Prince Plausible was the runner-up.

And now, because a historical society asks M. Thalamas to give a fresh lecture upon Joan of Arc, the schoolboys of Condorcet and of Charlemagne (who have nothing whatever to do with the matter) gather round the lecture-room, demonstrate again, throw stones and other missiles, and hurt several people. They have escaped scot-free, but this time, no doubt, M. Thalamas will be guillotined. The notion of being allowed to teach your pupils only what those pupils want to learn is gloriously Gilbertian.

A Microscopic Missile.

The Ninth Correctional Chamber was crowded to overflowing this week for the "Affaire Delphin." It was a humorous business altogether. Delphin is a tiny personage of about the size of Mlle. Chiquita, the lady who is appearing at the Hippodrome just now with Machnow, and has earned himself a deserved reputation as a singer of his own songs in the Cabarets of Montmartre. The little man was waylaid by some hooligans on New Year's Eve, drew his revolver in self-defence, and "fired in the air." As the Judge put it to him, firing in the air is a most dangerous proceeding for a man of his inches, for he might easily have put somebody's eye out. As it was, a bullet the size of a pea penetrated a trouser-leg and flattened itself against the victim's shirt. There was no other wound, and Delphin, for "carriage of arms of a prohibited size," it being an offence against the French law to carry weapons which are not easily visible, was sentenced to a fine of four shillings. He paid up smilingly, and his spirited description of the affray has made the little man quite the hero of the moment on the Boulevards, for the Carillon, where he is performing, is now each night as crowded as the Court House was, and Delphin sings his prowess in undying verse.

The Secrets of the Playhouse.

When their "copy" fails them, my colleagues of the Paris Press are very fond of making what they call an "Enquête," or inquiries by letter on a given subject. Just now the "Enquête à la mode" is one in which the leading actresses of Paris are asked to confess how they cry or laugh or fall, or otherwise disport upon the stage. Some of them take the matter seriously, others are witty at the journalist's expense. Most of them—and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Mary Garden, and Suzanne Desprès are of the number—declare themselves incapable of saying how or why or when they cry or laugh upon the stage. I think the neatest answer of the lot was one sent in by Mlle. Polaire, the actress who has made all Paris run to see her in "Claudine." "Come to the Palais de Glace," she writes to the journalist, "and you will certainly see how I laugh if you will skate for me. Then I will skate for you, and there is little doubt that you will see how I fall. If you have luck, you may see how I cry as well."

The Civilisation of Savages.

With reference to the new cable from Brest to Dakar which has just been inaugurated, a good story of the civilisation of savages is going the rounds. During the Dahomey campaign, when the French were fighting Behanzin, it occurred to nobody in Europe that caution was necessary to prevent the savage monarch from knowing what his enemies were doing. Behanzin, however, thought otherwise, and, by means of a correspondent in London, he made arrangements that a friend of his in Dakar should, over the British cable, receive a full Reuter's service on every point likely to interest him. Reuter communicated with their Paris correspondent, the Agence Havas, and throughout the campaign Behanzin was informed of every strategic movement of the French before it took place. Colonel Dodds, who directed the French Expedition, eventually guessed that information was being given to Behanzin, so he changed his plans at the last moment without informing Paris. It was this move of Colonel Dodds which, in vulgar parlance, "gave away the show." For the Agence Havas received *vid* Reuter a prompt demand from Behanzin for information on the Colonel's new tactics, which, he ingenuously added, "must certainly be known in Paris." It is becoming a truism to say that there are no more children, and it will soon be right to add that there are no more savages.

Mr. Herbert Ward's New Group.

Mr. Herbert Ward, a member of Stanley's celebrated rear-guard, has for the nonce abandoned exploration and is working at his art, that of the sculptor, in a Paris studio. Long seasons spent in Central Africa have given Mr. Ward an extraordinary comprehension of the inwardness of the negro, and in his latest group, "The Bantus," he has produced what many judges here declare to be a masterpiece. The motto from St. Matthew's Gospel, "They seeing, see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand," which Mr. Ward has added to his title, is a singularly applicable one. I had the privilege of watching him at work upon "Les Bantu," and was impressed by the peculiar lack of interest which his two models took in one another. The lady, though a bright and intelligent young woman of about twelve, knowing some words of French and having quite forgotten her mother-tongue, behaved much as a puppy-dog behaves, and took considerably more interest in an opened biscuit-tin than in her comrade, who, I may add, took equally small interest in her.

We regret an error in acknowledging the centre portrait of the page of photographs of Miss Madge Crichton published in *The Sketch* of Feb. 15. This particular photograph should have been credited to the Stage Pictorial Company, and not to Messrs. Ellis and Walery.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announces that several important additions and accelerations to their passenger-train service will be made on March 1. Additional express trains will be run to and from Birmingham, several of which will perform the journey in two hours. Further accelerations will take place to Leamington, Shrewsbury, Wolverhampton, and *vice versâ*. Considerable improvement will be made in the through service from the North to Brighton, Eastbourne, and the South Coast generally, and a direct through service will come into operation between Oxford and Cambridge.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 13.

STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

THE Bank continues to increase its reserve, and the monetary position becomes stronger day by day. A year ago, the reserve was a little over twenty-five millions, or 49 per cent. of the liabilities, against a present total of twenty-eight and a-quarter millions and a proportion of 55 per cent. This state of affairs has influenced all gilt-edged securities, and especially Consols, which are over 90 again. From all sides we hear of steady investment-buying from the public, while the success of several good-class new issues encourages the hope that there is a very much more satisfactory feeling abroad.

Yankee Rails continue the wonder of the whole Stock Exchange, for, after huge rises all along the line, the market is as bullish as ever. There is no doubt that all American trade figures point to great prosperity; and as there is not much fear of any further duplication, it seems as if there is considerable ground for optimism.

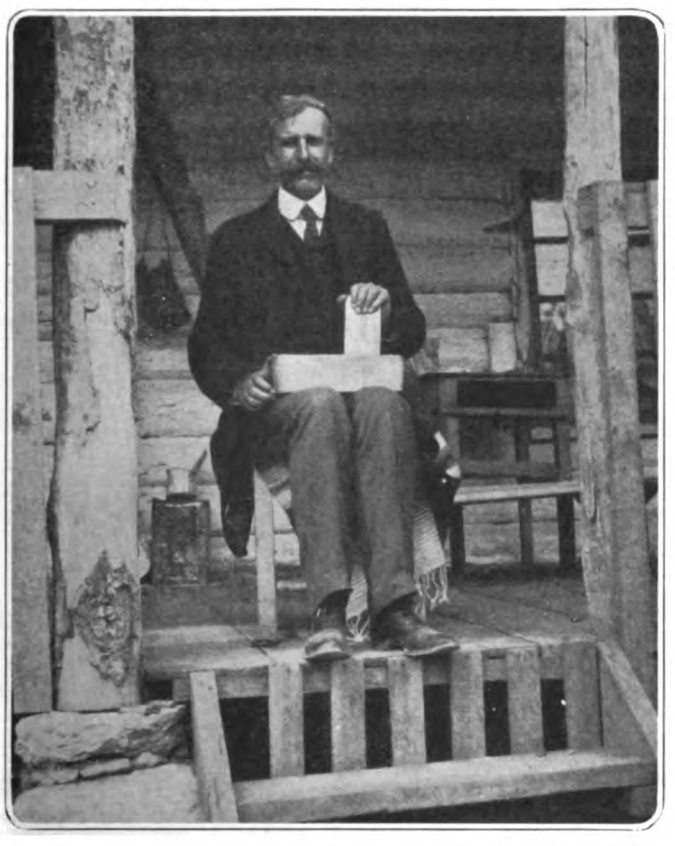
The Argentine income figures are now to hand, and prove to be considerably in excess of the Budget estimates, confirming the general opinion of the prosperous condition of the Republic. The gold income shows ten million dollars over the estimate, and has reached the large figure of 52,394,339 dollars, while the paper income has proved to be sixty-nine and three-quarter millions, or five and three-quarter millions over the estimate. The chief factor in this satisfactory state of affairs has proved to be "Customs," but nearly every item has contributed to the improvement, and the steady rise which all River Plate securities have experienced during the last twelve months seems likely to continue, although the pace will probably be somewhat modified.

The Belfast Corporation Loan looks the cheapest thing in the Corporation Market. A 3½ per cent. Trustee security at 98, well secured by one of the first half-dozen cities of the United Kingdom whose Municipal debt is by no means large, would have made men's mouths water not many years ago. Even now it should be a great success.

There is generally a fly in the ointment, however, and the great activity of the bucket-shop keepers, of which we have indisputable evidence in the shape of numerous circulars, causes us to again warn our readers to be very careful, since days of active markets are the golden times for the cover-snatchers, whose name is legion.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

It is not often that a gold-mine has a private owner, and even the magnates of the Rand cannot be described as anything but shareholders; but Mr. McConnell is the owner of the Los Angeles Mine,

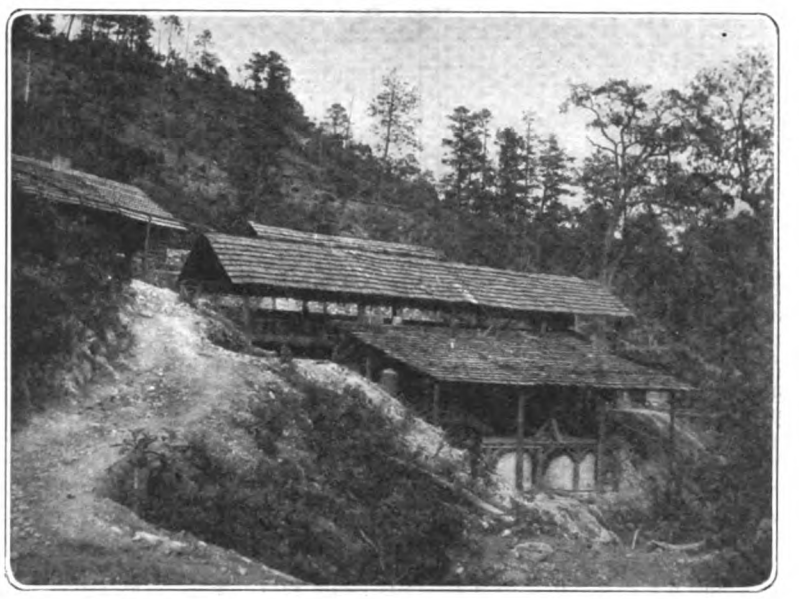


MR. McCONNELL, OWNER OF THE LOS ANGELES MINE, WITH A MONTH'S PRODUCT IN HIS HANDS.

untrammelled by the fetters of joint-stock finance, and the portrait, for which we are indebted to the Premier Exploration and Development Syndicate, shows that gentleman with the proceeds of a month's work in his hands, in the shape of gold bars worth at least £3000. There is little doubt that the next few years will bring great development in Mexican Mining, especially State of Chihuahua, where our Yankee cousins have obtained a fair footing, and in which the Premier Syndicate have valuable rights.

CHEAPER MONEY, DEARER FUNDS.

Should the Bank Rate fail to fall at the next meeting of the Bank directors, we shall be surprised if Consols experience no relapse. The remarkable development in the gilt-edged sections is mainly founded upon the impression that money will become much cheaper in a short time, a doctrine that we ventured, at the end of last year, to forecast as likely to become popular. Optimism has set its heart upon a 2 per cent. Bank Rate, which would mean that Consols could be carried over for about 2¼ per cent. (on the price), unless a particularly ponderous bull account should



CYANIDE PLANT, LOS ANGELES MINE, STATE OF CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

arise. Such a rate for contangoing the Funds would induce buying as few other causes could, and speculative purchases of Consols are accompanied, in the general way, by investment demand for Consols' immediate satellites. It is curious to look back now at some of the prices at which loans like the Johannesburg 4 per cent., the Water Board, the last County Council, and similar stocks came out, and to moralise upon the amount of money that the borrowers might have saved had they waited until this present opportunity for obtaining good terms. But it cannot be charged against the borrowing community that the new chances for getting money are being overlooked. One issue pours out after another at a rate that gives the investor pause, if he has any memory, but the singular part of the business lies in the fact that the public rush for these loans at such a rate that stockbrokers complain about having to distribute prospectuses by hand, or by express post, if they want their clients to make application. The hunt for well-secured 4, and even 3½ per cent. investments, will continue for some time to come, and all the South African Four per Cent. Corporation stocks can be bought for steady improvement. After them, there are such bonds as Melbourne Harbour Fours, Christiania, Bergen, or Copenhagen Fours, and Railway Preferred stocks, to be recommended, while a score of sound Industrial Debentures can always be mentioned by a broker whose customer prefers to take his 4 per cent. interest from such securities rather than those in the classes already quoted.

RAILWAYS ON THE RISE.

Turning to more detailed analysis of the Home Railway Preferred stocks, to which reference has just been made, it must be stated that the level 4 per cent. can scarcely be obtained from any of the best stocks now, after the rise of the last two or three weeks. Some of them, however, yield 3⅞ per cent. on the money, and we look upon Great Northern Preferred or Central London Preferred as amongst the best in this particular class of Home Railway issues for the investor to buy. Caledonian Preferred deserves a word of mention, and there is the less familiar Glasgow and South-Western 2½ per cent. Preferred that stands near 68 and pays nearly 4 per cent. on the money, allowing for the accrued interest.

Money having become the paramount factor in the Home Railway, as in the gilt-edged market, the traffics are of little consequence so long as they contrive to toe the line of average respectability. Should trade suddenly swing into a stride of unexpected vitality, so much the better, of course, for Home Railway quotations, but it can continue upon humdrum lines without exerting any check over prices, now subject at the feet of money. Harking back to the prospect of a 2 per cent. Bank Rate, it is obvious that such a minimum, if announced, would send up Home Rails to levels approximating a return of 3½ or even 3¼ per cent. upon capital invested amongst Ordinary and Deferred stocks. Great Western returns 3⅞ per cent., and Great Eastern, did it not suffer from a miserably narrow market, would also have much to recommend it as an investment tinged with a dash of speculation.

Of the lower-priced stocks, the tip to buy North British Ordinary

has turned out well enough to justify profit-taking where a simple bull operation was intended. Those who have taken up the stock, looking to the future for their larger reward, can fortify themselves with the pleasant expectation of a better dividend this time, and the probable advance in distributions hereafter. British is so much a better buy than, say, Districts, that the critic wonders why all holders of the second do not sell in order to reinvest in the first. Heap up all the advantages likely to be derived by the District from electrification, and the Scotch stock still stands out immeasurably superior. There are tips flying about to bull Great Centrals and Little Chatham. The "Sheffield" stock, we can understand, has speculative attractions; but as for Little Chats——! Wall-paper is cheap enough, one would suppose.

Mining Matters.

Probably we are by no means the only ones who would like to know what has happened to the banket finds in Rhodesia. The alluvial gold, too: where has that gone? We are moved to put the questions because of the exceeding dryness in the Rhodesian Market. Chartered touched 50s. for three giddy moments last November, and now the price is not far short of a sovereign cheaper. The Matabele Gold Reefs Company is reconstructing, and half-a-dozen other Rhodesian concerns are at their wits' ends to know where to go for money in these days when the public look coldly upon mining ventures, even in the Kaffir Circus. The goose that lays the golden egg has again been rendered timid of approach to the Mining Markets, thanks to the inveterate greed of the groups that tried to off-load shares at fanciful prices during the little winter boomlet of December. It is surely high time that the big houses began to recognise how that the public have grown wiser since the days when anything could be swallowed that sprang from the Rand. The public reject Randfontein because of the huge capital; they decline Rand Mines, those 5s. shares standing at 215s.; they look at Modders, and doubt the advisability of giving over £10 for a share upon which no dividend has ever been paid. Apprehensions of what the Liberals might do if they came into power and reversed the present Government's South African policy are another cause for restraint of buying, although, if Mr. Balfour were succeeded to-morrow by Sir H. C.-B., we doubt whether there would be much change in South African affairs. The Kaffir Circus, nevertheless, remains tiresomely dull, and the Rhodesian Market is tailing away, miserably unsupported. Bulls of shares in both departments have to derive what amount of comfort they can from the consideration that it is the unexpected that always happens. And certainly few people look for an early revival.

The National Telephone Company.

As we anticipated, despite the official denials, a definite agreement has been come to with the National Telephone Company for dealing with the whole of their business at the expiration of the concession on Dec. 31, 1911. On the whole, the Postmaster-General and the public are to be congratulated upon the terms of the bargain, which is both fair to the old Company and to the country at large. It is satisfactory that nothing is to be paid for goodwill, and the acquisition of the plant on terms of paying for it as machinery fixed and in working order, is only what a purchaser who is going to make use of what he buys should expect to give. How the arrangement will give the holders of the Deferred stock anything like the present market-price of their holdings we do not see, but, of course, they will get seven years' dividends. The late Chairman of the Company would have struggled hard to make a better bargain, and would probably have done so—at least, if his negotiations had been with some of the late Postmaster-Generals we could name. It was so important to prevent, even for a day, the interruption of the country's telephone business, and for the next few years to have it carried on in an effective manner, that the advantages of coming to terms which will enable the Company to do justice to its subscribers until the end of its concession were of sufficient importance to justify paying reasonable value for the plant when the end comes.

Saturday, Feb. 18, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

E. H. B.—We can only repeat what we have so often said, that 10 per cent. cannot be obtained without considerable risk. If you want safety with such interest, we would rather not advise.

Child's Hill.—Our inquiries in the paper trade lead us to think the business is a good one.

Anxious.—The people whose circular you send us should be avoided. They were mixed up in some very doubtful Texas Oil concerns.

Advice (Saltash).—The Mine and the Railway are all right as speculative purchases. You have described with accuracy the effect of buying the Waterworks shares, and you had better leave them alone. Trustee shares are about 1⅞. They are a good purchase, and yield 5½ per cent. on £2 5s., which is the amount paid-up. The only objection is the liability of £3 per share. We expect the dividend will be increased this year or next.

Pisa.—Considering present prices, we hardly like to advise sale of any of your securities. We do not like the Kaffir Consols. As to the Hotel shares, if trade and Stock Exchange business improve, the Company should do better, but the whole list is very speculative. You would do better if you had some of your money in River Plate concerns, such as Gas or Bank shares.

Caution.—Very little seems to be known on the London market of the Café shares, but competition is excessive in this kind of business, especially in London.

A. O. R.—United States Debenture Preference stock would do for you. It is really well secured, but difficult to deal in.

FINE-ART PLATES.



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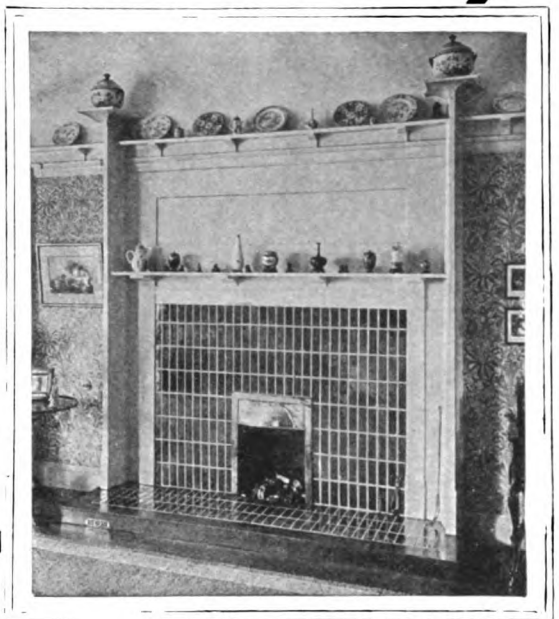
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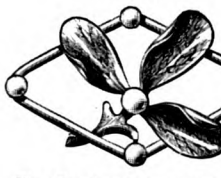
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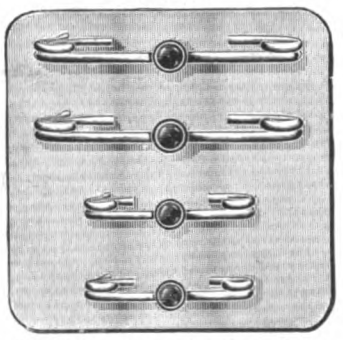


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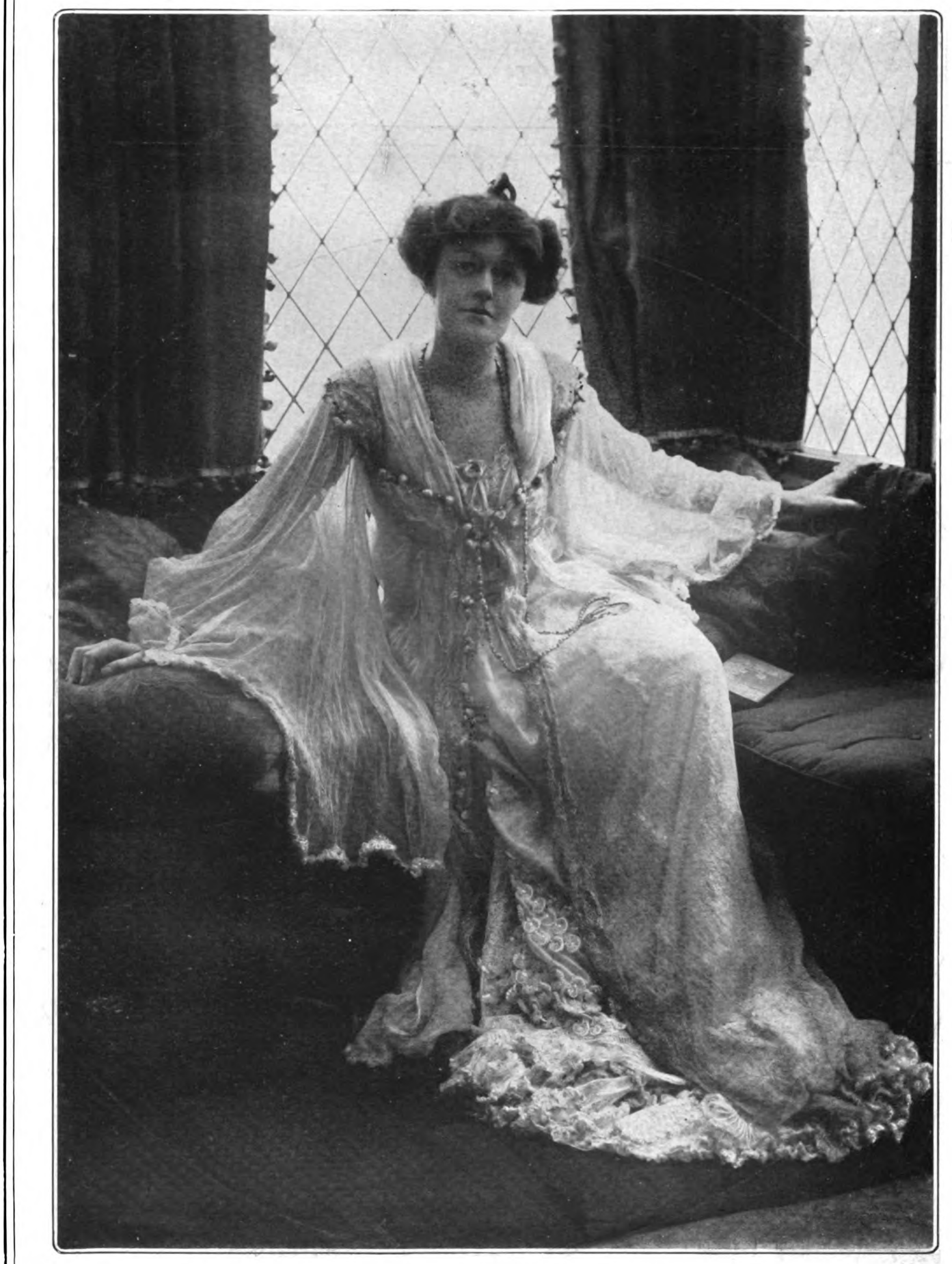
A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.



A PHOTOGRAPH, NOT A PICTURE BY LEIGHTON.

Miss Zena Dare, who is playing Princess Beauty in "The Sleeping Beauty," at the Prince's, Bristol.

Photograph by S. Elwen Neame, Clayton Photo. Co., 1, Regent Street, Bristol.



A NEW STUDY OF MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

Photograph by the Rembrandt Studio.

RULER OF GREAT BRITAIN—ACCORDING TO THE WILL OF HENRY VIII.



LADY KINLOSS,

WHO IS THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE LINE TO WHICH THE BLUFF KING LIMITED THE SUCCESSION.

Mary Morgan-Grenville, Baroness Kinloss, Peeress of Scotland in her own right, might, but for the action of one of her ancestors, be occupying the throne of England to-day. By his will, Henry VIII., as we recorded in last week's number of this Journal, limited the succession by decreeing that, failing issue of his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, the Crown should pass to the children of his sister Mary by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; but Edward Seymour, Lord Beauchamp, representative of the family, waived the claims of the Suffolk line, and thus it is that Lady Kinloss, instead of reigning over these realms, is content to remain one of King Edward's most loyal subjects.

Photograph by Varney, Buckingham.

THE "ONE-MAN" PLAY, "A CASE OF ARSON," AND

Photographs by Bassano.

ACT 2 OF "THE DIPLOMATISTS."

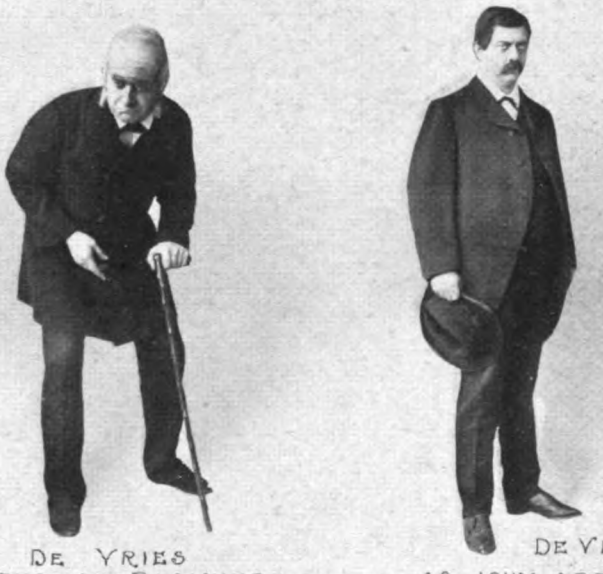


1

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DEVRIES AS THE INNKEEPER



DE VRIES
AS THOMAS BLANKERT.

DE VRIES
AS JOHN AREND.

ACT I OF "THE DIPLOMATISTS."



3

THE EXAMINATION



2

MURIEL PROTHERO. MRS JOCELYN. JANE. (MISS LAURA REYNOLDS) MRS PROTHERO.

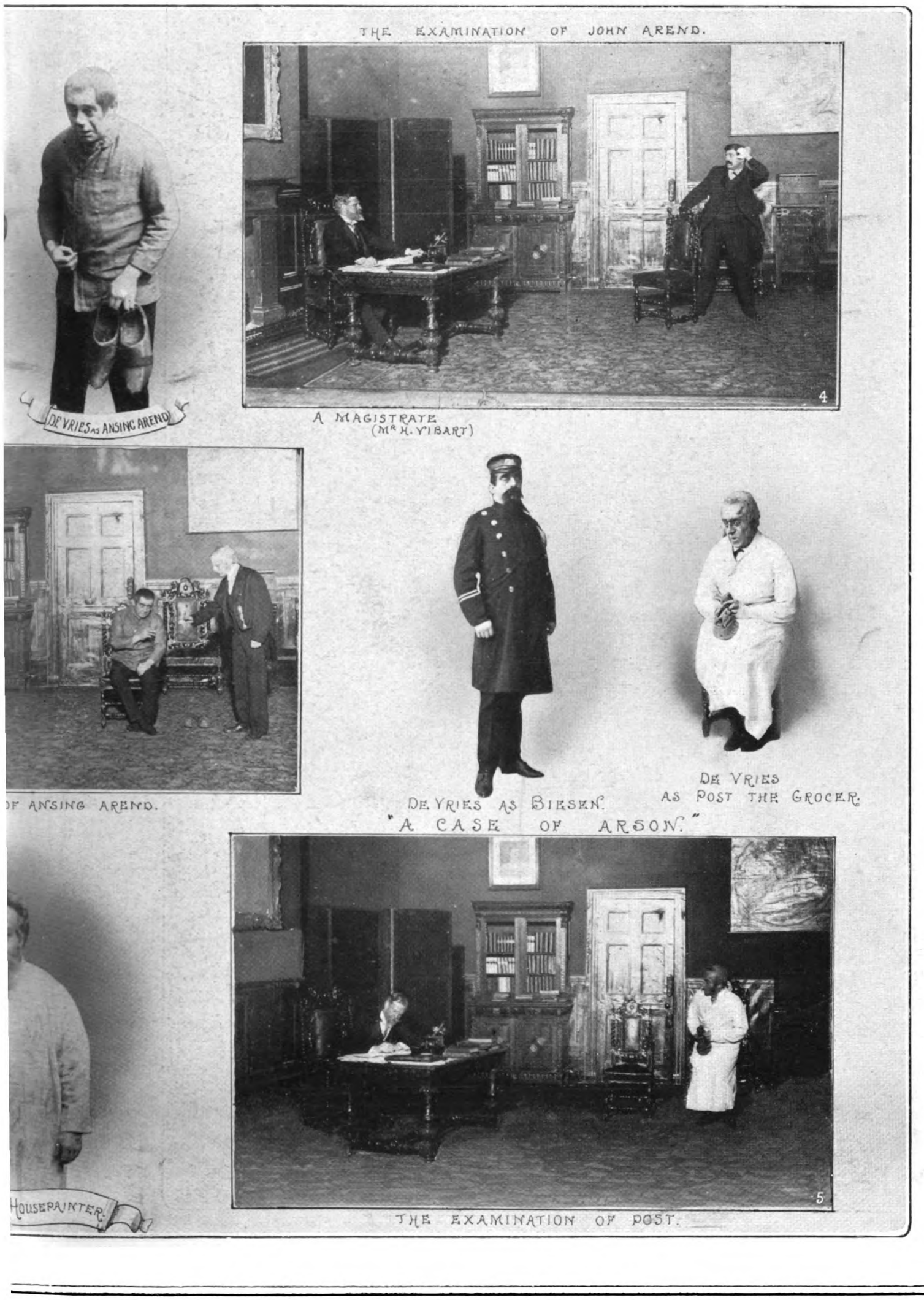


DE VRIES AS

Numbers 1 and 2 are scenes from "The Diplomatists"; Numbers 3, 4, and 5 scenes from "A Case of

R. GRUNDY'S "THE DIPLOMATISTS," AT THE ROYALTY.

"The Stage from the Stalls."



Arson." The single figures are Mr. Henri de Vries in the seven parts he plays in "A Case of Arson."

GEORGE GROSSMITH Jun. BACK IN HIS OLD RÔLE; AND MISS KITTY MASON.



MR. GROSSMITH, AS THE HON. GUY SCRYMGEOUR, AND MISS KITTY MASON, THE DANCER, IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Mr. Grossmith has been playing in the production of "The School Girl" in America. He has recently returned to his old part in "The Orchid."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

"MR. HOPKINSON," AT THE AVENUE.

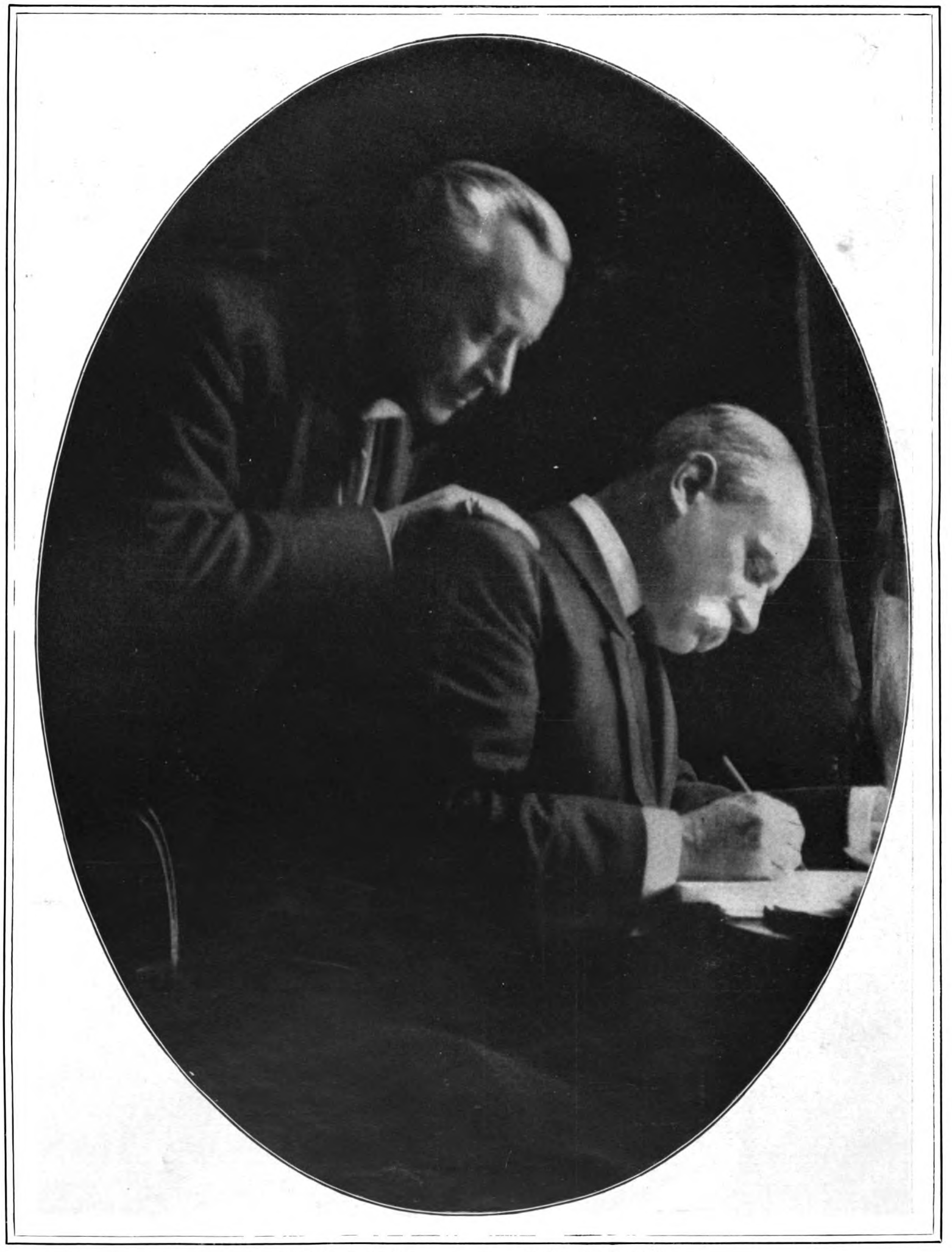


MISS ANNIE HUGHES, WHO IS PLAYING ELIZA DIBB IN MR. R. C. CARTON'S NEW FARCE AT THE AVENUE, AND HER BABY.

Miss Annie Hughes is, of course, Mrs. Edmund Maurice. An especially strong cast is engaged in "Mr. Hopkinson." Mr. James Welch plays Samuel Hopkinson; Mr. Frederick Kerr, the Duke of Braceborough; Mr. Henry Kemble, the Earl of Addleton; and Miss Compton, the Duchess of Braceborough.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

GOOD NEWS OF THE ROYAL INVALID.



Sir Francis Laking, Bt. Sir Frederick Treves, Bt.

WRITING A BULLETIN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Both Sir Francis Laking and Sir Frederick Treves, the physician and the surgeon under whose skill Princess Victoria has made such steady progress towards health, hold positions at the Court. Sir Francis is, of course, Physician in Ordinary and Surgeon Apothecary to the King and to the Prince of Wales, and Apothecary to His Majesty's Household. Sir Frederick, who, by the way, refuses to recognise appendicitis by that name, preferring to call it perityphlitis, is Serjeant Surgeon in Ordinary to the King and Surgeon in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales.

From a Photograph taken in Buckingham Palace by an Amateur.





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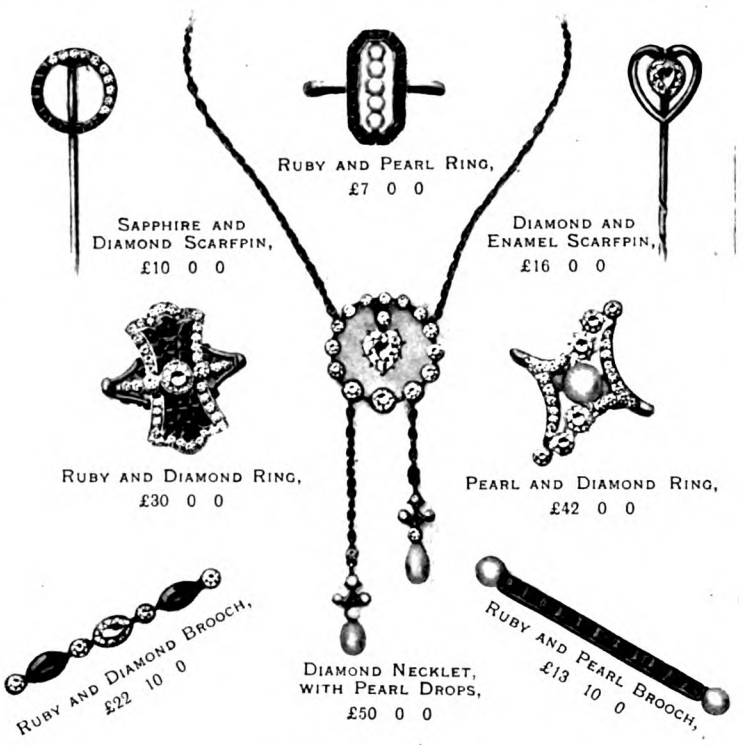


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The Sketch

No. 631.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905. SIXPENCE.



THE DEFENDER AND THE HEROINE OF PORT ARTHUR HOMEWARD BOUND: GENERAL AND MME. STOESSEL ON BOARD THE "ST. NICHOLAS."

General and Mme. Stoessel joined the "St. Nicholas," after leaving the French Messageries' Steamer "Australien," at Port Said.



London,
Sunday, Feb. 26.

THERE is something weirdly canny about Dr. William Osler, the learned gentleman who has resigned the chair of medicine at the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, U.S.A., to take up the post of Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. In the course of his valedictory address, the Professor, who is fifty-six years of age, explained to the earnest young students of the American University that really great things in the world had rarely been accomplished by men over forty, while men over sixty were utterly useless for all practical purposes. It is easy to imagine the enthusiasm which this brave statement must have aroused among the audience at Baltimore. Not only was the Professor laying flattering unction to the soul of every student present, but he was also paying the highest possible compliment to the Johns Hopkins University. Baldly interpreted, his words meant something like this: "Say! Don't you boys go running away with the idea that Oxford is any better than the Johnny Hopkins. It isn't! It's streets and streets behind it, and that's why I think it my duty to retire there now that I've almost reached an age when I'm no more good to you." It was a fine, daring speech, and should ensure the Professor a nice bust in the Johns Hopkins Union. He need not be afraid, by the way, that Oxford will resent his opinions. The good folk at Oxford rarely fall into the error of taking a Professor seriously.

A curious argument is advanced by two of the Sunday papers in defence of "Mr. Hopkinson," the three-Act farce by Mr. R. C. Carton produced the other day at the Avenue Theatre. The critic of the *Referee*, for example, says: "It is like damning the nature of things to complain that the characters in such a play are a more or less disreputable lot; it is, presumably, the author's intention to present them as such, and he is simply holding up the mirror in showing us these people as they are — selfish, brazen-faced, and utterly insensible to proper feeling. . . . You have not done laughing till the play is over." Mr. J. T. Grein, again, writes in the *Sunday Times:* "The point is, are there such people, and has Mr. Carton reproduced them under the penetrating rays of mordant humour? If so, he has done well." For my own part, I can merely testify that, with all the willingness in the world to be amused, I could not discover, throughout the evening, one single line or situation sufficiently humorous to raise a smile. As to the faithful character-drawing, who is to decide whether there are such people? Can anyone believe in their existence? Has anyone ever heard of anybody who has come across such people? And, even if they do exist, is that a sufficient reason for putting them on the stage to amuse an audience in search of pleasure?

A masterful month is young March. He even grudges poor little February his meagre twenty-eight days, and comes blustering along a week before he is due. Several times already we have heard him calling, and to-day he has frightened all the lovers from the gardens on the Embankment, and swept the river with a grey, forbidding rain. Little February, not altogether without reason, has been expostulating with this rough, bouncing, bullying brother of his. At any rate, so it seemed from the fragment of their conversation that I managed to overhear. This is it—

MARCH. Whew-ew-ew! Ha! ha! ha! Look at the old gentleman running after his best topper!

FEBRUARY. There's nothing funny in that. Why can't you have more consideration for people's feelings?

MARCH. Oh, dry up, you prig! You'd blow a hurricane fast enough if you had the pluck. As it is, all you can do is to cry!

FEBRUARY. It isn't, then. I can——

MARCH. Well? Out with it! What else can you do?

FEBRUARY (*shyly*). I can smile.

MARCH. Ha! Listen to 'im! "I can smile." That's what the girls do—April and May!

FEBRUARY. If you were only half as nice as April you'd be more popular. I believe you're jealous.

MARCH. Jealous of a namby-pamby little duffer like her! You bet!

FEBRUARY. All the same, it's true, or else you wouldn't always try to imitate her just before you go away.

MARCH. What d' you mean? I don't do anything of the sort.

FEBRUARY. Oh, yes, you do, and everybody knows it. They're not a bit taken in, though, so you needn't think it.

MARCH. Look here, you're getting too jolly cocky! This isn't Leap Year, you know.

FEBRUARY. Worse luck!

MARCH. I suppose you're going to cry now. You're as bad as that silly April.

FEBRUARY. April cries on purpose, because she's in love with June, and it frightens him.

MARCH. Such stuff! I've had enough of you; it's time I had some more fun. Whew-ew-ew!

Everybody possessing the least claim to intelligence must be heartily glad that the reign of musical comedy is coming to an end. It has been killed, of course, by its very popularity. It was so delightfully easy, you see, to knock a bit of a book together all about nothing, and turn off a dozen lyrics without either wit or humour in them, that the people who contrived, one way or another, to get a name for this sort of stuff allowed themselves, naturally enough, to get slack. The public, it seemed, were willing to take rubbish, and so they gave them rubbish. Well, the public have had enough of it. In future, when they want to see good low-comedians, crowds of girls, gorgeous scenery, and marvellous dresses, they will go to a music-hall, where the seats are less expensive and one may smoke in the auditorium. Those who prefer a connected story and good music, however, will be able to get them. It will be interesting, by the way, to see what happens to the majority of those gentlemen who have been responsible for the concoction of the musical comedies. Will they gladly seize the opportunity to prove their real ability, or will they suddenly desert the Savoy and the Carlton for—less expensive restaurants? I should hate to see them climbing sadly to the roof of a common omnibus, the while some common literary covey rushed past in a motor. We must wait, and hope for the best.

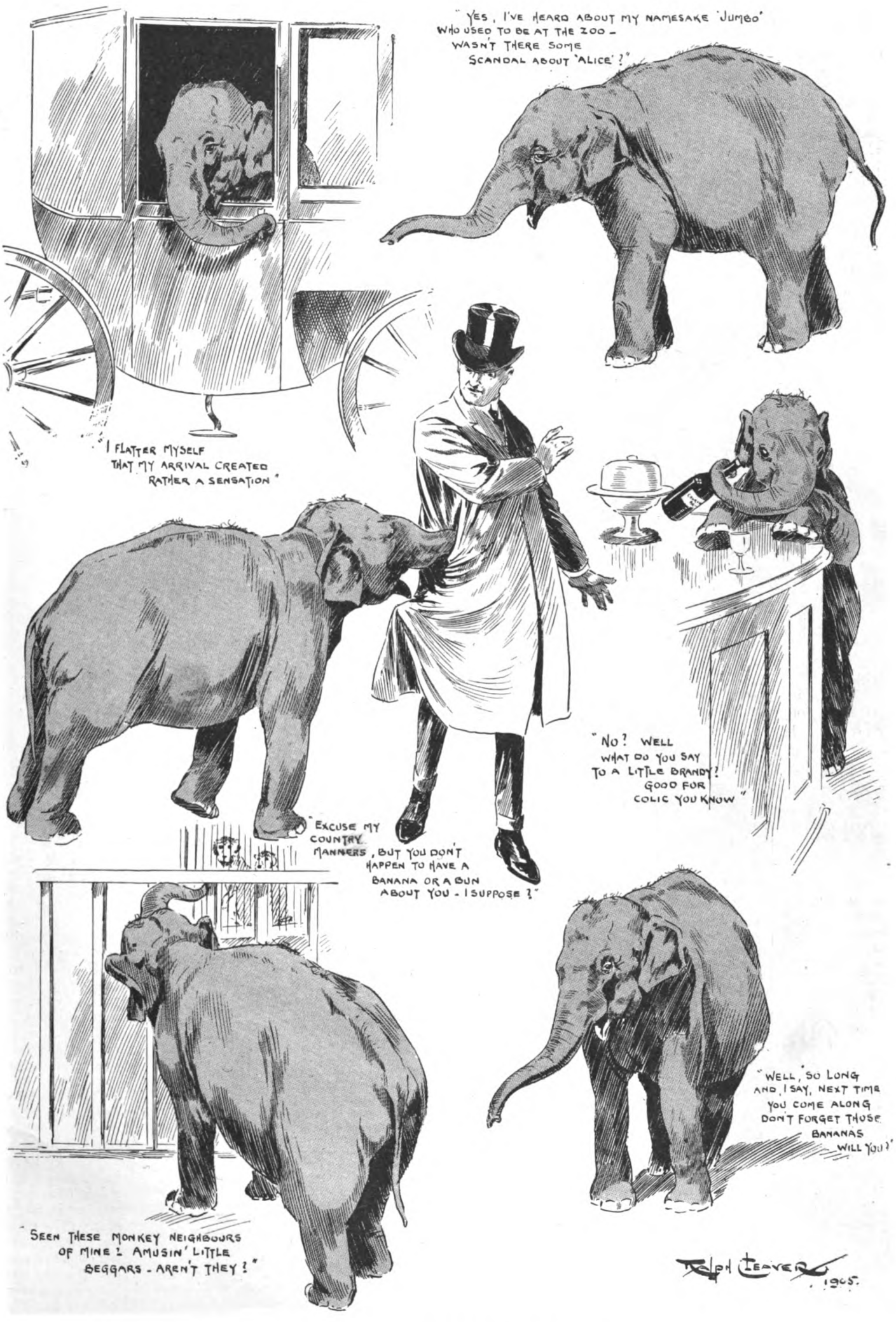
"Who has the best time—a man or a woman?" Here is a question put forward by the *Grand Magazine*. I have not as yet had an opportunity of reading the discussion, but that shall not prevent me from joining in it. I will give you six reasons, therefore, why a woman—an average woman—always has had and always will have a better time than a man—

(1) Because she is more easily pleased.
(2) Because she expects less than a man, but generally manages to get more.
(3) Because she can always make a man do what she wants.
(4) Because she never does anything she doesn't want to do.
(5) Because she is less sensitive.
(6) Because she can cry without feeling pain.

I hasten to add that all these remarks are based upon the idle gossip of the profoundly ignorant.

OUR ARTIST INTERVIEWS THE SMALLEST ELEPHANT IN EUROPE:

JUMBO JUNIOR AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

Jumbo Junior, who is said to be fully grown, stands only 35 inches high. Her weight is 230 lbs.

THE CLUBMAN.

Army Reform—The Volunteers—The "Peace-Terms" Game—The Finding of the Commission—Nerve-strain.

THE soldiers in the Clubs, who are the most stringent critics of all projects for the amelioration of the Army, decided last week, after the Army Reform debate in the House of Commons, that the Service is not going to the dogs quite as swiftly as they supposed it to be. The reversion to nine years' service for the private soldier pleases every man who has commanded, or is commanding, or will command a regiment, for a corps composed of recruits, as one made up of three years' men must be, is a most difficult and unsatisfactory one to be at the head of. The Germans and the French have different material to work on, so their case is not to the point.

The Volunteers are a stumbling-block to all War Ministers, for they have votes and strong opinions, and they back their opinions by their votes. Most commanders of Volunteer regiments to whom I have talked are of opinion that the force is too large and not sufficiently efficient; but each man thinks that there are special and extraordinary reasons why his own regiment should not be interfered with. However, there is to be no reduction in the vote for the Volunteers, and their officers, who are an exceptionally self-sacrificing and patriotic band of men, are to be helped somewhat in their expenses.

A charming game for Club smoking-rooms just now is the dictating of terms of peace between Japan and Russia: it only requires assurance, a little imaginative power, and the Club Atlas. "The least that Japan can possibly accept," one player begins, and then talks of immense indemnities, cession of territories, neutralisation, and guarantees. Saghalien must, of course, be given to the Japanese, its rightful owners, Russia must cease to be a Naval Power in the Far East, and Japan must be allowed to play to China in Manchuria the part of England in Egypt.

Then the counsel for Russia speaks. If the Japanese do not accept what Russia is prepared to give now—Port Arthur and Korea, and the restitution of half of Manchuria to China—then Kuropatkin will certainly fight the great battle with troops determined to avenge past defeats, and, once the tide changed and the Japanese moved backwards, Russia will recover its self-respect, its confidence and determination, and the war will be continued, for six years if necessary, until Japan, bankrupt, will be glad to take far less than what is now offered her. Both players grow warm on the subject, both begin to hint that they have special sources of information, and it is only the advent of a third person with a suggestion that it is time for a whisky-and-soda which prevents the breaking-off of all peace negotiations.

The full result of the deliberations of the International Commissioners assembled in Paris to deal with the many intricacies of the Dogger Bank incident has at length been made known to all the world, and it will not surprise me if the most extreme of our Jingoes find it unsatisfactory for a long time. It is one of our national characteristics that, when we feel sure that we are in the right, we cannot believe that there can possibly be another side of the story, and, had we gone to war with Russia on the spur of the moment, we should have done so firmly believing that the Russians, either in wantonness or under the influence of strong waters, fired on the fishing-fleet without the slightest excuse for doing so. That the Russian officers on the bridge were half-seas-over was never suggested before the Commissioners, nor was any wantonness in the attack alleged.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

JOHN JAMES DUDLEY STUART TOWNSHEND, SIXTH MARQUESS.



[Photo. Browne.

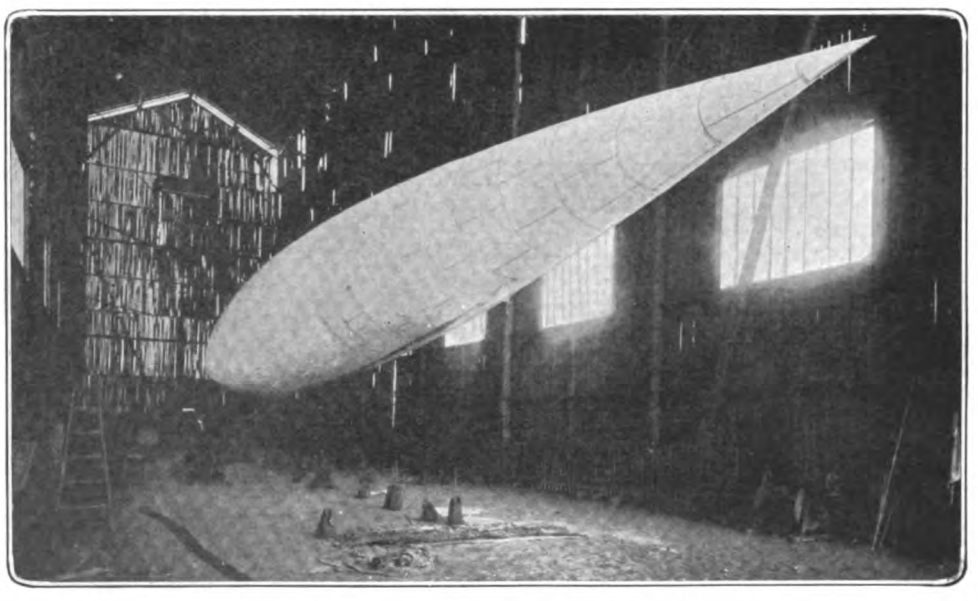
MRS. EVELYN DIANA TURNER SHEFFIELD.

THE SHEFFIELD-TOWNSHEND BREACH-OF-PROMISE ACTION: THE PRINCIPALS.

According to her own statement, Mrs. Sheffield, who sued the Marquess of Townshend for breach of promise of marriage, was born in Cadiz, is the daughter of Commander Turner, R.N., and was married secretly in 1879, when she was fifteen, to Mr. Sheffield, the brother of the late Countess of Ilchester. This gentleman died in 1889. Mr. Gill, however, affirmed that she is the daughter of a woman who was a servant, that her father and mother kept a small public-house in Southampton, and that she herself had been a barmaid in London. The defendant came into the title rather over five years ago, when he was thirty-three, and is a nephew of the Duke of Fife and Sir Redvers Buller. During the second day of the hearing the plaintiff's counsel announced that, in view of certain advice that had been tendered him, he did not propose to proceed with the case. It was after this that Mr. Gill made his sensational statement. Judgment was then entered for the defendant.

The Russians seem to have believed firmly that they were likely to be attacked. Their nerves, set ajar by the wireless telegrams they had received, made them ready to see torpedo-boats at any moment, they imagined that their search-lights showed them the enemy advancing to the attack, and opened a fusilade regardless, in their spasm of self-defence, of what happened to the little boats around.

The Russians are by no means the first people whom eyes strained with watching have led astray. I have known the men of pickets on land bring in wonderful accounts of savages advancing to the attack, and a Company to pour volleys into no more desperate an enemy than a lung-sick cow; I can even recall a case in which guns in a fort opened on entirely imaginary foes. Therefore, the Russian tempest of shot is not without its parallel. The question of the inhumanity of not assisting the sinking British boat is a different matter, but the Russian point of view, no doubt, was that when a man is fighting for his life against assailants, and hits an onlooker during the tussle, he is not called on while still in danger to bind up the onlooker's wounds. In this the Russians seem to me to have acted inhumanly. I do not think, however, that it was, or is, the time to discuss the question of the punishment of the officers responsible, even if we had the fullest right. To urge the Czar, now, to disgrace his Navy in the eyes of the world—for that is what the punishment of his officers would mean—would be too much, for His Majesty has never needed the support of the members of both his Services more than he does at the moment.



THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF AËRIAL NAVIGATION: M. SANTOS-DUMONT'S NEW DIRIGIBLE BALLOON.

M. Santos-Dumont is still sanguine that he will one day invent the perfect dirigible balloon, if not the perfect airship, and is untiring in his endeavours to do so. Quite recently he stated that he hoped one day to cruise over Europe for a week at a time in a yacht that will be in itself a flying house.

Photograph by Branger.

THE HEROINE OF PORT ARTHUR AND THE SIEGE ORPHANS.



MADAME STOESSEL, AND THE CHILDREN OF OFFICERS KILLED DURING THE SIEGE, ON BOARD THE "ST. NICHOLAS" AT PORT SAID.

General and Madame Stoessel arrived at Port Said on board the "Australien" on the fifteenth of last month, and were welcomed by a delegate from the Russian Government. The General was the recipient of several despatches from the Czar, and Madame Stoessel of several bouquets. In the course of an interview, the defender of Port Arthur stated that his wife had never been wounded, and that she had been most assiduous in attending the injured. Several orphans of officers killed during the siege accompanied the returning soldier and his wife, and, with them, were transported to the Russian steamer "St. Nicholas."

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SOME GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

WE note with regret the passing of the Rev. G. T. Headley, a vigorous divine who reached the Church by way of the Army, and never forgot that he was a fighting-man. In a way, he was the Silas Wegg of the front page of our morning paper. You could often find at the top of the second column some Scriptural phrase followed by a couplet more or less rhymed. The question of the celibacy of the clergy was the last to engage his attention; needless to add that he did not see eye to eye with Rome in the matter. He believed that Englishmen are the lost ten tribes, and had the courage of his opinions. But the verses in the morning paper were the most striking public expression of the man; and as they were only to be found in the advertisement columns, he must have paid in sovereigns for what he taught in song.

The retirement of M. Leopold Delisle from the Directorship of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the post he has filled so admirably for over thirty years, has come as a blow to French men of letters and habitués of the French National Library. M. Delisle was not only an eminent man of letters and historian, but had been in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in one position or another, for three-and-fifty years, and was himself the finest catalogue in the big building. The new Director of the second largest library in the world—the first being, of course, that at the British Museum—is to be M. Henri Marcel, the former Superintendent des Beaux Arts, under the Ministry of M. Chaumié in M. Combes's Government.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has just honoured one who is probably the most-decorated man in the world by sending him his seventy-fifth Order. The recipient is Count zu Eulenburg, principal Chamberlain to the Kaiser, who is apparently well ahead of everyone in the matter of outward and visible signs of rank. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the German Emperor himself can show an equal number, while Count von Bülow, who cannot be said to have been overlooked in such matters, can claim only two score Orders and Stars, or thereabouts.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit; general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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SMALL TALK of the WEEK



A New Knight of St. Patrick: The Earl of Meath.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

THE arrangements which are being made with a view to the King's forthcoming Mediterranean trip show that the Royal tour will, in its way, be as interesting and fruitful a one as that which took place two years ago. The Royal yacht will touch at Lisbon and at Gibraltar as well as at Malta, and it is probable that His Majesty will spend a few days at Cannes, which has always been his favourite among the Riviera towns and where he has a large circle of friends. Queen Alexandra will be in Denmark, where she hopes to meet the Dowager Empress of Russia; but it is said that the latter refuses to leave Russia till the war is over. If, however, Continental rumour may be trusted, there are, at least, possibilities of peace. It is hoped at Windsor that the Court will spend a great deal of time this year in the Royal Borough, for many improvements are being made, and during the King's visit there last week (Feb. 21) His Majesty made a thorough inspection of the works which are being carried on in the Royal gardens.

Russia and our Royalties.

The state of Russia is a cause of extreme anxiety to the King and Queen, if only because so many near and dear to them may at any moment meet with the most awful of all sudden deaths. If it be indeed true that the Dowager Empress has been threatened, the fact is likely to withdraw a great measure of British sympathy from the extremist party, for our Queen's sister has devoted the whole of her life to the Russian people and to their welfare. She is as keenly concerned with the poor and suffering of St. Petersburg as is Queen Alexandra with the ever-growing needs of London's toilers. The Grand Duchess Serge is a favourite niece of the King, and spent much of her girlhood in England with Queen Victoria. She is in constant touch with her British relatives, and within an hour of receiving the terrible news of her brother-in-law's death Princess Louis of Battenberg was preparing to start for Moscow.



ROYALTY'S HAPPIEST HOURS: THE PRINCESSES YOLANDA AND MAFALDA IN THE ROYAL GARDENS AT TURIN.

Princess Yolanda is the eldest child of the King and Queen of Italy, and was born in 1901, eleven months after her father's accession. Princess Mafalda was born in the following year, and Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, the heir to the throne, in September 1904.

Photograph by P. Lucchesi; copyrighted by A. Croce, Milan.

The New Knight of St. Patrick.

The Earl of Meath, who has just been appointed a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, has left town for the Riviera and Algiers; but on his return, he will, doubtless, be installed with pomp and circumstance similar to that accompanying the recent investiture of the Earl of Mayo. The honour that now comes to him is but a fitting recognition of the value of the labour he has devoted to the State. Passing those milestones on the road of so many of our aristocracy, Eton and the Diplomatic Service, he has given his life to the practice of philanthropy in its best form, and to those municipal and other institutions in which Count Tolstoy sees the tyrants of this country. Not only has he been thus engaged, but he has been a pioneer, and the poor of London especially owe him many debts of gratitude for increased means of healthy recreation, and for welcome additions to the public "lungs."



MR. CHARLES WINGFIELD, ENGAGED TO MISS LUCY EVELYN FANE.

Mr. Wingfield is a Third Secretary in the Diplomatic Service, and is the son of the late Mr. Edward Rhys Wingfield.

Photograph by Thomson.



MISS LUCY EVELYN FANE, ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES WINGFIELD.

Miss Fane is a daughter of the late Sir Edmund Fane, K.C.M.G. Her wedding is fixed for the seventh of the month.

Photograph by Thomson.

The annual Hospital Saturday owes its inception to him—indeed, during a very few weeks he urged its claims before some seventy meetings, including one of forty thousand people in Hyde Park—and he it was who originated Hospital Sunday in Dublin, an institution that brings in over four thousand a year despite the disinclination the priests showed to have anything to do with it. In his wife, he has a helpmeet who is as keen a philanthropist as he is, which is saying a good deal; and in his eldest son, Lord Ardee, one who has served his country in South Africa. Amongst his many friends is numbered Carmen Sylva, the poet-Queen of Roumania, with whom he is a regular correspondent.

M. Loubet's Yacht.

The President of the French Republic was the only ruler of a European State who was without a yacht, and this fact so distressed a wealthy candle-manufacturer of Montpellier that he left his own yacht, the *Jeanne Blanche*, for the use of the President for the time being. The vessel was built of steel by the famous La Seyne yard in 1895, and is most luxuriously fitted up. Her saloon is furnished in the Louis XVI. style, and she has also a dining-room, two smaller sitting-rooms, and four cabins all beautifully upholstered; in fact, the vessel contains everything that modern luxury demands. The *Jeanne Blanche* is well known in the Mediterranean, where she has taken part in many regattas.

Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The King's host on the occasion of His Majesty's private visit to the *Drake* on Monday is by no means the amateur sailor so many are apt to think a Highness, Serene or otherwise, must necessarily be. It is true that his career has not been exceptional, but it is equally true that he has proved a capable officer, so capable, indeed, that "Jacky" Fisher, the blunt of speech, was wont to describe him as "My best Captain." This was while he was on the Mediterranean Station, the scene of his ingenious manœuvrings in the mimic war of three years ago, when he contrived to pull the squadron of which he was Senior Captain out of a particularly ugly hole. As Director of Naval Intelligence he proved himself equally at home, and it is anticipated that his command of the Cruiser Squadron will redound to the credit both of himself and of those who nominated him for the position. He is by way of being an inventor also; together with Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, he devised the first system of long-distance signalling, and, alone, he was responsible for a course-indicator that is looked upon as invaluable. His wife is sister of the Czarina and of the Grand Duchess Serge, who was recently widowed under such tragic circumstances.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE NEW ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

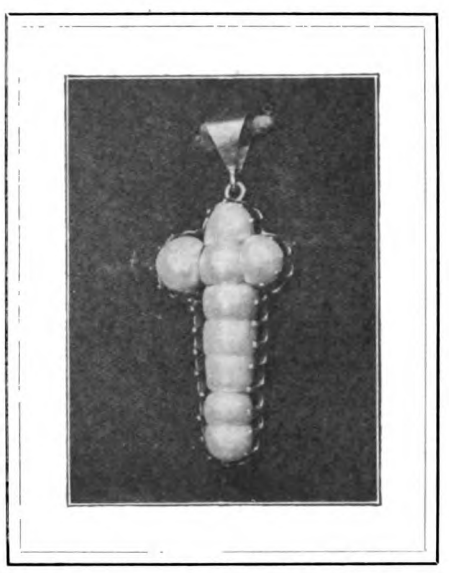


Photo. Russell.

THE KING'S HOST AT PORTSMOUTH: REAR-ADMIRAL H.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

The New Admiral of the Fleet.

Sir Edward Seymour's promotion to the highest rank in the Navy—which places him in the excellent company of Sir J. E. Erskine, Sir C. F. Hotham, and Lord Walter Kerr—has several points of an uncommon nature. Not only is the new Admiral of the Fleet the one naval officer entitled to the coveted letters "O.M.," but he owes his advancement directly to the King, which must be credited to His Majesty for wisdom. In addition to this, he is in a somewhat unique position in that no officer of his rank has held an active command for over ninety years. True, he retains it only until Sir Lewis Beaumont, of the North Sea Commission, is ready to succeed him, but the fact is interesting nevertheless, especially as, by a trick of Fate, he is flying his flag from the *Impregnable*, the namesake of the vessel that carried the flag of the last "active" Admiral of the Fleet. His record is so well known that it is superfluous to go into it in detail, but it may, perhaps, be recalled that it was he who commanded the Allied Expedition against the Chinese in 1900 and was instrumental in rescuing the "massacred" Europeans in Pekin, an exploit that gained him additional honour and added a medal and clasp to his many decorations.



A NATURAL CURIOSITY WORTH £10,000: THE GREAT SOUTHERN CROSS PEARL.

The nine pearls are joined together naturally in the form of a cross, and were discovered thus in a pearl oyster found on the coast of West Australia.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE OFFENDER OF THE ULSTER UNIONISTS: SIR A. MACDONNELL.

A Gunnery Expert Rewarded.

"Percy Scott" and "guns" have long been synonymous terms, and the Captain's promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral synchronises pleasantly with his assumption of the duties of the new post of Director of Target Practice, specially created by the Admiralty in order that the Navy might profit by his minute knowledge of gunnery, practical and theoretical, and a standing proof that the powers that be are at last recognising the necessity for expert marksmanship. To the man in the street, the new Rear-Admiral is, probably, best known for his work in South Africa, for the invention, that is to say, of the carriages which enabled the 6-inch and the 4·7's to be used with such excellent effect against our former enemies, and by the "dotter." He has quite a number of other ingenious devices to his credit.



Photo. Protheroe.

DONOR OF AN ART GALLERY TO BRISTOL: SIR W. H. WILLS.

"Quite Like Old Times."

Thanks to Sir Antony MacDonnell—or, perhaps, it should be Lord Dunraven who should be thanked—the House of Commons presented last week a scene which quite recalled the grand old days of the Home Rule debates. The Prince of Wales was present to hear Mr. George Wyndham deliver his apologia, and His Royal Highness was surrounded by a singularly brilliant company of noted folk interested in the burning question of the hour. As to the Ladies' Gallery, it was filled to overflowing, for the Irish Secretary has long been regarded as, socially, the most sympathetic of political personalities, and few great Tory hostesses are as liked and respected as is his gifted wife, Lady Grosvenor. Mr. Wyndham is one of those many-sided individuals in whom the modern world delights. He is a poet, a Shaksperian student and critic, a sportsman, and, if gossip speaks true, a novelist. Then, through his mother, he is descended from Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his hapless Pamela, and this endears him to all Irishmen.

Bristol's Benefactor.

Sir William Henry Wills is a man of parts, in that he combines his varied duties as Chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company, Director of the Great Western Railway, and President of the Bristol Fine Arts Gallery with the pleasures belonging to agriculture generally, the breeding of shorthorns and Shire-horses, and yachting. He looms large in the art world of his native city, and he has enriched it by the gift of a magnificent picture-gallery, opened recently by Professor Herkomer. Politics have also claimed his attention, and he has represented Coventry and East Bristol in the House of Commons.



Photo. Russell.

THE NAVY'S GUNNERY-EXPERT PROMOTED: REAR-ADMIRAL PERCY SCOTT.

The Poet's Revenge.

M. Julius de Geyler, the well-known Flemish poet who has lately died, was not only a poet, but also the manager of the Antwerp Mont-de-Piété. One day a brother poet, who was an utter Bohemian, pawned his watch with M. de Geyler, and a few nights afterwards rang him up and asked him the time. The unfortunate poet-pawnbroker asked why the Bohemian poet did not look at his watch instead of rousing him from his sleep, and was told that the watch was in pawn. M. de Geyler said nothing, but cut off the telephone, and, knowing that the Bohemian did not go to bed till dawn, he waited till the time of his own arising, and then rang the telephone. The other poet was roused from a drunken sleep and brought to the telephone, when M. de Geyler said, "You asked me the time just now. I've only rung you up to say that it is eight o'clock, and time to get up."

Two Mr. Alexanders.

Two headings which, read together, promised a new sensation appeared in the papers a few days ago: "Mr. G. Alexander as a Reciter," and "Mr. Alexander Sings to the Gramophone." Alexander the elocutionist we knew, but Alexander the vocalist, no. What, then, could it mean? It was but coincidence again. There are two Alexanders in the field, and the fact, strange though it may seem, has nothing to do with "John Chilcote." The famous actor-manager, of the St. James's, is to begin a concert tour on the 4th; and the famous revivalist, of the Albert Hall, has been making a record of the war-song of his mission. Hence the headings.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

ACCUSER AND EXCUSER OF SIR A. MACDONNELL: MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

The Baron de Vaulx's Cellar.

A great deal of fuss is being made of the discovery of a three-storey cellar under Baron de Vaulx's house in the Bois de Boulogne, and the theory is being put forth that the Baron, who was one of the defendants before the famous High Court which sentenced M. Déroulède to exile, used these cellars for the concealment of Prince Victor Napoleon, the Duke of Orleans, or both, on their visits to Paris—visits, of course, which, if made at all, were made without the knowledge of the Government. It is a storm in a tea-cup, apparently, though, and the Baron's cellars are something of a mare's nest, for he has only been in possession of his house for five years, and his cellars were not excavated until some two years ago, long after the conclusion of the trial.

Pardoned by the Czar. The Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, to whom the Czar has just granted a pardon and the doubtful privilege of returning to Russia, is the brother of the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, and the late Grand Duke Sergius, and, therefore, an uncle of the Czar. He was banished from Russia about ten years ago because, after the death of his wife, he married morganatically the Countess Hohenfelsen. For many years past he has lived in Paris, where his charming manners and kindly disposition have made him a general favourite. The Grand Duke went to Moscow for his brother's funeral, and was accompanied as far as the frontier by the Countess Hohenfelsen, who then went back to Paris, for the Czar's pardon does not apply to her. The Grand Duke Paul's two children, Marie and Dimitri, have been brought up by the Grand Duke Sergius in Moscow.

An Heiress-Peeress. Lady Vivian, who was Miss Barbara Fanning, daughter of Mrs. Harry McCalmont by her first marriage, was left quite a considerable legacy by her step-father, Colonel McCalmont, whose untimely death was so universally deplored. Lady Vivian is tall and very pretty, while she has quite an exceptional histrionic gift. Her marriage with the gallant young Peer, who had been severely wounded while serving in the 17th Lancers in South Africa, was one of the events of the late summer of 1903. Her little daughter had the honour of being christened in the Chapel Royal, for, of course, her twin aunts are Queen Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour.



AN HEIRESS-PEERESS: LADY VIVIAN.

Photograph by Langfier.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S IDEA OF BRITISH UNIFORM: HIS MAJESTY AS AN "ENGLISH GENERAL."

The Sultan of Morocco adds to his liking for other things European a taste for British uniform. Our photograph was taken when Sir Harry Maclean was in high favour, but the influence of the Kaid was evidently not great enough to ensure for his master an accuracy of detail in dress that would pass King Edward on a Levée day.

Debate in Parliament. There has been no sign of the decay of debate in the House of Commons during the first fortnight of the Session. Many speeches have reached a high level, and have been listened to by a crowded House. Mr. Balfour is as brilliant as ever, Mr. Chamberlain as keen, and Mr. Asquith as polished. Lord Hugh Cecil, who speaks now from Mr. "Jimmy" Lowther's old corner, has taken a firm position as an independent leader of the Conservatives, and his old friend, Mr. Winston Churchill, is rapidly making himself at home as Mr. Lloyd-George's neighbour. Liberals, however, do not yet accept him as their guide.

Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon. Perhaps the most brilliant speech of a brilliant week was Mr. Tim Healy's. Last Session the Nationalists would not allow him to be heard on one occasion. This time he may have won their forbearance by courtesy to Mr. Dillon. While the latter was speaking, he gave up his corner to him, and assisted him to a glass of water, and subsequently praised his speech as very able. The Peers who crowded the gallery took unbounded interest in Mr. Healy's brilliant satire at the expense of Irish administration, and joined in the roars of laughter at his neat thrusts at Mr. Chamberlain, who smiled a little uncomfortably.



FISHING THROUGH THE ICE: AN EXPEDITION FROM STOCKHOLM BRINGING UP THE HAUL.

Photograph by Blomberg.

An Aristocratic Critic of the Drama. Lady Willshire's personal taste for the drama is well known, but it is not to the stage alone that she turns her attentions. Her love of flowers is exceptional, and, no doubt, this is largely due to the fact that her childhood was chiefly spent in the various tropical or sub-tropical colonies which her father, the late Sir Sanford Freeling, governed with so much success. She is married to a distinguished soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Willshire, of the Scots Guards (who served with distinction in the Egyptian War of 1882), and is the mother of a fine boy of between twelve and thirteen.

The King of Spain, and France. It has been practically settled that, either in May or in July, Alfonso XIII., the young King of Spain, will pay his promised visit to Paris, and that soon afterwards President Loubet will conclude the cycle of his official trips abroad with a return visit to Madrid. After his visit to Paris, King Alfonso is to return to Madrid to receive President Loubet, and his visits to London, to Vienna, and to Berlin, of which so many rumours have been afloat in the Press, will not be made till later in the year. There seems to have been considerable friction on the subject of his marriage between the King, the Queen Mother, and the Spanish Council of State. The King, who is but eighteen years of age (he will not be nineteen till May), wishes to wait till he is twenty-one before choosing a wife, but the State Council is extremely anxious that the choice should be made now. It is, of course, public property that the choice of a Queen rests between three Princesses: Patricia, the daughter of the Duke of Connaught; Archduchess Gabrielle of Austria; and the Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, who is but fifteen years old. The Kaiser, says current gossip, is moving heaven and earth to set his daughter on the throne of Spain; but the young King's own choice is said to vacillate between a bachelor existence and Princess Patricia.



AN ARISTOCRATIC CRITIC OF THE DRAMA: LADY WILLSHIRE.

Photograph by Langfier.

A Plucky Grand Duke. The Grand Duke Alexis is evidently not without pluck, whatever else may be said of him and of the other "real rulers of Russia." When he decided to start for Moscow to attend the funeral of the Grand Duke Sergius, says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, who owes his information to the *New York Herald*, he was remonstrated with as to the dangers of the journey. His reply, surely, indicated something more than fatalism: "I am on the list of those who are condemned to death, so it does not matter."

Mme. Stoessel.



THE HEROINE AND THE DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR HOMEWARD BOUND: GENERAL AND MADAME STOESSEL ON BOARD THE S.S. "AUSTRALIEN."

From a Photograph by L. Sabattier, the Special Artist of the "Illustrated London News."

General and Madame Stoessel Homeward Bound.

For our photograph of General and Madame Stoessel homeward bound on the steamship *Australien*, we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News*, which sent a special artist to meet the defender of Port Arthur and to obtain from him material illustrating the interior of the famous fortress under siege conditions. That the move was justified is amply proved by the last issue of the famous journal, which contains photographs—supplied by General Stoessel or his officers—that are justly claimed to be unique, and by the fact that a further instalment of photographs and drawings illustrating the last days of the fortress is promised for next Friday's issue. The illustrations already published include a portrait for which the General gave a special sitting, and magnificent photographs of the Siberian Reserve taking up positions with the 6-in. guns, the Russians collecting the cartridges of the dead at 203-Mètre Hill on the day of its capture, the burning of stores of oil, kerosene, and ship's paint, and the half-sunken vessels of the unfortunate Russian fleet. The *Illustrated London News* has now illustrated both sides of the siege more thoroughly than any other paper. Not only was its Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers, the only artist with General Nogi before Port Arthur, but it was enabled to publish the only photographs that ran the blockade of the Japanese fleet investing the Port.

The Most Interesting Royal Family of the Moment.

The Grand Duchess Sergius is idolised in Moscow, and the deepest sympathy is universally felt with her, even by people who rejoiced at the assassination of her husband, a sympathy added to by her attitude at the funeral of the assassinated Grand Duke's coachman, when she followed the remains on foot and embraced the dead servant's widow and children in sight of all. Her Imperial Highness is the second of the four daughters of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, their mother being, of course, the much-lamented Princess Alice of England. The eldest of the four, who hastened to her sister's side immediately after the catastrophe, has become entirely English, and is the wife of that splendid sailor, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who recently retired from the important post of Director of Naval Intelligence to hoist his flag on H.M.S. *Drake*, where he was visited by King Edward last Monday and Tuesday. The third sister is also married to a gallant and popular sailor, namely, Prince Henry of Prussia, while the fourth sister is Her Imperial Majesty the Czarina. It is interesting to note that the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse, the only brother of the four sisters, married only the other day Princess Eleonore of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich.

Dr. Charcot.

Although the Ministry of Marine declares that there is by no means a certainty that Dr. Charcot, who set forth on a scientific expedition to the South Pole some months since, has been lost, the friends and relatives of the distinguished scientist have given up all hope, for it is thought that had he and his companions still been alive the ship which the Argentine Government sent out to find some trace of them could not have failed to do so. Dr. Charcot was the son of the celebrated doctor for nervous diseases who made hypnotism a science, and was himself a man of great distinction. Young—he was little over forty—he had a love for travel and for research, and may be remembered by *Sketch* readers for the journey into northern waters which he made some years ago, in which M. Waldeck-Rousseau accompanied him and during which he and the great French statesman were visited on board their yacht by the German Emperor. Madame Charcot is a daughter of the late Victor Hugo.

Centenary of the "Bœuf Gras."

Next Tuesday will be the centenary of the *Bœuf Gras*, for it was in February 1805 that Napoleon re-established the Shrove Tuesday festival which had been stopped by the Revolution sixteen years before and which everyone thought had been abolished for ever. But Napoleon was no Puritan, and just one hundred years ago a fat ox, ridden by a little Cupid, was paraded through the streets of Paris, with an escort of butchers dressed up as Druids. The Empress Josephine received the cavalcade at the Tuileries, and gave one hundred napoleons to the Druids, some of whom had been received by Queen Marie Antoinette in 1789 at the Shrove Tuesday celebration.

A Wedding of the Week.

Not the least interesting wedding of the week was that of Captain George Tryon and the Hon. Averil Vivian. Captain Tryon, who served with the Grenadier Guards in the South African War, is, of course, the only son of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, who met with so tragic an end when H.M.S. *Victoria* was sunk in the Mediterranean. His mother, the Hon. Lady Tryon, is one of Lord Ancaster's two sisters, and so the bridegroom of the moment is the first-cousin of Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lady Dalhousie, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Lady Margaret Rutherford, and Lady Cecilie Goff. The bride is one of the half-sisters of Lord Swansea, and she bears the pretty name of Averil, after her mother. It is curious that the bride has two younger sisters, who are twins and are the god-children of the King and Queen; but they must not be confused with the other Vivian twins, the sisters of Lord Vivian, who are the Queen's Maids-of-Honour. The bride, like all her sisters, is very popular in Society and is as keen on the gaieties of the Season in London as she is on the delights of outdoor life at her brother's beautiful seat at Singleton, near Swansea.

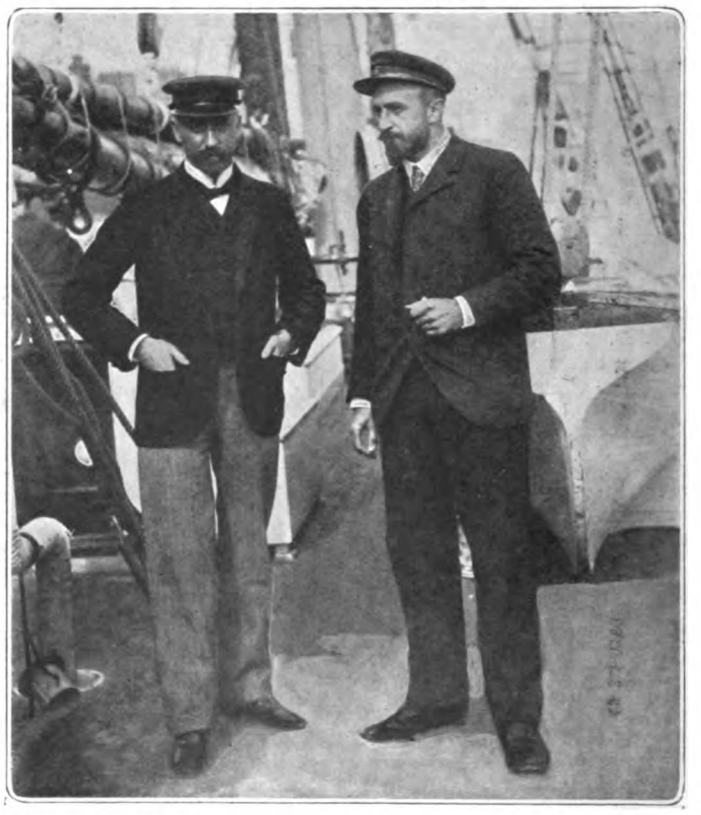




YESTERDAY'S WEDDING: CAPTAIN AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE TRYON.

Photographs by Langfier.

Dr. Charcot.



THE SUPPOSED LOSS OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC: DR. CHARCOT ON THE DECK OF HIS VESSEL JUST BEFORE HIS START FOR THE SOUTH.

Photograph supplied by our Paris Correspondent.

THE MOST INTERESTING ROYAL FAMILY OF THE MOMENT:

THE SON AND DAUGHTERS OF LOUIS IV., GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.



PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG (PRINCESS VICTORIA ALBERTA ELIZABETH MATILDA MARY OF HESSE).

THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGIUS OF RUSSIA (PRINCESS ELIZABETH ALEXANDRINA LOUISA ALICE OF HESSE).

ERNEST LOUIS CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAM, K.G., REIGNING GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA (PRINCESS IRENE MARIE LOUISA ANNA OF HESSE).

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA (PRINCESS VICTORIA ALIX HELENA LOUISE BEATRICE OF HESSE).

Photographs by Langfier, Russell, and Schaarwächter. (*See "Small Talk of the Week."*)

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN, a week or so ago, it was rumoured that the dreaded typhus had made an appearance, and some enterprising newspapers were endeavouring to blame the "aliens," I could not help wondering how the people with nerves would scream if they knew the risks that London runs. Not so very long ago, a man was taken to a great London hospital, where the trouble from which he collapsed and died was found to be the genuine bubonic plague. Every precaution known to sanitary science was taken, the body was cremated, and nothing happened. I have been told that cases of the real Asiatic cholera have been found in London, and that beriberi is not absolutely unknown. If the halfpenny Press were substituted for the skilled, resourceful physician, we should have a national or metropolitan disaster of the first magnitude. When a virulent epidemic comes to a nervous country, it kills its hundreds, and fear kills thousands. This is no exaggeration; I have seen the results of terror for myself. In Great Britain, where the Sanitary Inspector has his place in the national Parthenon and we are not accustomed to serious trouble, it would be terribly easy to establish a panic.

Home-made Wine. In many parts of the country to-day housewives can offer you a glass of excellent wine made from the produce of the orchard or kitchen-garden. These wines have a certain refreshing quality, some flavour of the home-grown fruit, and find favour in the sight of simple people. But recent newspaper revelations show that Merrie England makes wines of quite another description. Many of the cheap clarets, ports, and other wines beloved of the men and women who eat at the restaurants of Bohemia, were never nearer France or Spain than the purlieus of the Mile End Road. In short, the manufacture of liquids that enjoy the courtesy title of wine is now a thriving but secret industry in our midst, to the great detriment of our revenue returns and our national digestion. Something is very wrong here. While the Briton who has eighteenpence to spare for a bottle of wine with his dinner must face the risk of being mildly poisoned, you can buy excellent wine, pure juice of the grape, for threepence the bottle in certain parts of all countries of Southern Europe. Indeed, I was told by a gentleman who has large estates in a wine-raising district of Spain that, when he was putting up some small houses on his estate two years ago, wine was used instead of water for the building work, because the people had more wine than casks.

New Use for Water. Before the manufacture of wine that has less than a nodding acquaintance with the grape became a popular East-End industry, the wealthy Americans had already hit our wine-merchants very hard. They had not exactly invented water, but they had introduced it to the dinner-table. When men who could afford to lay the dust in the streets of the Metropolis with the finest champagne went to our best hotels and restaurants and ordered water with their dinner or supper, a very serious condition of affairs arose. The attempt to meet it by putting aërated water into bottles with fancy labels, giving certificates of purity, and selling it at a price moderate or extortionate according to taste, was only mildly successful; the water cult spread, and more than one manager has complained bitterly of the teetotal tendency of the time. Indeed, we have heard threats that the price of *table d'hôte* meals would be raised, and there are houses in town where the menu announces without shame that, if you would be a water-drinker, you must pay for the privilege. The discovery of wine grown in Whitechapel will, it is to be feared, add to the popularity of water.



TITLES TRAVESTIED: "THE CINGALEE" (THE SINGLE-HE).

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

Prospects of Peace. The rumours of Peace are coming in from all sides, and there is a fairly widespread belief that the Far-Eastern War has well-nigh run its course. If these rumours are reliable, they must be founded upon two latter-day developments, the threatened break-up of the Russian social system and the impending breakdown of the Trans-Siberian Railway. If Russia is in a ferment from Poland to the Ural Mountains, she cannot keep half-a-million men at the seat of war and along the route; if the railway is worn badly by the extraordinary pressure put upon it, the Russian Manchurian Army must soon reach the limits of its offensive and defensive capacity and become a mob. Of course, it would be idle to suggest that General Trepoff and Prince Khilkoff have come to the end of their tether; but they cannot be quite at their ease, or peace rumours would not be meeting with credence in quarters where they have been disregarded hitherto. All Europe prays for peace, and for the peaceful solution of the knotty problems that will arise, phœnix-like, from the ashes of war. The terms said to form the basis upon which Russia is prepared to discuss peace are, of course, absurd. They are no more than the cession to Japan of what she has acquired already, and the cession to the Czar of what his arms have not yet lost. The full bitterness of defeat is not yet realised in Nevski Prospekt, even though it has been tasted by the best of the Czar's soldiers and sailors; and if peace is coming, the path of its progress will needs be strewn with countless difficulties. For the short season of negotiations must prove one of the most critical since the war began; and no small share of the difficulties will fall upon the ally of Japan, who must see that no combination robs the Mikado of the fruits of victory.

RAPID TRANSITION: LA BELLE OTERO CHANGES FROM NUN TO DANCER

IN "LA DOMINICAINE," AT PARISIANA.









La Belle Otero is no stranger to readers of "The Sketch," but as a nun she is a novelty in Paris as in London. She has made so enormous a success in "La Dominicaine," the little piece in which she is appearing at Parisiana, that we hear she will very likely tour with it next summer, and there is talk of her engagement in a London theatre, as the piece cannot be classed as a sketch within the meaning of the Act, though, really, it is very little more than a frame for Madame Caroline Otero. The story is one of the Mexican War with the French in 1864. Irene and Carbajal, sister and brother, arrange to keep a detachment of French soldiers in the monastery of San Bartolillo until such time as their fellow guerillas can arrive and cut them to pieces. With this object, Irene (Otero), wearing the blue and white robes of the Dominicans, shelters in the building. Lieutenant Verdier, in charge of the troops, visits her in her cell in order to express his regrets at having to leave, and it is then that Irene throws off her disguise, appears in a particularly un-nunlike garb, and dances before him. Also, she falls in love with him, and, after he has been taken prisoner, sets him free. The end is tragedy, for Irene is killed by her own brother, Carbajal, who, seeing her in a military cloak, mistakes her for the escaping prisoner.

Photographs by Walery.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"MR. HOPKINSON," AT THE AVENUE.

NOT very long ago no farces were to be seen: to-day you may choose between five within quarter of a mile of Spring Gardens. Of the five, Mr. R. C. Carton's seems to me to be the cleverest. "Mr. Hopkinson," given at the Avenue, has not the agreeable, good-natured tone of "Mollentrave," the fresh, rollicking atmosphere of "Beauty and the Barge," or the mechanical ingenuity of "Our Flat," but in persistent keenness of dialogue and vigour of character-drawing it comes first. "The Lady of Leeds," which it resembles the most in style, has a great number of clever lines, and also a good many with no particular point; consequently one gets the idea that it was written with a flowing and sometimes overflowing pen: in the case of "Mr. Hopkinson" there is hardly a dull phrase. There may be no sign of effort about it, but one knows that a vast amount of care has been spent in working up and polishing. It is to be regretted that some of this time was not carefully devoted to considering the question of length, for the play is somewhat too long—a fault that may easily be remedied, and if, in the process of cutting down, Mr. Carton mitigates and shortens the humours concerning the Channel passage of the Earl of Addleton, no one, save, perhaps, Mr. Henry Kemble, will complain. One notices with interest in the names of *Addle*ton and his daughter *Egg*lesby a faint touch, timidly given, of the humour concerning the names of characters which, fortunately, has gone out of fashion. It is not upon dialogue alone that the merit of the work rests—plays cannot live on dialogue alone; certainly, too, the plot is not its main element, for the warmest admirer could not pretend that the story of the attempt and failure of Samuel Hopkinson, wealthy ex-shopman, to live in the atmosphere of Mayfair is novel, though, following the mode, the author gives a new tone to it by the cruelty of his treatment.

It is the distinguishing feature of new farce that the element of kindliness has disappeared. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Carton have given us three farces within a space of six months which do not among them contain an important character that is not to some extent detestable. They seem to desire the sound of shuddering laughter. In guise of farce they present cruel caricatures of aspects of human life, and, if any of the characters shows amiability, it is distorted into something like imbecility, as in the case of the unlucky Baverstock. We used to have some sugar in our farces, but, although in "Mollentrave" the vitriol is more adulterated, that play contains no one at all lovable; and even in "Beauty and the Barge" the chief characters are somewhat cruel or else colourless: it, however, certainly in scheme belongs to the older fashion, fortunately without being at all *vieux jeu*.

"Mr. Hopkinson" gives quite a ferocious, satirical picture of Society, in which the author does not even accept the conventional theory that the humbler classes possess warm hearts. Of course, Society is not as bad as he paints it, but Mr. Carton frankly calls his work "farce" by way of disarming criticism. In the present case, he goes so far as to give Miss Compton a part which, at first, suggests that once more she will present a woman with a cold manner and kind feelings, with an air of frigidity cloaking a sentimental nature; yet when the play is half through, we find her, as the Duchess of Braceborough (which she presents with all her curious, admirable technique), utterly callous and selfish, and, apparently, with an entire absence of moral ideas. In this respect it may be said that farce nowadays is usurping the function of comedy; nevertheless, instead of holding up the mirror, she is presenting a kind of "shaving-glass," in which, however, Society can form a better opinion of itself than by a mere reflection on an accurate scale. Truth must be magnified in order that we may notice her. Alas, it is to be feared that, even with the aid of the magnifying mirror, we only see the faults of other people—there is a suspicion of a bull in the sentence, for which humble apologies are offered.



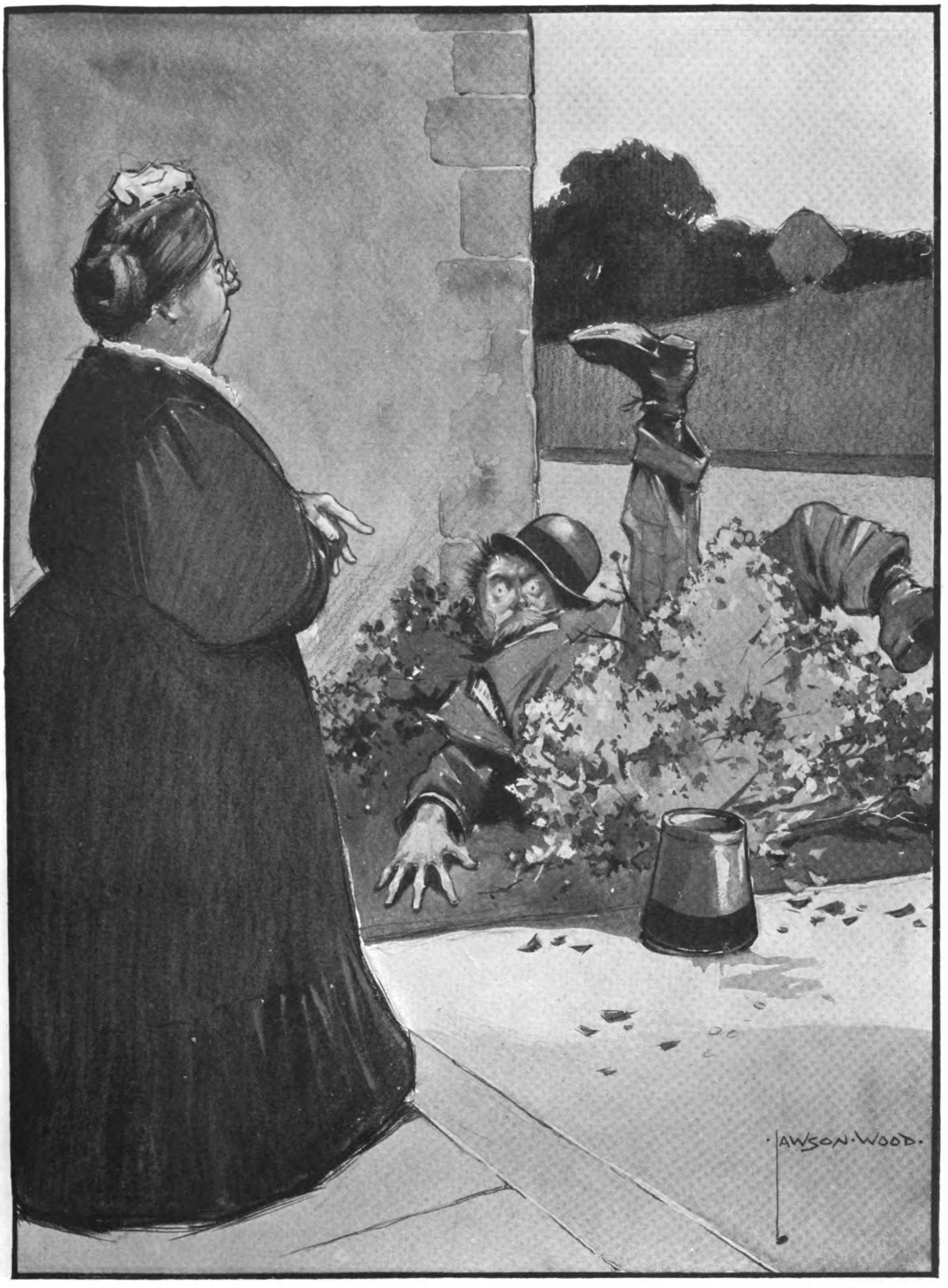
MRS. LEWIS WALLER IN ONE OF HER TWO NEW RÔLES: "MISS JACK."

During last week, Mrs. Lewis Waller presented two new plays at the Brixton Theatre—"The Admiral's Lady," a drama by Mr. Arthur Shirley, and "Miss Jack." The former was to have first seen the light at Portsmouth, but certain of the scenery was lost and affairs thus delayed.

Photograph by Thomas.

Still, people need not fear a visit to "Mr. Hopkinson" on account of the idea that it is hard and cruel, for it is vastly amusing. The chief character is not the less diverting because we never have a kindly feeling for it. Samuel is a worm without even so much as an amiable vice to his credit: he is mean and ambitious, a quintessence of snobbishness, cunning and unintelligent, and utterly vulgar. How Mr. James Welch contrives to conceal so completely the note of personal charm that has embellished many of his comic performances I can hardly guess. The study is quite extraordinary: accent, movement, manner, make-up, voice, and all are perfect—perhaps "make-up" is a little wrong, for his Mayfair guides would have forced him to cut his curls; his work is as fine as Mr. Carton's, and even if the play had nothing else to commend it—and this is very far from the truth — "Mr. Hopkinson" would well repay a visit. However, the cast contains many clever people. Miss Ellen O'Malley makes a "hit" by a charming, easy piece of acting as the tepid-blooded Lady Thyra. The very broad humour of Mr. Henry Kemble causes hearty laughter. Mr. Graham Browne acts cleverly in a part quite out of his line, but his wig requires toning down. Miss Annie Hughes, in one of her "cat" parts, achieves a customary success, Mr. Fred Kerr has work easily within his range, and Mr. Allan represents the family solicitor in quite a real-life manner, except, indeed, that he makes a serious mistake as to stamping the marriage settlement, which Mr. Carton might correct: it is in connection with the marriage settlement scene that the humour flags a little, and here there should be some compression. "Mr. Hopkinson" is not exactly a great farce: it is too disdainful of intrigue, and indulges in some poaching in the domain of pure comedy; possibly some will find its humours a trifle too dry and intellectual, and consider its most amusing note a tug-of-war which, I think, is rather out of bounds; but it is remarkably clever, and causes an immense amount of laughter. It is permissible to hint that one can have too much of the dry farce, and that, without loss of dignity, the dramatists may yield a little to the public taste for sugar—some of the auxiliary love-plots worked into old farces were very pretty and they aided the plays by contrast.

WOMANLY SYMPATHY!

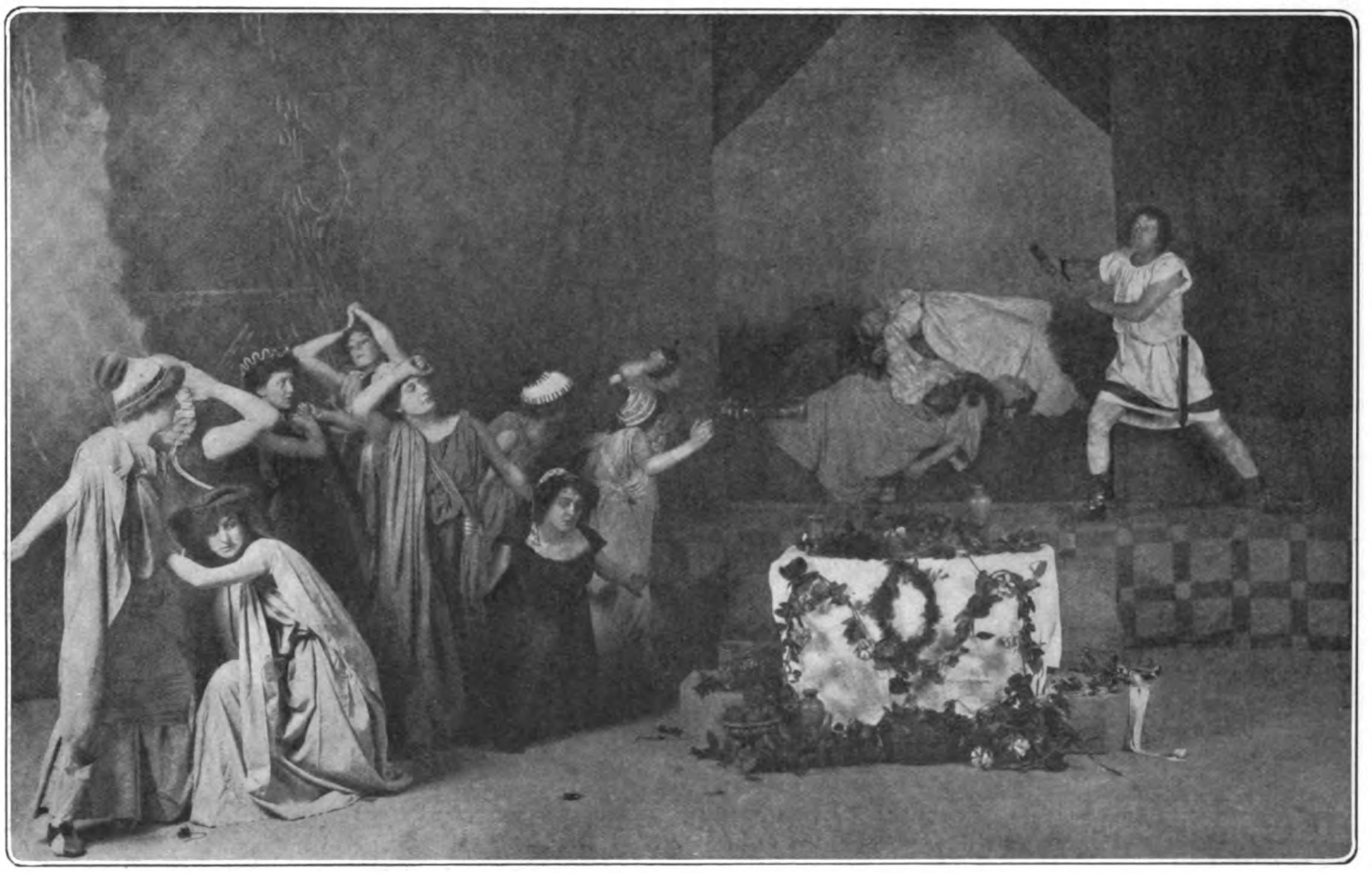


THE LADY (*to the Window-cleaner who has fallen from the third floor*): How exceedingly careless of you, spoiling the new shrubs! Why couldn't you fall on the path?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

GREEK TRAGEDY AT THE CORONET: "ORESTES."

MR. F. R. BENSON'S RÉPERTOIRE SEASON.



"THERE LIES OUR COUNTRY'S TWO-FOLD TYRANNY."

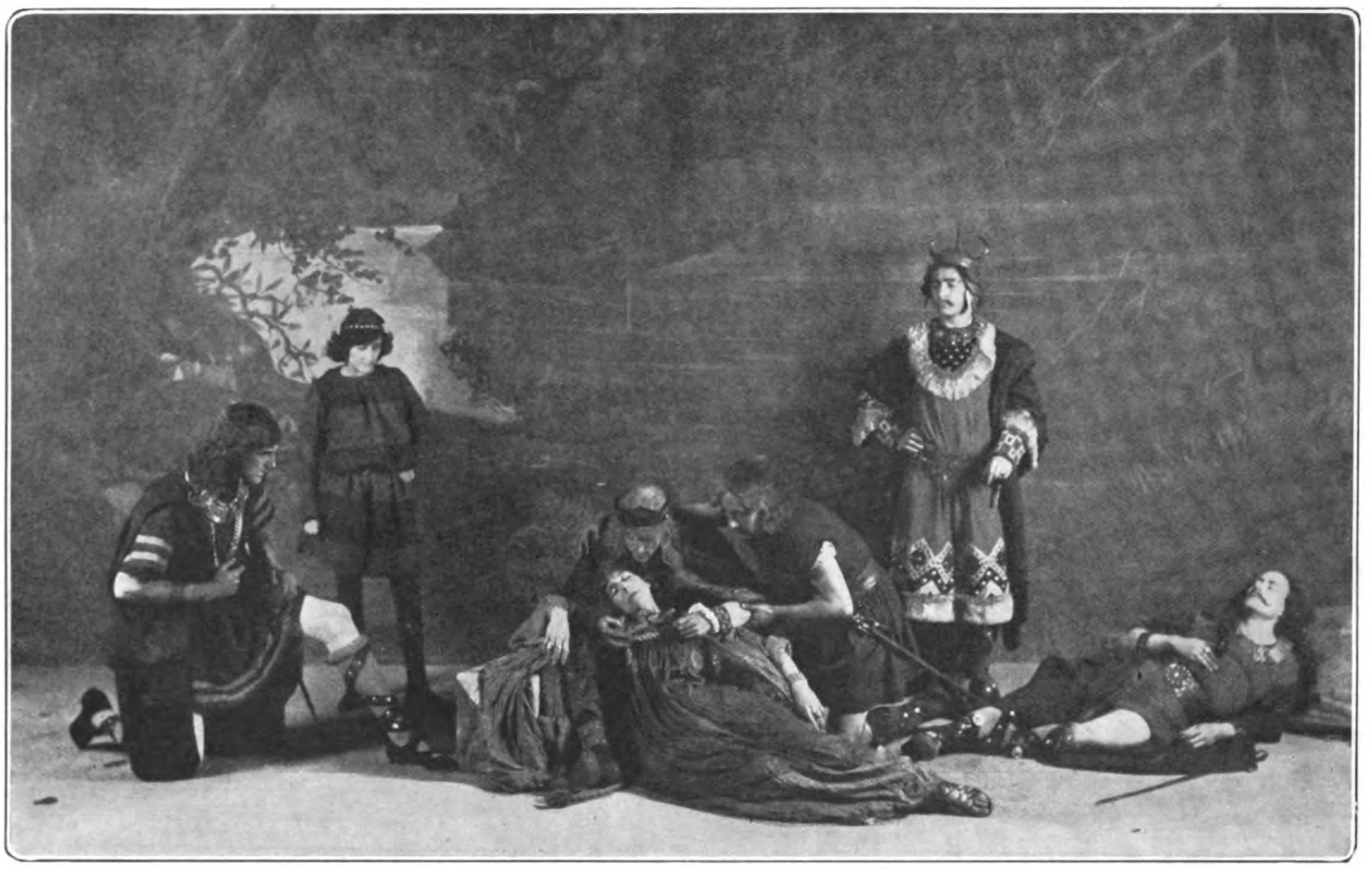


"OH, KING APOLLO, SEE, THEY SWARM ON ME.'

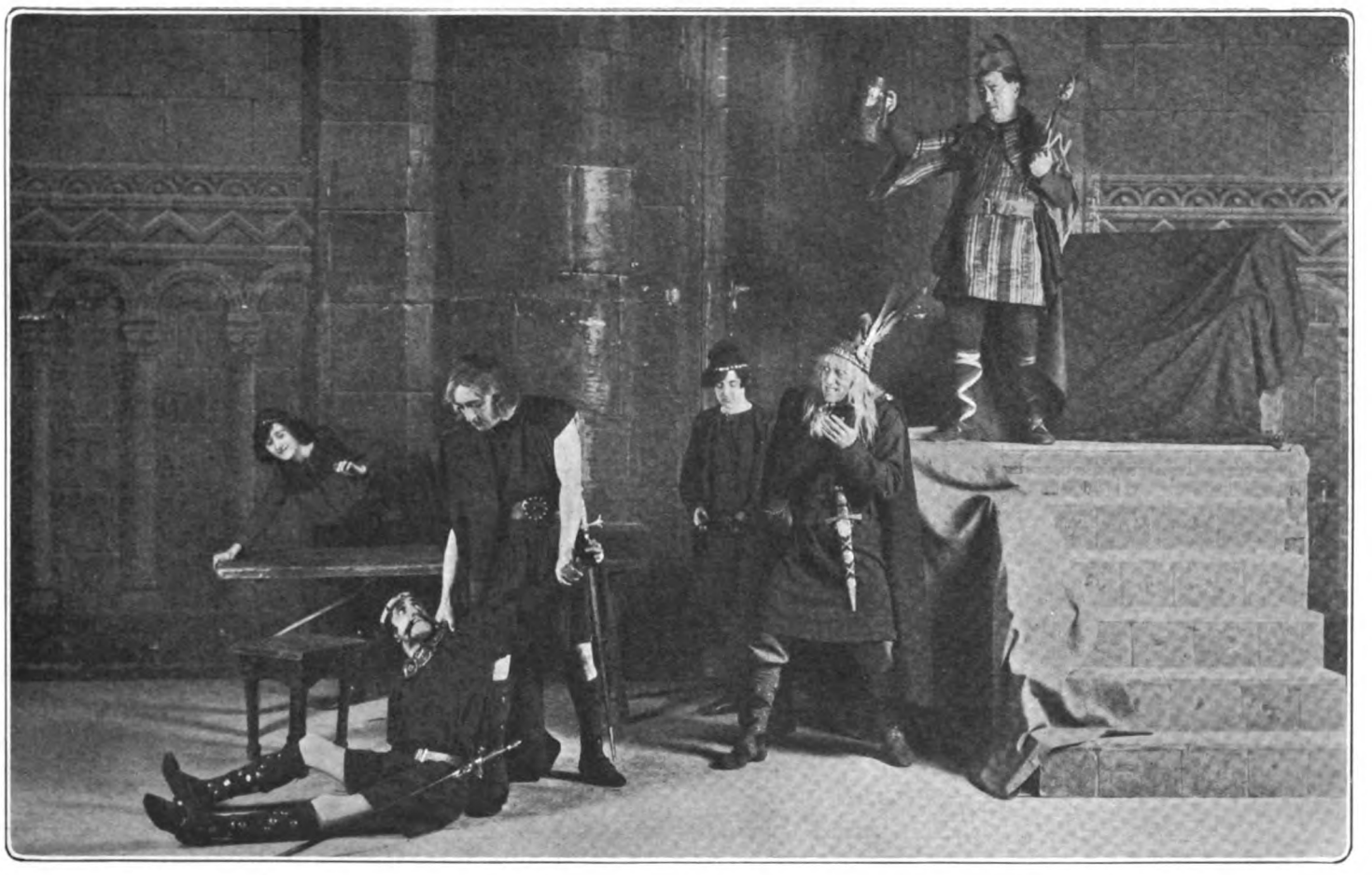
Photographs by Ellis and Walery

SHAKSPERIAN TRAGEDY AT THE CORONET: "KING LEAR."

MR. F. R. BENSON'S RÉPERTOIRE SEASON.



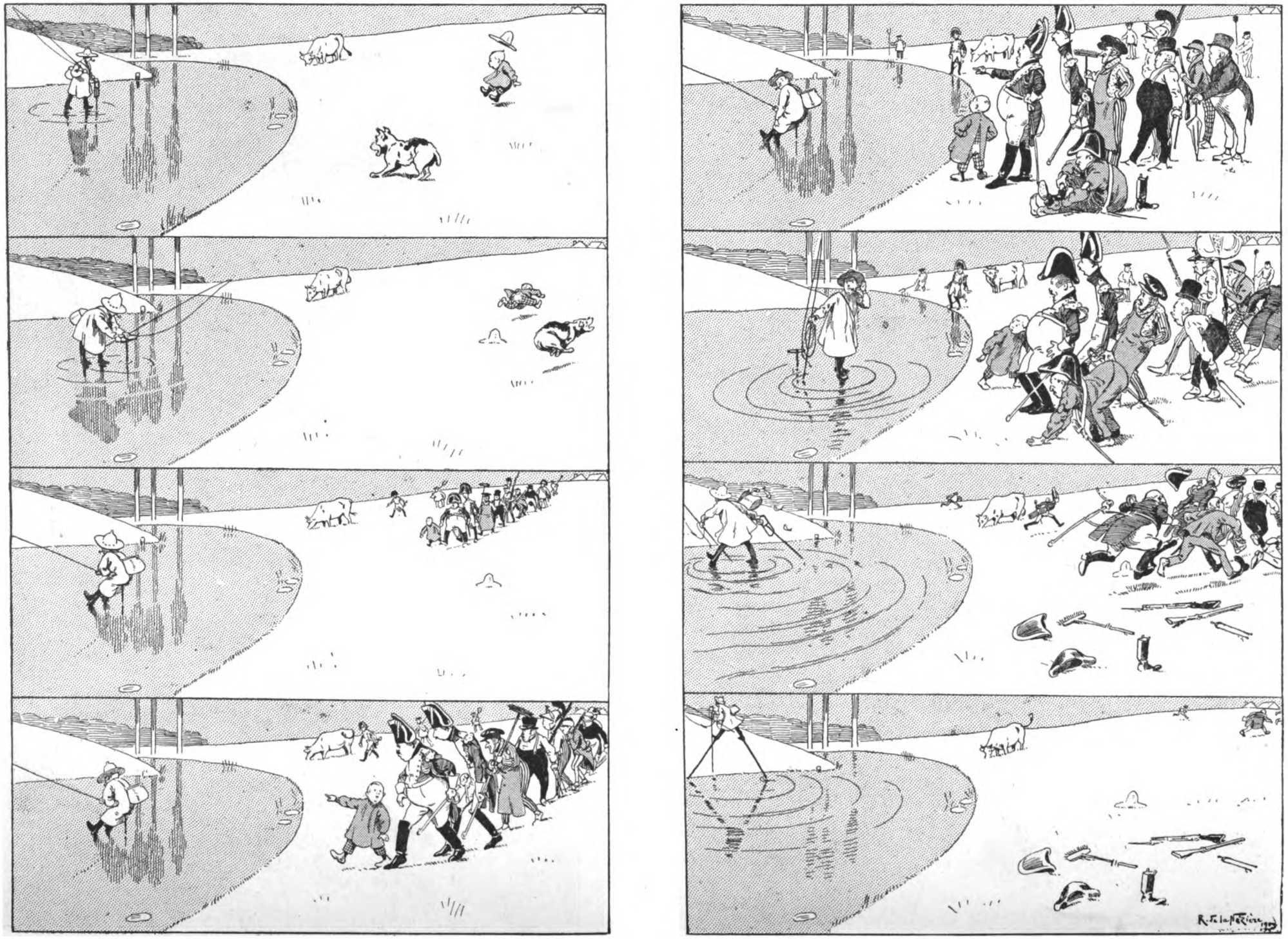
"LEND ME A LOOKING-GLASS; IF THAT HER BREATH WILL MIST OR STAIN THE STONE, WHY, THEN SHE LIVES."



"I THANK THEE, FELLOW; THOU SERVEST ME, AND I'LL LOVE THEE."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

A MODERN MIRACLE, AND ITS SOLUTION.

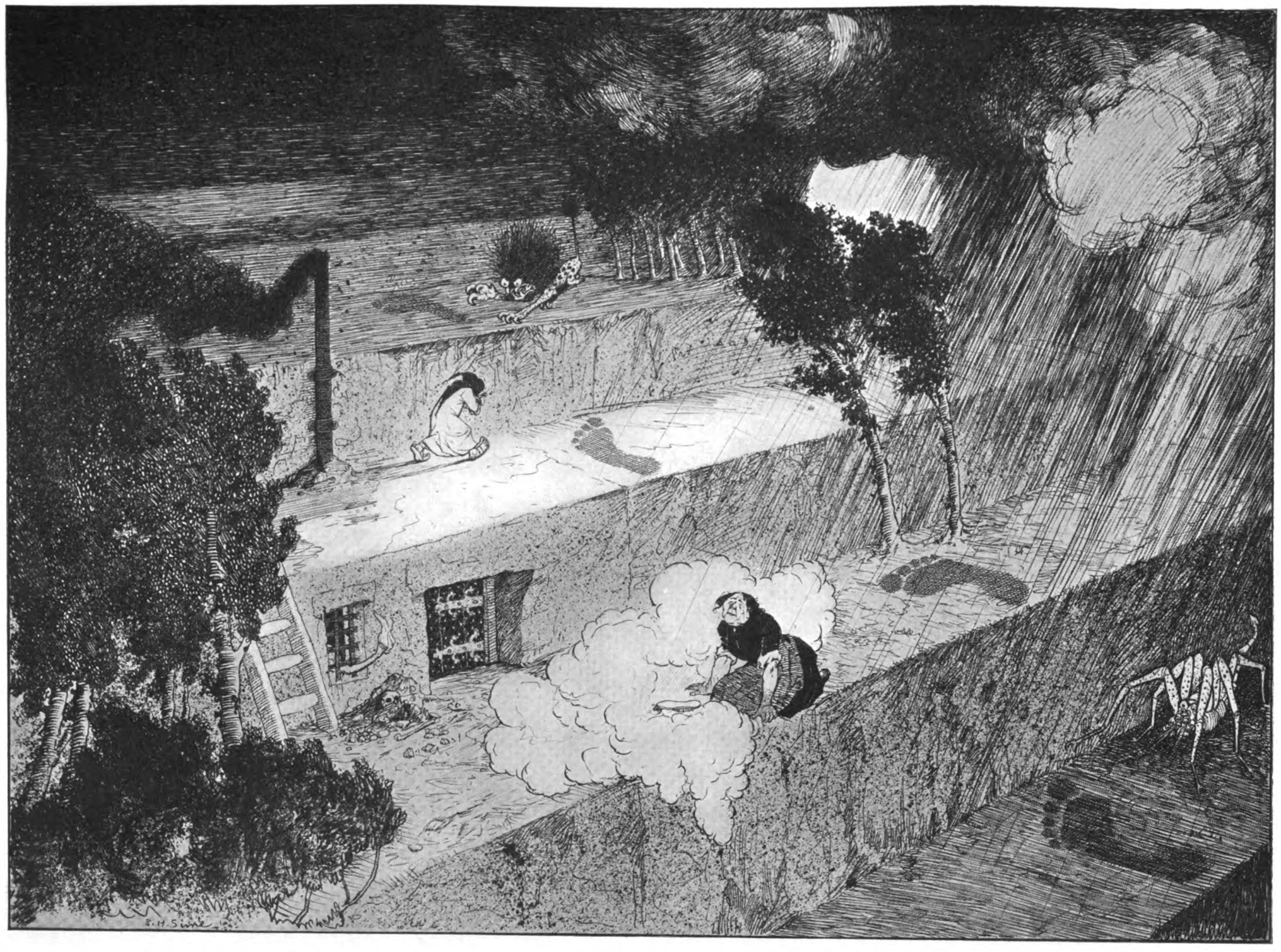


A FISHING STORY FROM FRANCE.

DRAWN BY R. DE LA NÉZIÈRE.

THE DREAM OF THE WOMAN OF CHAR.

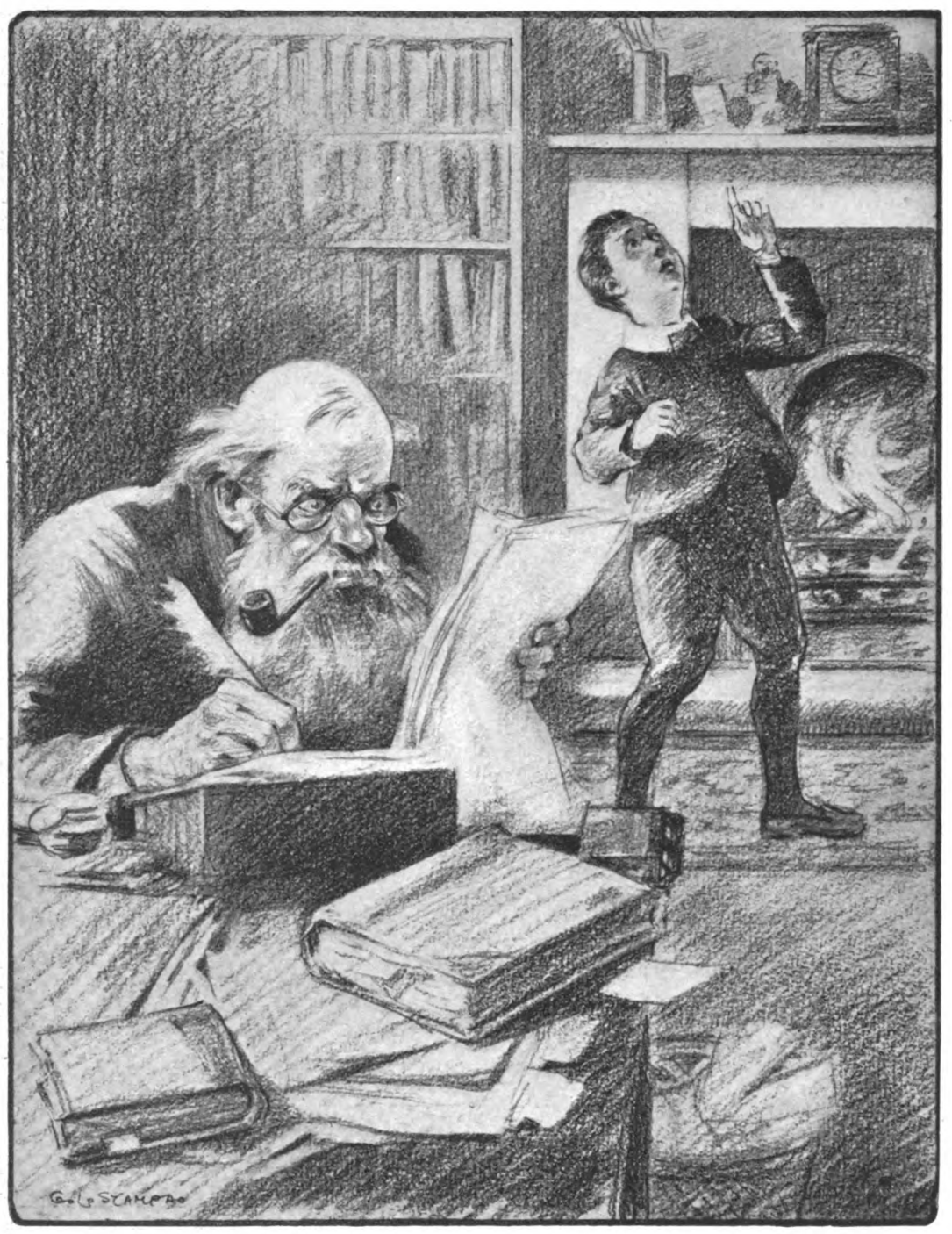
By S. H. Sime.



"I dreamed that I was the Woman of Char, and that it was my task to scrub the endless and gigantic stairs which are neither here nor there. I had no water, but my tears fell in great abundance, and there was an occasional shower of rain; so I worked frantically, and the lather grew and grew and grew. But despair overcame me when I realised the hideous mockery of the situation—the stairs were made of scan!"

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE most interesting and novel part of the biography of Robert Stephen Hawker, which Mr. C. E. Byles has written, and Mr. John Lane has published, is the account of Tennyson's visit to Morwenstow. Tennyson did not give his name when he introduced himself, and Hawker found him "a tall, swarthy, Spanish-looking man, with an eye like a sword." After they had conversed a while, Tennyson said, "'Do you know my name?' I said, 'No, I have not even a guess.' 'Do you wish to know it?' 'I don't much care—"that which we call a rose," etc.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'my name is *Tennyson!*' 'What!' said I, '*the* Tennyson?' 'What do you mean by *the* Tennyson? I am Alfred Tennyson, who wrote "Locksley Hall," which you seem to know by heart.'"



"Gran'-pa! I say, Gran'-pa! There's such a funny fly on the ceiling!" (*No answer.*)
"Gran'-pa! There's a 'normous big fly on the ceiling."
"Yes, yes, boy! All right: put your foot on it—don't bother me!"

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

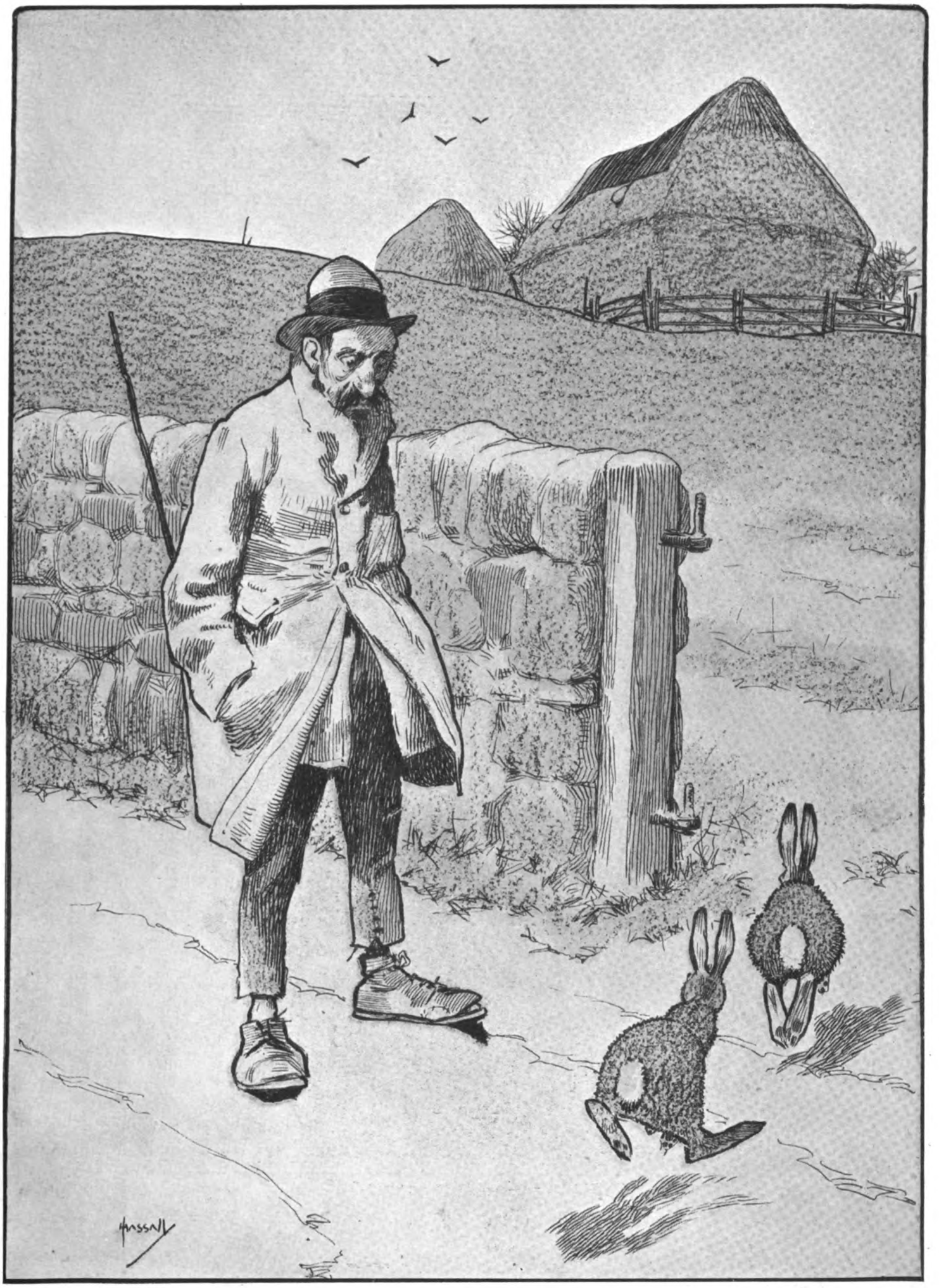
Then they talked frankly about the times—old prophecies and new events. Tennyson said he had nowhere a settled home, but he wandered all the year. He said he usually made about ten lines every day, multitudes of which were never written down and so were lost for ever. His chief reliance for bodily force was on wine. "The Bard is a handsome, well-formed man, and tall, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman—black, long, elf-locks all round his face, mid which his eyes not only shine, but glare. His garments loose and full, such as Bard beseems, and over all a dark Spanish cloak. He speaks the languages both old and new, and has manifestly a most bibliothec memory. His voice is very deep, tuneful, and slow—an organ, not a breath. His temper, which I tried, seemed very calm—his spirits very low. . . . It is to me a great memorial day in my solitary place to have heard the voice and seen the form of Alfred Tennyson."

The book contains also some interesting notes on the publisher, Mr. John Lane, who has been pre-eminently the successor to Edward Moxon as the poet's publisher. Mr. Lane spent his youth in the adjoining parish of Hartland, and Mr. Hawker's preaching, personal appearance, charm of manner and voice are among his earliest recollections. Over twenty years ago, Mr. Lane paid a visit to Edward Capern, the North Devon poet-postman, at Braunton, where he was then living on his pension. "I well remember his showing me appreciative letters from Tennyson, Kingsley, Landor, Froude, Longfellow, Elihu Burritt, and Hawker. We made it out that Capern must have carried the news of my birth in 1854 from my grandmother's house at West Putford, where I was born, to my father at Buckland Brewer. Capern's round was from Buckland Brewer to Bideford, and he told me that he composed most of his poems whilst on his rounds." As Mr. Byles judiciously observes, the fact that Mr. Lane's birth was heralded by a poet was surely prophetic.

One of the very best and brightest among recent books of reminiscences is "Bits of Gossip," by Rebecca Harding Davis (Archibald Constable and Co. 5s.). There is not a page that is not worth reading, and Mrs. Davis tells her stories without dulness and without waste of words. Specially noteworthy are her remarks on Hawthorne. In spite of the multitude of books on the great American novelist, there is still a want of definiteness in the total impression. Mrs. Davis tells us something about Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Hawthorne's sister. It was recently affirmed that Hawthorne was engaged to this lady in the first instance, and that she magnanimously handed him over to her younger sister. Mrs. Davis does not confirm this rumour. She tells us that Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who was all her life an active philanthropist, was a woman of wide research and a really fine intelligence, but she had the discretion of a six-year-old child. On one occasion, Miss Peabody was on a visit to the Hawthornes at Concord. Hawthorne had carefully avoided entertaining his neighbours, but Miss Peabody, who was a short, stout, little woman, with an air of resolution, went round the town on her own responsibility and invited the chief Concord people to spend the evening. She provided some cake and lemonade to make everything satisfactory. The guests came in one by one and were received by Hawthorne with terrified dismay. One intellectual lady went straight at him as a vulture to its prey. "So delighted to meet you *at last!*" she said, seating herself beside him. "I have always admired your books, Mr. Hawthorne. I was one of the very first to recognise your power. And now I want you to tell me about your methods of work. I want to hear all about it." Mrs. Hawthorne, "the faithful woman who kept always close to his side, with her laughing words and anxious eyes," came up and said he was wanted outside, and he escaped safely into his tower. One of his sayings to Mrs. Davis was: "We New Englanders begin to enjoy ourselves—when we are dead."

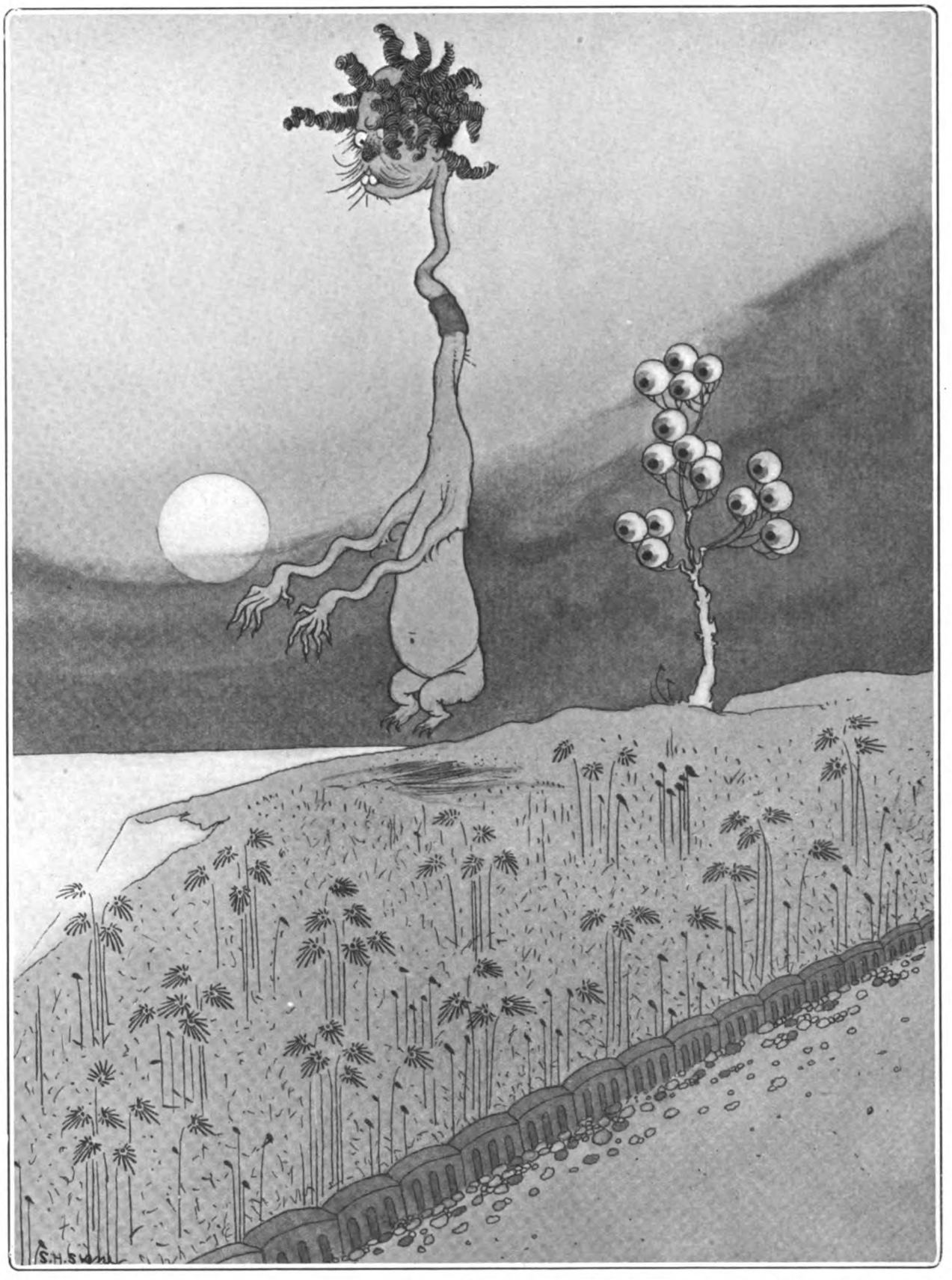
O. O.

THE TRAMP SARCASTIC.—By JOHN HASSALL.



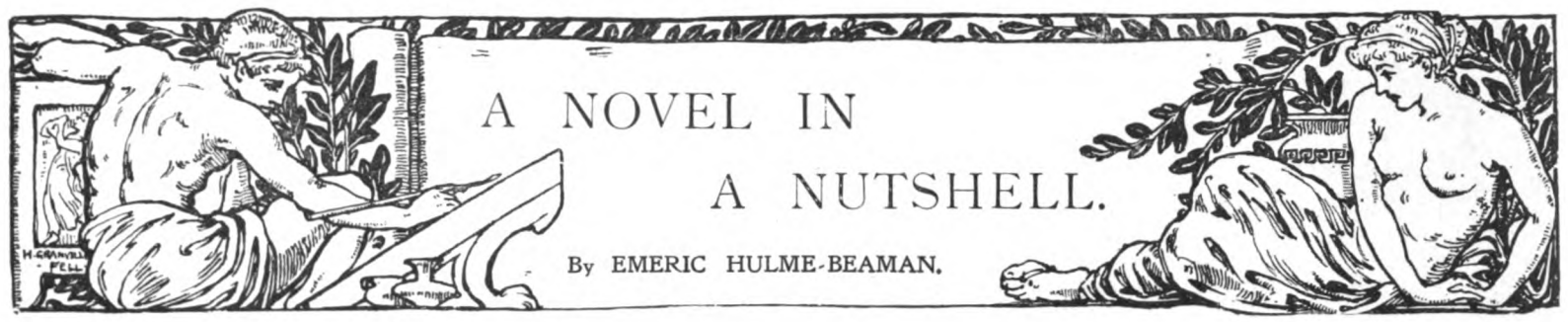
THE TRAMP: "GO ON CHASIN' YERSELF. DON'T MIND ME. I'M ONLY A PEDESTRIUM!"

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—VI.



The Pst!

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



CAPTAIN TOLROY'S DOÚBLE.

HALF-A-DOZEN of us—all, as it chanced, upon terms of tolerable intimacy with each other—were seated, one evening, in the smoking-room of the Megatherium, when, the talk falling on coincidences and accidental resemblances, Tolroy rose to his feet.

"Any of you fellows ever had a double?" he asked, gazing round the circle through his eye-glass, sternly.

We knew, when Tolroy got on to his feet and stood gently swaying on his toes and heels, with his hands in his trousers-pockets and his eye-glass screwed firmly in his left eye, that this attitude was the inevitable preliminary to some kind of discourse addressed to all and sundry who had a mind to listen to it.

Allerton, upon whom Tolroy's glance, completing its circuit, now alighted, took upon himself to reply in the negative for the rest of the company.

"No—never," he said.

"Well, then, you can thank your stars for *that*," observed Tolroy, fervently.

"Story!" exclaimed someone.

"Yes, go ahead, Tolly! Let's hear it," said another.

"It goes deucedly against myself, unfortunately," replied Captain Tolroy.

"All the better," came the unfeeling rejoinder.

"Possibly — for the audience," retorted the Captain, drily. "Anyhow, I don't mind telling it."

He paused, stared solemnly at his toes for a moment, and then, after clearing his throat twice, began—

"Last August, I went down to—well, never mind the name of the place: a deuced nice little town somewhere on the South Coast, anyway—and put up at one of the big hotels. I had not been there long when, as you may imagine, I began to make a good many acquaintances, and a good many more people began to know *me* than *I* knew, so that directly my name appeared in the Visitors' List I was pestered with invitations—dinners, tennis-parties, picnics, and so forth—right and left. Of course, I was elected an honorary member of the County Club, and one evening, as I strolled into the billiard-room, young Pipkin, of the Guards, who was playing a game with old General Bone, looked up from the table and cocked his eye at me.

"'Aha, Tolroy!' he chirped. 'What price striped bathing-costumes?'

"'Striped bathing-costumes! What do you mean?' I demanded.

"'Oh, *we* saw you. We were all there,' chuckled the young owl. 'By George, I admire your nerve, old chap! I wouldn't have believed it possible for any man to have had the cheek, dash me if I would—eh, General?'

"'Devilish indecent, *I* call it!' growled the General, making his stroke.

"'I beg your pardon,' I said, coldly, 'but I haven't the faintest idea to what circumstance you may be alluding. And, with regard to indecency, let me remark, General Bone, that that is a word I do not permit to be applied to any action of mine.'

"'No—no, of course not!' hastily interposed young Pipkin. 'It was a joke, of course. Everybody knew that. Everybody knows you did it for a bet, Tolroy.'

"'Did it! Did *what?*' I roared.

"Pipkin and the General stared at me.

"'Why,' said Pipkin, after a moment's pause, 'why, walked down the Parade steps this morning in a striped bathing-costume—in front of the crowd, to be sure!'

"'Great heavens!' I exclaimed, 'are you mad? I—*I*—walk along the Parade in a bathing-costume before the crowd?'

"'For a bet, of course,' explained Pipkin. 'We all knew that.'

"'This is preposterous!' I cried, angrily. 'You can't be serious?'

"'For the credit of the Club—and the Service,' put in the General, 'I should be very glad to think we were mistaken.'

"'Gad, sir! I take it very kindly of you to give me the benefit of the doubt!' I sneered. 'I know nothing whatever of the matter. And I never wore a striped bathing-costume in my life.'

"'Well, I'm jiggered!' exclaimed Pipkin, gaping in amazement. 'We all swore it was you. You haven't a twin brother knocking about, have you, Tolroy?'

"'No, I haven't. Now explain this conundrum, please.'

"'Well, it's simple enough,' said Pipkin. 'At twelve o'clock this morning a cab stopped just opposite the Band-stand, the door opened, and out you stepped — at least, everybody thought it was you—*somebody* stepped, anyway, dressed in an absurd bathing-costume, and calmly walked through the crowd down the steps, on to the beach, and eventually into a bathing-machine. The whole place crowed with laughter. People said you—he—had done it for a bet.'

"'And you dared to mistake this man for *me?*' I demanded.

"'My dear Tolroy, he was the *living image* of you! None of us doubted for an instant it was you.'

"'If it wasn't, I apologise, Captain Tolroy,' said the General, holding out his hand.

"'I regret that you should consider it necessary to have my verbal contradiction,' I replied, a little stiffly.

"'The likeness was miraculous,' said General Bone.

"And so, indeed, it was—as I was forced to admit myself the following day, when, by chance, I came face to face in the street with a tall and singularly handsome man, of thirty-three or so, smartly dressed, by Gad, though a little *too*—well, you know what; not quite Bond Street style, perhaps—and—would you believe it?—I almost fell against the wall, I was so taken aback, for hang me if he wasn't the very fac-simile of myself, even to his eye-glass, by Gad! He swaggered past, just staring at me coolly, as much as to say, 'Hullo! Who the dooce are *you?*' as we brushed shoulders, and turned into the Burlington.

"An afternoon or two later, I dropped in to tea at the Montmorency-Jones's—good people, you know; quite an old family, I believe—and the moment I entered the drawing-room, which was half-full of people (for it was their At Home day), a sudden silence fell upon the company: that sort of silence which says as plainly as possible to a new-comer, 'We were just talking about you, my dear sir, and our remarks were not complimentary!' Mrs. Montmorency-Jones shook hands with me coldly; the Miss Joneses turned their pretty heads in the other direction with studied insolence; the Dowager Duchess of Diddlesborough (who was over for the day with her husband, the cleric) stared at me through her *pince-nez*, and said, in a loud whisper, to her neighbour, 'Is *that* the gentleman?' I turned to Montmorency-Jones, who stood close by, blinking sheepishly. 'Look here,' I said, 'what does all this mean? Perhaps you will kindly expound to me the reason of this—er—rather singular reception of a visitor—of a visitor, by Gad, who isn't accustomed, let me tell you, to be received like an escaped convict when he goes a-calling!'

"'Fact is, my dear Tolroy,' said Montmorency, in an apologetic undertone, 'that—ah—that little affair last night—at the—er—the Park—you know——'

"'No, I don't!' I retorted. 'I *don't* know. I don't know what the deuce little affair you're alluding to. I wasn't at the Park last night.'

"'Why . . . why, my *dear* fellow!' gasped Montmorency; 'we saw it—*we were all there!*'

"'Saw it! Saw what?' I exclaimed, glaring at him.

"'Bless my soul!' said Montmorency-Jones; 'is it necessary to repeat it? Don't you know?'

"'I know nothing,' I snapped, 'as I have already told you once! I wasn't at the Park last night—I was dining with the Ponsonbys.'

"'Great heavens, then! . . . Why, well, I *never!* We must have been mistaken!' blurted Montmorency, with an idiotic look of bewilderment. 'Everybody *thought* it was you, Tolroy,' he added.

"'Well, it *wasn't*,' I said. 'And now you may as well explain what it was that everybody thought they saw me doing.'

"'My dear fellow, I'm really very sorry for the mistake,' he rejoined, hastily; 'but what happened was this: In the middle of the concert, just after Madame Tinkalini had sung her famous "Air de Ballet" with variations, you—I mean, somebody whom we all *thought* was you—forced his way through the stalls in a state, I am sorry to say, of regrettable intoxication, and, lurching up to the platform, took off his coat and wanted to fight the conductor. It was a most uncomfortable scene, Tolroy—a terrible scandal!—and for some moments there was a regular uproar in the hall. At length, half-a-dozen gentlemen and a policeman tried to hustle you—I mean, the inebriated ruffian in evening-clothes whom everybody *said* was you, though I didn't for one moment believe it myself; not for one moment!—contrived, I say, to hustle him out of the room.'

"'It was that barbarian,' I groaned, 'that infernal barbarian again!' and I related to Montmorency the incident of the man in the striped bathing-costume, and how it seemed I was destined to bear

the brunt of all his misdirected iniquities upon my shoulders, by Gad, so long as he chose to remain in the place.

"It was at this juncture that I made the acquaintance of a young widow, Mrs. Hogg. She was a charming woman, by Gad; charming! Just in the prime of womanhood, and with all the romance of a young girl still—a devilish sight too much romance, in fact. She fell in love with me—I may say, without vanity, she fell in love with me almost on sight. She isn't the first woman that's done that either, by Gad. Well, dash it, I found out she had three thousand a year (in her own right), and, by Gad, on that I fell in love with her.

"I'm prompt, devilish prompt always in matters of the heart; and in a week I proposed and was accepted. Plain sailing, I thought then; but, 'pon my soul, I found her a trifle too deuced exacting. If I so much as raised my hat to a lady younger than herself, she'd flame up to know who it was; and if a pretty girl came along, I had to keep my eyes glued to the pavement, by Gad, for fear of exciting Belinda's jealousy by a stray glance—yes, that was her name: Belinda. And she used to call me 'Horatio'—the Lord knows why she couldn't call me simple 'Horace,' as I was christened; but she said that 'Horatio' sounded more romantic, and she liked it: so I decided to let her have her own way—at any rate, till we were married.

"One evening, as soon as we were alone together, she put her arm round my neck—Oh, there was no humbug about Belinda's spooning, I can tell you; she beat any schoolgirl I ever met at it—and, stroking my hair just over my bald patch, she said, in a cooing voice—

"'*Dearest* Horatio, please promise me—promise me *one* thing!'

"I thought of the three thousand a year, and I said I would promise her any number of things she desired.

"'Oh, Horatio! Then promise me you won't ride a donkey again, there's a darling—for *my* sake, Horatio!'

"'Ride a donkey!' I ejaculated, starting back from her embrace. 'Why, Belinda, what on earth do you mean?'

"'Forgive me, Horatio; but—well, I thought it was a little *undignified*, and—not quite the thing, you know—for an officer in the Army to do—and . . . you won't do it again, *will* you?'

"'Certainly not!' I replied, with alacrity. 'Nothing would induce me under any circumstances to ride a donkey. I never did such a thing in my life.'

"'Oh!' she said. 'But—I was told—some people said they saw you riding a donkey along the Parade this morning, wearing a top-hat!'

"'*I!*' I exclaimed. '*I* ride a donkey down the Parade! Why, dash it, Belinda, my angel, you must be dreaming—by Gad, you must!'

"'In a top-hat,' she said. 'Oh, everybody saw you, Horatio! Everybody was there!'

"'Everybody always is!' I exclaimed, angrily. '*You* weren't there, by Gad, were you, my angel?'

"'No; but I was told, Horatio.'

"'Did the man who rode that donkey wear an eye-glass in his *right* eye or his left?' I asked, with icy calmness.

"'I don't know, my Horatio,' answered the widow. 'But he wore a top-hat.'

"'And an eye-glass in his *right* eye, Belinda! I will lay you ten to one in fivers on it—I mean, I will take my oath he wore it in his *right* eye, my angel. *I* know the man. He's an arrant bounder. People are always mistaking him for me down here. I always wear my eye-glass in my *left* eye—pray observe that—whereas this mountebank who has the impudence in some points to resemble me wears *his* in his right. I have been particularly careful to remark this point of dissimilarity between us. And besides, Belinda, my angel, can you—*can* you, I ask—conceive me riding a donkey, with, or without, a top-hat, down the Esplanade, or anywhere else?'

"'I own,' she crooned, 'you would look rather—funny, Horatio.'

"'Funny!' I retorted. 'Devilish idiotic, by Gad. Gentlemen don't do these things, Belinda.'

"After this, things went smoothly for some time, with the exception of occasional little exhibitions of unreasonable jealousy on Belinda's part whenever chance took us into the company of other women, especially of pretty girls: for dash me if I can restrain myself from doing the polite to a pretty girl wherever or however I meet her. There was little Miss Escott, for instance—a beautiful filly of twenty, a regular high-stepper, by Gad, but without a penny to her fortune—and when I handed the pretty child a cup of tea at a tennis-party, Belinda nearly had hysterics.

"'I saw you—oh, Horatio, I *saw* you look into her eyes!' she said, afterwards.

"'Oh dear, no—no, you are quite mistaken, my angel!' I assured her. 'Miss Escott's eyes are well enough, I admit, but they're *nothing* to yours; they haven't the fire and sparkle and—and, by Gad, all the rest of it that *yours* have, my Belinda-winda.'

"I used to employ this idiotic mode of address to the widow whenever she was in one of these sentimental moods, for I found it generally had a soothing effect upon her and usually ended the argument in my favour.

"One afternoon, after lunch, I presented myself at Belinda's house, as usual, in order to place myself at her disposition for the remainder of the day, and little dreaming that this was to prove the last occasion upon which I should visit her in the capacity of an accepted suitor.

"I advanced into the room with my best air and a tender smile. Belinda rose from her chair, but, instead of flinging herself into my arms, which I had opened dutifully for the purpose, as it had been her custom on previous similar occasions to do, she regarded me haughtily, and waved me back, by Gad—positively waved me back, as I approached to salute her.

"'Captain Tolroy,' she exclaimed, in a kind of Tragedy Queen tone, 'all is over between us!'

"'The deuce, Belinda!' I ejaculated, somewhat taken aback, as you may imagine. 'What do you mean?'

"'Oh, don't pretend!' she cried, scornfully. 'I won't be played with like that any longer. I saw you! We *all* saw you! We were all there.'

"'Dash me, by Gad! Then, perhaps, you will explain,' I retorted, 'for *I* wasn't!'

"'*Oh!*' exclaimed Belinda; 'you—you—you *prevaricator!*'

"'Calm yourself, Belinda,' I remarked, for I perceived she was on the verge of hysterics; 'and, instead of calling me names, be good enough to explain your latest cause of grievance against me.'

"'I wonder,' she burst out, 'I wonder you have the face to come to *see* me after making a public exhibition of yourself with that—that *woman!*'

"'What woman?' I demanded, with desperate calmness.

"'*What* woman! Dare you ask me to name her, the brazen, painted hussy, after permitting yourself to be seen by us all driving up and down the front this morning in a dogcart with her? It was an insult—an insult to me! I will never forgive it—no, never! All is over between us from this moment!'

"'Dash me, Belinda,' I cried, 'if I know what the dickens you are talking about! What woman are you referring to?'

"She flashed a look at me like a tiger.

"'Miss Marie Triplight,' she replied, pronouncing the name with slow, cutting emphasis.

"'Miss Marie Triplight!' I echoed, in amazement; 'the—the——'

"'Famous music-hall dancer,' put in Belinda. 'Yes, I congratulate you on the character of your *friends*, Captain Tolroy!'

"'Look here, Belinda,' I said, with decision, 'this is all pure nonsense! I wasn't driving Miss Triplight, or any other lady, down the Parade this morning. I wasn't down the Parade. I was at my hotel, writing business letters. It must have been that—that other scoundrel, for whom I am always being mistaken, that you saw.'

"'Oh, it's very convenient to have a double!' retorted the widow, sarcastically.

"'*Convenient!* Convenient, by Gad, you call it, to have for a double a rascally sweep who is for ever performing some outrageous freak or other for which *I* get the blame? Dash me if I see where the convenience comes in!'

"'Captain Tolroy,' she cried, 'what's the use of going on pretending? *This* time I saw you myself, with my very own eyes!'

"I controlled myself with an effort, and, stepping forward, seized her hands.

"'Belinda,' I said, 'Belinda, believe me, you were mistaken! It was not I. Your own Horatio would not under any circumstances—under *any*, by Gad!—be seen driving about with a notorious ballet-girl!'

"For a moment the widow showed signs of relenting, but her stupid pride stepped in and spoilt it all again.

"'I—I'm afraid I *can't* believe it, Horatio,' she faltered.

"'Believe it!' A sudden inspiration struck me. 'Why, I can prove it to you, by Gad!' I exclaimed. 'You saw this man, whom you thought was me, quite close?'

"'Oh, yes! We were sitting in front of the Band-stand, a party of us, and he—you—he—drove past!'

"'Ha!' I replied. 'And did you, *did* you, Belinda, observe which *eye* he wore his eye-glass in?'

"'Yes,' she answered. 'He wore it—he—he—wore it in——'

"'His *right* eye!' I broke in, triumphantly.

"'In—his—*left!*' squealed Belinda. 'Ah, Horatio, perfidious Horatio, it *was* you—you, and no other! Don't dare any longer to deny it!'

"At this I lost my temper.

"'Confound it, Madam!' I roared; 'I wish the deuce it *had* been me, by Gad!'

"'Oh!' screamed the widow. 'You—you *wretch!*'

"'Since you consider me capable of driving around publicly with a ballet-girl——,' I went on, with sudden composure.

"'Disgraceful!' she murmured.

"'Since you consider me capable of "disgraceful" conduct of any sort, I presume we are to regard our charming relations, by Gad, at an end?'

"'For ever!' said the widow.

"I made a low bow.

"'I have the honour, then, to wish you good-afternoon, Mrs. Hogg,' I said; and, without another word, I turned and left the room."

. . . . . .

The Captain paused and lit his cigar.

"*Bravo!* A devilish good yarn, Tolly, old chap!" exclaimed Fenton.

"I'm almost inclined to be of the widow's opinion," observed Allerton, thoughtfully. "Come, Tolly, confess! You invented the 'double' to cloak your sins?"

Captain Tolroy shook his head.

"It was the eye-glass that gave me away," he remarked, enigmatically. "Widows are so deucedly suspicious!"

THE END.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

IF Sir Henry Irving ever had any suspicion of doubt as to the extraordinary esteem and affection in which he is held by the great London public, such suspicion would have been dispelled once and for all by the way in which the announcement of his illness was received. Everywhere the most sympathetic remarks have been heard, while the way in which the placards magnified his apparently slight cold into the similitude of an alarming condition, which the abandonment of his tour seemed to justify, was vivid evidence of the anxiety felt on his behalf. It is a curious fact that whenever Sir Henry has been ill during the last few years, his illnesses have been swift and sudden in their onset. In large measure, they have, no doubt, been due to overstrain, which has rendered him susceptible to chills, and has caused him to lose his voice. Such mischances gave Mr. Laurence Irving the opportunity of playing Peter the Great and Robespierre for Sir Henry at the Lyceum, Mr. Norman Forbes the chance of playing Shylock in the provinces, and necessitated the engagement of Mr. Hermann Vezin on different occasions for Macbeth, and Dr. Primrose in "Olivia," at the Lyceum. When, however, all is said and done, the occasions on which Sir Henry has been compelled by illness to absent himself from his place in the cast have been comparatively few during his long career, but once before Sir Henry's season had to be closed abruptly. This was when he sprained his ankle after the first-night of a revival of "Richard III."

It having been reserved for an American manager to translate Miss Ellis Jeffreys from the position of leading lady to that of "star," she will make her first appearance in that enviable capacity next Monday evening at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, and among her chief associates will be Miss Kate Phillips, and Mr. Ben Webster, who might, several years ago, have appeared in New York as the leading man in Mr. Augustin Daly's Company, when Mr. John Drew resigned his position in order to head a Company of his own.



A SHELL-LIKE EFFECT: LA LOIE FULLER IN ONE OF HER NEW DANCES.

La Loie Fuller has just added a Radium dance to the many extraordinary light-effects she has introduced to her audiences. The secret of the performance is, of course, hers, but it is stated that radium to the value of four thousand pounds is her most important property. This has been extracted from pitchblende in her own laboratory. She uses, also, the most powerful lamp in the world, lent to her by the French astronomer Flammarion, and "made to bring the moon within five miles of the earth, through an apparatus he invented for the Paris Exposition."

From a photograph.

Bernard Shaw is booming. It must be a source of intense amusement to a humourist as accomplished as "G. B. S." to reflect that, though audiences who attend the inner circle of the West-End theatres hardly know his work except by repute, he is becoming more and more a force with which they will have to reckon. Sporadic performances of his plays are being given in various quarters, while in New York it may be said there is a theatre devoted entirely to his plays, as there is certainly an actor, Mr. Arnold Daly, who has for some time been acting works by no other author. In Germany, too, Bernard Shaw is acquiring a greater and greater reputation, so that it is not altogether impossible that knowledge of his power will come to us from abroad in just the same way as a German version of "The Duchess of Padua" drew attention to the fact that Oscar Wilde had written that play. It is a curious fact, too, that the writers on theatrical matters seem to be quite ignorant of the circumstance, of which *Sketch* readers have for some time been cognisant, that it was acted in America by two "stars," the late Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Miss Minna Gale.



ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL MANAGERS OF THE COURT: MR. J. H. VEDRENNE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

At the Court, the success of "John Bull's Other Island" has been so great that Mr. J. H. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker have been compelled to arrange for its performance in the evening, beginning with May 1; while in the triple bill now being acted at the matinées Mr. Shaw has a place by the side of Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Arthur Schnitzler.

Although the success of "Peter Pan" is still far from petering out, in spite of the fact that it is still being acted twice a day, the rehearsals of Mr. Barrie's new play, in which Miss Ellen Terry will appear, have already begun. It would be quite erroneous to assume that an immediate change of bill is being contemplated, for rehearsals often go on for five, six, or even more weeks. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that Mr. Barrie's play about children will continue to delight the grown-up children for whom it was, in part at least, written.

A play by Mrs. Craigie at a music-hall. Such an announcement would be calculated to make a good many people stare, but it is already an accomplished fact on the other side of the Atlantic, where "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," written for Miss Ellen Terry, has been produced by Miss Effie Shannon and Mr. Herbert Kelsey, two actors who usually star in regular drama, and have, in fact, just closed a season with an adaptation of a German play.

Even direst misfortune, it would appear, has its compensations, from the point of view of its value as an advertisement. That reflection is inevitable in the face of the news with regard to Maxim Gorky's play, "Nacht Asyl." It was to have been produced later in the year in New York. In consequence, however, of its author's arrest, and the attendant interest in him in consequence of that arrest, the preparations for an immediate production have been pushed on with despatch.

The pessimists who are constantly assuring us that the British drama is non-existent and that what represents it is ignored on the Continent will have a difficulty in explaining the fact that Mr. Sutro's "The Walls of Jericho," Mr. Pinero's "A Wife Without a Smile," Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's "A Man of Honour," and Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's tragedy, "Jezebel," have all been translated into German under the auspices of the International Copyright Bureau. The German version of "A Man of Honour" has been prepared by Mr. Ernest Mayer, the manager of the Bureau, and is underlined for production in October by the German Company at the Great Queen Street Theatre. It was to have been produced this season, but has had to be postponed owing to the illness of several members of the cast. It will also be given in Frankfort in the autumn, when "Jezebel" will also be produced in that city.

KEY-NOTES

MADAME CARRENO was quite the heroine of last week. Her concert given at the Bechstein Hall recently was attractive from every point of view, and showed how wonderfully she was able to express herself to a general audience. Madame Carreno is so much abreast of the times that she may be said to belong to the modern, to the most modern, generation that has ever desired its own modernity to be appreciated and mentioned. When she deals with Rubinstein and, let us say, von Bülow, she is not quite at home—principally, because she neither sympathises with the one, nor entirely identifies her personality with the other. This is, doubtless, the reason why she has met with less sympathy than she certainly deserves, and why she has not, in some subtle manner, enlisted the semi-Formal, the semi-Desirous, admiration of mankind which must always remain a mystery.

There seems to be a particular superstition attached to the idea of "National Music." For our part, we are very much in doubt as to whether National Music means less or more in the history of art. Many great musicians, however, differ from the present writer's argument; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, for example, is immensely interested in the theories that crowd around the feeling for National Music, and in connection with this criticism he lectured on Bohemian Art at the Royal Institution a few days ago. The upshot of all his sayings was so Biblical that, judging from his theory, one might possibly think that the father of the human race, Adam, and the presumed mother, Eve, were responsible for the Folk-lore which has since so much occupied the thoughts of those who deal with provincial music.



A GRAND-OPERA ARTISTE ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: MME. ALICE ESTY IN "IL TROVATORE" AT THE COLISEUM.

Madame Esty is sharing the honours of the Coliseum bill with the "Port Arthur" spectacle and La Loie Fuller, and is appearing in selections from "Il Trovatore" and other operas. It is common gossip that the artiste who sings with her, but who chooses to remain incognito, is Mr. Roland Cunningham.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

At the Albert Hall two or three days ago Sir Frederick Bridge conducted a very admirable performance of "Faust" by Berlioz. There are, of course, two "Fausts," one by Gounod, one by Berlioz. The former appealed enormously to the multitude, and carried everything before it, just because its meaning was so easy to read and so easy to forget. Mephistopheles, as represented in the flesh, is a much less interesting object than the Mephistopheles who is supposed to be a sort of inferior spiritual creation to whom is entrusted the demoralisation of the human race. Mr. Ben Davies took the part of Faust: nothing could better prove how finely Mr. Ben Davies reads his parts than this, in which he seemed almost to make a creation and to show the differences between the Faust of pure sensuality and the Faust who desired to know everything that this world contained, including sensuality and knowledge. In this respect, Mr. Ben Davies realised in a quite wonderful way the meaning of the great French composer. Madame Suzanne Adams and Mr. Harry Dearth did their work extremely well, and showed one how curiously remote was the idea of Berlioz from the common feeling of the Devil Incarnate.

Mr. Landon Ronald accompanied with all his particular skill and sympathy M. Victor Maurel, whose wonderful art was particularly represented by some songs from Verdi's later works. It is rarely enough in England that this kind of work is given to an ordinary audience; but on the occasion of his appearance at the Bechstein Hall, Maurel explained (if such a word may be allowed) the artistic reason of his most significant life. It is now a good many years since we described him as an artist of great preparations; he remains still as the finest interpreter of that particular description; in other words, even though he does not at all times give us the actual intonation and vocal beauty of a Mario, a Sims Reeves, or a Santley, he, at all events, presses into his service so many things that appeal to the brain, to the critical idea, and also to the feeling which knows exactly how to distinguish between poor and fine artistry, that Maurel in the end becomes a great conqueror in the enormous world of art. A few days ago, the inhabitants of this small but rather particular planet were permitted by the powers that be to see its own shadow pass between the Sun and the Moon. Many a person who casually looked at the phenomenon was not disposed to realise its exact meaning; the instance, when reduced to its own proper proportions, exactly exemplifies Maurel's position in the modern world of art. His theories and his meanings are instinct with artistic feeling, but so often are they obscured that his subtlety is entirely lost. In the end, that subtlety, as all really expressive subtlety must, will wend its way to the brains of those who wish for knowledge and desire immediate experience.

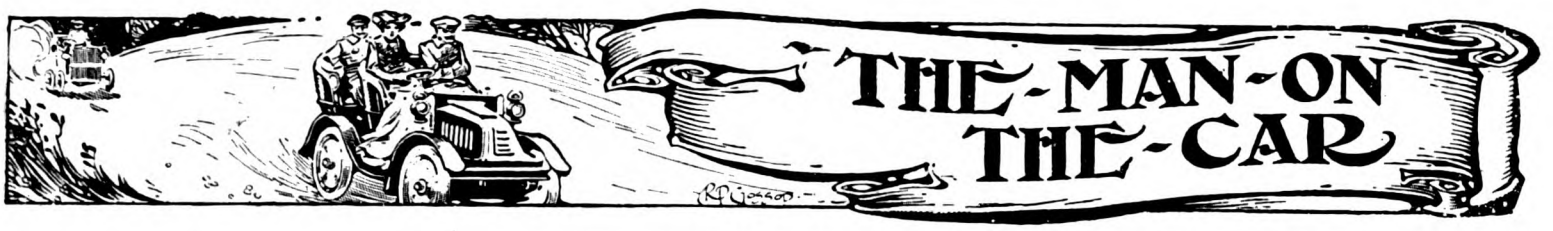


THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS PIANIST: MME. PADEREWSKI.

Mme. Paderewski, the wife of the famous Polish pianist, is reported to be seriously ill, and her husband is hurrying her eastward from Pittsburg, U.S.A., in a special car.

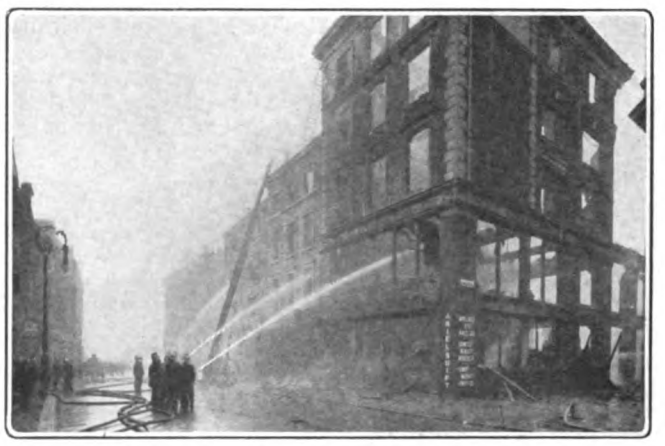
Photograph by the Gilliams Press Syndicate.

The lady described on the programme as "The Californian Contralto," Miss Marian Coyle, has just given a vocal recital in which she was assisted by the violinist who is known by the mere name of Karcsay. Miss Coyle evidently belongs to that excellent procession of artists who are determined to sing to the public despite all things, for Miss Coyle, frankly, is not a great singer; but she certainly is a singer who, with less ambition, might attract a great many people who have really musical instincts. We should not say so much in praise of her vocal accomplishment were it not that, in her interpretation of Nevin's "Oh, that We Two were Maying" she was, so far as we could make out, at her best, and was also in a really artistic mood. Miss Limerick assisted in the concert, reciting Mrs. Campbell Praed's "Broken On the Wheel" in that well-known, conventional fashion, whereby the reciter throws up her voice far beyond all natural intonation, and then dismisses it below the same natural intonation, allowing the two sounds to approach one another upon the same line. Karcsay seems to the present writer not a great player; we do not say so because we think that he is not an artist, or that he means anything but well towards the scientific portion of music. But in his playing of Wieniawski he so completely exposed the commonplace matter with which that composer dealt that one found it impossible not to admire a player who, choosing a most commonplace composer, played his work according to that composer's ideal. Karcsay might with fruitfulness attempt to increase his breadth of tone.—COMMON CHORD.



THE ADVANCE IN CONSTRUCTION—A MOTOR-CAR IN FIJI—RESULTS OF THE OLYMPIA SHOW—UNIVERSAL LIGHTING OF VEHICLES.

ALL really interested in the progress of the automobile industry in this country must, when visiting the late Exhibition at Olympia, have remarked with pleasure the huge strides made by our constructors during the past twelve months. It is not a bit too much to say that in many cases they were found to be quite abreast, if not a little in front of the best of the French makers. Throughout all the cars of really British design and construction were evidences of the national engineering traits which are good enough things in automobiles now that they have been tempered somewhat by the environment of foreign manufacture. As purely British productions, which largely excited the remark and admiration of foreign visitors to the show, were the two three-cylinder cars shown by the Vauxhall Ironworks. The small-chassis 7-9 horse-power has undoubtedly made many friends. It was quite what an American would call a dandy of a car, but it is the simple yet ingenious engineering detail that catches the mechanical eye. The almost insolently simple but absolutely exact and effective method of obtaining variable inlet-valve lift, the straight out-take of the exhausts, the sound steering, the wonderful all-round get-at-ability of parts, are the distinctly British engineering features of these remarkable cars.

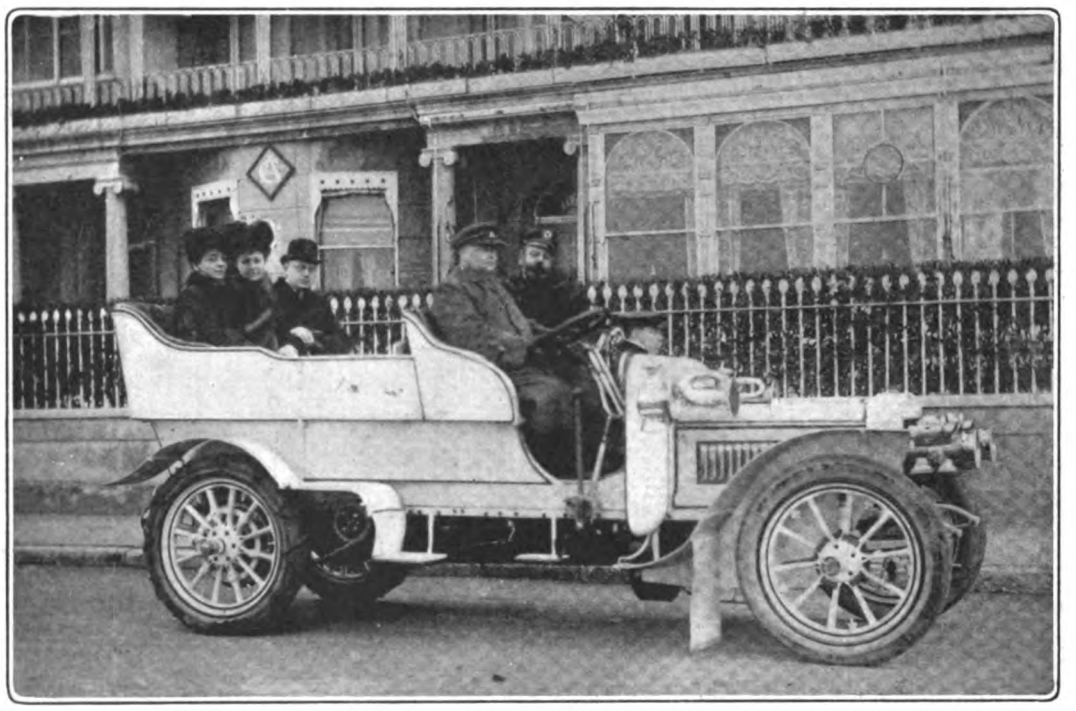


THE £250,000 FIRE IN THE CENTRE OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY: GUTTED BUILDINGS IN LONG ACRE.

The disastrous fire in Long Acre the other day led to the destruction not only of the show-rooms of the Ariel Motor Company and Cannstatt-Mércèdes as well as of numerous other buildings, but of a number of very valuable motor-cars, which, as ill luck would have it, had only just been brought back from Olympia. Among these was a new 70 horse-power Mércèdes worth over £2,000, and a 40 horse-power of the same make, worth approximately £1,260. Dozens of cars, broughams, and other vehicles were saved in the nick of time.

Photograph by Haines.

An automobile in Fiji, where, according to nursery-book history, there once reigned the King of the Cannibal Islands, marks the progress of the twentieth century. That fast and far-travelling motorist, Mr. Charles J. Glidden, paid Fiji a flying visit lately in making his motoring tour of the world. Notwithstanding the surcease of sacrificial fires, Mr. Glidden found Fiji quite warm enough, although motoring with a shade-temperature of 88 degrees and the thermometer showing 120 degrees in the sun was still pleasant. What particularly astonished Mr. Glidden whilst in Fiji was the wonderful manner in which his Dunlop tyres sustained the great heat in work. Suitability for use in tropical climates has always been a feature of Dunlop tyres since the earliest days, and it is satisfactory to find that this early quality of cycle tyres has been continued in their motor tyres, which now stand second to none.



THE MARCH KING AS A MOTORIST: MR. SOUSA AT WORTHING DURING HIS PROVINCIAL TOUR.

Photograph by Tuft.

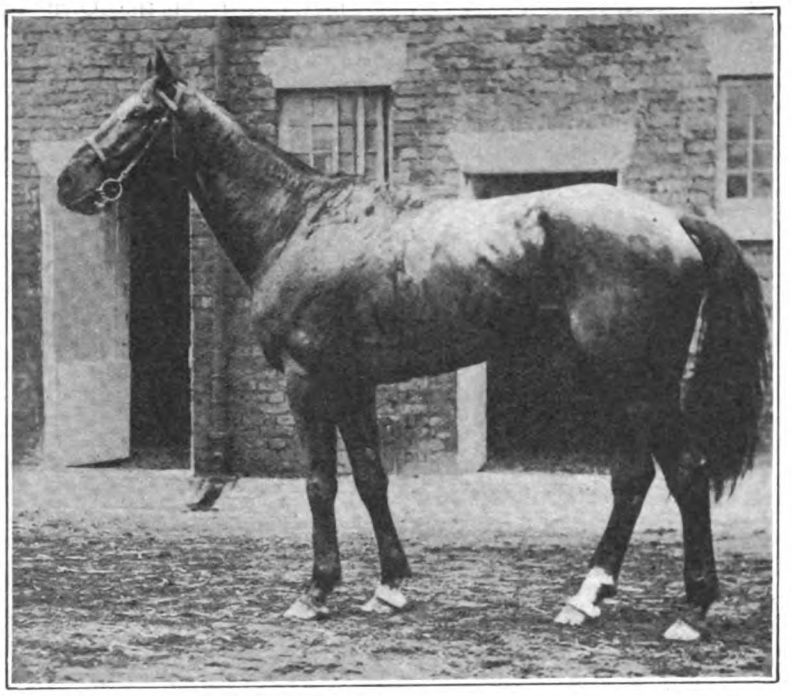
The results of the great Show which closed its doors last Monday week cannot be undervalued. From reports gleaned on all sides, both the exhibitors and the attending public were satisfied. The Show itself made a sufficiently resplendent presentment at night when all the electric-lights were going, and if by November the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have prevailed upon the Olympia people to clean the glass roof throughout the aspect of the Show in the daytime will be correspondingly enhanced. The Show management might also add considerably to the comfort of visitors entering the Exhibition if they would forbid the horrible shouting of catalogues in the vestibule, which was at times so vehement and uproarious as to be quite deafening. Also, more spreading space might with convenience be afforded just round the doors inside the hall by setting back the stands abutting thereon. It is suggested that the Annexe, in which the motor-boats, some heavies, and the late applicants for space were lodged, will next time be comprised under the same roof with the Hall proper.

At the request of the Motor Union, a Bill to secure universal lighting of vehicles throughout the country after dark will shortly be laid before the House of Commons. It will seek to require the carriage of a white light showing in the direction of procedure, and a red light in the contrary direction. The draft of the proposed Bill is set out in the *Automobile Club Journal* of last week, but, upon perusal, I find it lacking in a very necessary provision. There is no clause which requires that the white and red lamps shall be so carried that they are clear of the outermost projection on the off-side of the vehicle to which they are affixed. It is the custom with waggons, market-garden carts, and omnibuses to set their lamps well inboard, with the result that to clear the vehicle from the front an unknown quantity to the left of the light must be allowed. Now, it seems only common-sense that these lights should be so carried that a meeting or overtaking vehicle clearing the lights may be sure that every part of the vehicle is also cleared. As I say, this seems only a common-sense provision, but, nevertheless, it is absent from the draft of the proposed Bill, which is, presumably, due to the fact that it has been drafted by someone who has no practical road-driving experience with motor-cars.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

MOIFAA—THE DERBY—LONG ODDS—"TIC-TAC."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has done a good thing for racing under National Hunt Rules by purchasing Moifaa. When Ambush II. dropped down dead, it was feared that the King would not be represented in the Grand National; but, luckily for the sport, Moifaa was on offer, and a bargain was soon struck, with the result that the King will go to Aintree to see his colours once more carried in the cross-country Blue Riband. From what I saw of Moifaa's running at Sandown recently, I should say he was better than he ever was in his life. The horse is as sound as bell-metal, a perfect jumper, and a one-pace stayer—something like Gamecock in his action. It is said that Anthony will have the mount, which should somewhat compensate the popular Irish cross-country jockey for the nasty shaking he received when Ambush II. dropped dead. Moifaa is nine years old, and is a gelding. He has 11 st. 12 lb. to carry in the race—not a prohibitive weight, by-the-bye, for a winner over the course. Bar accident, he looks, on paper, to have a chance second to none, the danger, I take it, being likely to arise from Detail and Kirkland.



THE KING'S PURCHASE FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL: MOIFAA.

Moifaa was bred in New Zealand, is nine years old, and is by Natator—Denbigh. He won the Grand National last year, and is said to have been purchased for 2,500 Guineas.

Photograph by Bowden Brothers.

Cicero has been doing well in his work of late, and he now stands equal favourite in the betting with Jardy, who, those in the know assert, is bound to be M. Blanc's best, although many of the 'cute division on this side are backing Val d'Or, and my advice to speculators is to hold their hands awhile. I am very glad to hear that John Porter hopes to make a show in the Derby this year. He has Polymelus and Plum Centre engaged. Both have wintered well, and both are in good work at the present time. The Kingsclere gallops are sounder just now than they have been for two or three years past, and the Kingsclere selected may have to be reckoned with. It will be news to many to hear that Vedas is in the Derby. The colt has been backed down to 16 to 1 for the race, but Brocklesby Stakes winners do not often win at Epsom. Of the Newmarket horses engaged at Epsom, Llangibby, trained by Gilpin, and Rouge Croix, trained by Brewer, are doing well, but the local men of observation do not think either is capable of extending Cicero, who will, many good judges assert, give Maher a very comfortable ride. The American jockey, by-the-bye, is in the best of health, and has benefited by his sojourn in the States.

For many years now I have tried to show the speculating public the uselessness of backing horses for big races so long before the day set for their decision. As a matter of fact, directly the weights for the big handicaps appear, the agents of the Continental List men swoop down on our Clubs and swallow up all the long odds procurable about the fancied candidates. They do this to save their own skins, and so that their own clients should be forced into taking short odds. It is often possible to get a longer price about a horse on the day of the race than is on offer a month earlier, and, in my opinion, the time has arrived when betting at the post should be encouraged in the case of all big handicaps, to the detriment of ante-post betting. Of course, the little punters will continue to dabble in doubles and trebles, but these should not affect the long-price odds against horses: at least, not until the first part of the double had been won. But I believe the foreigners even hedge these bets when they fancy they are up to be shot at. Bookmakers are big cowards, and they will not field anything engineered by the smart division. The consequence is that the public often have to accept 6 to 4 about an animal that should start at 10 to 1, if judged by the money for other horses written in the book.

Attempts are often being made to stop the "tic-tac" gentlemen on our racecourses, but I doubt if there is any law in England to prevent the making of signs by hands or hats. I am not so sure that enterprise of this sort should not be encouraged and utilised *pro bono publico*. Why not appoint a couple of "tic-tac" gentlemen to tell all those dwellers in the ring who could read the language any change in the odds, also the latest from the paddock and the starting-post? If a horse was left, everyone should be made acquainted with the fact, while the name of a horse falling in the country for the Grand National should be signalled to the ring at once. Many will laugh at my suggestion. So they did when I suggested that Clerks of Courses should allow the tape people to get the runners early. One of the best known of our Clerks of the Course suggested that it would keep people away from the racecourse. My answer was that by allowing the papers to get the racing news early and giving it publication the sport would gain a lot. It did, and now the officials have learned the value of publicity, as witness the publication of the order of running, entries, etc., days earlier than was the case, even ten years back.

CAPTAIN COE.



HIS MAJESTY'S AMBUSH II, WHO DROPPED DEAD AFTER A GALLOP AT THE CURRAGH.

Ambush II. was eleven years of age, and was a colt by Ben Battle out of Miss Plant. He was purchased for the King in 1898 for £500.

Photograph by Rouch.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AN American friend, who, like most of her versatile countrywomen, has the true instinct of dressing well, made a very apposite remark in connection with the first Court, which she attended last week. "Very few women," she said, "can understand how becoming cloth-of gold is both to dark and fair alike, or they would affect it more for big occasions. Your Queen looked a radiant dream last week in her Indian embroidered cloth-of-gold, and at the opening of Parliament Lady Lytton's gold and silver tissue quite transformed her personality." There is no doubt of this fact, but most people in this country of restrained individuality seem afraid that cloth-of-gold or its representatives are "too much" for ordinary festivities—a mistaken idea which finds no favour with the fearless Transatlantic belle bent only on a supremely successful appearance.



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AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

Apropos, I see that Mrs. James Macdonald, whose husband is of Standard Oil Trust fame, has developed the Fuller idea of having one colour in their windows by giving a "pink" tea-party, at which the tea-cups, flowers, sweets, lamp-shades, and hostess's frock were all to match. It is a pretty notion and worthy the enterprise of the hostess.

That everybody went to the Motor Show at Olympia goes without saying, and that everyone wore her best frock is again a foregone conclusion. One of the prettiest was a pale-grey crêpe de-Chine trimmed with embroidered suède. Lady Chesterfield, in black and white, the former velvet and the latter ermine, made a picturesque appearance; and the wife of a Hungarian Attaché wore a white cloth tailor-frock direct from that town of great tailors, Vienna, which was a very mould of form and deftly braided with gold and silver in bewildering arabesques.

That things are not always what they seem has been put to proof with some point by Oetzmann's, house-furnishers, of 62-79, Hampstead Road, who have at last realised the ideal bed-sitting-room furniture by introducing a convertible bed-room suite, which is suggestively called "The Chameleon," and can be used to turn a comfortable bedroom into a pleasant sitting-room at pleasure. The furniture is in fumigated oak, with the now popular and universal bronzed "ornaments" with which the person of soulful yearnings after "art" loves to see her wardrobe and wash-stand embellished. The Chameleon suite is really inexpensive, and those whose lines are cast within the narrow limits of a bed-sitting-room will find the notion eminently useful without a doubt, and by its aid can study comfort, convenience, and contrivance together in exchange for a cheque of modest dimensions. Madame Fashion has many a becoming frock in her show-rooms just now, and this outdoor gown of pale-coloured cloth in the new light texture makes a much-decorative appearance in her salons. As will be seen, the three-quarter coat, with embroidered vest, cuffs, and lace at neck and cuffs, is again admittedly fashionable. Age cannot wither or custom stale this charming reminiscence of Old France, and, as expressed by the makers in the present instance, nothing could be more picturesque. Another sketch represents a tea-gown in cream lace, silken bows, and mousseline-de-soie. It is graceful, and what an American friend calls "ulegant" in the highest degree.

No less beguiling in their way are the new spring hats of the Maison Lewis, to whose ravishments everyone passing 210, Regent Street, will make acknowledgment. Flowers whose extraordinary detail and naturalness put garden and hedgerow to shame are a feature of this season's millinery, and airy-fairy fabrics dainty in hue and texture appear in daily increasing variety. But it is the skill—one almost says, genius—with which the millinery ingredients are woven into a millinery masterpiece that seems the special prerogative of the Maison Lewis. Nowhere is one more certain of what we understand as good style, excellent material, and really get-at-able prices. The tiny turban-hat, which is either disastrous or absolutely becoming, has its apotheosis at the Maison Lewis, and there is a *chic* and go about their



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THE COMING MODE.

picture-hats, which are now worn at such astonishingly acute angles in Paris, that, while retaining their becomingness, they will not clash with the contrasting style and type of the Anglo-Saxon.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Stiletto (Durban).—It would be simpler to fix on the characters for the children's fancy-dresses, and set your maid to work on them when drawn and correctly coloured. By the way, if you are ordering most things from home, you should send for a couple of dozen tins of Huntley and Palmers' new "Nursery-Rhyme Biscuits." They are delicious, and each biscuit is stamped with a different illustration of old nursery-rhymes, which will prove vastly entertaining to the little ones. SYBIL.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

At the conclusion of the run of "Beauty and the Barge," London will perforce lose the possibility of laughing with Mrs. Charles Calvert, for she has decided on a temporary change of scene for her artistic activities. She is going to New York to play Mrs. Hardcastle in a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" at the New Amsterdam Theatre in that city. The Company will be made up entirely of "stars," and among her associates who are known to London audiences will be Miss Eleanor Robson, who will play Kate Hardcastle; Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who will be Young Marlowe; Mr. Frank Mills, Hastings; and Mr. J. E. Dodson, Diggory. It will not be Mrs. Calvert's first appearance in America, for she accompanied Miss Mary Anderson on her last tour, and acted Madame Deschapelles.



THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

Princess Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah of Connaught, whose engagement to Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Schonen, eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and Norway, is announced, is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and was born on Jan. 15, 1882. She is a Lady of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert and of the Imperial Crown of India. The Prince was born in Stockholm on Nov. 11, 1882, and has been trained as a soldier.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Benson season being now in full swing at the Coronet, the Shakspere-loving public has further opportunities of seeing the more popular plays performed by Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and the Company of which so many of our prominent actors have, at one time or another, been members. In this way they have had the opportunity of obtaining the technical skill which comes from the acting of many different parts and so developing their own powers, for the Benson Company is one of the very few left in which an actor does not play the same character during the whole of the tour.

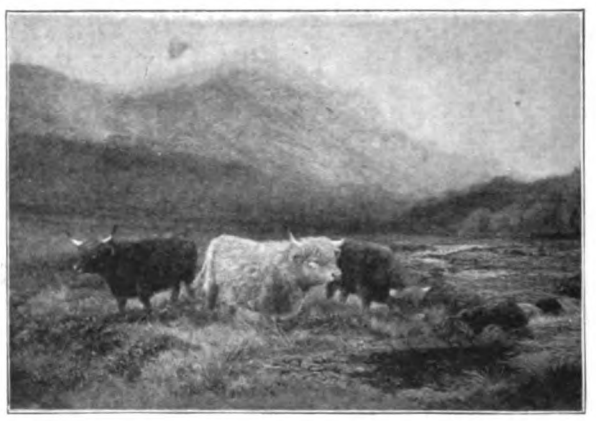
The Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych is approaching completion so rapidly that it has been possible to decide upon the evening of May Day for its dedication to the public, although Mr. Sam Shubert, the American manager who will control its destinies, has not yet selected the play with which he will open the house. Dramatically, its career is to be eclectic, for it will have no other mission than that of offering the best of everything, whether that best be drama, comedy, farce, or musical comedy. As Mr. Shubert has been closely identified with musical comedy in America, he will probably begin with a play of that character; but during the next few weeks, before rehearsals actually begin, circumstances may conspire to change these preliminary plans, and a more serious play may be the opening programme.

"The Little Brown Branch," the play by Mr. Berte Thomas which was produced at a matinée at the Court Theatre a few weeks ago, will, in accordance with arrangements which have just been made, be played at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, for a week in May, under the direction of Miss Frances Ivor, who is, in private life, Mrs. Berte Thomas. The author will then appear in the part created by Mr. Graham Browne, instead of taking up again the character he originally acted. It is hoped that, in all other respects, the members of the little Company which appeared at the Court will be available for their respective characters.

But for her unfortunate accident, Mrs. Patrick Campbell would have produced a new three-Act play by Mr. Berte Thomas during her present American tour. Circumstances may, indeed, so evolve themselves that Mrs. Campbell may still be able to introduce the play, of which she has formed an exceedingly high opinion, while the leading part should particularly appeal to the actress whose "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is still regarded as one of the most memorable achievements of the modern stage on both sides of the Atlantic.

The many distinguished patrons of Mr. Pitman's orchestra will be delighted to hear of a very pleasant ceremony which took place recently, when the members of his band entertained him to dinner, and presented him with a handsome clock, to signify their appreciation of his sterling qualities and the high esteem in which he is held. It is regrettable that this famous *petite* band is not more often heard in public, the principal engagements usually being for private parties; more especially as it consists entirely of British musicians, some of those present having been with Mr. Pitman upwards of twenty years. This, undoubtedly, is one of the secrets of his success. The band has played before their Majesties the King and Queen, and nearly all the other members of the Royal Family.

FINE-ART PLATES.



BY RIPPLING STREAMS.

Also Companion Plate, "Denizens of the Highlands."

After Douglas Cameron.

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After Cecil Aldin.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 13.

NEW-ISSUE FEVER.

HOW long the present race to subscribe for new issues before the lists close will last depends greatly upon how long the ordinary investor will allow himself to be put off either with allotments too small to retain, or with refusals of any stock at all. The people who are getting big blocks of new issues at the present time are the underwriters. Besides their commission—a needless expense in most cases—the underwriters stipulate for a certain amount of "firm" stock, and if the half of an issue is taken in this way before ever the public are asked to take a hand, the latter do not stand much chance of allotment when the stock possesses any attraction worth mentioning.

Those who were fortunate enough to secure allotments of the Belfast 3½ per cent. Loan, favourably mentioned here last week, should keep their stock for a while, because the price will, no doubt, go to 105 in course of time. The new Grand Trunk Pacific Bonds are also a capital investment. Ranking below Grand Trunk Debenture at 107, and above Grand Trunk Guaranteed at 100, the price of the Bonds should be somewhere between these figures. The Lagos 3½ per cent. Loan will probably be over-subscribed, although the public, as a rule, are not very keen about these out-of-the-way Crown Colony issues, while the methods of the Crown Agents do not commend themselves to people accustomed to the business-like systems of the London banks as regards transfer and other detail work connected with stocks. For the Rand Water issue there is also sure to be a rush, and we may assume in advance that the Debenture stocks of the two new Electrical Railways will command a fair amount of attention. All of which is so much to the good of the Stock Exchange in diverting men's minds to the Temple of Mammon, but we must again express a pious hope that the promoting houses will not overdo their business and spoil the market.



MR. GEORGE DUDLEY BATES, LATE MAYOR OF SALISBURY, RHODESIA.

Photograph by Walery.

THE BEIRA RAILWAY.

Considerable interest is being taken in the Beira Railway position and the agitation which has been inaugurated by Mr. T. Palmer Gwatkin and the other debenture-holders, who are, not unnaturally, dissatisfied at the present position. Some months ago, we called attention to the statements which the Rhodesian Railways Reform Committee had put forward in a pamphlet which was being widely circulated, and we do not wonder that the debenture and share holders are taking the matter up in an energetic manner.

The distance from Beira to Gwelo is 502 miles, and from Cape Town to the same place 1,313 miles, and the gravamen of the charge which is brought against the management of the Beira concern is that it deliberately strangles its own railway in the interest of the Cape line, and although this grave accusation has been made for months, it has never been denied. Instead of forcing the Cape route to put their prices down, it has put up the Beira rates to a level which allows the longer line to live, and which deprives Rhodesia of all the advantage which the port of Beira was intended to give. As examples of what the Chartered gang make the inhabitants of Rhodesia endure, we are told that two hundred bundles of corrugated iron, which would only cost £41 16s. 5d. to send 8,000 miles from London to Beira, including landing charges, would cost £221 3s. 9d. to be sent 374 miles to Salisbury; and that a consignment of deals costing £48 in London "f.o.b." would cost £180 to be sent by rail from Beira to Salisbury.

The natural consequence of this throttling policy is that the shares of the Company are practically worthless, and it was even expected that there would be a default on the debentures last month. During the last autumn the officials openly stated that the Company would be unable to meet its coupon, but at the last minute somebody's courage apparently oozed out at his finger-tips, for the coupon was paid.

At the same time, the fact that the 4½ per cent. Debentures are only quoted at about 60, and the 6 per cent. Income Debenture stock at about 17, shows very plainly the fear entertained by the holders that the default is only postponed, and, under these circumstances, there is, naturally, a movement among them to combine for mutual defence.

Mr. G. Dudley Bates (whose portrait we give), who was mainly instrumental in forming the Rhodesia Railway Reform Committee, is in England at the present time, and we believe a meeting of the debenture-holders is to be held at which he will place the whole facts before them. There is no doubt that only energetic action can save the Beira Railway from bankruptcy and Rhodesia from the loss of all the advantages that the short land-route was intended to give.

YANKEES.

Though President Roosevelt may be quite sincere in his disapproval of Trusts and their little escapades, his condemnation has small effect upon the Railroads, whose directors pursue the even tenor of their amalgamating way without much check from the powers that be. Possibly the tendency of absorption might break out more rampantly were there no fear of a restraining hand, but, to take the latest illustration of the Ontario line, there is no apprehension felt that the President or anyone else can prevent one of the bigger Companies guaranteeing a certain fixed dividend on the shares, and thereby obtaining a controlling interest none the less effectual because it happens to be indirect. The best bull point for the American Market seems to us to lie in the avid demand which exists on the other side for investments of a second-grade order. To cope with this, great parcels of Japanese Six per Cent. Bonds of both series are, amongst other similar securities, crossing the ocean at this present time, and the liners' strong-rooms continue to carry Common shares of the American Railroads that offer 5 per cent. on the investment. Union Pacifics have been bought up to a price at which the return is the ridiculous one of 3 per cent. on the money; but buying still proceeds, the assumption being that the Company will pay 6 per cent. on its Common shares before long. Our own favourites in the market just now are Atchison, Southern Pacific, and Ontario, in each of which we should say there remains a ten-dollar rise.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

There was a general air of cheerfulness about The Carriage, which made the sunshine all the more pleasant.

The Broker hummed softly to himself as he scanned the Stock Exchange *Official List* in his hand. The Banker's expansive face wore an expression of soft contentment. The other occupants were evidently in happy mood.

All except The Jobber.

"It's monstrous—outrageous!" he broke out, with assumed indignation. "Every other market in the House busy except mine! Grossly unjust, I call it."

"And not an apparent chance of its going better, either," said The City Editor, cruelly.

"Kaffirs are dead as door-nails."

"Why door-nails?" demanded the aggrieved Jobber. "Don't door-nails contain an immense capacity for imparting vitality if you only sit on them in a particular way?"

"Sorry if I libelled door-nails in comparing them with Kaffirs," The City Editor apologised. "I was merely using them as illustrations."

"Figures are Mr. Chamberlain's favourite illustrations," observed The Engineer.

"Yes, figures; not facts," added The Merchant, an ardent politician.

"Protection is——"

"What we want when you begin to talk about it," cut in The Broker, laying down the *List*.

"See anything in that comic paper of yours?" inquired The Engineer, with laboured sarcasm.

"It's getting very difficult to know what to put people into that will pay them 4 per cent.," complained The Broker.

The Banker asked if there were no Colonial Corporations to be bought.

"Such as Johannesburg or Port Elizabeth or Bloemfontein Fours?" added The City Editor.

"Oh, plenty, of course," replied The Broker.

"Aren't they good enough? Security ought to be all right."

"So it is, and I wouldn't mind betting the prices will all go to 105."

"Then, what on earth are you complaining about?" cried The City Editor.

The Broker looked harassed. "I wasn't complaining——"

"Confine yourself to the truth, my dear sir," The Engineer advised him. "Speak the truth, and you need fear nothing."

"'I fear no foe in my pyjamas,'" carolled The Jobber, who had been to the Drury Lane pantomime twice. A wide acquaintance with juveniles has its compensations.

"Then there are Great Northern Preferred, Central London Preferred, Caledonian Preferred, and goodness knows how many other Preferred Home Rails that pay nearly 4 per cent. on the money."

"Not to mention Argentine Railway Debentures and a sprinkling of quite respectable American Railway Bonds," The Merchant remarked.

"Seems to me they know your business much better than you know it yourself, Brokie," said The Jobber, with unrefreshing candour.

"We've given you some excellent hints," The City Editor joined in. "All you've got to do is to act upon them."

The Broker was on the point of saying something explosive when The Banker asked for opinions on the Bank Rate.

"What do you think yourself, sir?" inquired The Engineer.

"I hardly know what to think."

"Shall fools rush in where Bankers fear to tread?" and The Jobber looked pointedly at his House friend.

"Two per cent. in a month," returned that worthy, without hesitation. "What's the matter with all you idiots? Is there anything to laugh at in a 2 per cent. Bank Rate?"

"No, but there is something rather funny in the idea of a Stock Exchange member prophesying when Lombard Street prefers silence," said The Solicitor, speaking for the first time.

The Broker turned round upon him angrily. "If——," he began.

"Talking of telephones," The Solicitor interposed, calmly, "how high will National Deferred go?"

"To 120 before they've finished with it," and The Engineer spoke as if he knew.

"Regarded as a gamble," suggested The Solicitor, "or an investment?"

"Gamble, distinctly. Mind you, the Company's doing very well, and the business goes on increasing every half-year."

"Price seems to me a bit toppy," The Broker put in, amicably. "I should certainly get my clients out if it went anywhere near 120."

"Curious how they've rushed up Anglo 'A,' I think," said The Merchant.

"Yes, but there's more reason for that. A foreign syndicate has been buying the stock on the idea that before long——"

"Same old story," growled The Jobber. "Even I know that yarn."

"What is it?" inquired The Merchant.

"That the reserve will soon reach a million pounds, and good dividends on the 'A' stock brought so much the nearer."

"I thought the 'B' only got 5½ per cent. for 1904, instead of 6 per cent.," said The Banker.

"So it did. Of course, Anglo 'A' is a spec., but, to put away, it is a pretty good one."

"I'd rather buy Mexican Ordinary," declared The Engineer.

"Why not Seconds?" asked The City Editor. "There's surely a more immediate rise in Seconds if the improvement continues in that market?"

"Seconds are going to 70," The Broker said, with the tone of one who settles a question for ever.

"I'll back a rise in Mexican Seconds of ten points against a fall of five in Trunk Ordinary," remarked The Engineer.

"Dare say you will."

"Grand Trunks are still *cum* dividend, I think?" queried The Banker.

"All the Preferences, and the Ordinary, too, sir," replied The Jobber, with a grave smile.

The old gentleman said he could not be so easily offended as the other appeared to think.

"There's a difference between impudence and fun," The Broker loftily told The Jobber, who promptly professed astonishment at his friend's knowledge of the fact.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" protested The Solicitor, "are we not getting somewhat senile?"

"You'll see Nile Valleys spurt five shillings before you know where you are, and that's as certain as I'm sitting here," said The Jobber.

"I've rather a fancy for Egyptians myself," confessed The Engineer. "Not for Nile Valleys, though. There's too much of the Robinson element about the Company for my liking."

"What, then?" and the City Editor grew interested.

"United African Exploration and Um Rus are going better."

"They'll all move together, like Yankees."

"And I believe the move will come before a Kaffir boom," added The Engineer. "The gold is *there*, my boy."

"So it is in South Africa."

"Some of it. The greater part is in Park Lane, and——"

"Socialist!" exclaimed The Jobber.

"When are we going to have Kaffirs better, then? Answer me that."

"Sooner or later. How do I know? I only hope it will come before I get hammered or starve miserably."

The others all unkindly laughed. "You'll have to live by your wits," suggested The City Editor.

"Thanks for the implied compliment," and The Jobber wearily rose to depart. "But, somehow, I don't altogether fancy myself in the rôle of a malingering Company-promoter. Good-morning, gentlemen."

THE SANITAS COMPANY.

Our readers know that we have always had a good word for the Sanitas Company, and the General Meeting just held has fully justified our recommendation of the shares. The dividend of 7½ per cent. for the year is the usual one, and although the profits have not been quite as much as in some former years, the discrepancy is comparatively small, and must be experienced in all industrial businesses. The shares certainly look cheap at present price of about 1⅛, and yield well over 6 per cent.

Saturday, Feb. 25, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA BETA.—The British America shares are not, and never can be, of any value. The Die Press concern was wound up in 1903. The liquidator is Mr. J. H. Stephens, 6, Clement's Lane, E.C.; write to him. The South Metropolitan Electric shares are a fair investment.

LENA.—(1) You will not get 4 or 5 per cent. out of Egyptian Government stocks. Colonial Corporation Bonds, such as City of Wellington Waterworks, South Melbourne, Cape Town, Christchurch, and Johannesburg, might suit you. (2) We prefer Charing Cross and City Electrics. (3) The Alliance, the North British and Mercantile, and the Law Life will all give you 4 per cent. (4) The Bank shares have had such a big rise that we do not like to say they will still improve, but we consider them first-class and safe. (5) Yes; very good.

OUTSIDER.—(1) Yes; in the present prosperous state of Canada the Railway looks hopeful, but it is not built. (2) The Telegraph concern is very speculative, but might result in a big profit. (3) We have no faith in Ravenswood Mines; the ores are very refractory, and there is next to no market for the shares. (4) We expect the Development shares will reach £2.

MACEDONIA.—We believe that the Company you inquire about has got over the worst of its crisis, and that in the course of the next year or eighteen months it is likely to show better results. If the shares were our own, we should not sell at present, and would rather buy a few more to average.

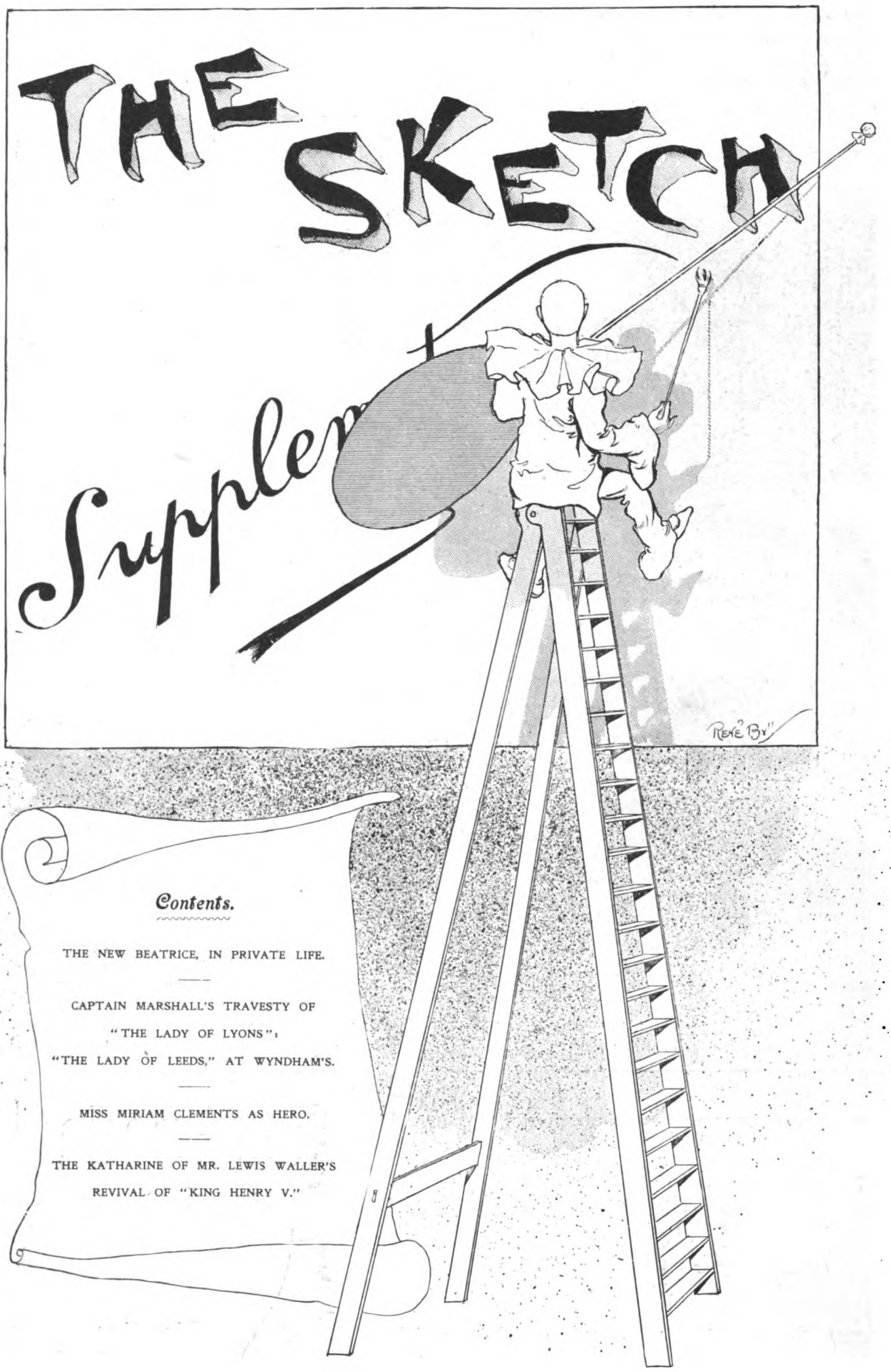
E. H.—(1) To sell your English Railway stock and reinvest in Argentine is a gamble. On the whole, we believe you would make money by the deal. (2) Fine Spinners should be bought, and, perhaps, even the Dyers, but these are more speculative. (3) Sanitas, River Plate Gas, Ashby's Staines Brewery Pref., and Welsbach Pref. (4) The *Financial Times* and the *Statist*. (5) Probably Mathieson's "Handbook for Investors," at 2s. 6d., might suit you.

GAMMA.—(1) You might average the Electric Lights. (2) Babcock and Wilcox, Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust Deferred stock, Armstrong Ordinary shares, Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" certificates, and see answer to "E. H." (3) Worth buying. (4) Very difficult question. We were wrong to advise holding, and yet we could not sell now and may be wrong again.

E. T. B.—Your letter was answered on the 25th inst.

ASHTON.—The Company is a perfectly honest affair, but we cannot believe it has had a good year. The jewellery trade has been probably the worst sufferer from the depression which has followed the war. The Preference dividend is quite safe.

VERITAS.—We do not advise the purchase of anything in the Jungle. Of your list, Gold Coast Amalgamated and Wassau are the best. The others are mere gambles. Broomassie has been reconstructed, we believe.



Contents.

THE NEW BEATRICE, IN PRIVATE LIFE.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S TRAVESTY OF "THE LADY OF LYONS": "THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

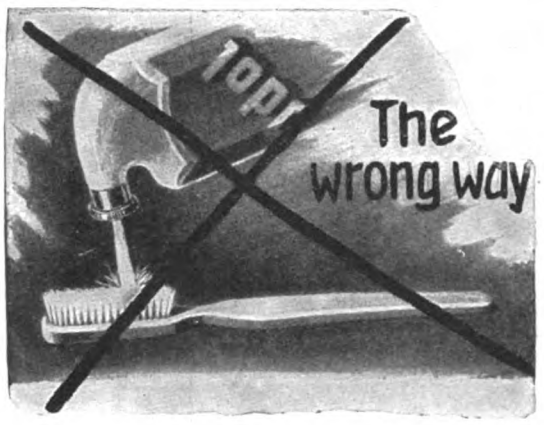
MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS AS HERO.

THE KATHARINE OF MR. LEWIS WALLER'S REVIVAL OF "KING HENRY V."

HOW TO USE ODOL.

EVERYBODY knows by this time what Odol is — the best dentifrice and wash which science has yet invented for the cleansing and preservation of the teeth and mouth, and the only one recognised by the scientific world that will protect the teeth from decay, and which acts not only during the time of application, *but for hours after use.*

We have been told that people sometimes pour the Odol on to the tooth-brush, and, using it in that way, are astonished that they burn their mouths. They might just as well be astonished if, instead of sitting in front of the fire to warm themselves, they sat on it. Odol is a *concentrated* liquid, of which only a few drops — taste will determine how many — will suffice to make, with water, an antiseptic emulsion which ensures a complete purification of the teeth and the whole oral cavity.



This diluted emulsion is strong enough for all purposes.

Having put the Odol into the water, and stirred the mixture with the toothbrush, rinse the mouth thoroughly. Clean the teeth in the ordinary way with a toothbrush dipped in the solution of Odol, then take a mouthful and retain it for about a minute in the mouth, so that the Odol may be absorbed by the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, the whole process being concluded by gargling with the mixture. This should be repeated every night and morning, also, if possible, after dinner, but most particularly before retiring to rest.



Clean the teeth with a toothbrush dipped in the Odol solution.

The use of Odol at night results in a most agreeable sensation, in that the air inhaled on passing the odolised mucous membrane is cooled in a most revivifying manner. All those who use Odol according to our directions practise the most perfect hygiene of the mouth and teeth on the basis of modern scientific principles. Odol penetrates into the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, impregnating them and leaving an antiseptic deposit on the surface, thus securing an after-effect *for hours*, which no other dentifrice can produce, not even approximately.



Conclude by gargling with Odol.

Smokers and others whose teeth readily turn black in consequence of stomachic or other diseases do well in supplementing the daily use of Odol with an occasional cleaning of the teeth with tooth-powder. Tooth-soap or paste should on no account be used. How extraordinarily beneficial this rinsing with Odol is will be discovered by persons who have decayed teeth. In these cases the effects are prompt and surprising, and the faithful user of Odol will form a lasting attachment to it, owing to its delicious taste and charming flavour — be it what is styled "Standard," strongly refreshing and invigorating; or the ladies' favourite, "Sweet Rose," delightfully mild and aromatic. So let the daily use of Odol commence at once. We really seriously and earnestly advise all who wish to keep their teeth sound and their breath sweet to accustom themselves to a regular use of this excellent dentifrice.



FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

TRADE J R D MARK.

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON,
DUNDEE.

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REGISTERED PROPRIETORS - JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, LTD.

Crême de Menthe
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(ESTABLISHED 1755).

Digestive and Tonic Liqueur of the highest quality.

TO BE HAD FROM ALL WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS AND STORES.



THE NEW BEATRICE, IN PRIVATE LIFE.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY,

WHO IS PLAYING BEATRICE TO MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S BENEDICK AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S TRAVESTY OF "THE LADY OF LYONS":

"THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

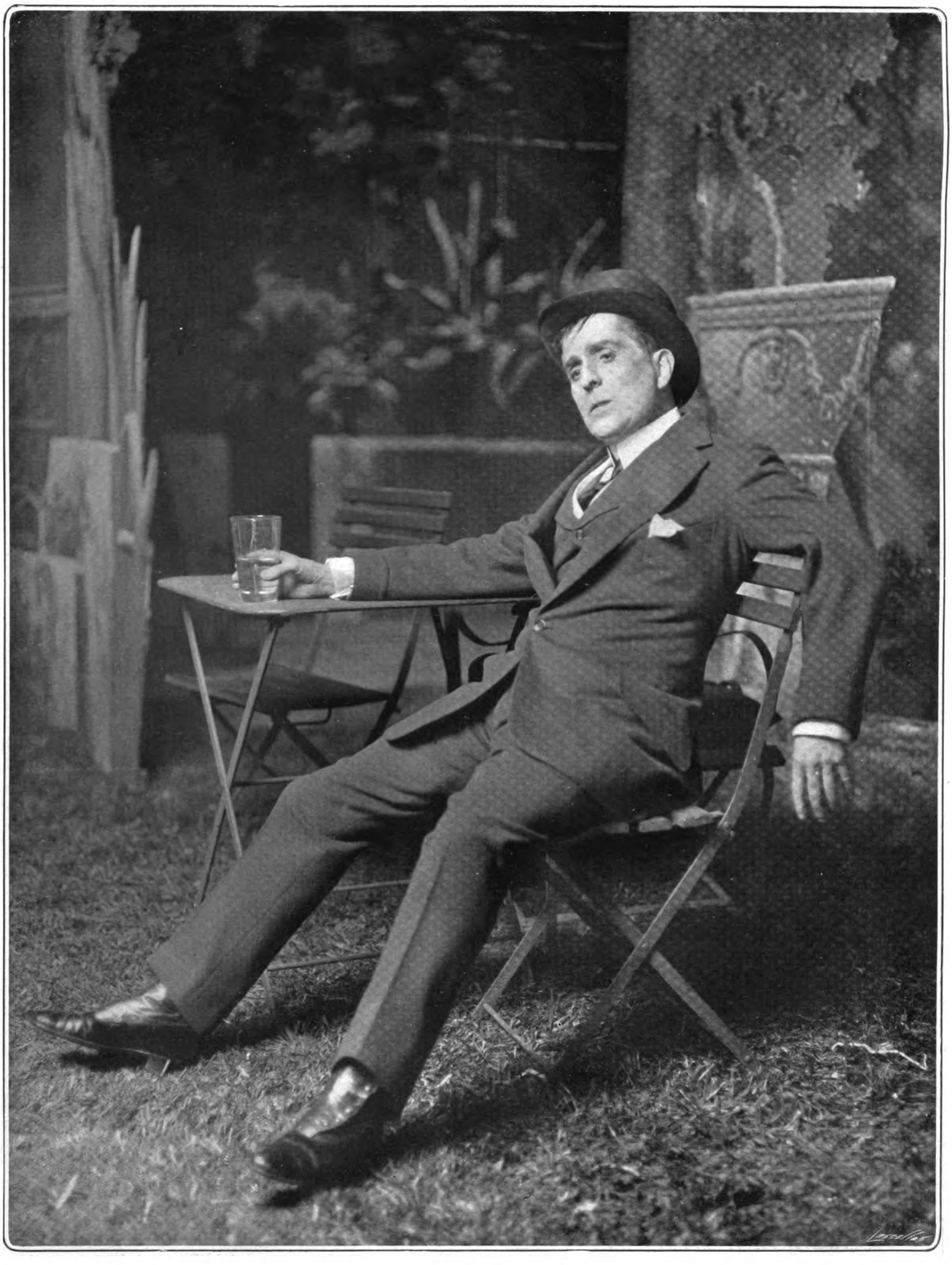


THE PAULINE DESCHAPELLES OF THE PARODY: MISS NANCY PRICE AS MISS EUPHEMIA CHITTY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S TRAVESTY OF "THE LADY OF LYONS":

"THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S



THE CLAUDE MELNOTTE OF THE PARODY: MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS JEROME ROBINSON.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S TRAVESTY OF "THE LADY O

Photographs by

ACT II THE MANNERS OF THE ARCH-DUKE DISGUST ALL SAVE EUPHEMIA CHITTY.



JEROME ROBINSON (MR WEEDON GROSSMITH) COLONEL HODGE (MR C.M. LOWNE) LORD O'GORMAN (MR A. VANE TEMPEST) LADY ANNE WILMOT (MISS FORTESCUE) MISS EUPHEMIA CHITTY (MISS NANCY PRICE)

EUPHEMIA CHITTY TESTS ROBINSON'S FIDELITY BY MEANS OF A FALSE TELEGRAM



MISS CHITTY: "READ IT, AND IF YOU CAN, PITY ME"

ACT II ROBINSON SHOWS AN UNFASHIONABLE LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF BRIDGE.



LADY ANNE WILMOT "YOU AND I ARE PARTNERS MR ROBINSON"
COLONEL HODGE JEROME ROBINSON LORD O'GORMAN LADY ANNE WILMOT & EUPHEMIA CHITTY.

ACT I. COLONEL HODGE PROPOSES TO EUPHEMIA CHITTY AND IS REFUSED



ACT III ROBINSON NOTICES THAT THE TELEGRAM H



ROBINSON: "SENT FROM VENICE; DE
CARRUTHERS (MISS MAUD WYNTER) EUPHEMIA CHITTY
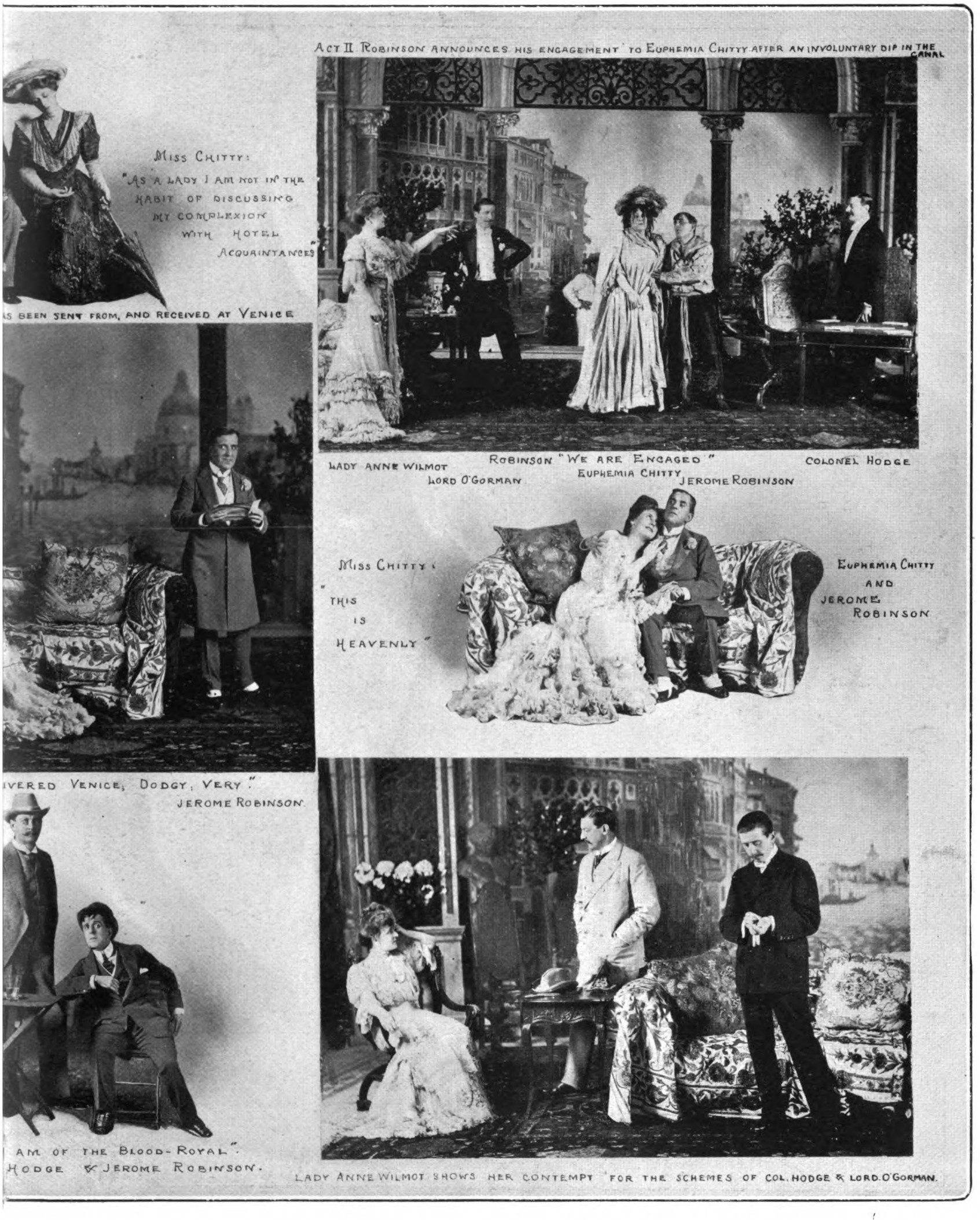


ACT I ROBINSON: "THEN
LORD O'GORMAN COL

Captain Robert Marshall's new farcical romance is a travesty of Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons." Claude Melnotte becomes Jerome Robinson, an ex-waiter, who finds himself stranded at the Hotel Fritz, Venice, and, for a consideration of forty pounds, agrees to aid Colonel Claverhouse Hodge and Lord O'Gorman in their desire to avenge their rejection by Euphemia Chitty, an heiress, and, of course, the Pauline Deschapelles of the parody. Accordingly, he is introduced to the Lady of Leeds as an Archduke; as luck will have it, she falls in love with him, and they go out in a gondola together, take an involuntary dip in the Canal, and return forlorn but engaged. Then Euphemia Chitty seeks to test her lover by showing him

F LYONS": "THE LADY OF LEEDS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Ellis and Walery.



a telegram which states that she is ruined; but he, seeing that the message is dated from Venice, does not fall into the trap, evinces no inclination to break off the match, and thus comes scatheless through the ordeal. While he is on his way to be married, however, his heart gets the better of him, and he confesses that he is an impostor; but he is able, at the same time, to make three momentous announcements—that his father has made a fortune in Australia and has been knighted, and that his own invention, a mechanical cork, is likely to bring him a considerable sum of money. Upon this, the heiress decides to keep her promise, more especially as her marriage will chagrin the unsuccessful suitors for her hand.

BEAUTIFUL STUDIES OF A LOVELY ACTRESS.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS IN HER VARIOUS COSTUMES AS HERO

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

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MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS AS SHAKSPERE'S "HERO."

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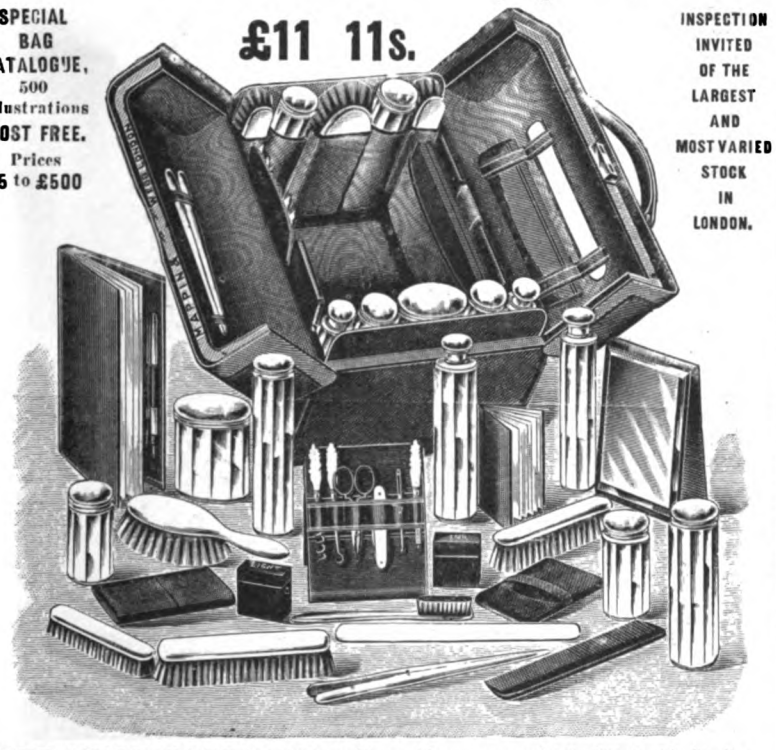
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The Sketch

No. 632.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1905. SIXPENCE.



THE HOSTESS AT THE EMPIRE BALL AT DUBLIN CASTLE: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Photograph by Chancellor.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND".

London,
Sunday, March 5.

THE Coliseum and the Hippodrome, those refuges of the afternoon idler, will have to look to their own. Unless I am greatly mistaken, as so often happens, they are likely to find a serious rival in the little Court Theatre. Take, for example, the series of matinées now running at the Court. The programme opens with a piece in one Act by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in which a gentleman makes a pot of broth with the aid of an ordinary stone. Is not this simple trick far more human, far more likely to appeal to the afternoon idler than all the mysteries of Chung Ling Soo, the Original Chinese Necromancer? Then we go on to a creepy, sensational drama, called "In the Hospital." Here we have a gentleman, whilst at the point of death, rehearsing, with an invalid actor, the scene he (the dying man) intends to perform before death actually comes. Do you suppose that "The Modern Gulliver" or "Butterflies in Fairyland" can stand against such an astounding fragment of realism as that? The entertainment at the Court concludes with a knockabout farce by Mr. Bernard Shaw, entitled, "How He Lied to Her Husband." In this Act—using the term in the variety sense—the one and only Shaw performs the marvellous and never-yet-equalled feat of turning one hundred and forty-five back-somersaults on a revolving stage in twenty minutes. The stage, I should add, does not actually revolve. It is really the brain of the spectator that revolves.

With every desire to be fair to Mr. Shaw, I suppose that "How He Lied to Her Husband" is the feeblest farce that has been produced in London for many years. The audience at the Court, however, on the afternoon of the first performance, ate it. As the curtain went up they began to laugh, and when Mr. Granville Barker took off a pair of white gloves and laid them down on a table, they shook with merriment. It was the subtlety of the thing that appealed to them. When their husbands and brothers take off pairs of white gloves and lay them down on a table, the action is so commonplace as to pass unnoticed. When Mr. Granville Barker does it, though, and, above all, when he does it in a play by that delicious Mr. Shaw, it means—well, anyone who understands Mr. Shaw's delicious humour knows what it means. Why explain for the benefit of the dullards? If the dullards try to pin you down to the meaning, the best thing to say is, "Oh, one can't always have a meaning, dear old chap! Meanings are so tedious, don't you think?" Then the dullard looks more puzzled than ever, or you may persuade yourself that he does, and gives you an opportunity of adding to his confusion by looking at the toe of your boot and laughing twice, spasmodically, at nothing in particular.

All these things I learnt from a conversation between two young women who were sitting behind me at the Court Theatre on the afternoon in question. Despite the fact that they were young women of very superior intellect, we will call them, for the sake of convenience, Ada and Alice. This is the way they "went on"—

ADA. I suppose you 've seen "John Bull"?

ALICE. Which, dear?

ADA. "John Bull's Other Island," you know. We always call it "John Bull" in our set, because we so often talk about it that it is necessary to abbreviate the title.

ALICE. Oh, no, I haven't seen that yet. Of course, I 'm simply dying to. I 've read it, though.

ADA. Really? I don't think it 's been published yet.

ALICE. Are you sure? Then it must have been one of the others I read. I know it was most fearfully clever.

ADA. That goes without saying. I simply love everything he does. It 's so delightful, don't you know, to get away from a plot sometimes.

ALICE. That 's just the charm of it. Anybody can write plays with plots, like Pinero and all those.

ADA. My dear! Please don't mention Pinero. His name is simply anathema in our set.

ALICE. I thought his name was Arthur.

ADA. How droll you are! That comes of not studying Latin. I mean that his name is accursed, so to speak.

ALICE. He 's done one or two rather smart things, don't you think?

ADA. You mean studies of life and all that sort of rubbish. Clever in their way, I suppose, but not to be compared with Shaw's exquisite—er—what 's the word I want?

ALICE. Bits?

ADA. No, no, no! Whimsicalities. That 's it. I simply adore whimsicalness.

ALICE. So do I. (*A pause.*) Have you been to the Lyceum since they altered the style of entertainment?

ADA. I never wish to go near the Lyceum again. I wish to keep it green in my memory as the home of the greatest actor we——

ALICE. How funny! *I* read that, too. What was it in again?
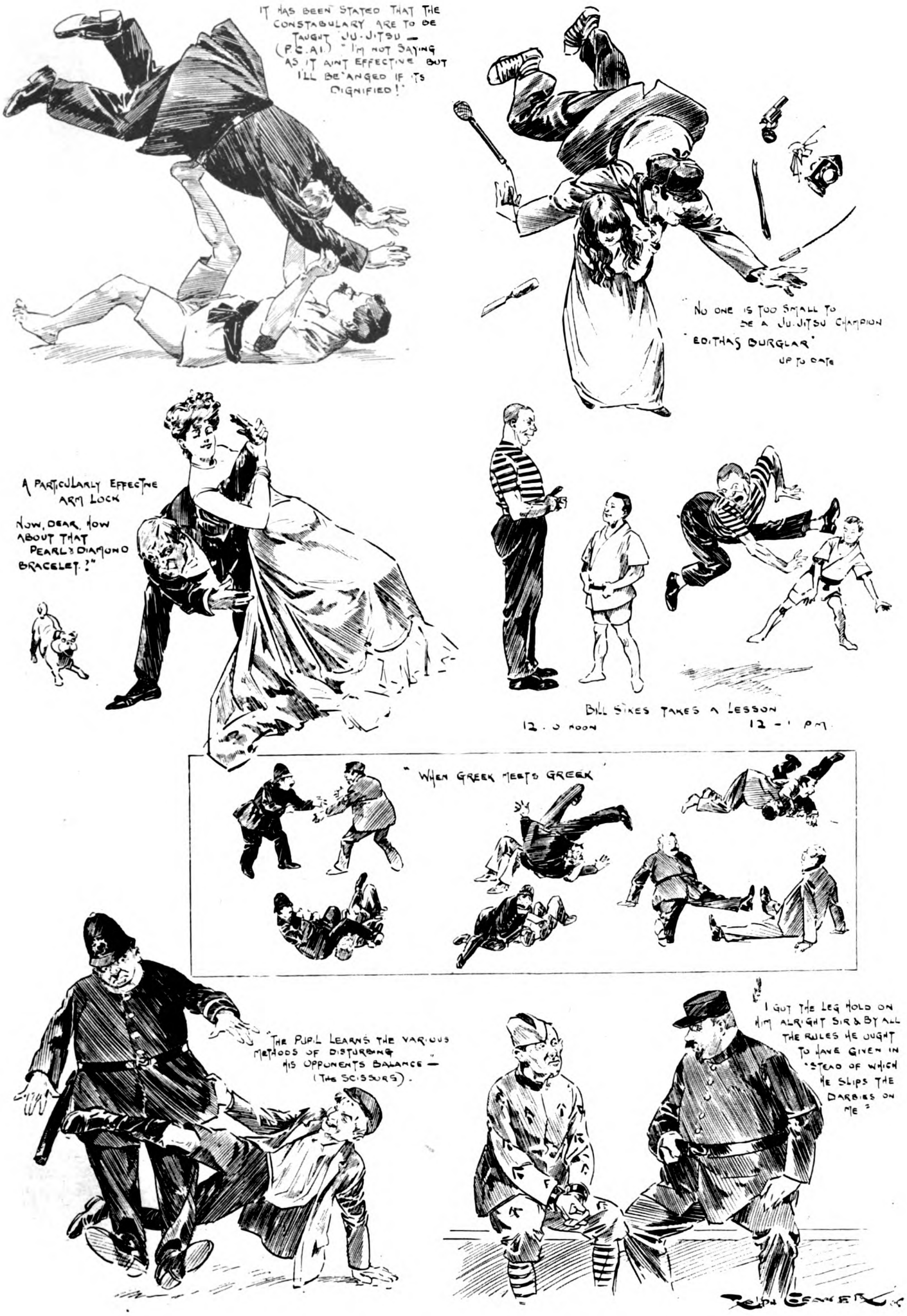
ADA. Don't be ridiculous. I didn't read it. I thought of it in bed this morning.

ALICE. Did you, really? (*A pause.*) I think Granville Barker's awfully good, too. Don't you?

I had a thrilling experience on Wednesday. I had been despatched to Oxford by one of my masters to report upon the performance of "The Clouds" of Aristophanes by the O. U. D. S. Whilst returning to the hotel after sending off my report, I saw, gravely approaching me, a middle-aged gentleman in cap and gown, together with three other gentlemen of less imposing appearance. I knew at once, of course, that the gentleman in the cap and gown was the Proctor, and that the others were his satellites. Here was a joke! After an absence of nine years I should once again be "progged." I took out a cigarette, stuck it jauntily between my lips, pushed my hat to the back of my head, thrust my hands into my pockets, grinned idiotically, and lurched past them. To my horror, not one member of the party took the slightest notice. I was dismayed. Did it mean that I was looking nine years older than when I went down? No, for my youthful appearance is the most deceptive thing about me. Did they guess that I had been to the theatre, and were allowing me, therefore, the usual privilege of being out after dark without cap and gown? No, for I was then walking towards the theatre from the post-office. Ah! The hat! No Oxford man ever dreams of wearing an opera-hat in Oxford. Flushing hotly, I threw the cigarette away and hastened to allay the natural suspicions of a bucolic policeman.

To me, the performance of "The Clouds" would have been very tedious had it not been for the Chorus of Clouds themselves and Sir Hubert Parry's incidental music. The Special Correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, by the way, alluded to the Chorus as a group of handsome young women gracefully clad in flowing draperies—or words to that effect. If he was right, that makes the Clouds more interesting than ever, for half of them sang tenor, the other half bass, and every one of them was an undergraduate member of one of the Colleges. It is wonderful, truly, what reforms may take place in nine years. To turn to the music, I was pleased to find the most modern phases of musical thought represented by extracts from Richard Strauss and a solo on the motor-horn. Sir Hubert was thus enabled "to symbolize the intimate relation between modern progress and the Classics." The large orchestra interpreted the music with great skill, but far more illuminating, from where I sat, was the face of the composer himself.

JU-JITSU FOR THE POLICE: ITS POSSIBILITIES.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

For details as to certain of the holds we are indebted to the courtesy of the Japanese School of Ju-Jitsu, 305, Oxford Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

"No Presents"—The Interchange of Gifts—Rows of Mechanical Singing-birds—The Custom.

THE "no presents" intimation to the Indian Princes and Rajahs in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales will be a great disappointment to many of the potentates concerned, wise though it doubtless is. The ordinary Indian ruler of a native State loves to spend money, and the visit of any representative of the suzerain Power gives him an excuse for a big draft on his treasury. It is an official occasion for extravagance, and the ruler, not without a chuckle, thinks that the British Resident, who is always bothering him with plans of retrenchment, cannot object to this expenditure.

It is always supposed that the gifts which the visitor and visited exchange are of exactly even value; but it was found when our present King, as Prince of Wales, made his tour through India, that the rulers of Native States, in order to be extravagantly loyal, estimated some of their most beautiful presents at a ridiculously low value. The actual ceremony of the interchange of gifts is a very pretty one, and the various Durbars which are to be held will lose one of their most picturesque incidents. The host and his guest sit on thrones at the far end of the Durbar Hall, and the presents to the visitor are brought in, it being always so arranged that the double row of servants bearing them stretches from the entrance-door up to the steps of the daïs. The visitor touches the nearest gift, and the whole of the offerings are carried out.

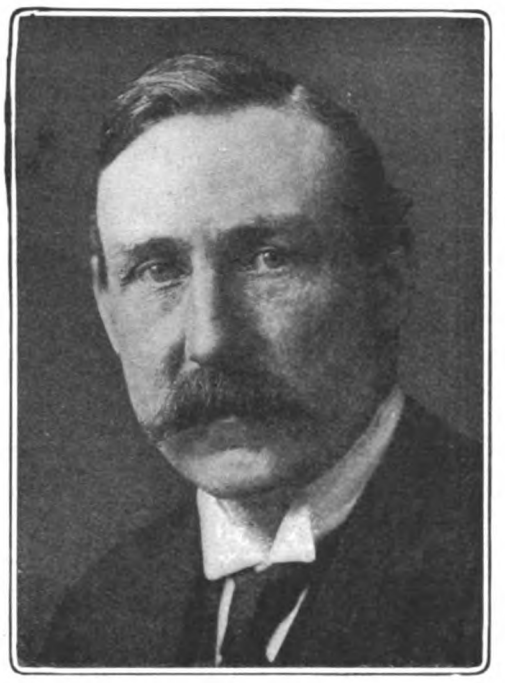
Then the other gifts are brought in and are carried away to the ruler's toshi-khana or to the museum. There are, I believe, periodical sales of the gifts given to the British officials, which, of course, become the property of the Crown; but the Princes and the Rajahs generally keep theirs, and a strange collection of guns and rifles, clocks, mechanical figures, inlaid swords, French silks, cigar-cases, sleeve-links, and other products of Western civilisation accumulate in the storehouses. One Rajah, through whose museum I was taken, was known to have a liking for mechanical singing-birds, and there had been a cage with a canary that could be wound up included in every batch of presents ever offered to him. The rows of birds whose mainsprings were broken, in dusty cages, which were carefully preserved in the State storehouses really formed a pathetic sight.

Even the least notable guest coming to the chief town of a Rajah's dominions is always offered a present, the material portion of which he does not accept, but the eatable part of which he hands over to his servants. At one period of my soldiering career I used to spend some months in every year wandering along an Indian frontier, with two or three elephants as my beasts of burden and with a small retinue of servants, of whom my bearer and a gentleman with a broad sash and a great metal badge were the heads.

Whenever I pitched my tents near the palace of any Rajah, whether he was an important person or a mere local landowner, these two used to harangue all lookers-on and impress upon them what an important person I was. At first, I was much flattered by this, and was really pleased to hear that I always had access to the "Burra Lat Sahib's" Council, that I was entitled to a salute of fourteen guns, and that, as a rule, I was escorted by two regiments of soldiers. I thought that, at last, I was proving the exception to the saying that no man is a hero to his valet.

I found, however, that all this glorification of my position was not intended so much to shed lustre on me personally as to increase the size of the present which the Rajah would presently send me. When the procession with the gifts arrived it always looked very imposing. The servants in the gorgeous clothes who headed it carried a roll or two of native embroidery and muslins, and following them came the tagrag and bobtail, with flowers and baskets of sugar-cane and fruits of all kinds. The cloth and muslin went back to the store from whence they came, I kept the flowers, and my servants sat up all night, talking in loud whispers which were more sleep-disturbing than any conversation carried on at the top of their voices, and eating the fruit.

The giving of presents is only one of the expenses which the journey through India of a great personage entails on the inhabitants, and there is a native proverb to the effect that the visit of a Viceroy is as bad as two years of famine. The Indian peasant is the most conservative creature under the sun. He has always, from time immemorial, looked upon a great man as a person who has a right to take fowls and milk and eggs, firewood and earthenware jars, without paying, when he is on a journey, and he really thinks that there is something uncanny and unusual in the efforts the British officials make to pay for what by native custom they are entitled to take free. I have known a Deputy-Commissioner, going through the portion of the land over which he rules, sit at his tent-door each morning and himself pay every peasant from whose cows a basin of milk or from whose stack a bundle of firewood had been taken. I have known the peasants so paid follow the train of carts carrying the tents and baggage for half a day, until they found a chance of returning the money given them to the Chuprassis, the men with sashes and badges, who pocketed it without demur. It was the custom for the peasant to be mulcted of these things, and, though the Sahib might be amiably weak, the matter had somehow or another to be put right.



THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE EARL OF SELBORNE.

William Waldegrave Palmer, second Earl of Selborne, who succeeds Lord Milner as High Commissioner in South Africa and Administrator of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies, is a hard-worker, an excellent organiser, and the possessor of a diplomatic manner that should carry him far. He has been, at various times, private secretary to his father when he was Lord Chancellor, and to Mr. Childers when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Whip to the Liberal-Unionist Party, Under-Secretary for the Colonies under Mr. Chamberlain, and, most recently, First Lord of the Admiralty in the present Government.

Photograph by Beresford.



A BEAST THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BY SIME: "THE KING" LEAVING HIS CASTLE AT THE NICE CARNIVAL.

MODERN IRELAND IN THE DRESS OF THE EMPIRE PERIOD:

SOME OF THE GUESTS OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT AND THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AT THE BALL AT DUBLIN CASTLE ON WEDNESDAY LAST.



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MARCH 11.

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A Colonial Painter of the King.

Mr. J. Colin Forbes, the Canadian artist who has come over to paint a portrait of the King for the Dominion House of Parliament in Ottawa, is by no means a stranger in this country: he studied, indeed, in the Royal Academy Schools, a period of his life he is not likely to forget, for it was while journeying from Canada to the Academy, some seven-and-thirty years ago, that he was shipwrecked in the *Hibernia*. Mr. Forbes has produced a number of seascapes and landscapes; but he has always had a special taste for portraiture, and has painted scores of well-known people, including the late Mr. Gladstone (for the National Liberal Club), Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the late Marquess of Dufferin, and President Harrison of the United States. He was nominated as one of the four original members of the Royal Canadian Academy by the Duke of Argyll, then Governor-General. The King, by the way, is kept particularly busy by the artists just now: not only is he giving sittings to Mr. Harold Speed, but he is also posing for M. Gaspard de Latoix, who has been commissioned to paint the portrait of His Majesty that is destined for the Senate Room in Nassau, Bahamas.



A COLONIAL WHO IS PAINTING THE KING'S PORTRAIT: MR. J. COLIN FORBES, R.C.A.

Photograph by Moyse.



A PICTURE THAT WON A HUSBAND: G. F. WATTS'S PORTRAIT OF LADY SOMERS

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.



A DIPLOMATIST WHO HAS JUST RETIRED: THE DUC DE MANDAS, SPANISH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE ORIGINAL OF THE FEMALE FIGURE IN "THE HUGUENOTS": LADY MILLAIS.

Photograph by Mauli and Fox.

In the artistic world of the last century no woman held so great a social position as did Lady Millais, the wife of the great painter who, even apart from his work, had so fascinating and compelling a personality. The romantic circumstances of their marriage were known to all their contemporaries, as also the fact that the artist had embodied his wife's graceful figure in such paintings as "The Black Brunswicker," "The Huguenots," and "The Fireman."

A Picture with a History.

Perhaps the most interesting portrait now being shown at the Royal Academy is Watts's counterfeit presentment of Lady Somers, painted when she was still Miss Pattle and the handsomest of a group of lovely sisters. The great artist who was later to win such enduring fame was then still on probation and glad to have beautiful sitters He painted the Misses Pattle again and again, both together and singly, and it was said at the time that the late Lord Somers fell in love with his future Countess through seeing the portrait we now reproduce when it was exhibited, over fifty years ago in the Royal Academy.

The Countess of Selborne.

South Africa has been called the land of the successful bachelor. Lord Selborne will doubtless inaugurate a new *régime*. As a beginning, his appointment as the new High Commissioner will mean that a brilliant and accomplished hostess will reign at Government House, Cape Town. Lady Selborne was born in the political purple, for she was the eldest daughter of the late Lord Salisbury, and her cleverness and wit as a girl is said to have aroused the admiration of Mr. Gladstone. Her engagement to the eldest son and heir of the then great Liberal Law Lord was quite a romance, and the marriage of Lady Maud Cecil to Lord Wolmer, as he then was, was regarded as a Montague and Capulet alliance! Entering into the spirit of the thing, Lord and Lady Salisbury asked their great political foe and private friend to propose the health of the bride at their daughter's wedding-breakfast, and Mr. Gladstone never made a more felicitous speech than on this occasion. Needless to add that Lord Salisbury's son-in-law soon became an adherent to his wife's Party, but they are both on intimate personal terms with many of the leading Liberals.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE COUNTESS OF SELBORNE.

Photograph by Langfier.

It is suggested that an attempt shall be made to solve the continual difficulties consequent upon the presence in Belgrade of those responsible for the assassination of King Peter and Queen Draga by means of a ballot to be taken amongst the whole of the officers of the Servian Army, who will thus be given opportunity to vote for or against the regicides. A majority against these double "murderers in uniform"—to use Douglas Jerrold's phrase, is it not?—will cause them to quit the Army. That ballot will need to be secret indeed.



A LADY WHOSE PORTRAIT WAS THE CASUS BELLI IN A FAMOUS LAWSUIT: LADY EDEN.

Photograph by Mauli and Fox.

Lady Eden.

Lady Eden, whose portrait was "the cause of war" in one of the most famous lawsuits ever held, is still one of the most beautiful of Englishwomen, for her features are classically perfect and she has been painted by many leading artists. A cousin of Lord Grey's, the mistress of Windlestone, Sir William's lovely place near Durham, is an aunt of young Lady Lytton and comes of a race famed for its personal beauty.

Paid Members.

The members of the Italian Parliament have just received with enthusiasm a proposal that they shall each be paid a salary of £280 per annum, though the taxpayers have not evinced an equal amount of delight at the suggestion. England is the only country in which the public have not to pay for their members, for, although the members of the German Reichstag are not salaried, yet they



MISS AUGUSTA BELLINGHAM, ENGAGED TO THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

The future Marchioness of Bute is the youngest daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham. Her engagement has been the source of much gratification to her many friends, especially as she is of the same religious faith as the Marquess.

Photograph by Thomson.

can travel free on all the State railways. The French deputies cost the most, for each of them receives £360 a year, besides a free pass on the railways. In Belgium the deputies get £160, in Holland £173, and in Greece £80. Swiss deputies are paid sixteen shillings a day while Parliament is sitting, and the Norwegians get about thirteen shillings and sixpence all the year round.

An Important Engagement. The engagement of the young Marquess of Bute to Miss Bellingham is of much moment to the Roman Catholic section of the great world, for, next to the Duke of Norfolk, the bridegroom-elect is the most heir male of the heroic house of Douglas, and holds the title of Duke of Chatelherault by a creation from Napoleon III. In early life he was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was married recently to a daughter of Major R. Poore, and the Duchess was present at his introduction to the House of Lords. He seemed to be a stranger to the Peers.

Maxim Gorky's Prison-Play. Despite Mr. Swinburne and his co-signatories, the Czar's officials, naturally enough it must be confessed, do not intend to let Maxim Gorky off too easily. Rumour has it, and rumour is all that can be expected from the



THE MARQUESS OF BUTE, ENGAGED TO MISS AUGUSTA BELLINGHAM.

Lord Bute is the possessor of thirteen titles, and is one of England's wealthiest young men. His income, £18 an hour or thereabouts, is chiefly derived from Welsh coal. He is the owner of St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park.

Photograph by Russell.

important and by far the most wealthy of the Peers belonging to the old faith. The marriage will be a Scotch and Irish union, for Lord Bute is a perfervid Highlander in sentiment, and Miss Bellingham has spent most of her life in Ireland, at her popular father's splendid place in County Louth. The future Marchioness's only sister is a nun.

The Kingly Inauguration of a President. The programme of the inauguration of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as "Boss" of the United States on Saturday last suggested the installation of a King rather than a President, and aroused all the more interest in consequence. A great procession of twenty thousand civil and military delegates from nearly every State of the Union was arranged to follow the initial ceremonies, and included in this, at Mr. Roosevelt's own suggestion, were a negro regiment and a troop of mounted cowboys from the Western plains. Mrs. Roosevelt's dress was intended to show outward and visible sign of her patriotism, was made entirely of American materials, and was the creation of a New York dressmaker. The silk for the costume was woven in New Jersey, and in the design, which was destroyed after use, gold thread and electric-blue were interwoven, and golden feathers and small birds in flight introduced.

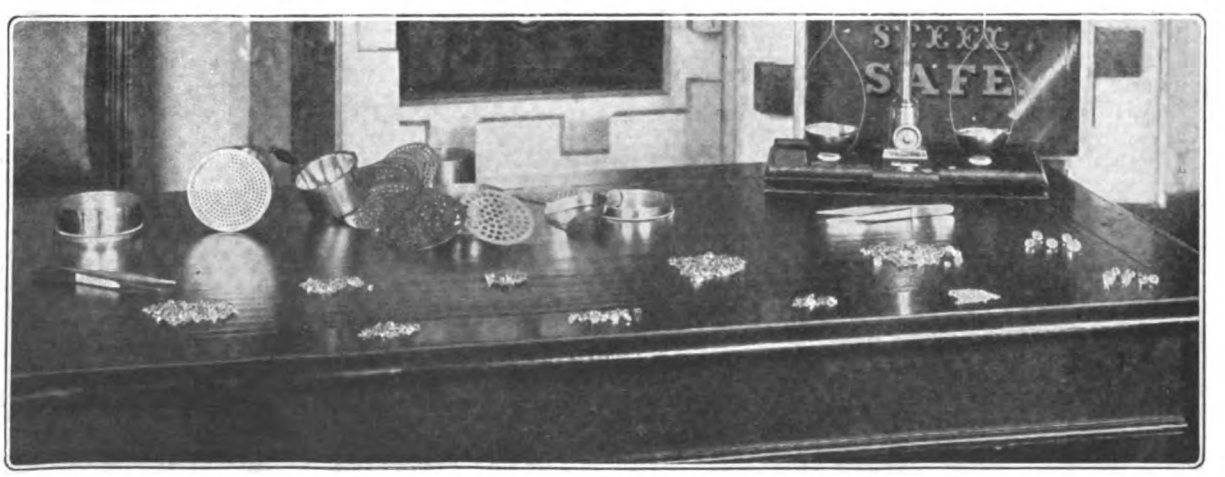
The Duke of Hamilton, although he succeeded his kinsman (a fourth-cousin) in the Peerage ten years ago, was prevented by delicate health from taking his seat in the House of Lords till last week. His Grace, who is Premier Earl of Scotland, is



A POSSIBLE PRIME MINISTER OF NORWAY: DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

The Consulate question between Sweden and Norway is acute, and the famous Arctic explorer has issued an appeal dealing with the matter. He has been freely spoken of as a future Norwegian Prime Minister.

Photograph by Langfier.



A MILLION POUNDS' WORTH OF GEMS: THE ANTWERP DIAMOND EXCHANGE, THE POSSIBLE DESTINATION OF THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND.

The discovery of the great Cullinan diamond at the Premier Mine, to say nothing of the reported finds in Rhodesia, lends particular interest to this photograph of the mart to which so many of the precious stones find their way. The Cullinan, by-the-bye, has not yet reached this country, despite rumours to that effect.

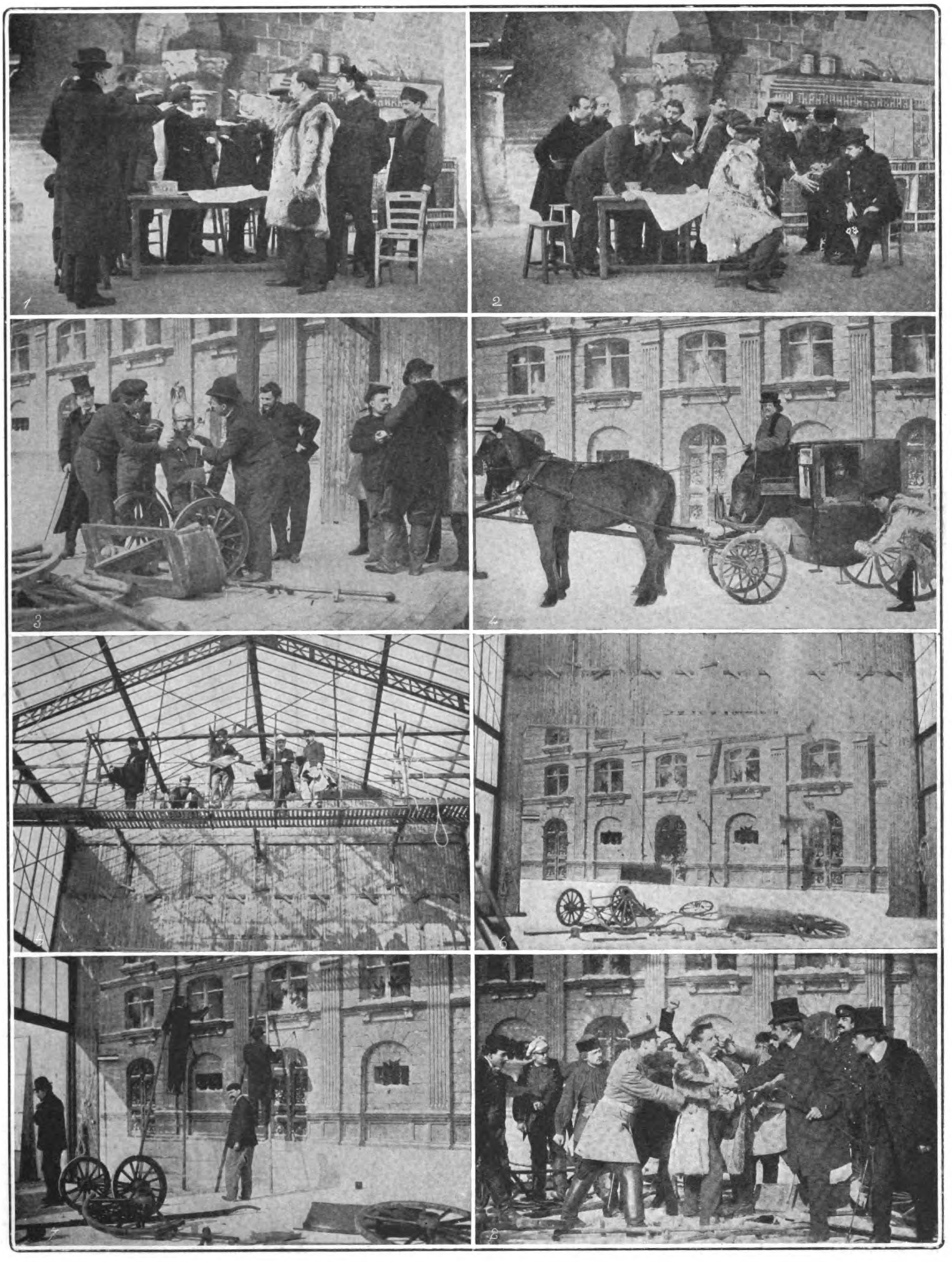
Photograph by Schaul.

land of censors and blacked-out newspapers, that the famous novelist is under the closest surveillance. Meantime, we are told that his lot in the Petropavlovsk Fortress was not a happy one, but that to compensate himself somewhat he devoted a week of his incarceration to the completion of a new play, "The Children of the Sun," which was promptly confiscated by the police, no doubt because, according to report, it is intended to demonstrate how the great gulf fixed between the rich and the poor forbids the happiness of the community. The Stage Society should certainly secure this. Even the least sympathetic portion of our Press could not resist noticing the production of a "Play by the Prisoner of the Petropavlovsk."

The Walls of Jericho. We have been hearing a good deal about the Walls of Jericho lately, and, therefore, it is curious that we should have an actual example of the power of a trumpet-blast occurring in Europe to-day. A short time ago, at Leipsic, the conductor of a brass band used to train his musicians in his garden, which was bounded by the old walls of the city. One day, when they were practising a grand march with the full strength of their lungs, they came to a passage in which all the trumpets had to blow *fortissimo*, and, as they gave one final blast all together, they were astonished to see the old wall suddenly crumble and topple over into the fields outside. Happily, the only result was that the cows in the meadows were frightened, but it is evident that the walls of Leipsic are even more unstable than were the walls of Jericho.

"THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE!": ASSASSINATION FROM THE LIFE.

A REVIVAL OF THE DEATH OF THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS FOR A FRENCH CINEMATOGRAPH.



1. The Conspirators Take an Oath to Kill the Grand Duke —
2. And Busy themselves in Preparing the Bomb Destined to Compass their End.
3. The "Grand Duke" is Made-Up.
4. The Nihilist Places the Bomb Discreetly under the Duke's Carriage——
5. While a Select Party of Assistants Prepare to Drop Débris when the Explosion Occurs.
6. The Wreck of the Grand Ducal Carriage, and the Effect of the Explosion upon the Windows near by——
7. Which have Previously been "Broken" by a Band of Painters.
8. The Arrested Assassin is Congratulated by the Organiser of the Proceedings.

Paris is to have the opportunity of witnessing an ingenious reconstruction of the recent tragedy at Moscow, thanks to the enterprise of the owner of a cinematograph. This gentleman, not being prophet enough to foresee the events he now seeks to illustrate, has remedied this deficiency by enlisting a score of supers and an army of workmen, painters, and decorators to re-enact the tragic scene as he imagines it. Such methods are not new. At the time of the Boer War many realistic battle-pictures were cinematographed hundreds of miles from the scene of operations, and, to mention an even greater parallel, the murder of King Alexander of Servia and Queen Draga was reproduced by carefully selected mimes in a field in South London.

Photographs by Branger.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHILE I accept in principle the murder of Grand Dukes, Military Governors, Secretaries of State for the Interior, and other high functionaries of Holy Russia, I am not ashamed to confess that I have all possible pity for those near and dear to them. Though I am informed by people whose authority is not to be disputed that the murdered Sergius was not a model husband, it is quite impossible not to admire and sympathise with the brave Duchess, and though many members of the camarilla that has misruled Russia have been condemned to death and must die soon, the horror and uncertainty of their end are bound to create a revulsion of feeling in the popular mind. Killing is murder even if you kill a Grand Duke, even if death is the best thing that can happen to him. I was explaining my views the other day to a friend of the revolutionary party, and he replied that dynamite was the only form of argument that proved effective in dealing with the Russian autocrats. He added frankly that the end was not in sight, and that important developments were due in the middle of March. People declare that the Czar is weak and feeble-minded. Surely, if this were so, he would have succumbed to the horrors around him ere now.



A COMPLIMENT THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IMPROVED UPON.

MR. SNOBBERTS (*to hostess, who has been singing to the accompaniment of a pianola*): "*Excellent! Wonderful machines, aren't they, these pianolas? What a pity we can't get 'em to sing! Eh what?*" (*The hostess is duly flattered.*)

DRAWN BY A. TALBOT SMITH.

Is the week-end threatened with extinction? I can't help thinking it is losing its pristine popularity. Where many people left town religiously on Friday or Saturday five years ago, not more than four or five do so to-day. Consequently, people who live in the country are to be found making up week-end parties for London. I suppose that the motor-car accounts in part for this change, by bringing the country well within reach of people who wish to combine a little excitement and fresh air without the necessity of a train-journey. London has responded to the mood of the moment by widening the area of Sunday recreation. Such an institution as the Bechstein Concert Club claims the allegiance of scores of the leisured folk who have only lately learned what the London Sunday is like out of the Season. Listening to an admirable concert there the other afternoon, I saw quite a number of the people whom one associates with London only in the months of May, June, and July. The music was at once their attraction and justification. I can't help thinking that London's Sunday is only now emerging from swaddling cloths, and that it is destined to grow rapidly and attractively. At present it is very many years behind the Sunday of the Continent.

A Contrast. I remember being at The Hague just before the Peace Conference took place, and going out to the House in the Wood, where an obliging custodian showed me all the treasures of the charming place, and the chamber wherein the delegates were to meet so soon. Here, in what was, if I remember rightly, an octagonal room with wonderful pictures and charming views across a delicate sylvan landscape, the Millennium was to be born. Diplomacy was to do its work amid most stimulating surroundings, and war would become as extinct as the dodo. Well, five years have served to expose the fallacies of the optimists, and last week I read in my morning paper an account of the capitulation of Port Arthur. The delegates repaired to a little village called Sueiszeying, a place hitherto unknown even to local fame, and, having found a mean cottage that had escaped bombardment, they went inside, shut the doors, and settled down to business. Although we are not yet in sight of peace, there can be no doubt that the fall of Port Arthur dealt a mortal blow to the war. The fall that should be the prelude to a great and lasting period of tranquillity was negotiated in a mean hovel, while the Peace Conference, that was followed so soon by a disastrous war, was held in a palace fit for the rulers of the earth. What fine material for an Addison or a Lamb, if we had one in our midst to-day.

Having no really fine feelings, I note with a certain satisfaction the report that there is some serious trouble on the Italian railway lines. Strikes and dislocation of traffic seem to be the outward and visible signs, but the authorities are doing their best to hush the matter up, because the profitable tourist season is in full swing. If I sound the warning note that the Italian railway directors fear to hear, no high principle of interest in British tourists animates me: my only desire is for vengeance. Some years ago, I was travelling from Genoa to Florence, and instead of being told to change at Pisa I was assured that I was in the Florence train. After leaving Pisa the train appeared in its true colours, as a Rome express; and when it stopped at Grossetto, and I escaped, I had to wait for five hours for a return train to Pisa, and was forced by the local brigand who wore the uniform of the railway service to pay for the double journey. I wrote an eloquent protest to the Company. They kept me waiting three months for an answer, and then wrote a letter that might be paraphrased thus: "We've got your money, and you have the experience. The incident is closed." Since then, though I love Italy, I hate its railways, and have much pleasure in doing what harm I can to them by warning intending tourists that there is considerable disorganisation throughout the systems just now. It will be best for them to walk.

THE REVIVAL OF "KING HENRY V." AT THE IMPERIAL.



MR A. E. GEORGE AS FLUELLEN. MISS MARY ROKKE AS CHORUS.

MISS MARY LEWIS (SISTER OF MR. LEWIS WALLER) AS ISABEL, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON AS PISTOL. MR. LEWIS WALLER AS KING HENRY V.

Photographs by Langfier.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

The Shakspere Memorial and the Court "Triple Bill."

A week-end spent at a doctor's house, very agreeably, has brought into my mind a phrase, whence it comes I do not know, "Optima medicina est medicina non uti"—I trust the Latin is correct. This I refer to in connection with the Shakspere Memorial affair. There is another of my very small stock beginning with "Si monumentum." After this display of learning, it remains for me to suggest that there is no need for a Shakspere Memorial at present. If a time should come when his plays are neglected, if a day were to arrive when books about him and the meaning of his dramas cease to be published, if it should ever happen that people stop writing concerning the esoteric ideas involved in the Sonnets, the necessity for a Memorial would be obvious. At the moment there is a danger lest that terrible person, the "man in the street," should get a little bit tired by the talk about our national dramatist. "Shakspere and the musical farces" has been served up too often of late by the newspapers. Quite a number of enthusiasts have come to the conclusion that it is needless to add to the Chamber of Horrors which can be seen at the price of a few 'bus-fares in the streets and squares of London. As to the endowment of a playhouse for Shaksperian drama, this may fairly be said: Shakspere exists, whilst the modern British drama is hardly born.

In connection with Memorials, you may ask, What about a monument to "G. B. S."? Needless, for he is monumental. Moreover, he has had lately a column in the *Daily Mail*, which, of course, is better than a column in Trafalgar Square. "G. B. S." came into my mind because of the new programme at the Court Theatre, in which appears a sort of burlesque by him upon his own play, "Candida." There should be some trades-union rule forbidding a man to burlesque his own work, and the Fabian Society ought to look into the matter. Moreover, his plays have not yet achieved great enough success for the supreme compliment of being burlesqued, though several have deserved it. I do not believe that "How He Lied to Her Husband" was written as a burlesque. It was intended to show that Mr. Shaw is not gulled by his own sophistries. One of the troubles of a dramatist is that people insist upon identifying his opinions with those of his characters. Probably Shakspere was accused of sharing the sentiments of Aaron the Moor—I refer to the cheery lines: "If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul"—but, of course, Shakspere might have raised a defence by denial of authorship. Really the new piece is a clever, unambitious trifle, with an excellent joke delayed a little long. On other occasions, this truly gifted, even brilliant, original dramatist has shown a difficulty in leaving off. Still, the house thoroughly enjoyed the comic situation in which the husband of Mrs. Bumpus grew more and more indignant whilst Mr. Henry Apjohn endeavoured to convince him that he had not written compromising poetry to Mrs. Bumpus, by suggesting that the lady had not inspired an unholy passion in him, and was not likely to kindle illicit flames in anybody. This idea and the scene founded upon it is the heart of the play, and vigorous enough to give life to it. Miss Gertrude Kingston acted splendidly as "the smartest woman of the smartest set in Kensington," Mr. Granville Barker had no trouble in burlesquing his "Candida" performance, and Mr. Poulton was perfect as the uxorious husband of Aurora Bumpus.



THE SECOND GENERATION: MR. EDMUND WALLER, SON OF MR. AND MRS. LEWIS WALLER.

Photograph by Thomas.

As a whole, the new triple bill is a trifle disappointing. "In a Hospital," by Arthur Schnitzler—very well translated, I fancy, by Christopher Horn—is the most ambitious of the items presented. In it a bold effort is made somewhat to enlarge the bounds of the English theatre by one of the pieces of half-digested life characteristic of *le Théâtre de l'Œuvre*. The conception is better than the execution, though a good deal of skill is shown in the workmanship. Unfortunately, by reason of the use of fine shades and daring reticences, the play is perplexing. This would matter little if the author had a great position in this country, for then the meaning would be elucidated by a careful study. Young dramatists are in a curious difficulty. If they seek to make a great reputation by delicate, subtle work, they run the risk of being misunderstood, or even neglected, on account of qualities that would excite great admiration if they were famous. Mr. Schnitzler has been remarkably misappreciated. One writer speaks of his "frankly improbable, melodramatic piece." What the "frankly" has to do with the matter I have not the least idea. The "improbable" sounds more pertinent, though it is dangerous to call the purely mental conduct of a semi-delirious, dying man "improbable." "Melodramatic" is grossly unjust; the melodramatist would have made the play blatantly plain and goody-goody. As it is, despite a certain doubt as to the reason why the unsuccessful, dying journalist should attempt to poison the life of his prosperous rival, it is impressive and strangely interesting, yet I must add that the dramatic impression is not fairly in proportion to the character of the painful materials employed. Proportion, after all, in matters of art, occupies almost the position of Charity in relation to the virtues, and there is a want of proportion in the play. Mr. Trollope acted cleverly as a consumptive patient and showed a judicious treatment of the physical aspect. Miss Isabel Grey skilfully made a small part of a nurse effective, and the central figure was presented with rugged but well-disciplined power by Mr. Beveridge. The third piece, Mr. Yeats's play, "A Pot of Broth," is neither a novelty nor a masterpiece, but a bright, little, comic, anecdotal play that would read better than it acts, for it is difficult to make-believe in the duping of the close-fisted Sibby by the tramp's humbug about stone-soup, which did not deceive her husband. Its pleasantest aspect was our renewal of acquaintance with Mr. Robert Pateman, a very able, extremely versatile actor too rarely seen of late. His work as the tramp was full of rich, broad humour.



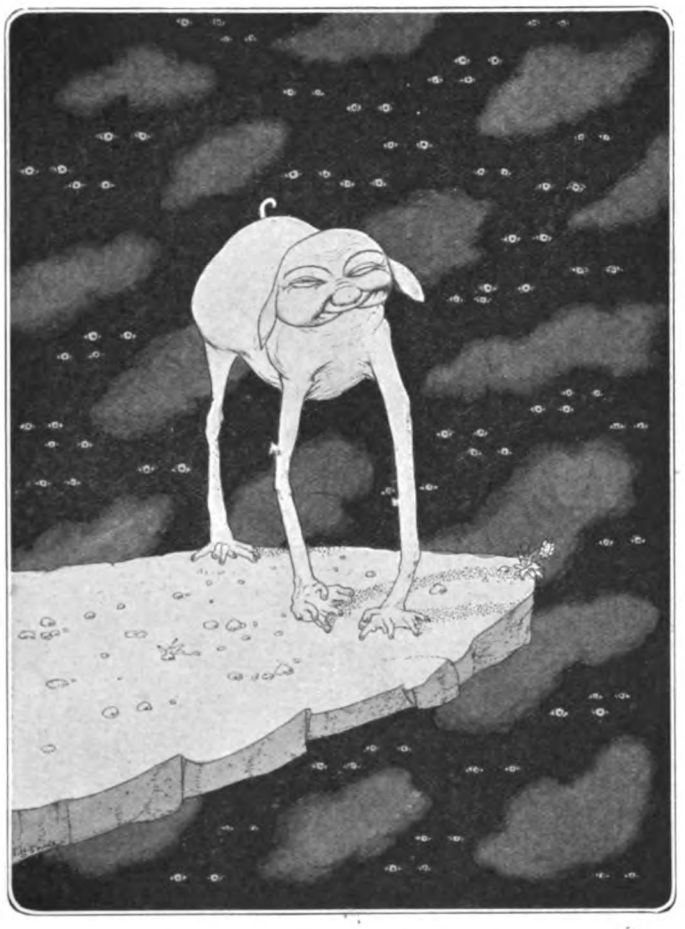
MRS. LEWIS WALLER'S PRODUCTION OF "THE ADMIRAL'S LADY": MRS. WALLER AS LADY RUMBELOW, AND MR. EDMUND WALLER AS HARRY RUMBELOW.

"You're the best, the dearest, the loveliest of mothers."

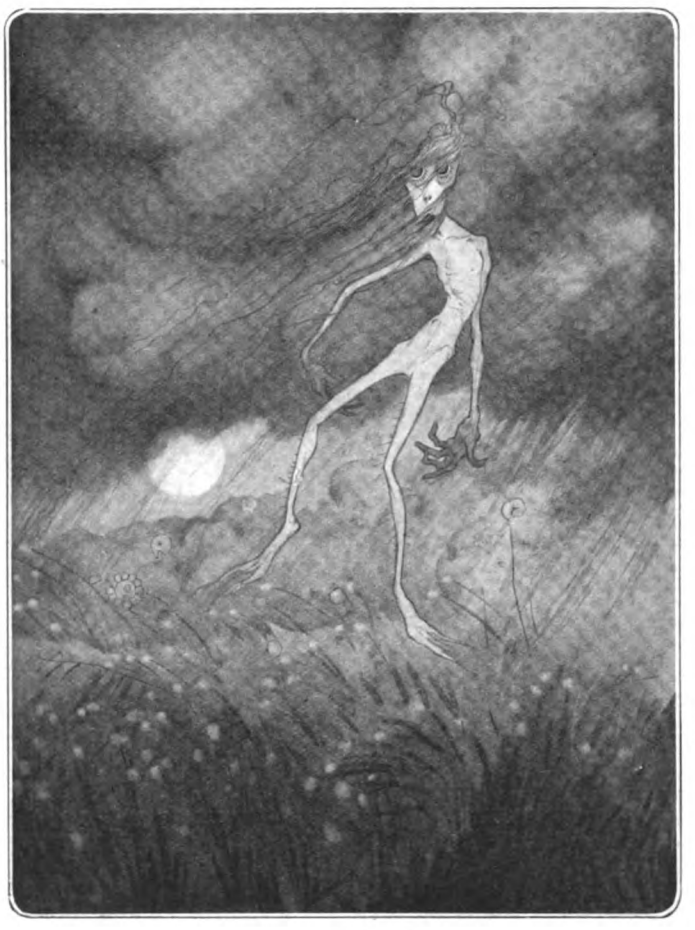
Photograph by Bassano.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—VII-X.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



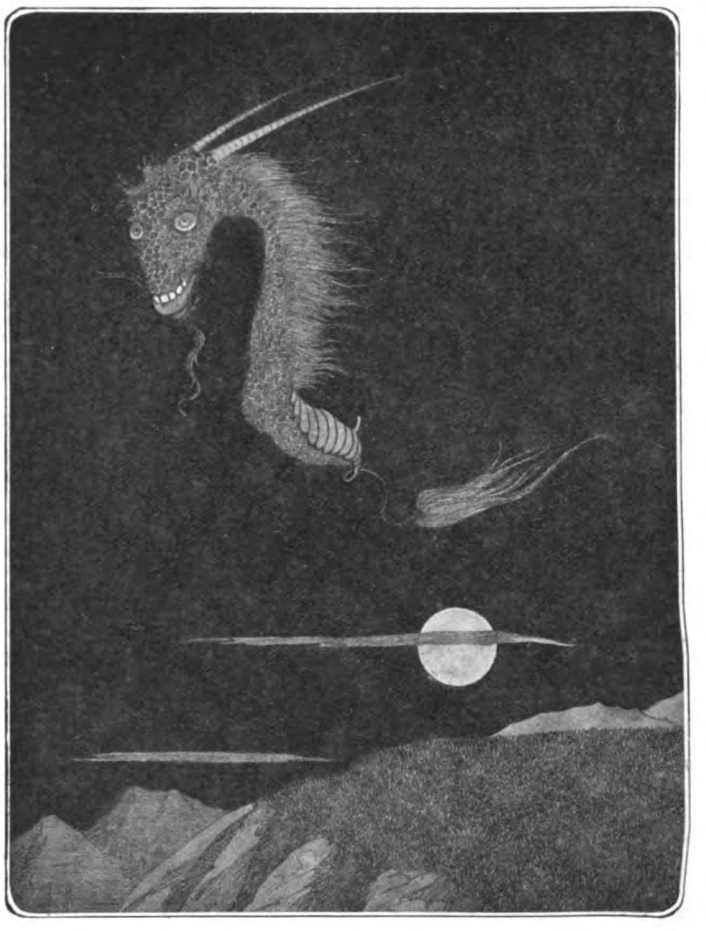
THE THREE-LEGGED BLARM.



THE MOONIJIM.



THE SEEKIM.



THE FLEINIKORN.

MONARCHS WHO WALK IN FEAR.

Photographs by D'Alessandri, Downey, Hahn, Pietzner, Ullstein, Pach, and Franzen.



Muzaffer-ed-Din Mirza, Shah of Persia.
The Quarry both of Fanatics and of those with Legitimate Grievances.



King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.
Memories of his Father's End make it Advisable to Take Precautions.



Muley Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Morocco.
His Partiality for the Wise Men of the West Endangers Him.



Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey.
In Constant Fear of Assassination, and, consequently, never Appears in Public.



The Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia.
In Hourly Peril from Revolutionists.



Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.
A Tool in the Hands of the Powers that Guide the Destiny of the Balkans, and, therefore, Unsafe.



King Peter I. of Servia.
The Shadow of the Sword that Killed King Alexander and Queen Draga Hangs Over Him.



Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America.
In Frequent Danger from Madmen.



King Alfonso XIII. of Spain.
Personally Popular, but must be Guarded from Anarchists.

MONARCHS WHO WALK IN SAFETY.

Photographs by Pietzner, Mottu, Petit, Stuart, and Elfelt.



King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway.
Has Retained the Affection of his People in Spite of Sweden and Norway being at Loggerheads.

The Emperor Francis Joseph I. of Austria.
His Personal Charm has done much to keep Austria and Hungary United.

King Carlos of Portugal.
Popular as a Great Sportsman. Moves Freely Amongst his Subjects.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.
Has Recovered all the Favour Lost by Willem III.

King Edward VII.
The Most Secure of all Monarchs.

The Emperor William II. of Germany.
His Endeavours to Place his Country at the Head of European Nations Appeals to the Imagination of his People.

M. Émile Loubet, President of the French Republic.
His Character Appeals Strongly to all Republicans.

King Christian IX. of Denmark.
Much Loved by his People.

The Emperor Mutsuhito of Japan.
Reverenced, almost as a God, throughout his Dominions.

PLAYERS OF THE MOMENT IN NEW YORK AND AT HOME.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT DALY'S, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Hyatt.



MISS GLADYS SAQUI IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER, WHO WILL APPEAR SHORTLY IN NEW YORK IN THE NEW COMEDY, "THE TRIFLER."

Photograph by Burr McIntosh.

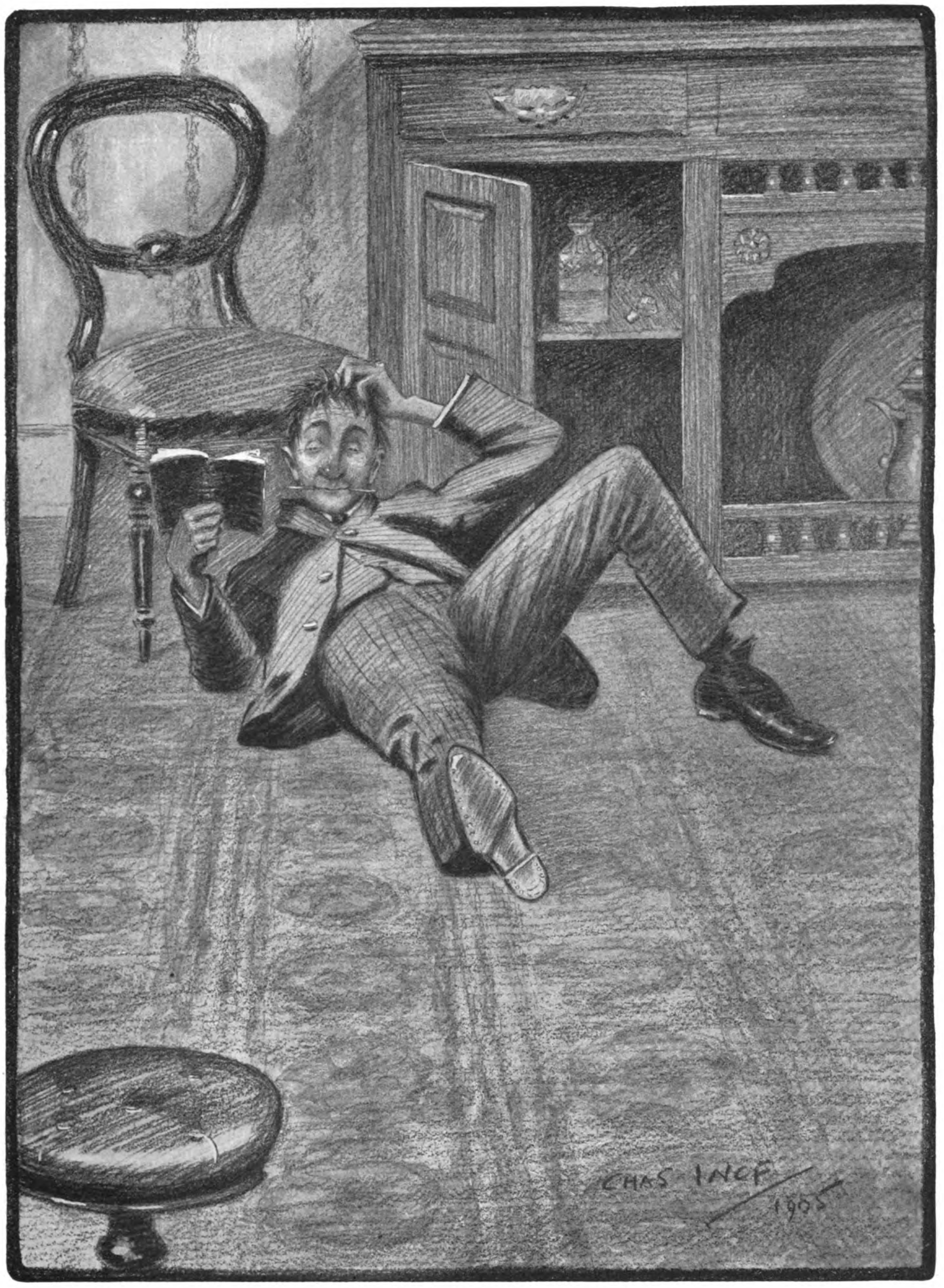


MISS INEZ BENSUSAN AS YO-SAN IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS," ON TOUR.

Photograph by F. A. Bourne.

"REVOLUTIONS PRODUCE GREAT MINDS":

AN APHORISM FALSIFIED.



THE ESTATE AGENT'S ASSISTANT (*after visiting the Coliseum and its revolving stage—and the bar*): One revolving music-stool—a—revolving carpet—and, when it stops, I 'll finish the invent'ry.

DRAWN BY CHARLES INCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Lang's new volume of literary essays contains papers on Stevenson, Dr. John Brown, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Radcliffe, Smollett, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the Confessions of St. Augustine. So much personal matter is included that the collection of the articles is justified. Mr. Lang is nowhere happier than in his tender and intimate recollections of departed friends.

As much cannot be said for every collection of reviews. The temptation to put together some permanent memorial of busy years in literary criticism is, no doubt, very strong; but, as a rule, it should be firmly resisted. The late Mr. Henley showed much sense and self-restraint when he declined to print more than a few fragments out of the mass of his criticism, and yet at his best there were few journalists to excel him in vigour and in point. Mr. H. W. Nevinson, however, has published, in "Books and Personalities" (John Lane), a selection of short articles chiefly contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Nevinson has given ample proof of his ability in "Neighbours of Ours" and "In the Valley of Tophet," but he does not shine as a critic, and, even so, he is not at his best in these criticisms. He explains in a somewhat elaborate Preface that the kind of criticism which he has tried to follow is "the broad and simple statement of the delight felt in certain books and certain writers by men who do not pursue literature as their business, but keep their love for it in the midst of other occupations and adventures." The true critic must pursue literature as his business, or, at least, must put it first. What Mr. Nevinson has given us is the kind of article prepared for daily newspapers by men who have an evening in which to blue-pencil a book, linking the extracts by comment as good as they can make it at the moment. Such work is by no means to be despised. It serves its purpose in its proper place. But when it is reprinted, its facility, its ordinariness, its want of style, force themselves on the friendliest reader. Mr. Nevinson's work is hardly up to the average of its kind. He is not a man of letters. He is well educated, and has read what he ought to have read; but of the width of knowledge and the passion for books shown by the true critic there is no trace in these comparatively vapid and commonplace pages. To take such books as the Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and to give us a dozen pages or so half made up of extract, is very well at the time and in the newspaper, but to reprint it is hardly pardonable. The essays on George Meredith and Thomas Hardy might barely pass in literary journalism, but in a book they show themselves so slight, so trivial, so wanting in grasp and insight, as to do their writer great injustice; for Mr. Nevinson is not to be judged by this work, and criticism of any kind is not his particular business.



TITLES TRAVESTIED.—DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

Mr. G. S. Street's collection, "Books and Things" (Duckworth and Co.), is rather better. Mr. Street knows more about books than Mr. Nevinson, and, though far from brilliant, he has good commonsense. Most of his judgments appear to be just. For example, speaking of the comparative failure of Fielding as a play-writer, he says excellently that Fielding was not only attempting an art for which his genius was unfitted in general, but a small and conventionally narrowed section of that art—the formal comedy of fashion. He was the observer and philosopher of life, free, robust, and vigorous life, and low life for choice in his novels. In his plays he was the manipulator of rigidly artificial life. He thinks that Meredith's best novel is "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," and that nothing so fine has been done in English fiction in the thirty years since it was written. He says, rightly, that Wilkie Collins has not yet had a worthy successor. He is not replaced even by the best writers of detective stories, which, at their highest, have an element of the mechanical and the improbable. The fault of Mr. Street's volume is that it is dull for the most part—honestly and simply dull. There are conceivable merits that might wipe out that reproach, but Mr. Street does not possess them. But he is an honest, competent, good-tempered critic.

The death is announced of Mr. F. R. Daldy, who was well known as a partner in the firm of Bell and Daldy, and, later, in the firm of Daldy, Isbister, and Co. Bell and Daldy was a successful firm, publishing Bohn's Libraries and many other books; but when the partnership with Mr. Bell was dissolved, and Mr. Daldy became a member of the firm of Daldy, Isbister, and Co., he made an unfortunate change, and spent many of the best years of his life in vain trying to better the situation. Mr. Daldy interested himself continually in the question of copyright, which was, perhaps, the hobby of his life, and for a considerable period he was Secretary of the Copyright Association.

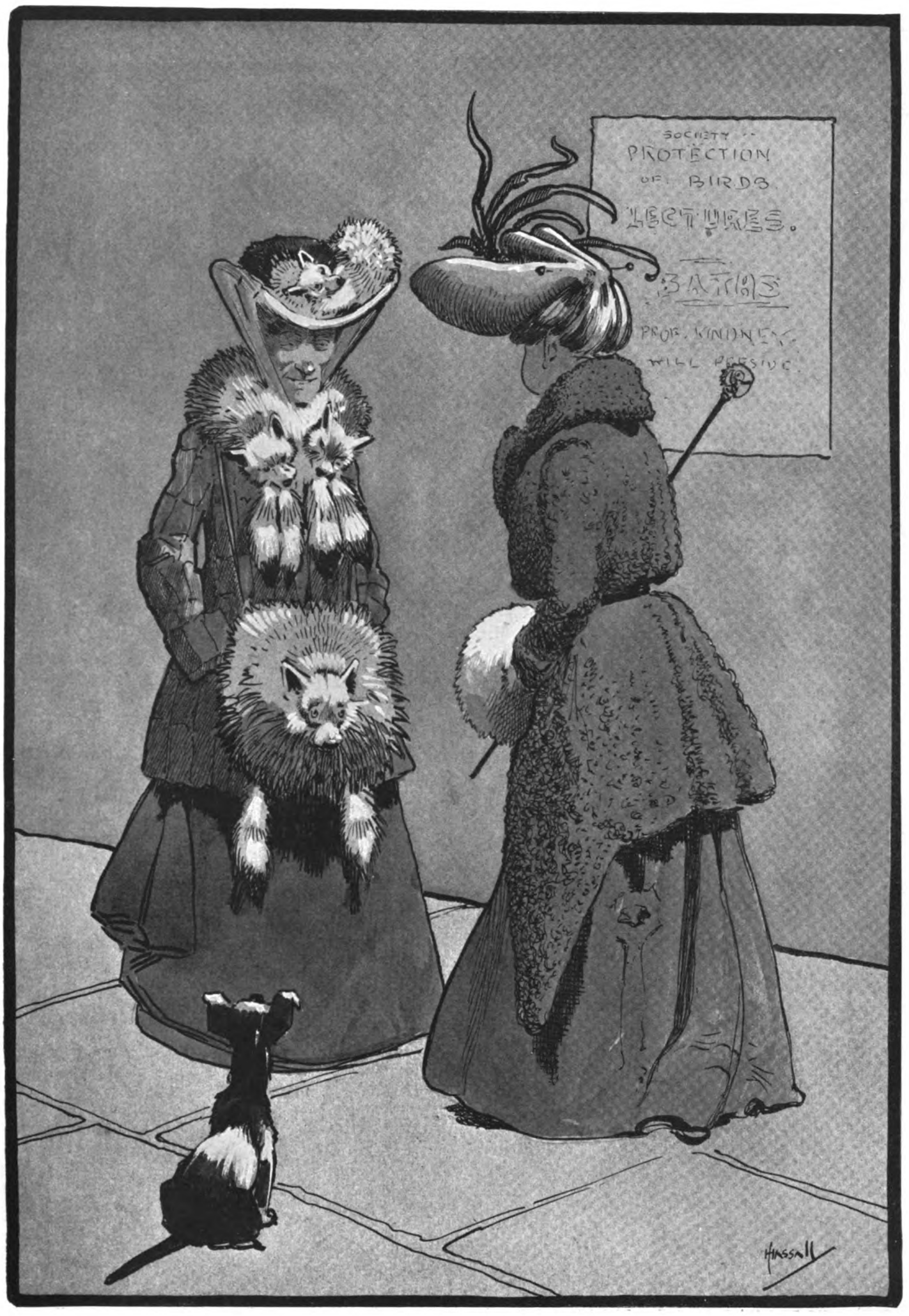
The correspondence between Ibsen and Brandes, a volume of high interest, is being translated, but it will probably not appear before the autumn.

The letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonk are still attracting great attention. Mathilde Wesendonk was the wife of a rich German merchant in Zürich, and when they became acquainted the musician was about forty years old and Mathilde twenty-four. She was a passionate lover of music, and for years Wagner made her his great confidante, finding in her his "refuge and haven of salvation." In fact, he wrote to her as Balzac wrote to Madame Hanska. The attachment between Wagner and Frau Wesendonk became so distasteful both to Herr Wesendonk and to Wagner's own wife that the composer was compelled to leave Zürich. Seven years later, Frau Wagner died. In 1870 Wagner married Cosima von Bülow.

A very warm reception has been given to the limited edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, in six volumes, bound in grey boards and vellum. Sundry sets have been already re-sold at a premium by the original purchasers.

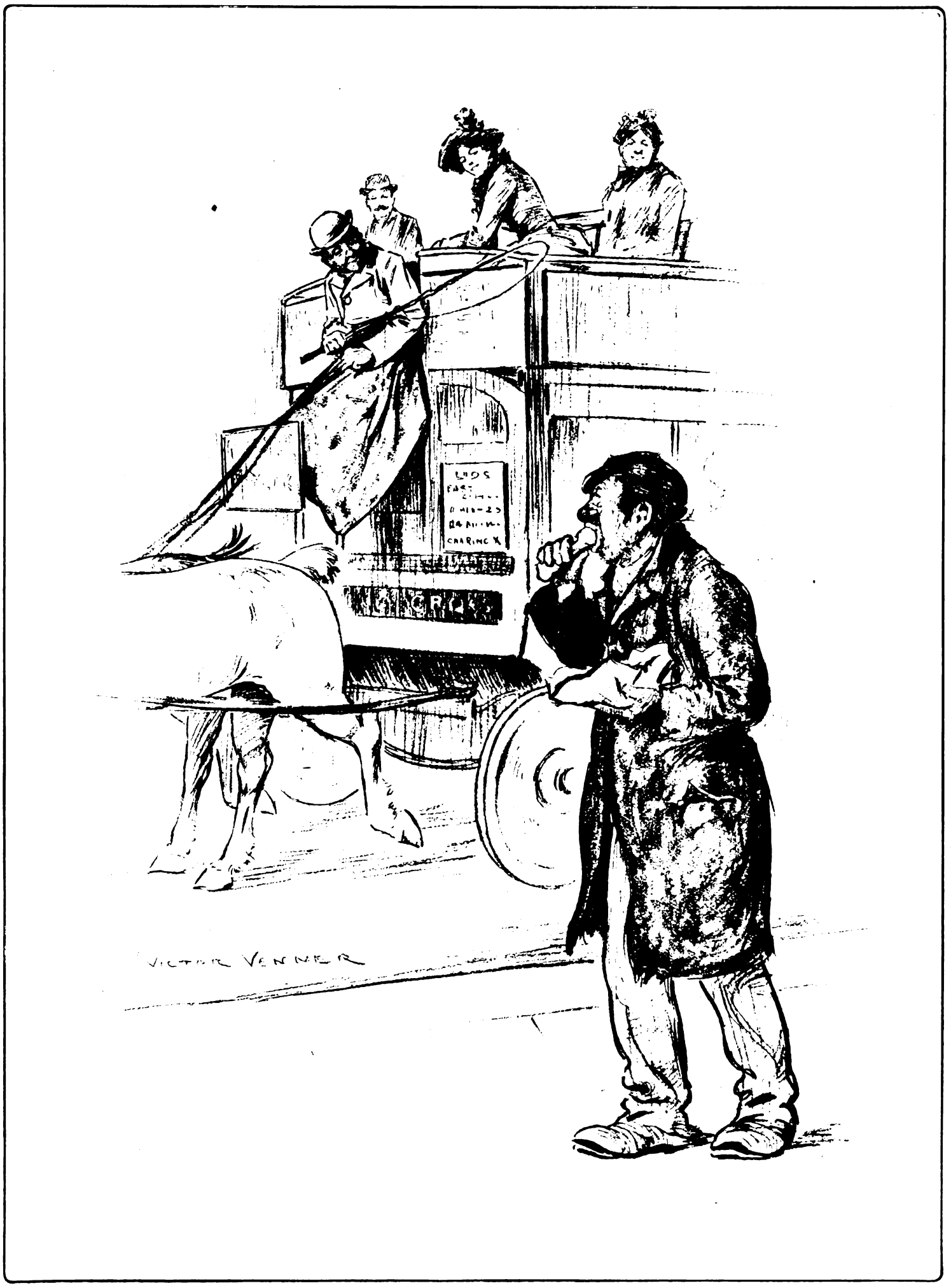
Two anti-vivisection stories are announced, one by Mark Twain and the other by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. O. O.

THE ILLOGICAL HUMANITARIAN.—By JOHN HASSALL.



THE LADY WITH THE FURS: Yes, dear, I've given up feather boas and feathers in my hats—it 's so cruel to the poor birds.

PERSIFLAGE FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT.



The 'Bus-Driver (*to the Tramp, who is gnawing a bone*): Nah then, dinin' out agin?

DRAWN BY VICTOR VENNER.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A HOLIDAY TOUCH.

BEING A STORY WHEREIN CHARITY BEGINS ABROAD.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

The snow had been falling faster and faster, and drifting more and more, in obedience to the wild and swirling wind, and now the train, which had been gradually slackening in speed, gave two or three ineffectual little jerks, and came to a dead stop.

"Snowed in," said a jolly drummer, and burst into a boyish laugh. "By golly, I'm glad of it! It lets me out of spending Sunday in Plainville at that dog-gone hotel where each meal is worse than the one before."

"Right you are," said the man ahead of him, also a drummer. He looked out of the window. "Say, we *are* tied up for fair, ain't we?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar we are, and I'm glad of it."

The drummer said this with so much boyish unction that every man in the parlour-car—and there were no women—turned and looked at him and laughed sympathetically.

No, not quite every man. There was one who sat up in the forward end with a black skull-cap on his bald head, and he was sleeping the sleep of the just. But the laughter and the sudden cessation of the roar of the train awoke him, and he turned around.

Every man in the car was a reader of the magazines, and every man said, mentally, "John D. Knockfeller."

There was really no mistaking the great philanthropist. There he sat in all that severity that covers a warm heart, tall and gaunt and white, and lined and seamed with the cares of great undertakings.

Around him travelling men who could only draw their four hundred dollars a month in the way of salaries, and he a millionaire and yet as powerless as they to move the train out of the great drift into which it had run its nose!

Moved by a sudden boyish impulse, "Is this Mr. Knockfeller?" said the jolly drummer, walking down the aisle to where the financier sat.

"Er—yes," said the great financier. "Are we stalled?"

"Yes, sir, we are. We'll have to make a night of it. Let's get together and have a good time. I'm only a travelling man and you're the richest man in the world. But we're all prisoners together to-night."

Then he turned his rosy, beardless face to the others, who were looking on, half-amazed, half-amused at his audacity, and said—

"Boys, I want you to shake hands with John D. Knockfeller, the most thought-of man in the United States."

If there was a double meaning in his words, his eyes gave no indication of it, for they were as guileless as those of a baby.

Something of the wild spirit of the night had entered the car; the men caught his mood, and, coming down the aisle, prepared to take part in a reception.

As for the great oil magnate, he, too, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and, rising, he held out his hand to each in turn, while a smile widened his thin lips.

"Glad to meet you, boys," said he, in a tone that made some of the men think that he had been maligned in the magazine articles that had been written about him. Here was a creature of flesh and blood, warm-hearted, perhaps even "one of the boys."

As if to put him to the test, the genial drummer who had first spoken pulled out a pocket-flask and offered a dollar grade of whisky to a man who could have paid five thousand dollars a quart for the same grade, and not felt it.

To the surprise of all, John D. accepted the proffer, and, in loving-cup fashion, the bottle traversed the group.

Then, sitting and perching on the revolving chairs, they surrounded the financier, and he so far unbent as to tell them stories of his early life.

At the outset there was nothing more in their attitude toward him than a desire to kill time or have him kill it while the train waited. Like Dick Deadeye, he was not a popular character. Men who knew him not at all had a picture of a stern and forbidding man who had not become generous until after he was fifty, and who had therefore not become generous at all—only canny.

They did not envy him his money, and their imaginations were better pleased with men of the type of Collis P. Huntington or Pierpont Morgan, who had a capacity for friendship. But now this Knockfeller was showing himself to be a man of human sympathies, willing to be influenced by this school's-out mood that the storm and its "tumultuous privacy" had engendered.

For upward of an hour these seven hard-headed men of business, all of them travelling salesmen save one, and he a corporation lawyer, sat at the feet of this man they had been wont to picture as cold and unfeeling, and listened to one story after another of his boyhood, told simply and with no attempt at art in the telling, and yet enthralling by virtue of simplicity and truth.

This man had been a boy like the rest of them. He had had his ideals, his calf-loves, his desire to leave the world better off than when he came into it, and one after another of his listeners made up his mind to take with a grain of salt the tales that had been told of his hardness and his closeness and his lack of scruples in attaining ends.

It was holiday week, and the drummer who had introduced them to Mr. Knockfeller was a man who was fond of opening up generous impulses in others. His own right hand was ready for good deeds, and for that reason he was the more ready to ask of others for others. So, when there came a lull in the reminiscences of the gaunt-faced man in the skull-cap, the jovial traveller said, in his hearty way—

"Mr. Knockfeller, I suppose that this is no time to talk shop, but, as you have such a reputation for philanthropy—if the newspapers tell the truth—you won't take it amiss if I ask you to donate a little something to the pet charity of each man here."

The other men turned startled heads, and the corporation lawyer rose from his seat with a half-grunt. He felt that this was in questionable taste and he did not want to be a party to it. He went to the other end of the car to get a glass of ice-water and did not soon return.

But, after the first shock, the others felt that the audacious drummer had been blessed with a happy thought, and while one or two of them expected to see Mr. Knockfeller freeze up and withdraw into his shell, they all seconded the motion and leaned forward in their respective seats, the better to hear the answer.

Outside, the wind whistled keenly. Wicked wind that it was, it was at that moment causing many a poorly-housed family to cry out with the pain of the cold. Perhaps the thought of its power for evil was brought to the mind of the aged financier as one blast penetrated the frame of the window and entered the car.

Whatever the cause, he responded quickly to the drummer's appeal, and said, warm-heartedly: "I am glad you felt free to ask me. Appeals that are face to face mean more to me than written appeals. In fact, I seldom see the latter, as my secretary attends to them and tears up many that he thinks unworthy of attention. Now, what do you want me to give? And what is it—a college or a hospital or a library?"

Then each man found voice and told what he would like a contribution for. One desired it for a Methodist church sadly in debt, another for a little hospital in a New England town, another to endow a bed in a New York hospital. And the jovial drummer wished a contribution for a home for friendless women in which his wife was interested.

Mr. Knockfeller listened with keen attention.

"I wish," said he, when the last man had said his say, "that I could always have personal interviews with the men who wish money

for pet projects. I can see that you are all energetic business-men, and that it is the wife who is talking through most of you, and in this holiday season I am glad to be able to do something that is not down in my cut-and-dried routine. But—— "

He paused and smiled and looked from one to another as he drew out a cheque-book.

Again he said, "But——," and paused and smiled.

The rosy-faced drummer was the quickest-witted, and he suggested—

"Co-operation?"

"No; reciprocity," said Mr. Knockfeller, a really lovely smile appearing on his thin lips.

"You tickle us and we 'll tickle you?" said the drummer, with his characteristic laugh.

"Exactly. I, too, have a pet charity. There is a little school for negroes down in Decatur, Georgia, that I am interested in, and, while I help it myself, I also get other people to help, for that is the best way in which to spread abroad a spirit of generous giving."

"That 's so," said the drummer. "Well, put me down for—for five dollars for the little nigs."

He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he loosened a five from the wad and laid it on his knee.

Knockfeller said: "How much is two hundred times five? I 'm not very quick at figures."

A chorus of chuckles went up at this incongruous remark.

"Two hundred times five dollars is a thousand dollars," said the boyish drummer.

The next man, with a new-born wisdom, said, "Here is ten dollars." It was all the money he had with him, but, if he could take home two thousand dollars to that little hospital, it would be worth ten to him to hear what would be said by his wife and the townspeople generally.

"That makes it two thousand dollars for your—hospital?"

"Hospital," said the other, in a hushed voice. His throat felt crowded.

The little drummer kicked himself for not having thought of a bigger figure, and made up his mind to add to his contribution when the rest should have made their bids.

Oh, how young Judson regretted that he had blown in all his money save a dollar the night before! He handed a dollar to Knockfeller, and the financier put down two hundred dollars on the slip of paper on which he was setting down the various amounts. Two hundred dollars when he might have had twenty thousand! For he would willingly have handed out a hundred if he had had it. It would have been worth that to save his wife from the philanthropic work that, in lieu of money, she was always doing for the industrial school in their town.

Two of the others handed out twenty dollars apiece, and were due to receive four thousand dollars each.

And, last of all, the smallest man in the group in point of stature, but the biggest in point of heart, took out his wallet and handed out two hundred dollars. It was money he was saving up for the purchase of an automobile, but forty thousand dollars would wipe out the church debt and make his wife happy, as she was wrapped up heart and soul in the work of freeing the church from its incubus.

Mr. Knockfeller took the money from the six men and put it into his inside pocket just as it was.

He did not count it, but, referring to the slip, he said—

"It foots up to two hundred and fifty-six dollars."

He figured for a moment, and then added—

"I am due to give you, collectively, fifty-one thousand two hundred dollars, and I assure you that I wish it were more; but I make it a rule never to give more than two hundred times as much as anyone else."

"Can't I raise my——?" began the first drummer, but stopped, for he thought he saw a hard look stealing over the face of the financier, and he decided to let well enough alone.

Mr. Knockfeller took a fountain-pen out of his pocket and made out the various cheques, beginning with the one for a thousand dollars, and taking them in rotation.

When he came to the case of the man who had given a dollar, he paused and said—

"Why not more?"

"Broke," was the crestfallen answer.

"Give me your cheque for ten and I 'll make it two thousand two hundred dollars."

"Haven't a cheque-book, but I 'll borrow from anyone who wants to trust me until I get to New York. I 'm with——" He named a well-known dry-goods house, and the man who sat next him handed him a ten at once. The stone-broke traveller gave, in return, his card with an I.O.U. on it, and a minute later he was buttoning up a cheque for two thousand two hundred dollars.

The corporation lawyer came back just as the last cheque was made out.

"You've missed it," said the drummer who had made all this charity possible. "Here, you 'd better chip in."

"No," said Mr. Knockfeller. "In the words of Scripture, 'ye cannot enter now.'"

He rose and peered out of the window.

"Are we here for the night?" said he.

It had stopped snowing, but the wind was still whirling the snow here and there. About half-a-mile distant the lights of a village gleamed across the cold wastes.

"I guess we are. I don't know how the rest of you feel, but it seems to me as if a Welsh-rabbit would go pretty good about now," said the rosy-faced drummer. "Won't everybody come in?"

There was a general movement forward to the buffet-car, Mr. Knockfeller staying a moment to throw his overcoat on his shoulders, for he was subject to colds.

The exultant men who had preceded him talked jubilantly of his generosity.

"Never 'll believe another word I hear to his discredit." "He 's all right." "Won't my wife be glad!" "Knocks the debt higher 'n a kite." "Gee, I wish this train would move, so I could send a telegram home!" "Going to save my news till I get home."

There was a sudden jolting, the cars butted against something again and again, and at last, thanks to certain shovelling that had been going on while the men had been enjoying the varied resources of Mr. Knockfeller, the train moved slowly along the tracks.

The Welsh-rabbit ordered, the genial drummer said, "Didn't John D. understand that he was to come in, too?"

"Maybe he don't want to butt in among men of our position," said one, with a whimsical smile.

"I 'll go get him," said the drummer, and went back, only to return in a moment with some excitement of manner.

"Isn't back there. His hat and coat are gone, too. We 've gone about a mile."

A porter who had followed close on the drummer's heels said—

"I see that tall gentleman open the vestibule door an' git off jes' befo' the train started. I tol' him he might git left, an' then I was called away an' the train started."

The six men looked at each other seriously, and the corporation counsel began to grin sardonically.

"Is that John D. Knockfeller's signature?" said the dry-goods drummer, looking at his cheque.

"Search me," said the first drummer.

"Wait a minute," said one of them. He went to his overcoat and brought back a magazine. It contained a portrait of the aged financier, together with his autograph.

"No more like it than nothing at all," he declared.

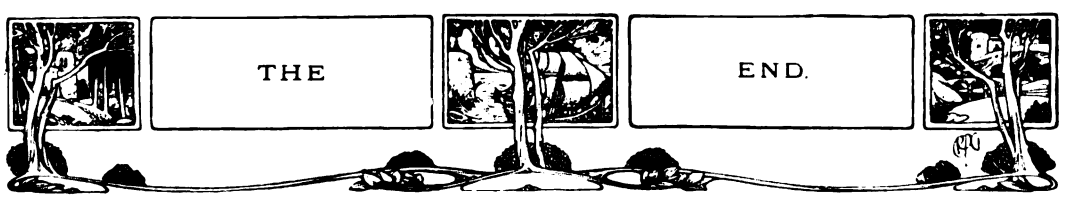
"He lef' his hand-bag," said the porter.

The genial drummer went after it and brought it into the buffet-car. Without compunction, he opened it and disclosed a pair of pyjamas, some toilet articles, a pack of cards, and the name "J. Smith" written on the inner lining.

"John D. Knockfeller is a skin!" said the drummer, explosively.

The corporation counsel looked amused.

"I 've heard that before," said he.





FIFTY-EIGHT speaking parts. That is the number of characters employed by M. Richepin in telling his story of Madame Du Barri, which will be given at the Savoy on Saturday evening next, always provided that, at the last moment, Mr. Gilbert Hare, who is responsible for the placing of the piece on the stage, does not decide to postpone it for a few days, for he has wisely resolved not to present it to the public until he is perfectly satisfied that it is not only ready, but capable of going with perfect smoothness. The number of speaking parts, however, by no means represents the total number of the characters, for the production is on so elaborate a scale that, altogether, there will be about a hundred and sixty people in the theatre, an enormous number when the relatively small size of the stage is taken into account.

That Mrs. Brown-Potter herself will enact the young milliner who eventually rose to so brilliant a position is a matter of common knowledge, as is the fact that Mr. Gilbert Hare will take on himself the part of Louis XV. The scope of the play, however, calls for the services of only a few actors of primary importance. They will include Miss Elsie Chester and Miss Audrey Ford, Mr. W. L. Abingdon as Comte Jean Du Barri, Mr. Herbert Ross as the Duc de Richelieu, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, Mr. Clarence Blakiston, and Mr. William Devereux, who, relinquishing for the moment the part of the villain, with which his name has generally been associated, will play the lover.

In pursuance of the Savoy policy, music will be an important feature of the production, in which two ballets will be introduced. So elaborate have been the preparations for "Du Barri" that all playgoers will hope that Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare will find in it that "winner" for which they have so assiduously and pluckily sought since the Savoy Theatre came under their control.



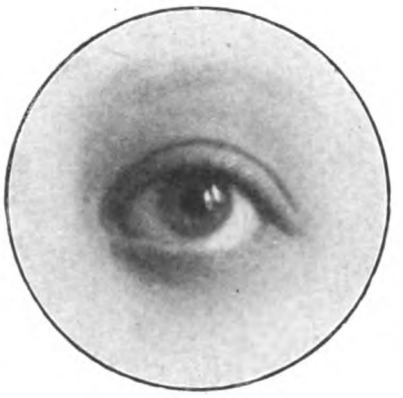
THE AUTHOR OF "DU BARRI": M. JEAN RICHEPIN.

M. Richepin, the author of "Du Barri," an English version of which Mrs. Brown-Potter is to present on Saturday next, is visiting this country in order that he may witness the production of his work at the Savoy.

Photograph by Otto.

It is not often that a mother and her son are seen acting in the same play. That, however, is the case at present in "The Admiral's Lady," recently introduced to suburban audiences by Mrs. Lewis Waller, for the Mr. Edmund Waller who makes so pleasant an appearance is the elder of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Waller — some ten or eleven years separating him from his sister.

Miss Inez Bensusan, who is playing Miss Lena Ashwell's part in "The Darling of the Gods" on tour, has had a varied experience of stage work. She has played in South Africa and Australia, and has toured in England with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Her interests are not entirely concerned with the stage, for she is the author of several plays and many short stories, and has been commissioned to write a "curtain-raiser" for a leading house in the West-End. As she possesses undoubted talent, a capacity for hard work, and a fixed determination to succeed, Miss Bensusan is likely to make for herself in this country a position equal to the one she enjoys in the Colonies.



WHO'S EYE?

The revival of the fashion of painting miniatures of the eye alone has once again led the photographer to emulate the artist, as evidenced by the photograph reproduced above. The name of the lady whose eye this is is given on the second of "Our Ladies' Pages."

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

Little short of remarkable—or would it not be more accurate to omit the qualifying phrase?—is the way in which M. André Messager has become the popular musician of London. His "Véronique" has been one of the greatest successes of the season, and now Mr. George Edwardes has announced that the work which will follow "The Cingalee" at Daly's is another opera by M. Messager, while, since his arrival from New York, Mr. Edwardes has been to Paris to see a third work which, it is confidently reported, he has purchased, with a view to its eventual production in London. "The Cingalee," by the way, will be acted for the last time on Saturday.

The members of the Grossmith family have played so conspicuous a part in the amusement of the public that sincere sympathy is generally extended towards them in the great sorrow which has come upon them by the death of Mrs. George Grossmith senior. Her graciousness of manner and the gentle sweetness of her disposition endeared her to a wide circle of personal friends, who will doubtless do all that is humanly possible to alleviate the distress of her husband, who was devoted to her.

Quietly and without much preliminary paragraphing, in accordance with their custom, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude have decided to withdraw "Beauty and the Barge," in order to produce Captain Robert Marshall and Mr. Louis N. Parker's adaptation of Pierre Wolff's "Le Secret de Polichinelle," under the title of "Everybody's Secret," next Tuesday evening. Mr. Cyril Maude, naturally, heads the Company, the cast of which presents the somewhat unusual aspect of having more women than men, a fact which the cynic would declare is necessary in every Punch's secret. In "Everybody's Secret" Miss Carlotta Addison will make her welcome reappearance, associated with Miss Helen Ferrers, Miss Elizabeth Kirby, Miss Adela Measor, and Miss Jessie Bateman, Mr. Charles Bryant and Mr. Edmund Maurice.

"The Knights of the Road," the operetta, with music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie and libretto by the old Savoyard Mr. Henry A. Lytton, which was produced at the Palace the other day with deserved success, is not ambitious as far as plot is concerned. Will o' Dene, Captain of a band of highwaymen, is in love with Rose Merton, the daughter of the keeper of an inn on the Portsmouth road, and, being in love, decides to give up the dangerous habit of robbing His Majesty's mails in order that, after a rousing song, his men and himself may serve in His Majesty's Army. Sergeant Slowe is his rival with Rose Merton, and makes a gallant but lonely and futile effort to capture the band of highwaymen single-handed. As a result, he is left gagged and bound to a chair in the middle of the inn-floor, while the Knights of the Road march off, presumably to claim cockades from the recruiting sergeant.



THE COMPOSER OF THE NEXT PRODUCTION AT DALY'S: M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER.

M. Messager, already well known in this country as the composer of "Véronique," is also responsible for the music of "Les P'tites Michus," the next production at Daly's, and of "Les Dragons de l'Impératrice."

Photograph by Nadar.

KEY-NOTES

BY far the most important musical event that has happened in London for a very long time was the production, last Saturday week, of Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," a spelling which is derivable from both the correspondence from the Queen's Hall which we have received, and also from the programme itself, although the natural spelling should clearly be "Sinfonia." It was pleasant to think that London should be the place where this work was produced first of all in England, simply because, as a rule, provincial towns like Birmingham or Manchester are the privileged centres at which these new great works from our later great men issue. From that point of view, it is no wonder that Sir Edward Elgar astonished everybody by his definite assertion that the best music in England is to be found a good deal north of London. London, then, had her privilege, and the remaining inquiry is just this: How did she use it?

To begin with, it was certain that Mr. Henry J. Wood would leave nothing aside in order that his band's interpretation should be as perfect as possible. Seventeen rehearsals, therefore, were given before the final production of the work, a fact which alone proves what is the opinion about the Symphony held by Mr. Wood himself. Even on these conditions, though for the most part the Symphony was magnificently played, one could observe at times a little weakness, a sort of shyness rather, on the part of the band in producing absolutely perfect effect. There are two elements in this Symphony, the conjunction of which seem to have betrayed many critics into the expression of words which show that they are baffled by the tremendous audacity of Strauss. Tremendous audacity indeed! One may say so with perfect truth, since the aim of Strauss has been to use every possible resource of the Orchestra in order to produce a unity of result. We scarcely dare to use the words "simplicity of result," because the meaning of the word "simplicity" is not understood by those who do not know its derivation. Yet, to anybody who followed carefully Strauss's score, it was not in the least difficult to see how single was the complete result through overwhelming orchestral means. There is the mark of the genius. Because Strauss has the power of rejection, even though he retains so much for his own purpose, his scores are really not at all difficult to follow; and in this last score he has given every facility to his hearers to follow his meaning as nearly as one standing very much in the background may be allowed to follow the march of a great monarch. Some have jeered at the enormous amount of detail which has gone to make up so ordinary a matter as the baby's bath. But such commentators utterly fail to perceive that the matter of a baby's bath is complex to the last degree; the preparations, the actual bathing, the trouble of the soap and the towel, the water, the strugglings of the child, and what not, after all make up quite a detailed chapter of incidents. There is another little point to make before we have done with it: a general attack has been made upon the German composer, because, although sanctioning a definite programme, he still desires that his work should be regarded as absolute music.
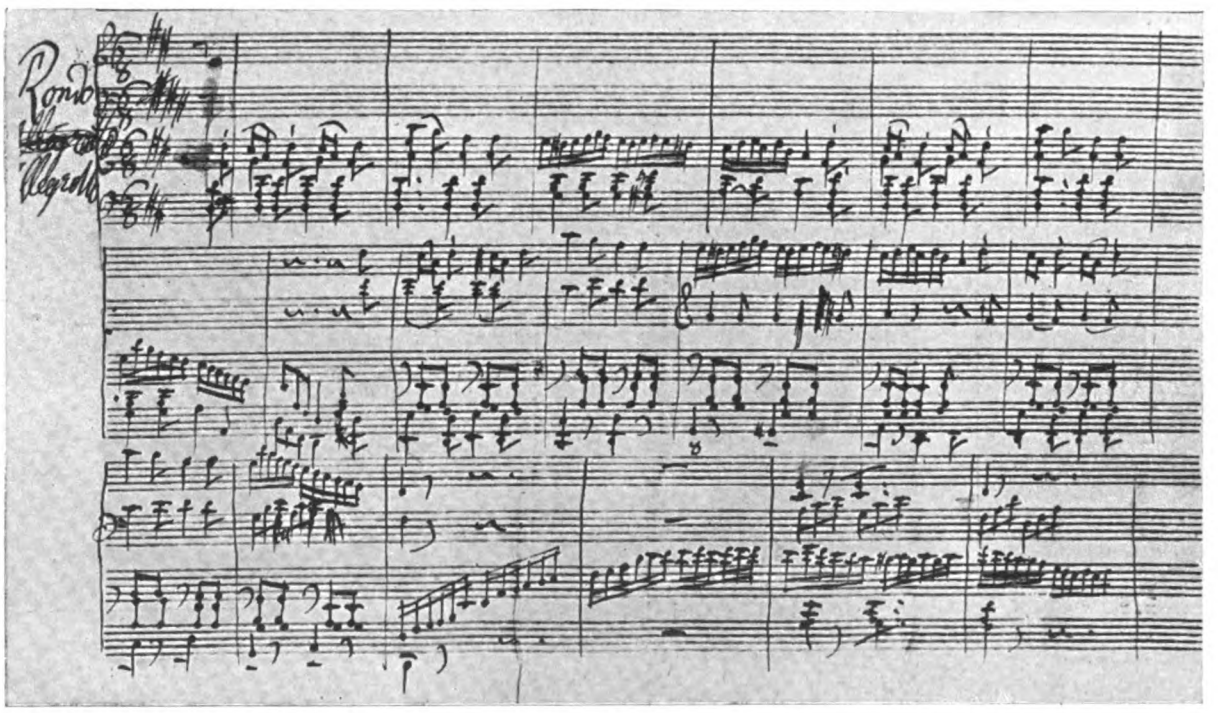


A SINGER WHO CHANGED HER NAME TO SUIT A FOREIGN LANGUAGE: MLLE. ELVANNA (OTHERWISE MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW).

The singer well known in America and in England as Miss Ellen Beach Yaw found it necessary to act under a nom-de-théâtre when playing recently in the revival of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Teatro Quirino in Rome, as it was feared that it would be impossible for the Italians to pronounce her real name properly. Miss Yaw, as Mlle. Elvanna, sang Lucia, and met with considerable success.

Photograph by H. le Lieure.

"How," they exclaim, "can you have music with an authorised programme called 'absolute'?" The answer is very simple. Strauss has allowed the world to know precisely wherefrom he derives his inspiration, otherwise he certainly would not have called his work the "Domestic Symphony." Yet at the end of it all he recognises perfectly well that the source of his inspiration is one thing, and that his music is another. Beethoven, when he wrote his "Pastoral Symphony," was quite outspoken as to the derivation of his inspiration. Whenever that Symphony is produced, the programme invariably tells us how each section inspired Beethoven to this particular music. It is true that in one passage Beethoven becomes a little too realistic, just as it is equally true that in the striking of a clock Strauss himself has overpassed the bounds of absolute music. But who would for a moment pretend that Beethoven's work was not absolute music? And, from the same point of view, one must remember that when Richard Strauss says that, although he has a programme, his music is absolute—that is to say, written with some remoteness from the subject which he has taken—why should we go about disbelieving that which he has assured us of?

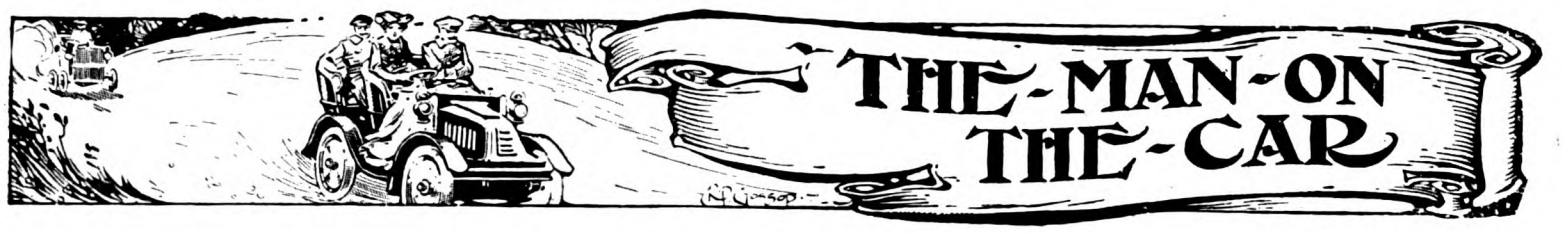


THE NEWLY DISCOVERED RONDO BY MOZART: THE FIRST PAGE OF THE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT.

The manuscript of the newly discovered rondo by Mozart, which was played for the first time at a concert given recently by Miss Grace Sunderland and Mr. Frank Thistleton, was at one time in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, who gave it to the Sultan Abdul Aziz of Turkey, who, in turn, presented it to his bandmaster, Guatelli Pasha. On Guatelli's death, his son sold it to the late Mr. Julian Marshall, and in 1881 it was acquired by the authorities of the British Museum, who entered it wrongly in the catalogue as "Two Movements in D for Two Pianos (right hands)." The true nature of the work was only discovered last year by Mr. Barclay Squire. The manuscript consists of an opening allegro containing 100 bars, but wanting two leaves (33 bars) to complete the movement, and the final rondo (255 bars).

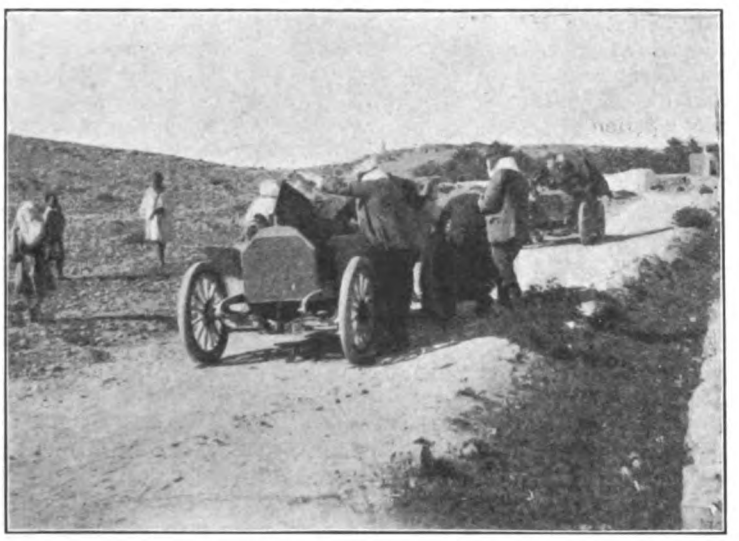
By Courtesy of Mr. Frank Thistleton.

The London Symphony Orchestra gave a concert a few days ago which was conducted by Mr. Charles E. Williams with remarkable skill. Perhaps the most interesting item of the entertainment was the interpretation by Miss Marie Brema of Alfred Bruneau's "Song Cycle, Chansons à Danser." It was the first production of the work in its entirety and with orchestra, and Miss Brema sang it with splendid vigour and great distinction. A set of "Variations and Finale in E Minor" by Mr. J. D. Davis was produced for the first time on this occasion.—COMMON CHORD



THE NEW ELECTRICAL TIMING APPARATUS—COVERED BODIES—ENGLISH-MADE TYRES—THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR-BOAT RACES AT MONACO—UNIVERSAL LIGHTING—LOCAL SPEED-LIMITS.

THE police are once again upon the war-path on the Brighton road, and fines quite savage in their intensity were inflicted upon sundry automobilists last week at Hayward's Heath. The myrmidons of the law were posted at Bolney, with an electrical timing apparatus said to have been invented by Sir Thomas Kelvin, but characterised by an expert electrician as a wholly unreliable instrument, unreliably handled and unreliably installed. Notwithstanding all this, the fines were imposed. It is to be hoped that



A MOTOR WHERE NO PETROL IS: DR. HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S CAR ON THE SANDS OF BERRIAN, IN THE ALGERIAN SAHARA.

appeals will follow in all cases where this electrical apparatus is used, and that sound evidence as to timing will be put before Quarter Sessions when the cases come on for hearing. Seeing the persecution to which automobilists driving to Brighton by the direct road are continually subject, it is a marvel to me that they stick so tenaciously to this route. There are many alternatives, increasing the journey by a few miles or so; but what are a few miles more or less to a man driving an average car? Moreover, the main Brighton road through Horley, Crawley, Handcross, and Bolney is by no means the most picturesque way.

It is true that covered bodies—by which I would be understood to imply landaulettes and limousines—have caught on rapidly in France, and are to some extent catching the public fancy in this country, but I cannot believe that they will ever become as general here as they are across the Channel. English men and women will, I feel sure, never bring themselves to go for a pleasure-drive in a motor-car, boxed up in a stuffy body. To do so would be to rob automobilism of all its robuster pleasures, its exhilarating effects, and the opportunity it gives to man to pass many cubic feet of fresh air through his lungs without having to resort to violent exercise, which many people cannot, of course, engage in. Protection against our uncertain clime is desirable on what I may term a sporting car, no doubt; but this should take the form of a good, waterproof, double Cape Cart hood, which is protection enough for anybody.

The public leaning towards all-British cars which was so much in evidence at the late Olympia Exhibition is, I am pleased to say, quite as bountifully extended to English-made tyres. The undeniable and extraordinary craze for one certain type of French tyre, which, as a matter of solid fact, was never really warranted, does not now obtain, and buyers are only too willing to take English-made tyres of known make. And, indeed, there is every reason that the native article should be adopted. The Reliability Trials of the past two years have been all in favour of the English tyre, and singular instances of their good, sound, well-wearing qualities crop up every day. I have had a pair of 810 by 100 Dunlop pneumatic tyres brought to my notice lately which have run some four thousand five hundred miles on the driving-wheels of a four-cylinder 15 horse-power car, the owner of which is none too chary of bad roads, and these covers are, to all intents and purposes, as good as the day they were first mounted upon the rims. Pneumatic tyres for motor-cars equal to, if not better than, any others produced anywhere in the world now issue from the Dunlop Company's works at Aston.

It looks as if this country will stand a chance of scoring honours in the forthcoming motor-boat races at Monaco. *Napier II.*, the boat, owned by Mr. S. F. Edge, which did so well last year, has been re-hulled by those famous speed-craft builders, Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of the Isle of Dogs, and, from what I hear, put in some wonderful work on the measured distance in Long Reach. The boat was officially timed to cover the knot, which is 6,082 ft. = 2,027⅓ yds., at a speed of over thirty-one miles per hour. This is marvellous for a flat-bottomed craft 40 ft. long and 5 ft. beam, but it must be borne in mind that this little vessel carries two 65 horse-power Napier four-cylinder petrol engines, each driving its own propeller. I am told by an observer that, when this craft is really hurrying, all appearance of flotation and movement through water disappears, and she suggests nothing so much as an arrow discharged from a huge bow by some denizen of the deep. I believe that the experienced torpedo-boat constructor is immensely impressed with the future of the explosion engine, of much huger powers than those in use to-day, for the purpose of fast war-craft propulsion.

With regard to the Universal Lighting Bill, upon which I touched last week, it is interesting to learn that that measure has been successful in the ballot, having secured ninth place. It has been put down for reading on Friday, May 12.

The work done throughout the country by the Automobile Club and the Motor Union in fighting local applications for speed-limits is invaluable, and is not, I regret to say, in receipt of a tithe of the appreciation it deserves. The Town Council of Falkirk has withdrawn its application, evidently in the face of the amount of cold water which is being thrown upon such appeals by the Local Government Board all round. Just lately the Club has been putting up a good



THE MODERN SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ARAB STEED: NATIVE CURIOSITY IN DR. DE ROTHSCHILD'S CAR AT BERRIAN.

fight at Whitehaven, where some utterly absurd and unnecessary restrictions are sought to be imposed upon motor-cars. The road which the Council desired to close *altogether* to motor-cars was shown to be the most important road in the Borough. The Club representatives showed that the Council had altogether failed to prove that the road was "especially dangerous for ordinary motor-car traffic," so that, in all probability, this application will come to naught, and the Whitehaven Councillors will find they have spent the ratepayers' money to sustain a spiteful prejudice without avail.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Spring Handicaps—Objections—Apprentices.

THINGS have brightened up considerably these last few days in regard to speculation on the first big handicaps of the season. This is only natural, seeing that the opening of the flat-race season is close upon us. When I first saw the acceptances, I was of opinion that Andria would turn out to be the best of Brewer's, and the market has borne this out. Not that I think Andria will win ; I fancy that Sansovino will take all the beating that the best can give him. He seems to me to be just the stamp of horse for the Lincoln Mile, and will not lack on the score of fitness. His form towards the latter end of last year will bear a lot of investigation, and it is with some confidence I look forward to the victory of C. Waugh's candidate. As regards the Grand National, so long as all goes well with Moifaa I shall not search beyond the King's new purchase. His jumping when he won last year made a great impression on me, and I do not think the extra weight this year will trouble him much. Detail is very weak on his forelegs, but if he gets through another preparation he should obtain a place in the National, for which he has run prominently more than once. For the remaining place I fancy Kirkland, who, like Detail, knows the course thoroughly—and that is half the battle at Aintree. Reverting to the Lincolnshire Handicap, a good many people who are always on the look-out for "the best outsider" seem to think that Silent Friend is going to win. They have this much reason on their side—the horse since Sam Loates purchased him has improved a lot, and there is no doubt about the work his owner-trainer has given him to do; he seems to have been hard at it on every possible occasion. Well, those who think of backing Silent Friend would show wisdom if they deferred action until the day of the race or thereabouts, because he is entered in the first race of the year, the Trial Plate. What is more, I fancy this will be the race selected for him. He certainly would stand a much better chance of winning it than of winning the Lincoln Handicap.



A NOTED SPORTSWOMAN: MRS. PAULET.

Mrs. Paulet, although very feminine in her home-tastes, takes rank among great sportswomen. She has travelled, in pursuit of big game, to the most inaccessible spots, and has never missed a chance of enjoying whatever might be the characteristic sport of the place in which she happened to find herself.

Photograph by Thomson.

The National Hunt Stewards and the Jockey Club would do well to reconsider their rules governing objections. Many times I have urged that technical objections—that is to say, objections on the grounds of incorrect entry (a phrase that covers a vast area)—should not be permissible after a race is run. Of course, if anything in the shape of foul riding, or bumping, or boring, or crossing hinders a horse from winning, the owner of the losing horse, should it finish second, has a perfect right to object if he so wish. But the state of things that allows men to start horses well knowing that an irregularity exists that will prevent them getting the race if they win should be speedily ended and a lot of heart-burning thereby avoided. And, while on the subject of objections, I should like to add that I am sorry the Sandown Stewards established such a dangerous precedent when they allowed an appeal from one of their verdicts on a race to the National Hunt Stewards. Since that time all decisions have been followed—automatically, it would seem—by the words: "Leave has been given to appeal." Let the local Stewards attend strictly to their duty and sift all the evidence thoroughly, and these appeals to a higher court will be unnecessary, and a tremendous amount of confusion and trouble prevented. For years I have advocated that stipendiary Stewards be appointed—men who know the rules, and upright men not afraid to act. If such men were appointed, most of the troubles we have experienced would never occur. One of the prominent members of the Jockey Club thinks no men answering this description are to be found in England. That is an opinion in which few will share, and does not say much for the standard of English honour and capability. Not many years will pass before I see this advice of mine followed. Of that I feel sure.

Very few of the apprentices able to claim the 5-lb. allowance in the coming season are above ordinary calibre; that is to say, with the exceptions of George Bullock, whose allowance-time expires on April 4; William Kerridge, April 30; Ernest Pratt, April 13; William Saxby, April 5; and Alfred Sharples, April 7. Thus a quintet of clever boys will join the ranks of the ordinary jockeys soon after the opening of the season. Of those left, Elsey possesses one of the best in George Anderson, who at one period last year had a very satisfactory sequence of wins to his name on the Northern circuit. Another boy who might make a name for himself is Charles Hawkins, attached to Major Edwards's stable. This lad first came into prominence at Kempton Park, when he rode an extreme outsider into a place. On that occasion he shaped very well, and he is sure to be in request this year, especially as he can claim the allowance until Nov. 18. He caught the Judge's eye first at Derby on Golden Measure (another outsider, by the way), on which occasion he rode with every confidence and like a true workman. Pike, Mr. Dawson's clever apprentice, is what one might call an old hand. He had a lot of riding last year, and his time expires in June. Mr. George Lambton has a likely boy in William Wheelton, but his time does not extend over May 23. Trainers Sherwood, Jennings, and Elsey seem to have singularly good fortune with their apprentices. Perhaps they will turn out one or two good ones this year. By the way, I should like to see more riding given to boys when they have completed their allowance-period. It is scarcely fair to them to make idols of them while they are entitled to the 5 lb., and to desert them from the day the right to the allowance expires.

CAPTAIN COE.



A FORM OF SPORT UNKNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY: A TROTTING-RACE ON THE ICE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO the old *habitué* and devoted admirer of beautiful Paris the proposed scheme for illuminating the Avenue de l'Opéra by supplementing the present electric-light by means of powerful gas-jets will be the one thing needful to perfection. For years the passing traveller has marvelled at the contrast presented by this great



[*Copyright.*

A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE SOUTH BY KATE REILY.

thoroughfare—all bustle and gaiety by day, all dulness and silence at night. While other thoroughfares are brilliantly lighted and thronged with gazers at gay shop-fronts, the Avenue de l'Opéra puts up its shutters at six or seven o'clock, turns down its lights, and the "handsomest street in Europe" is *en demi deuil* from sunset onwards.

Now that is all to be changed, and from the Louvre to the Opera House a magnificent thoroughfare will blaze with light both from shop-fronts and powerful street-illuminants. At regular intervals great bronze pedestals will support growing plants—palms, rhododendrons, oleanders, and others in their season—so that one more attraction will be added to always alluring Lutetia, and the great Avenue de l'Opéra be turned from a *triste* and deserted place by night into a gay and much-frequented promenade. That the Municipal Council will support the scheme there is little doubt, for your Parisian is artist first, but certainly man-of-business afterwards, and so obvious an improvement on the present *régime* cannot fail in appealing to the practical side of French nature. Even in a flying visit on one's way South, the more advanced stage of spring fashions here in Paris impresses the receptive feminine mind. A greater gaiety of colour in the hats, a more summer-like lightness in the frocks—even coloured parasols are shown in the shops to tempt the giddy traveller who, like ourselves, is oscillating towards the delightful but devouring Monte Carlo. Some of these parasols are entirely of lace, lined with chiffon; others, less ethereal, are of floral taffetas, veined with gold thread. One which seemed very appropriate to our destination is of white silk, with a huge spider's-web in silver cord, and an embroidered and very bloated spider in the corner. I thought of buying it; but reflection suggested that it might afterwards draw smiles in the Row, so a blue silk with great purple pansies was annexed instead. Broderie Anglaise seems a craze over here, and most of these white lingerie skirts are entirely delightful; some of nainsook, covered with this old-time broderie, others carried out in medallions frilled round with narrow Valenciennes. Entire frocks of this English embroidery will follow later in the season. While costing more than the ordinary muslin, they wear well and look well to the last, one only hopes that cheap imitations will not take the field and oust a very dainty fashion. As usual in the spring, Parisiennes are wearing tartan. The habit is perennial here, but does not seem to travel across the water. We certainly have affected shepherd's plaid in England, but the various clans do not seem to find as much favour in our sight as in that of the dainty daughters of "la belle France."

Kate Reily shows a smart white frock on this week's page, partaking rather of the tailor-made aspect, with pipings of silk and embroidery. A feature of this little woollen gown is its extremely good style and extreme simplicity. Elaborate creations, as those whom it most concerns know, are far less a criterion of excellence than the less embellished dress which depends on outline and "cut" for its effect, and in both essentials Kate Reily is pre-eminently at home. Several charming hats, newly arrived from Paris, were shown us, before leaving town, at the same temple of fashion. The smartest were tilted at an acute angle, a sufficiently becoming mode for those who can carry it off with the necessary *chic*, while for those others



[*Copyright.*

A SPRING GOWN OF BLUE SERGE.

whom a picturesque setting better suits there were lace-trimmed, flower-crowned creations variously alluring for all styles and kinds of fair femininity.

Having but one night in Paris, we "buttered our cake on both sides," and took a full draught of fashion and frivolity by supping at Maxime's and going on for minor refreshments to the Café de Paris. One's chief impression was of scintillating diamonds, but spring

millinery came in a good second. None of those tiny flower-toques which are exploited in the shops at home were visible, but the aforesaid tip-tilted chapeau was everywhere rampant, in every conceivable colour, and with every flower that blooms exquisitely simulated. Taffetas frocks were in the ascendant. One in pale grey, with posies of flowers in natural colours, was a dream of daintiness. Decidedly, the Parisienne knows how to choose her clothes and wear them. SYBIL.

"MY LADY NICOTINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

IT is not given to any house of entertainment to be always at its best, and if a new ballet is greeted with an unfailing measure of praise it is, perhaps, because many who watch the first performance on behalf of the public will not apply to ballet the fixed standard of judgment they would give to other stage-productions. Every Alhambra ballet has points of beauty, and there is much to admire in "My Lady Nicotine"—splendidly daring colour-contrasts, sustained animation, clever little pieces of pantomime. The music, too, is excellent, with a strongly marked rhythm, good orchestral variety, and considerable tunefulness. And yet it is impossible to avoid the thought that the new ballet does not maintain the Alhambra's best tradition.

I think that "My Lady Nicotine" is weakest in the development of a very happy idea. It was an admirable thought to pass the story of tobacco from a plantation in Virginia to fairyland, by way of Constantinople and a Dutch city. Unfortunately, in the working of the scheme the responsible people seem to have forgotten the class of work they are presenting. Ballet demands dancing of the first order; it cannot disregard the expert. In "My Lady Nicotine" the place of the *prima ballerina* is taken by a lady whose genius lies in twisting herself into shapes that must seriously threaten the domestic economy of her vital organs—"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la *danse*." The most ambitious piece of work that has some nodding acquaintance with Italy is accomplished by a lady who seems to rest content with the *mezza-punta*, the step that does not make a serious call upon the toes. The fantastic fourth tableau, though very pretty, suggested the transformation-scene in a pantomime, and throughout I failed to trace complete appreciation of the possibilities that the subject afforded.

Perhaps it may seem hypercritical to complain of a production that has pretty music, gay dresses, fine scenery, and sustained action; but, on the other hand, ballet is entitled to be considered seriously, and one cannot forget that the Alhambra, which holds the longest and best-sustained tradition in England, has taught many of us how beautiful a ballet can be. Some of the productions at the house will never be forgotten by lovers of dancing; there have been times when one and all concerned have united to present some idea in its most beautiful aspect. We have had music, dancing, and costumes that have together made a poem. It would be idle to claim for "My Lady Nicotine" that its development exhibits any of this serene, imaginative beauty. The old poetry has gone with the old style of dancing, and what remains can hardly console us for the loss. S. L. B.

WHO'S EYE?

The photograph in "Heard in the Green-Room," for particulars of which *Sketch* readers were referred to this page, is of the eye of Miss Camille Clifford, the Gibson Girl of "Prince of Pilsen" and "Catch of the Season" fame.

Judges are so often the cause of amusement in their Courts that for one of them to extend his activity towards the stage, and thus seek a wider sphere for his humour, is, perhaps, not remarkable. The "comedy-farce," "While the Cat's Away," produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Monday evening, in which His Honour Judge Parry has collaborated with Mr. Frederick Mouillot, is, it need hardly be said, not his first stage-venture, for in April 1901 "England's Elizabeth," in which he collaborated with Mr. Louis Calvert, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester; and in the December of the same year a dramatic version of "Katawampus," written with the same partner, was given at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London.

The London County Council has decided to place an order for fifty school-pianos with Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, Limited, 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, W.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus's ballad concert the other day was as successful as might have been anticipated. The pianist's skill was shown to great advantage by the tone of the instrument upon which he played—a Chappell Concert Grand.

Mr. Frank Cooper's "Oxford" marmalade is so much a household word that it is not surprising that its sale is steadily on the increase. Though particularly associated with the University town, the preserve can be obtained in many other places, a list of which will be sent to anyone applying for one to 83 and 84, High Street, Oxford.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 13.

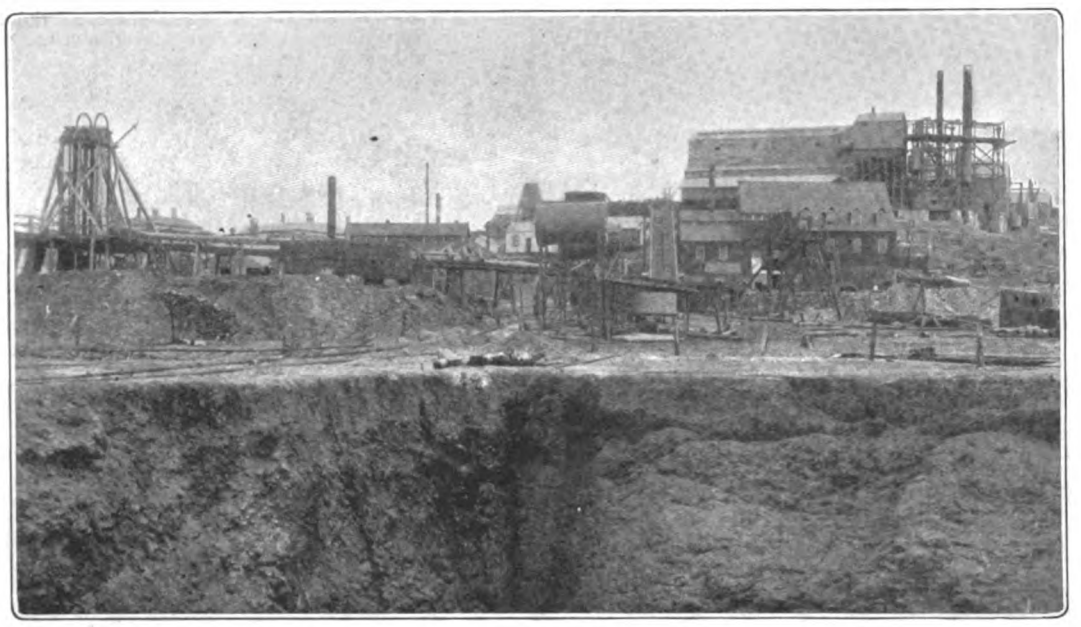
THE Markets have been fairly good during the week, and there has been a considerable volume of business carried out; but in the last day or two we have suffered from a relapse, chiefly caused by the nervousness of our French friends and fears of a second Red Sunday in St. Petersburg. Despite the failure of the Lagos Loan, in which the underwriters have been called on to take between 60 and 70 per cent., we do not think new emissions will dry up, nor are we by any means inclined to take the pessimistic view of those who say that the public appetite for sound stocks has been surfeited.

Trunks and Canadian Pacifics have been buoyant; but we cannot help thinking that the huge expenditure which is going on over the new trans-continental line is very much in the nature of a gamble at the risk of the First and Second Pref. If it turns out a success, Little Trunks will be the big gainers; while if by any chance the results are not up to expectation, it is the income of the First Pref. which will have to bear the burden.

Many people think that Japanese stocks are quite high enough, even if peace is nearer than we have any solid ground to believe, for, after an exhausting war and with the certain prospect of having to re-arm its artillery, and spend heavily on an increased Navy, the credit of Japan cannot be put higher than a 4½ or 5 per cent. basis for some years. We do not say that peace negotiations would not make Japanese stocks jump a few points, although we believe the rise has been discounted already; but we do think, with the prospects we see ahead of the country, present prices are high enough.

The Chinese Engineering and Mining Case has ended in a decided victory for His Excellency Chang-Yen-Mao, at whose success we cannot help rejoicing. It will show the Oriental that English justice is even-handed, and the more the judgment is read, the clearer it seems that the Company, in taking possession of the property, and at the same time repudiating the memorandum as to management, was acting in a very inequitable manner. It was grotesque to argue, as counsel for the Company was obliged to do, that if a Chinaman deals with an Englishman he must be taken to know the intricacies of English Company Law, and to understand that a corporation cannot be bound by a contract made before it came into existence by someone purporting to act on its behalf. To tell the truth, very few Englishmen understand the matter.

Richard Hill and Co. shares should be bought, we hear.



THE OROYA SHAFT OF THE OROYA BROWNHILL MINE, KALGURLI, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

MINING MARKETS.

To write of the Kaffir Circus nowadays is to be inveigled into controversy upon the double-commission system, over which the Stock Exchange mind is so greatly exercised at the present time. But, refusing the temptation to discuss House domesticities, we address ourselves rather to the duty of reflecting the course of the market and the opinions of its leaders. Taking these last first, it is still the big-house view that we shall see prices better before many weeks have passed, although this is so obviously interested as to stultify its value as an impartial guide. Turning to the Stock Exchange, one finds amongst jobbers and brokers a theoretical faith in the future that seems to contrast curiously with the practical lack of business which remains the feature of the day. Yet even Stock Exchange opinion cannot be deemed free from the suspicion of special pleading, inasmuch as good prices would undoubtedly bring good trade and fulfil the dream of the long-expectant member. So far as the public are concerned, we find the continued presence of an entire indifference to prices so long as inanition is the only mark of the Kaffir Kraal. Most people profess an anxiety to realise, should the market improve, and whether they would act up to their professions or not—if the revival came—it is obvious that the public has no stomach for speculating in Kaffir shares now. While this attitude of careless apathy is in evidence, both on the part of the public and the big houses, it is futile to suppose that labour or gold returns will have any brilliant effect upon prices, unless, indeed, the figures run to the miraculous.

In the other Mining markets the advent of the Jungle revival hangs fire badly, although we understand that arrangements are being made to hasten it. West Australians are almost more neglected than Kaffirs, and the output is certainly disappointing, yet many of the better-class shares yield twice as much on the money as South African dividend-payers. We should not be surprised to see Westralians and Egyptians come to the front rapidly in the spring.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

What a solid satisfaction it is to be a little busy once more! To tear round, to hear three telephones going at once, to see the dealing-books fill up at an unwonted pace—this makes life worth living. Apart altogether from the pleasant prospect of growing profits, there is a keenness of delight about having something to do after a long period of inactivity which comes with all the relish of novelty. The clever broker finds that his efforts to create business are at length meeting with reward. He discovers that his clients look favourably upon his counsel of shifting money from one stock into some other that has better possibilities or better yield. An immense amount of exchange has recently taken place in the two Japanese 6 per cent. Loans, and the prices of the two are not far short of being level, allowance being made for the difference in the coupons. In the Consol Market there is still a good opportunity for selling War stock and buying Irish Land, and making nearly six points per cent. over the transaction. The interest and the security are identical; War stock is *ex*, and Irish *cum* dividend, and, beyond the important fact that War stock will be redeemed at par five years hence, there is no reason for the margin that exists between the stocks. Yet another profitable exchange is to sell New South Wales 3½ per cent. and put the amount into the 4 per cent. debentures of the same Colony. Again, the limited nature of the market in Barry Railway Deferred will not always conspire to permit the price standing at a point at which the return is 5 per cent. on the money, and the holders of Midland Deferred should ponder the desirability of an exchange into Barry Deferred. The Midland Railway's finance is a windmill for critics to tilt at for years to come. To have the capacity for initiating, for creating business, is indeed a great gift to the broker, and, of your charity, I pray you pray it may descend on me.

If the London United Tramways Company does not look out, it will find itself in an uncomfortable position sooner or later. The Chairman at the meeting the other day sneered at the criticisms that have been appearing in the papers, and suggested that, if the judgment of the writers were of the best, they would certainly be occupying quite different positions in the world of finance. As one way of wriggling out of an explanation why the London United Tramways has built up a pitiful £5000 reserve fund in the course of three years, and why the question of depreciation has not been squarely faced, these remarks of Mr. Yerkes are indeed excellent. They rather reminded a much-revered friend of mine in the House of the story about a workman who was employed in digging a trench for drains. The man was working in the full glare of a midsummer's day, and a passer-by remonstrated with him: "Can't you see that to work in such a sun must be bad for your brains, my man?" The navvy looked up at him with scorn writ large on every feature. "You something fool!" he growled, "d'yer think I'd be digging here if I'd *got* any brains?" Proprietors of London United Tramway shares of either class, Ordinary or Preference, would do well to get out of them, and the Debenture stock does not look as desirable an investment as some that might be named. By the way, there is a good 6 per cent. investment to be had in the New Trinidad Lake Asphalte Debentures at par, or a shade over. The Company pays its interest with clockwork regularity, and a certain proportion of the bonds are being drawn annually at par. It is not so easy to find a good "Industrial" that rejoices in a free market, and at the same time yields a good return upon the money. There are gambling counters, like Deccans, which I am assured will go to 3; there are limited-market varieties, such as Globe Telegraph Trust shares or Eastern Telegraph stock—both good things; there are things which it repays the outsider to keep far away from, such as James Nelsons, or there is the semi-speculative share of the Cement Preference type, which rejoices in a free market one day, next to none at all on the following day. Amongst the speculative stocks might be ranged the Ind, Coope 4½ per cent. "B" Debenture, the price of which is about 71. Buyers are few and far between; sellers abound, and the current gossip says the Company did very badly in 1904, hence the fall in the prices of its securities. Supposing for the sake of argument that Ind, Coope's do pass the dividend on their "B" Preference shares, the year would indeed have to be disastrous if the interest on the "B" Debenture failed to be earned, and to those who are not above buying Brewery stocks I think this Debenture should appeal as a good lock-up.

In the report of the Royal Commissioners who inquired into the working of the Stock Exchange in 1878, there is a very interesting passage upon the subject of double commissions that stands as true to-day as it did seven-and-twenty years ago. Amongst the witnesses examined on the point were Messrs. Trew, Powell, Cawston, and Medley, and what the Commissioners stated was this—

"The other state of facts out of which arises the question of double commissions occurs chiefly, we are told, in the case of new loans remaining in the hands of contractors or bankers. In such cases a broker having an order to buy will, we have been told, instead of going to a dealer in the Stock Exchange, go direct to the contractor outside. He may or may not obtain the stock for his client at a less price than he would have given for it on the Stock Exchange, but whether he does so or not he gets a second commission for himself from the contractor or banker from whom he buys the stock. The custom has been defended by witnesses on the ground that it is a mere extension of the principle of the broker acting for two clients in the case above referred to (namely, one of casual 'marriage' of simultaneously-received

orders to buy and sell the same stock). The contractor, it has been said, is in the position of a client who has given the broker a standing order to sell, and the broker has a right to his remuneration for executing this order. It has been defended also on the ground that the broker takes extra trouble and incurs extra risk in dealing outside the House, and also on the ground that the client, as in the previous case, benefits by the arrangement. We are not of opinion that there is anything in such dealings which calls for their suppression; but as in the case of the divided commission, so in this, we think, the client ought to be informed of the fact. It is an inexorable rule of law that no agent in the course of his agency can, in the matter of his agency, be allowed to make any profit whatever, without the knowledge and consent of his principal, and the rules of the Committee ought to be such as to enforce this principle, which is one of common justice no less than of law."

I have taken the liberty to quote thus fully less with the idea of filling up space than with that of showing how the question appeared in the eyes of a critical body of examiners, such as the Royal Commissioners proved to be. Those gentlemen said as plainly as they could that the receipt of double commission stood in no need of repression, and to-day's talk of jobbers in the Kaffir Circus about the loss of business and the rapid drying-up of the market is much on the same level as that which the Commissioners listened to in 1878. Supposing the Stock Exchange Committee forbade the taking of two commissions; would that stop the practice of brokers dealing with outsiders? The latter pay good brokerage—better than the average client sometimes—and the broker would be glad to do the big house an occasional turn, in the hopes of getting further business, more especially if he dealt upon better terms than he could deal at in the House. Now, the other day, a man went into the Kaffir Market with an order to buy a hundred shares at $3\frac{1}{8}$, the nominal price being $3\frac{1}{8}$-$3\frac{1}{4}$. The jobber to whom he went made him that price, and, of course, the broker was unable to execute his order. As he walked away, another jobber, a stranger, touched him on the arm, and said he had overheard the conversation, adding that he could get the shares for the broker at $3\frac{1}{8}$. The latter was inclined to laugh. "But they are $3\frac{1}{8}$-$\frac{1}{4}$," he said. "They are," said the other, "but I can get them at $3\frac{1}{8}$ outside, and a commission for myself. If you want to buy them, I will sell you 100 at $3\frac{1}{8}$." Needless to say the broker dealt. What chance has the jobber of competing against that sort of thing? None whatever. He is approached by the brokers when their clients want to sell, because the brokers know that, except in certain circumstances, it isn't much use going to the shop with the offer of a line of shares at the nominal market-price. When the brokers have buying orders, however, they go to the shop and get the double commission. Why have jobbers at all? you may inquire. Because, my dear sir, they are absolutely essential to the freedom of any market, I don't care in what centre of the country, or abroad. I cannot stay to argue out the matter with you, but that you shall see for yourself some of the difficulties of decision which this knotty question entails, is the sincere wish of THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

HUDSON'S BAYS.

The event of the week has been the rise of our favourite Hudson's Bay shares from 58 to $74\frac{3}{4}$, followed by a set-back to about 70. The original capital of the Company was £2,000,000 in £20 shares, but this has been reduced to £1,000,000 by the repayment of £10 a share. The total land to which the Company will be entitled is estimated at about 7,000,000 acres, of which it has already selected 4,000,000, and had sold on March 31, 1904, 1,234,000 acres. Without going into a mass of figures, it is enough to say that the average price realised lately has been 25s. an acre, apart from town blocks, so that the unsold lands should bring in over £7,000,000, and there is still nearly £800,000 owing for instalments on lands already sold. If the current price represents about the present value of the lands, the Canadian Pacific Railway should add considerably to this. As a lock-up, even at 70 or a little over, there is great merit in the shares, but buyers must be content with a small return for their money at this price, unless dividends are on a very much higher scale than they have been of late years. As the Canadian North-West is opened up, there is every prospect of land fetching far better prices than are now current, and to put a limit on the possibilities of Hudson's Bays would be foolish; only, don't forget, if you buy now you may have to wait for your profit. People at one time bought Chartered shares as a provision for their children, although we never favoured the idea, and for that kind of investor Hudson's Bays, even at 70 or over, are, to our mind, far more attractive.

Saturday, March 4, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

TAR BABY.—(1) We should not sell the Electric Tram shares. (2) The De Beers Preferred are not unduly risky. The chance of the monopoly breaking down by reason of the Premier or other mines is the greatest danger. You could get the same rate of interest, or nearly so, out of Argentine Railways, such as Buenos Ayres and Rosario Deferred stock, or River Plate Gas shares, United States Brewing Company debentures, or City of Mexico bonds.

WEST.—The charge is unreasonable, and in such cases it is often arranged that the fee shall be reduced to one shilling. The secretary is within his legal rights in demanding the half-crown, however.

J. S. S.—The Association is, we believe, all right. Try the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution of 1, Adelaide Place, E.C.

ENGINEER.—We hear good accounts of Um Rus, which is in the able hands of Messrs. John Taylor and Sons.

E. G.—See our answers to "E. H" and "Gamma" in last week's issue. You might add Argentine or Chilian bonds.

SOUTH AFRICA.—We like Nos. 1 and 3 the least in your list, although even these are fairly safe. Nos. 2, 4, and 5 are of a higher class, and magnificent investments. See our Stock Exchange letter as to New South Wales securities.

ROBIN.—The address is 18, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C., and the secretary G. T. Verney.

GAMMA.—To properly discuss your letter would require more space than we have to spare. Electric Light shares yield more than Gas, chiefly because of the option of purchase which the municipal authorities have by Act of Parliament. If light and power can be supplied at the price you name, we agree nothing could compete with electricity. It is a long way off yet. No letter has reached us with P.O.O.

We are asked to state that a meeting of the Beira Railway Debenture-holders will be held at Winchester House on Friday, March 10, at 3 p.m.

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"The Sketch" Supplement.



Contents.

MRS. CECIL RALEIGH AS ELEANOR IN "BECKET."

MESSAGER COMIC-OPERAS FOR LONDON.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD," AT THE PALACE.

GRAND OPERA ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE.

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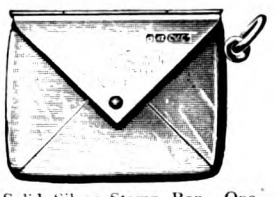
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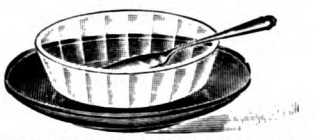
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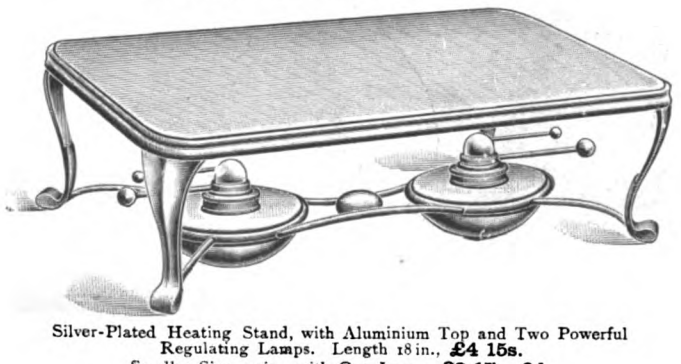


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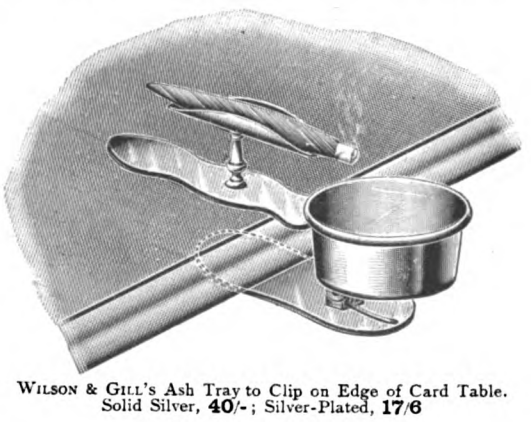


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A VILLAINESS OF MELODRAMA IN A TENNYSON PLAY.



MRS. CECIL RALEIGH AS ELEANOR IN "BECKET."

Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who has made so many successes in Drury Lane melodrama, has been playing Eleanor to Sir Henry Irving's "Becket" and Miss Maud Fealy's Fair Rosamund during the farewell tour just abandoned owing to Sir Henry's illness.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

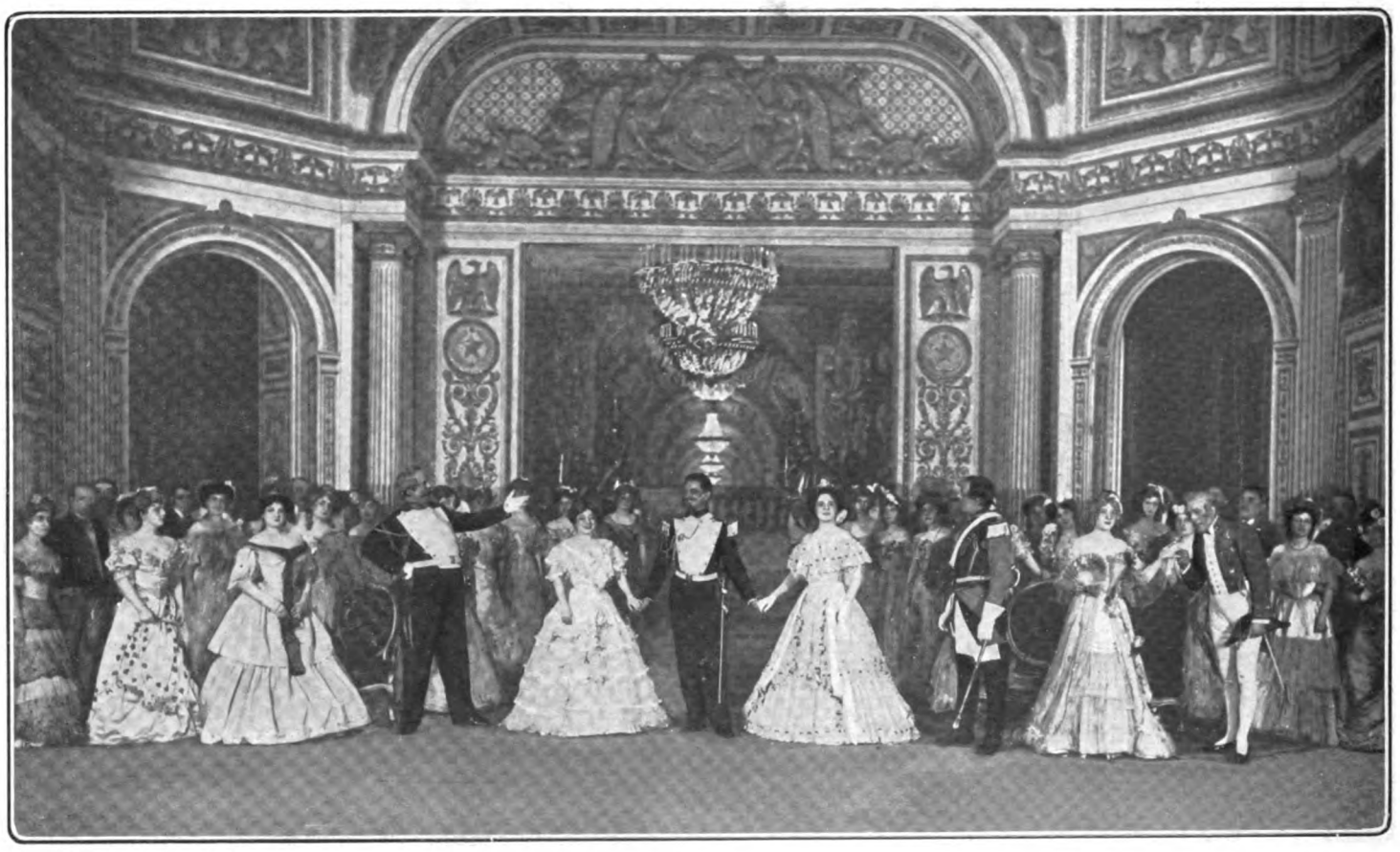
THE SUCCESSOR TO "THE CINGALEE." AND ANOTHER FRENCH OPERETTA FOR LONDON.



"LES P'TITES MICHUS," WHICH IS TO BE THE NEXT PRODUCTION AT DALY'S.

"Les P'tites Michus" will be adapted by Mr. Henry Hamilton, whose skill in such matters has been amply demonstrated by "The Duchess of Dantzic." It is proposed to call the English version, the production of which may be expected in about a month's time, "Two Little Girls," or something of the sort. M. Messager, the composer, is now conducting rehearsals.

Photograph by Boyer.



"LES DRAGONS DE L'IMPÉRATRICE," WHICH WILL PROBABLY FIND ITS WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL.
THE FINALE OF THE THIRD ACT.

M. André Messager's new comic opera, "Les Dragons de l'Impératrice," is meeting with considerable favour at the Théâtre des Varietés, Paris, and it is more than likely that it will be produced in London, more especially as Mr. George Edwardes has made a special journey to see it, and is said to have virtually secured the English rights. The period of the opera is 1860; there is a plot sufficiently intricate to carry the interest through three Acts—a scene in the park at St. Cloud, a tableau of the Bal Mabille, and a fête at the Tuileries; and at least half-a-dozen songs for which popularity is assured.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



PLAYERS IN MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION.

Photographs by Frank W. Burford.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOT

Photographs by



Claudio: ". . The barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls."
Leonato: "Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard."

Claudio: "Can the wo

MISS VIOLA TREE AS HERO,

ING," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

nk W. Burford.



rld buy such a jewel?"

AND MR. TREE AS BENEDICK.

DON PEDRO: ". . From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him."

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

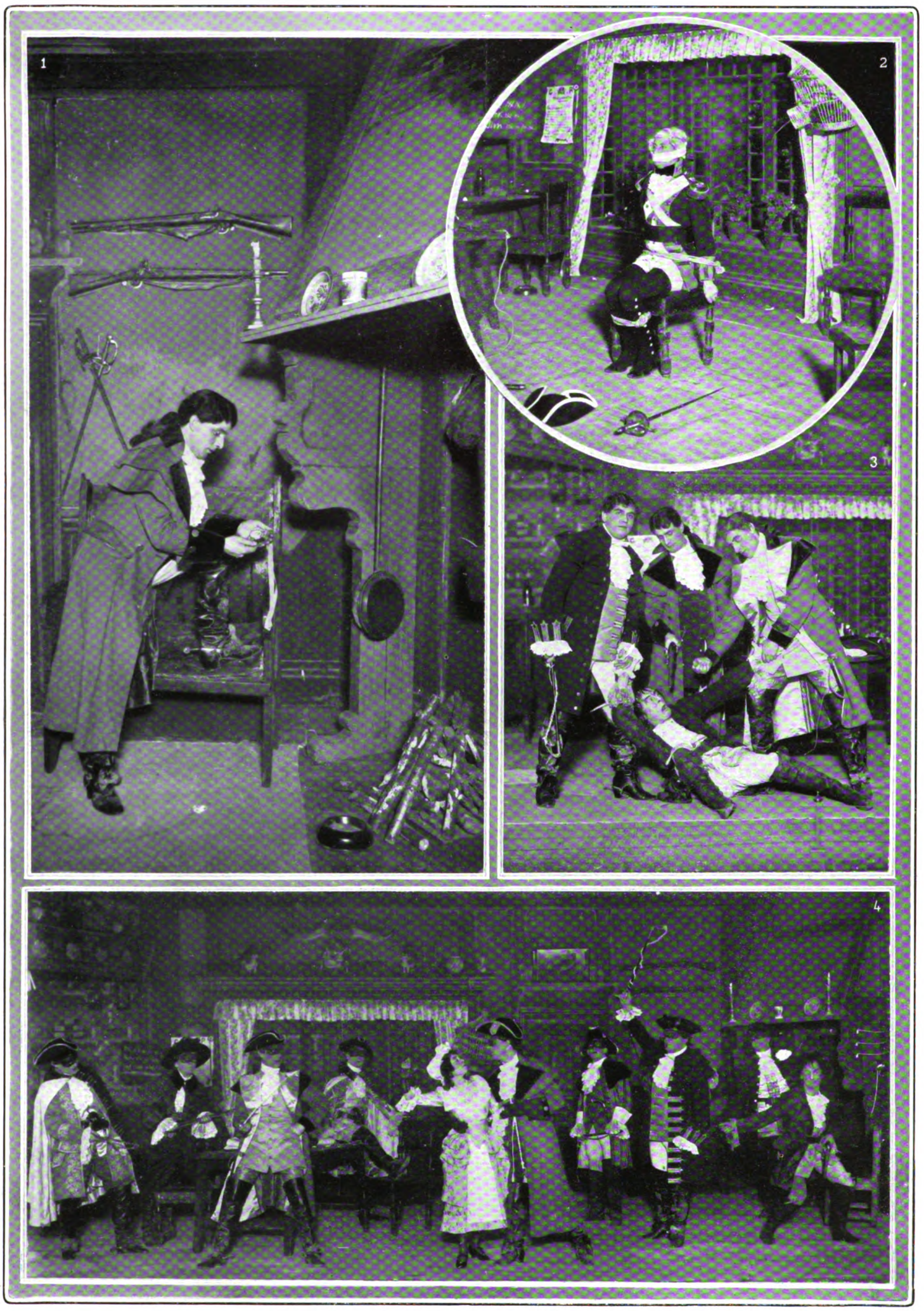


PLAYERS IN MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION.

Photographs by Frank W. Burford.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S OPERETTA AT THE PALACE: "THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD."

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.



1. RUPERT WILDE (MR. WALTER HYDE), LIEUTENANT TO WILL O' DENE, CAPTAIN OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD, FALLS IN LOVE WITH THE ORIGINAL OF A MINIATURE HE HAS STOLEN, AND MAKES HIS PASSION EXCUSE FOR A SONG.

2. SERGEANT SLOWE (MR. ALEC DAVIDSON), OF THE KING'S REGIMENT, JUSTIFIES HIS NAME, AND IS BOUND AND GAGGED BY THE HIGHWAYMEN HE HAS ATTEMPTED TO SECURE.

3. TIM FEARLESS (MR. CAIRNS JAMES), ONE OF THE HIGHWAYMEN, IS A PREY TO NERVES, AND MEETS WITH LITTLE CONSIDERATION AT THE HANDS OF HIS COMRADES.

4. RUPERT WILDE FLIRTS WITH THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, ROSE MERTON (MISS B. GASTON-MURRAY), RECEIVES A BOX ON THE EARS, AND ESCAPES A WHIPPING BY HIS CHIEF, WILL O' DENE (MR. HENRY CLAFF).

(*See "Heard in the Green-Room."*)



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Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

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H.R.H. The DUKE of SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE of GREECE.
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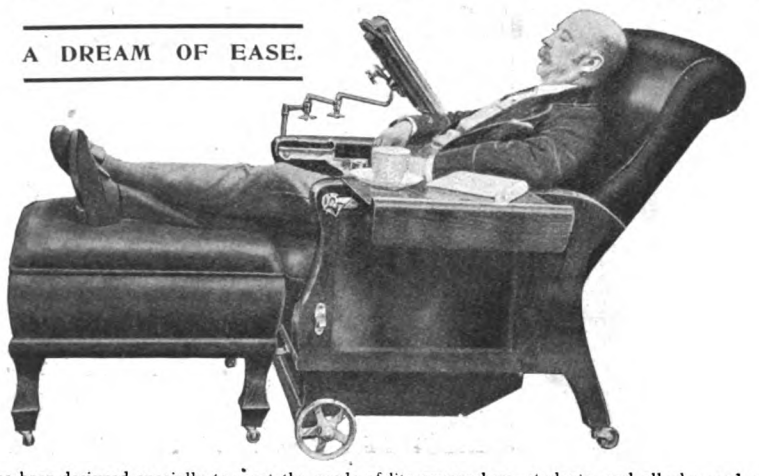
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The Sketch

No. 633.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1905. SIXPENCE.



A CHIEF PLAYER IN THE NEXT PRODUCTION AT DALY'S: MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE,

Who will be one of the two heroines of the English adaptation of M. Messager's "Les P'tites Michus."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND":

London,
Sunday, March 12.

SOME people are *so* unreasonable! Here, for instance, is a writer in the *Lady's Pictorial* asking us to boycott the favourite topic of conversation in any assembly in any country in the world. "It will be a real rest for us all," he says (the writer, we may take it for granted, is a man), "if women and marriage can be left undiscussed for a few years. There is really nothing more to be said about either." Mind you, I don't deny that the gentleman will find supporters. Never yet did anybody bring forward an unreasonable suggestion without finding supporters. Most of us, however, will refuse, stolidly, to adopt the idea. He might as well advise us to leave off talking about the weather; indeed, I myself am beginning to get a little tired of being drawn into an argument with my barber on the subject of the weather. Women and marriage, on the other hand, are always subjects of the deepest interest. Nor is it quite correct to say that there is nothing more to be said about either. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal more to be said, and a good deal more that will be said. I am ready to admit that there is nothing *new* to be said on these topics. But that doesn't matter. The writer in the *Lady's Pictorial* must remember that everything is worth saying to the man who has never said it before. Listening, after all, is a voluntary act.

Talking of barbers, I don't think I have ever tried to record a "real conversation" in a barber's shop. Here goes, then—

Barber. Morning, sir. What can I do for you?

Customer. I want a shave, please.

Barber. Yes, sir. Not quite so cold this morning, sir.

Customer. You think not?

Barber. It didn't seem quite so cold to me as I was coming in on the tram. Razor suit you, sir?

Customer. Very nice, thank you.

Barber. No, sir, not quite so cold as it has been. Well, we ought to be getting a bit of decent weather soon.

Customer. 'M. (*A pause.*)

Barber. The Russians seem to be having a warmish time of it, sir.

Customer. 'M.

Barber. Wonderful little fellows those Japs by all accounts.

Customer. 'M. (*A pause*).

Barber. Ever shave yourself, sir?

Customer. Sometimes.

Barber. You ought to try one of these little Swedish razors. Uncommonly good steel they are.

Customer. Oh?

Barber. Yes, sir. Uncommonly good. The governor bought a lot of them a month or two ago. I've used one myself ever since.

Customer. 'M.

Barber. Would you care to take one to try? We can let you have one for four-and-six, sir.

Customer. Not to-day, thank you.

Barber. I know you'd be pleased with them, sir.

Customer. 'M. (*A pause.*)

Barber. Warm or cold, sir?

Customer. Warm, please.

Barber. Anything on the face, sir. Bay-rum or orange-water?

Customer. A little bay-rum, please.

Barber. Thank you, sir. Will that be all to-day?

Customer. Yes, thanks.

Barber. Thank you very much, sir. Let me see—did you have an umbrella?

Customer. No, thank you. Good-morning.
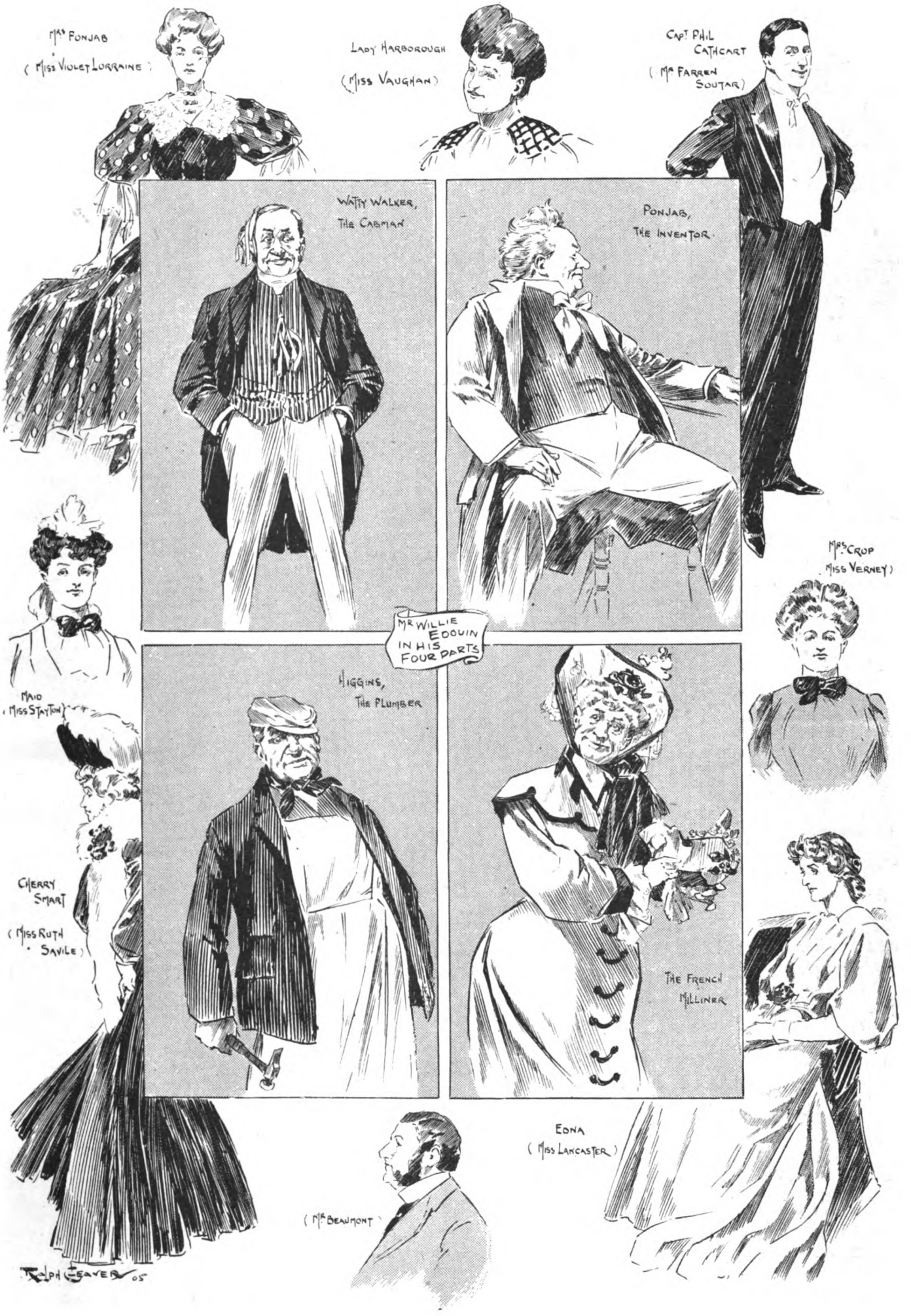
Barber. Good-morning, sir. Right, Jim!

Every Londoner is proud of the London police, not only because they do their duty patiently and fearlessly, but also for the reason that they are such fine men to look at. We all recognise, I think, that the police keep up the average of physical development. Yet the day is coming, I fear, when a constable will be selected for agility rather than weight, for nimbleness rather than dignity. They are being taught, in fact, Ju-jitsu, which is the science of throwing a man twice your weight over his own left shoulder. The Japanese, you know, thought of it first. They had to think of something of the kind, since they were constantly coming in contact with people twice their own weight. (Indeed, at this very moment they are having a game of Ju-jitsu with Russia. I make a present of the notion to the cartoonist of *Punch*.) The London police, on the contrary, never come into contact with people even half as big as themselves. If I cared to make a cheap joke, I would say that they never come into contact with anything, whereas we all know that it is the dray-horse and the prize-fighter who avoid the contact, not the police. When Ju-jitsu has become the fashion, however, the big policeman will cease to exist. Our grandchildren, looking at the pictures of him preserved in bound volumes of *The Sketch*, will exclaim, "Fancy *that* man alighting all-fours on a burglar's head!"

"Agatha," the new play by Mrs. Humphry Ward produced at a matinée at His Majesty's last Tuesday afternoon, was disappointing. The story was dull, the pathos forced, and the dialogue old-fashioned. There was an enlivening interlude, though, after the second Act. A gentleman came forward to tell us something about the Princess Mary's Village Homes at Addlestone, in aid of which the matinée was given. "We pride ourselves," he said, "on training these girls so thoroughly that they eventually become first-rate domestic servants. As a matter of fact, I only remember one case in which one of our girls was dismissed from her situation, and that was for knocking down her mistress. So far from this act preventing her from obtaining another situation, though, there was quite a keen competition to secure so able a girl, and I have reason to believe that *she has been doing excellent work ever since*." The audience, though mainly composed of nicely-behaved people who had come together to assist an excellent cause, could not resist the ambiguity. They roared.

According to the Sydney *Bulletin*, the newest humourist is Dr. Henry, of Melbourne. Dr. Henry, it seems, has been getting fun out of the teeth of the rising generation. He has been urging that instruction in mastication should be added to the State school curriculum. The reader will have no difficulty, of course, in picturing to himself the mastication-class. "On the word 'One!' every pupil will raise the bun in the right hand until it is on a level with the mouth. One! (Very good. Keep the hands quite steady. Elbows off the desk.) On the word 'Two!' advance the bun slowly until a small portion of it is inside the mouth. Two! (I didn't say you were to bite it, Brown minor. Take a mark off. Weatherly, I noticed that you jabbed the bun into your mouth instead of advancing it slowly, as I told you.) On the word 'Three!' close the teeth until they meet inside the bun. Three! (Brown minor, you've bitten a piece right out. If I have to speak to you again, you'll write out a hundred times before dinner, 'I must not make a god of my stomach.') On the word 'Four!' remove the bitten portion of the bun from the remainder, and place it carefully, with the aid of the tongue, between the back teeth. Four! (Brown minor, you'd better go out of the room until you can stop coughing.)"

MR. WILLIE EDOUIN IN FOUR NEW RÔLES,



AND OTHER CHARACTERS IN "OFF THE RANK," AT THE STRAND.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Japanese Fifty Years Ago—Putiloff Hill—The Crown Prince's Cook—Clubs and Matrimony—A New Bridge Club.

NEVER before in the history of the world has a battle lasted so many days, never have so many men faced each other to kill or to be killed, as in the great battle round Mukden. It is curious to think that fifty years ago the Islanders of the East, who have taught the nations of the West how a great battle should be fought with modern arms and modern appliances, were scarcely more advanced in the art of warfare than those Normans who invaded this country under William the Conqueror. They used armour, they fought with two-handed swords, and the bow was still a favourite weapon.



PRINCESS VICTORIA ADELAIDE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN-SONDERBURG-GLÜCKSBURG, ENGAGED TO THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

The engagement of the Princess Victoria Adelaide to the Duke Charles Edward of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha forges yet another link between the Royal Houses of Great Britain and Germany, for the Duke is the King's nephew, and the Princess the German Empress's niece. The bride-elect, who was born on December 21st, 1885, met the young Duke frequently at Potsdam last summer, and the pair were constantly together, riding, boating, or playing tennis.

Photograph by Bieber.

Twenty years ago, when I was frequently in Japan and saw something of the Japanese Army, there was no doubt that it was rapidly becoming the equal of European armies in most matters, and surpassing them in some. In Tokio I used to see the non-commissioned officers, the sergeants and the corporals, learning military topography or drawing maps of the castle and the surrounding open spaces. Looking at their work, I saw that it was admirable. Some five or six years after, as a new departure, our War Office decided to allow some British non-commissioned officers to learn the mysteries of the prismatic compass and the aneroid barometer. Some of these scholars came through my hands, and, though they were willing enough, they could never equal the Japanese at this work. I have no doubt that all reconnaissance work, all field-telegraph work, and probably all commissariat work, have been better done by the Japanese in this war than by any other nation in any previous campaign.

When the full details of the battle reach us, there will be many picturesque incidents to recount. The fight for Putiloff Hill must have been, I am sure, a grim struggle. It was this hill which stopped the advance of the Japanese after the last great encounter, and its capture was then the one success the Russians could claim in the series of engagements which formed the battle. When both armies had fought almost to a standstill, the Russians under Putiloff captured the hill and some Japanese guns upon it by a counter-attack at night, and though their opponents made desperate efforts then to recapture it, they failed, and it proved the pebble which checked the advancing wheel. The Japanese have been looking longingly at this hill all through the winter months, and the Russians fortified it as strongly as possible, knowing that the Japanese would consider it a point of honour to retake it if possible.

I expect, also, that those four Siberian regiments who went singing and with bands playing into battle against Nogi's veterans of the Port Arthur siege, and who for a time turned the tide of battle, must have had many old scores to wipe out. Men do not rejoice at going to certain death as these men did unless they are uplifted by some emotion, patriotism or revenge, which is stronger than the fear of death.

The German Crown Prince is showing greater wisdom than might have been expected from a Princeling of his years, for he has sent the cook who is to rule the roast in his kitchen when he marries into the kitchen of his mother-in-law-who-is-to-be, to study the taste in food of the future Crown Princess. I believe that marriage would lose half its terrors to us bachelors if the reverse process to this were adopted, and a man, after he had led a blushing bride to the altar, had not to look forward to many months of telling his wife what he likes to eat and drink, which information has to be passed on to the new cook.



A PLAY-WRITING JUDGE: HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY, PART-AUTHOR OF "WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY."

Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, who collaborated with Mr. Frederick Mouillot in the comedy-farce, "While the Cat's Away," recently produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, had previously tried his hand at play-writing, and with some success. Together with Mr. Louis Calvert, he wrote "England's Elizabeth," presented at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in 1901, and, with the same co-worker, he was responsible for the dramatic version of "Katawampus," given at the Prince of Wales's.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

No doubt it is because a bachelor is made so comfortable in his Clubs and in the restaurants that he fears to face the unknown in the form of a plain-cook controlled by a young lady with scant knowledge of housewifery. The increase of Clubs is a sure sign that the marriage-market is in a depressed condition. Of course, there are exceptions to this, as to all other rules, for on the day when I read of twelve "Society" weddings having taken place, I was asked to join two new and, no doubt, very smart Clubs.

It is one of the curiosities of modern life that Clubs established for people who have especial tastes in common are so much on the increase. Five years ago the success of a Bridge Club, at which ladies and men would meet to play that game for moderate points, would have been pronounced impossible by most Clubmen. Almack's Club, founded on these lines, has been so successful that it has had to enlarge its accommodation, and the New Bridge Club, a rival, has been started with every prospect of being as successful as the older establishment.

Half-a-century ago, a man-about-town belonged at most to two Clubs. The ordinary upper middle-class citizen belonged, as a rule, to only one, and even to do that was still considered rather rakish, for the "Club" was the subject of many jokes in the comic papers, and the valentines—for valentines still existed then—made fun of the gentleman coming home from his Club. Nowadays, a man who is really Clubbable has the Club of his profession on his cards, and is a member as well of some purely social Club. Probably he also belongs to a Bridge Club, to a Yacht Club, to a Supper Club, to one of the Playgoers' Clubs, to a Golf Club, to one or two Racing Clubs, to his County Club, to the new English Club in Paris, and very likely to half-a-dozen more of various descriptions.



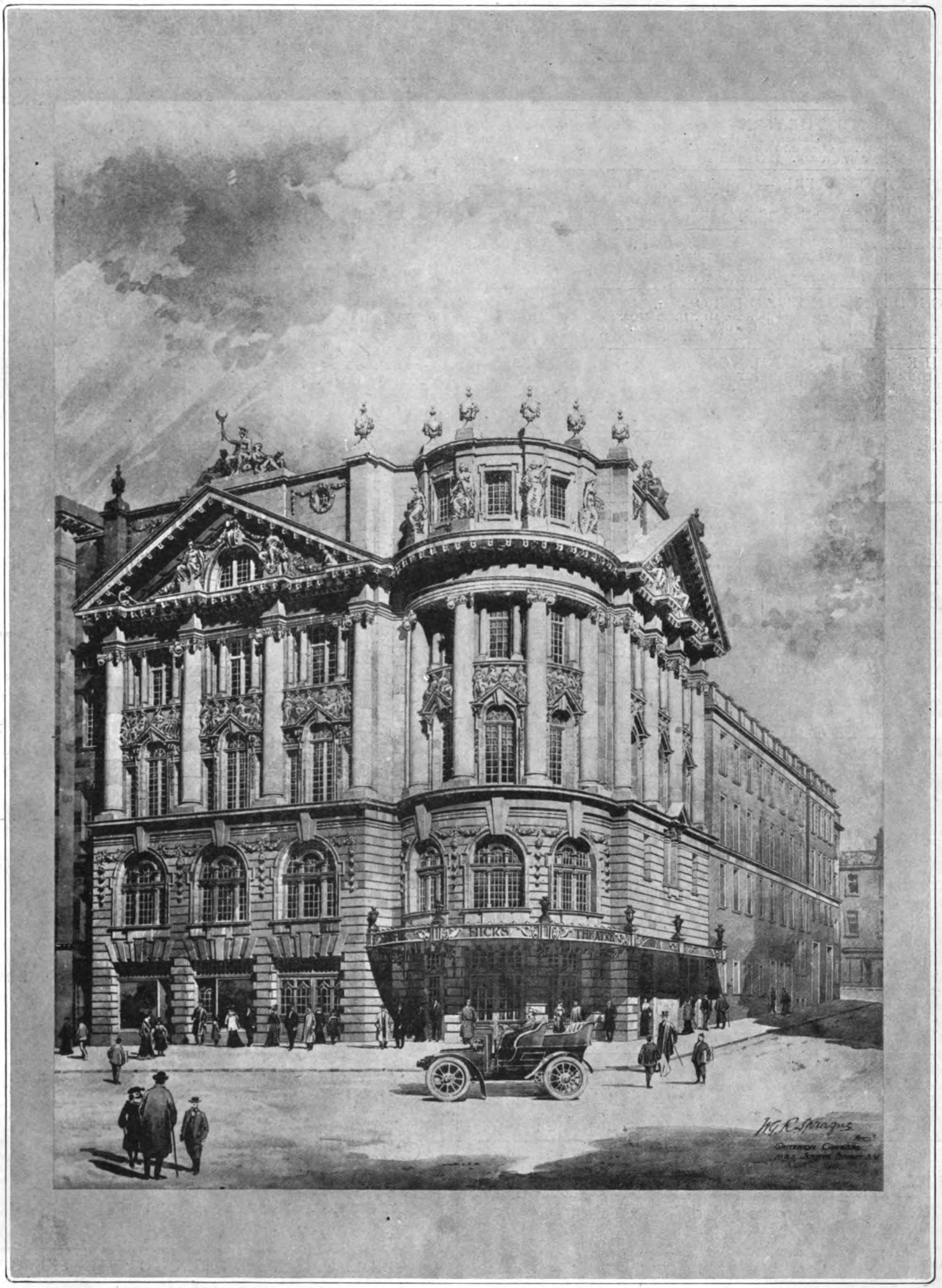
M. Skitaletz. M. Gorky. M. Andrejew. M. Schalzapin. M. Bunin.

WIELDERS OF THE PEN, AND OF THE SWORD OF REVOLUTION: RUSSIAN LITERARY MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR THE LIBERTY OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

The Moscow police raided the house of the Russian author, M. Leonid Andrejew, soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, and arrested seventeen literary men, including, in addition to M. Andrejew, M. Chirikoff and M. Skitaletz. Even before this, quite a number of the authors in St. Petersburg and Warsaw, whose work was supposed to show revolutionary tendencies, had been imprisoned; and the arrest of Gorky is common knowledge.

Photograph by K. Fischer.

THE NEW PLAYHOUSE FOR MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.



THE HICKS THEATRE, AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

The Hicks Theatre, to be erected at the corner of Aldwych and Kingsway, will, it is anticipated, be opened at the end of December next, or in January of next year, when the popular actor who gives it its name and Miss Ellaline Terriss will appear in "The Beauty of Bath," a new musical play written by Mr. Hicks and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and suggested by "David Garrick." A new fairy-play will form the afternoon bill. The theatre, of which Mr. W. G. R. Sprague is architect, has been leased to Mr. Charles Frohman for three years, and is being built under the supervision of Mr. Marler, of Waring and Gillow's.

By Courtesy of Messrs. W. G. R. Sprague and A. Knowles. Photograph by Messrs. Bedford Lemere and Co.

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STRAND THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a New Farce in Three Acts, by Lawrence Sterner, entitled OFF THE RANK. Preced d at 8 by THE WATER CURE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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EDENBRIDGE	11 12	CANTERBURY SOUTH ...	11 13
PENSHURST	11 21	DOVER TOWN	11 50 / 12 20
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STROOD (S.E.) ...	11 0		
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SMALL TALK of the WEEK



A POPULAR KENTISH HOSTESS: THE HON. MRS. ALGERNON GROSVENOR.

Mrs. Grosvenor, whose reputation as a hostess, political and otherwise, is well known, is an amateur actress of distinction, and figured in the War-tableaux organised by Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Photograph by Thomson.

THE QUEEN will receive a very warm welcome in Lisbon, where a delightful suite of rooms has been prepared for her in the Necessidades Palace. As a girl, Queen Marie Amélie was much with the then Prince and Princess of Wales. She helped to do the honours of the Château d'Eu on the occasion of the marriage there of Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Princess Marie of Chartres, and both King Edward and Queen Alexandra are attached to her and to King Carlos. During her stay in Lisbon, our Queen will visit the many hospitals and other charitable institutions founded by her sister Queen, and she will also see the more mundane sights of the town, which, almost alone among modern capitals, retains all its mediæval charm and quaintness.

Queen's Shamrock for the Guards. As usual, there is to be regal recognition of St. Patrick's Day, and Her Majesty has intimated that she will again present the shamrock to be worn by the officers and men of the Irish Guards on Friday next. The distribution, which will take place at a parade of the battalion at Chelsea Barracks, where it is now quartered, will probably be attended by Lord Roberts, the Colonel of the regiment.

A Popular Kentish Hostess. The Grosvenor clan is one of the largest, if not the largest, connected with the British aristocracy, and the fine old name is shared by two Peers—his Grace of Westminster and Lord Ebury. Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor is the wife of Lord Ebury's brother, and she is one of the most popular of Kentish hostesses. As a girl, she was much in political society, for her father was that veteran "M.P.," the late Sir John Simeon.

A Royal Mother-in-Law Elect. The repeated postponement of the German Crown Prince's marriage may be due to the unsettled state of things in Russia, for the future Emperor's mother-in-law to be was born a Russian Grand Duchess, and is closely connected with the Czar and Czarina. The Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is the only sister of the Grand Duke Michael; she is devoted to him and to his charming wife, the Countess Torby, and they settled at Cannes partly to be near her, for, by a curious irony of fate, the young Princess who will one day be German Empress has spent much of her young life in Republican and anti-Prussian France.



THE FUTURE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

The Grand Duchess is the only sister of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. It is amusing to note that at the present moment the German Crown Prince's chef, Herr Neumann, is at Cannes, engaged in studying the cuisine to which the future Crown Princess is accustomed. So closely is the future Kaiser studying the tastes of the future Kaiserin.

Photograph by Otto.

Rojdestvensky. It is reported, whether accurately or inaccurately no one seems to know, that Rojdestvensky has been recalled. The Government of the Netherlands has introduced a Bill providing for the compulsory insurance of Dutch sailors against the risks and accidents of their calling; especially in the North Sea. Surely the one action is not dependent on the other?



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LISBON: THE NECESSIDADES PALACE, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL STAY.

During her visit to Lisbon, the Queen will occupy a delightful suite of rooms in the Necessidades Palace, which will thus be not only the centre of Her Majesty's semi-official visits, but of the numerous trips she is expected to make into the capital, and to the many hospitals and other charitable institutions founded by Queen Amélie.

Photograph by Bocchini.



A ROMANTIC WEDDING
LADY BAIRD (NEE CONSTANCE CLARKE).
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett

A Romantic Wedding. Admiral Sir John Baird's wedding brought together a wonderful assembly of gallant sea-dogs at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and amongst those who came to wish their comrade the best of good luck in his married life was Sir John Burgoyne. Lady Baird—who was Miss Constance Clarke, a well-known member of the nursing world—wore a gown symbolic of her bridegroom's profession, for it was made of opalescent silk, the general effect produced being the green and blue of the sea-wave! The happy pair, who were given close on five hundred gifts, are enjoying a yachting honeymoon, and their devotion to the sea was remembered by numbers of their friends, who presented them with many delightful yacht-fittings.

Royalty and the Riviera. When the Mediterranean littoral is enjoying a good season—such a one as has fallen to its lot this year, despite the very cold weather of a few weeks ago—there is always a rumour that King Edward or the Kaiser, or both, will be among the visitors. This season the rumour has arrived early, and credits the monarchs with the intention of meeting in the domains of the Prince of Monaco. Even supposing that the rumour is destined to share the fate of its predecessors, it must be admitted that very many Royal personages are on the littoral already, or are departing for it from climes to which February and March come unkindly. Two Russian Grand Dukes are at Nice, where, doubtless, they eat, drink, and are merry. The Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg, who should be German Empress some day, is at Cannes. There, too, is the widower Prince of the Asturias, who may yet be King of Spain, and Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, is expected shortly from service in the field with Russia's Army. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, before coming over here, sought some rest from the cares of State at his mother's villa between Cap Martin and Mentone, in company with his brother and son · and the King of Würtemberg is at Cap Martin. The Empress Eugénie is on her way to her beautiful Mentone villa, if she has not reached it already, and among those who have just gone or are about to arrive are General Louis Bonaparte and the Prince of Montenegro.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, or those officials acting for them, have lost little time in mapping out their forthcoming tour of India. Every day's programme—from the King's birthday, 9th Nov., when they will embark at Portsmouth on the battleship *Renown*, to the date of their return—is said to have been more or less definitely arranged, and it is believed that the Prince will inspect the vessel upon which he is to journey at the end of the month. An interesting social rumour is current that Lady Mary Lygon will accompany the Princess, although she is to marry Captain Forbes-Trefusis in May.



"PLEASED? YES, I'M PLEASED WITH EVERYTHING—EXCEPT THE FALL."

The Safety of Dr. Charcot. So Dr. Jean Charcot is safe after all, and those pessimists who prophesied his death have shown themselves to have had less cause for their fears than the optimists who gave the explorer another month had for their hopes. As a matter of fact, nothing very serious happened to the expedition during its fourteen months' absence in the Antarctic regions. Terrific storms rendered the neighbourhood of Verano extremely treacherous, and on one occasion the *Français* struck a reef and developed a bad leak, but nothing worse. On the other hand, it is known, although Dr. Charcot prefers to withhold geographical details for the moment, that the greater part of the work was carried out under comparatively comfortable conditions, that a number of hitherto unknown parts of Graham Land were visited, that the whole external coast-line of the Palmer Archipelago was mapped out, and that the question of Bismarck Strait was settled by the passage of a party through it. Both officers and crew are reported to be in good health.



A ROMANTIC WEDDING:
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN BAIRD, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED MISS CONSTANCE CLARKE.
Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Ruler of the Navy. From the Chairmanship of the Great Western Railway, Earl Cawdor has passed to the First Lordship of the Admiralty. He has never held any other office in Government, and, although he was a well-known member of the House of Commons, he has taken very little part in political controversy since he succeeded to the Peerage some seven years ago. Business efficiency is his recommendation. He has been exceedingly successful at the head of the Great Western and is relied upon to maintain the Selborne efficiency in the Navy. Evidently the Prime Minister does not share the fashionable—or, should one say, Oslerian?—prejudice against men who are nearing sixty, for Lord Cawdor is fifty-eight. He is descended from the Campbells, and has a seat, Cawdor Castle, in the North of Scotland, but his interests lie largely in the South of Wales.



"WHAT'S THAT?" "JAPANESE DEFEATED!" "GOOD, VERY GOOD!"

GENERAL STOESSEL, THE DEFENDER OF PORT ARTHUR, LEARNS OF A JAPANESE CHECK ON HIS ARRIVAL AT ADEN, AND IS, APPROPRIATELY, PLEASED: STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

From photographs taken on board the "Australien" by L. Sabattier, the Special Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News."



THE KING'S LATEST ROYAL GUEST.
PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.
Photograph by Pietzner.

Prince Ferdinand. The Bulgarian amongst th
believers in the wisdom of t
advice, "Put not your trust
and, as a consequence, th
ruler must be said to resem
Gilbertian policeman—it i
one. Yet, he himself proba
than many might argue fr
guarded fortress-home at I
he is, without doubt, a st
since the murdered Stambu
upon the throne there h
marked change not only
but in the interior of his
seven months ago, the F
gave him special audie
refused to recognise hi
the Czar, on whose acc
was "converted" to Or
has received him; C
realised that he was a
treaties might be mad
Edward honours him
Prince is a gentleman
and of artistic tastes,
a musician, and a
He is quite a near ki
for the House of Sa
gave a Prince Consort
and had, ten years bef



A BURNS STATUE FROM THE CREMORNE GARDENS FOR AMERICA.

one of whom was the famous soldier who took Newcastle at the head of the Covenanters. Lord Leven and Melville himself has represented Queen Victoria and the King as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland for seven consecutive years.

Robert Burns at Cremorne. The presence of Robert Burns's effigy at Cremorne Gardens was, perhaps, in itself hardly incongruous, for the Bard was, if anything, a man of pleasure, but why one of his presentments should have been in the character, it is said, of the pious father in "The Cottar's Saturday Night" only the management knew. The two pieces of sculpture that Sir Thomas Dewar has just purchased are not the work of a Praxiteles, and the scoffer who was in doubt as to the material might safely describe them as wooden, despite the matchless fidelity of the poet's ribbed stockings. If the *habitués* of Cremorne paid the images any attention at all, they possibly imagined that Burns was at once a pietist and a sportsman, but that the two aspects of his character were so carefully distinguished that the conscientious sculptor had perforce to make two images whereby to body forth the whole man. As a matter of fact, Burns was neither the one nor the other, and his artificial "Cottar's Saturday Night" is as much out of place in his poetry as any representation of it was



A BURNS STATUE FROM THE CREMORNE GARDENS FOR AMERICA.

Cyr and inspect the cadets. As
ial festivities, there will be a
at the Opera, and a dinner at
id another at the Ministry for
s. This is the programme as
at present, but further additions
e before Paris welcomes her

and
ars.

Everyone has now heard of the stopping of the King of Spain by his own exceeding the legal limit in his . The Ministry and the Spaniards il seem to think that His Majesty et with an accident some day if he fast, and it is solemnly put forward ison for his early marriage that if he wife he will not be so reckless in his . But the King has a reason for his excursions, for he is studying the ages of the delivery of letters by car, and has come to the conclusion sending letters by train only to the them to the small towns and villages time will be made. It is calculated it takes five hours to deliver by ours by motor-car.

ar was about to sign the recent discovered that there was neither e room. The Ministers were it at once, for they feared of it in time he would e. M. Manukhin, there- nt into the next room, d a pen and ink, with e Czar signed what, it is ill prove the beginning nstitution for Russia. ister kept the pen and h he expects will one nked with those which II. used on Feb. 19, he agreed to the libera- serfs.

lyn.

A mild sensation has been e House of Commons klyn's revelation of a plot," in which Mr. urchill was alleged eading figure. Mr. resents a Division nd advocates what tical politics. He upy much time in e is celebrated as a of Party controversy. merchant in the erican trade.

world, its scope ranges from the Kindergarten stage to the instruction that can be given. In addition to academic studies, such uti... subjects as telegraphy and farming are taught. The education is free, and the pupils can live at the University for a very small sum.

Photograph by H. J. Shepstone.



THE DEATH OF AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF THE KING: THE LATE MR. REUBEN SASSOON.

Photograph by Dickinsons.

foundation-stone of the out-patients' department of the Sussex County Hospital. Mr. Sassoon, who was, of course, a son of Mr. David Sassoon, of the wealthy merchant-house in Bombay, was a member of the Fourth Class of the Victorian Order.

The King of Spain in France.

The young King of Spain will spend about a week in Paris, and his visit will be almost entirely a military one, in accordance with his special wish. Thus, he will go to the camp at Chalons, where he will watch the instruction in shooting, in which he takes a great interest. In all probability, he will

Anatole France "At Home."

Anatole France has two gentle manias, one for collecting unconsidered trifles of greater or lesser artistic value (in which he is at one with the late Emile Zola), the other for a somewhat high-falutin'—pardon the word—style in ordinary conversation. While the writer of an article on him in the *Revue* was chatting with him about his curios, another person entered. "Alas!" cried M. France, "alas, you are indeed a man of terror! You enter unannounced, and, like the Roman chariots of old, armed with your scythes." The last arrival was the barber.



THE REVEALER OF THE WINSTON CHURCHILL "PLOT": MR. JAMES L. WANKLYN, M.P.

Photograph by Franklin.

"MR. HOPKINSON," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photographs by the Stage Pictorial Publishing Company.



Samuel Hopkinson, the twentieth-century Tittlebit Titmouse, is the possessor of forty thousand a year, of a desire to enter Society and to marry a title, and of a mild past. The first item leads him to the partial attainment of the second; the last proves an obstacle. The Earl of Addleton's daughter, Lady Thyra Egglesby, is under the care of the smartly penurious Duke and Duchess of Braceborough, who have been charged to find her a husband whose moral antecedents must be as perfect as his wealth must be great. Hopkinson is introduced by the Hon. Otho Dursingham, and the Duchess accepts him in desperation as the husband she has been seeking for Lady Thyra. Lady Thyra herself, attracted solely by the money, agrees to marry Hopkinson, who is duly elated. Then, enter the cause of Titmouse the Second's past, Eliza Dibb, with whom he flirted before his sudden accession to wealth, and who, by an unlucky chance, has been engaged as lady's-maid to the bride-elect. The unfortunate coincidence notwithstanding, all appears to go well until the morning of the wedding, when, as the marriage-settlement is about to be signed, the prim Miss Dibb appears and announces that she is a just cause and impediment, but that she will for ever hold her peace for the sum of £5000. Hopkinson, who has ingrained in him the economical habits of a long train of ancestors who have had to look at every farthing, is mean to the last degree—so mean, indeed, that, when this demand is made, he contrives that he shall pay half of the bribe and his future father-in-law the other half. Meantime, Lady Thyra has grown weary of the caddish ex-warehouseman, and has run off with Lord Gawthorpe and married him. Thus, at the end, Hopkinson finds himself without a bride, and is left to think over Eliza Dibb's proposal: "Don't you think you had better marry me now, Sammy; I've come into money?"

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

A FRIEND sends me from Rome a little story about the Pope. Years ago, before the time when His Holiness, then plain Giuseppe Sarto, had reached the position of Patriarch of Venice, he was in the habit of hiring a gondola and taking a little air upon the water. His choice fell always upon one gondolier, and he took some interest in the man, who was very honest and intelligent, and tried to persuade him to join the Church. "Who knows," he said more than once, "how you might rise in the great service?" Gondolier and priest remained friends, and at last Giuseppe Sarto was chosen from the College of Cardinals to fill the highest position of the Church. A month ago, the gondolier went to Rome and sought an interview with his former patron. The application was granted readily, and the Venetian seaman expressed his delight with the honours that had fallen to his employer. "Do not speak like that," said the Pope, very deeply moved, "for in gaining the Vatican I have lost my Venice." It is well known that Pius X. loves Venice with the intensity of emotion that the city has bred in many great minds, and not even the thousand-roomed Palace of the Vatican can turn his thoughts from the city in which he wrought so honourably and enjoyed so large a measure of freedom.



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD,

Who is part-author of "Agatha," just produced at His Majesty's, and whose new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," was published on Thursday of last week.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Arbor Day. I am pleased to read of an attempt to establish an Arbor Day in this country. Now that the overwhelming importance of forestry is being recognised, and even the man in the street is learning to understand that the earth may not be denuded of its trees without disastrous results to mankind, it is reasonable to suppose that the idea will find support. The United States have an Arbor Day, when young and old go out in parties and plant trees; many millions of saplings are springing up throughout the States to-day in response to the work of this wise Institution. The Irish Forestry League, founded by the late Dr. Cooper, of Wimpole Street, has already done something to add to the beauties of Phœnix Park, and some of the big-hearted Irishman's friends are hoping to speed the growth of the movement by establishing an English branch of the League. Few people realise how badly these islands have suffered from the persistence of the tree-cutter. Even some tree-loving birds are more sensible than men, and are known to plant acorns in the woods. But man, in England at least, holds that trees were sent to be cut down without discrimination. While Europe and America have forestry laws and Arbor Days, the Englishman continues to take his axe with him when he visits the woods and hedgerows, and declares that timber has a market.

Spring in London. I do not think that even the most case-hardened and careworn Londoner can quite overlook the advent of the spring. Even in the quiet City squares and forgotten churchyards, where trees, flowers, and shrubs grow furtively with the fear of smoke and soot before their tender buds, there are signs of new life stirring. Where the world of greenery is still in doubt, the birds are quite ready to give any assurance required. The London sparrow is exceedingly saucy just now, and his song is as full as it ever will be. Pigeons, too, protected from the boy in the street and the more damaging assaults of the City's Medical Officer, are quite confident that the winter of their discontent is over and gone. In the Guildhall Yard, on the lawns of the British Museum, in the Temple, and the gardens of Lincoln's and Gray's Inn they move with a new life. In Fountain Court, where they meet the sparrows for a friendly bath, one sees signs of the bright plumage that belongs to the changing year. I watched the birds enjoying their wash the other morning, at a moment when some welcome sunlight lent added beauty to the Middle Temple Hall and gardens, and I realised that even the sparrow is not so black as London paints him. By the fountain an old and tattered wayfarer paused for a moment to watch the birds' ablutions with amused contempt. I felt that he, too, was glad because of winter's passing, and sorry that the birds wasted so fine an hour.

At Covent Garden. Last week, on Shrove Tuesday night, I left my train, went to Covent Garden, and helped to bring the number of visitors to the Fancy-Dress Ball to the second thousand. As I sat at my ease in a friend's box, looking down upon a scene that was quite Continental in its colour and gaiety, somebody touched me on the shoulder. I looked round and recognised a man by no means unknown to readers of this paper. "Guess who is with us here," he remarked, in course of our chat; "somebody everybody has heard about. I'll give you half-a-dozen guesses." In rapid succession I suggested Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Mr. William Bailey, Admiral Rojdestvensky, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Bernard Shaw, and Little Tich. I was quite wrong; the gentleman was Mr. Adolf Beck, looking not in the least like a martyr. What a change six months can work! Then, he was a convict whose innocence was known only to himself; now, he has given the law almost as hard a knock as it gave him, has tapped our difficult Treasury to an extent that is quite wonderful, seeing how reluctant it is to part with the root of all evil, and was free to participate in an occasion of exceptional brilliance. So great was the crush that, while the Ball was to be the last of the season, before it was over another was announced for Boat-Race night.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON,

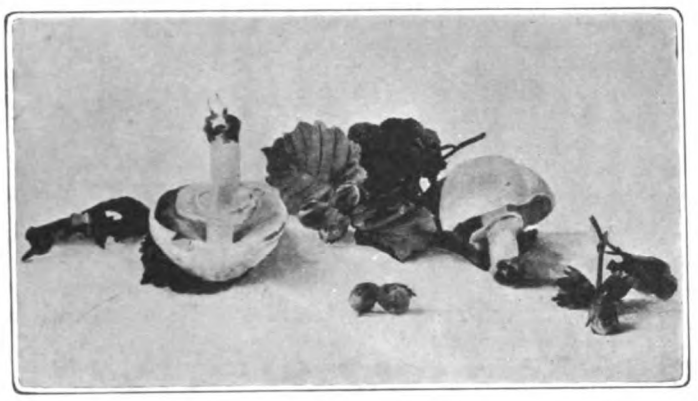
Whose new book, dealing with the amazing adventures of the members of "The Club of Queer Trades," was published on Thursday of last week.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

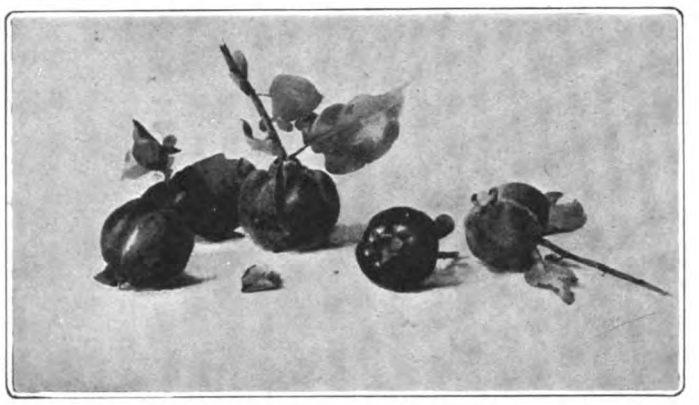
PAINTINGS BY ROYAL ARTISTS ON EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

PICTURES FROM THE AMATEUR ART COLLECTION ON VIEW IN THE "VILLE LUMIÈRE."

Seven Photographs by Branger.



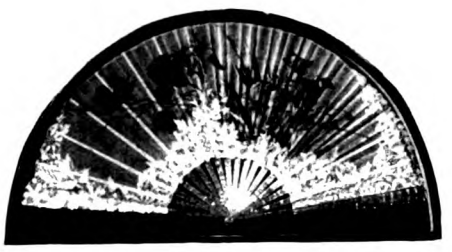
MUSHROOMS AND FILBERTS, BY PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.



A STILL-LIFE STUDY, BY PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.



AN INTERIOR, BY THE COUNTESS OF COSSI-BRISAC.



A FAN, PAINTED BY THE DUCHESS OF VENDÔME.



A COPY OF A FRESCO ON THE STAIRCASE OF THE PALACE OF VILLA VICOSA, BY THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



AN OLD WOMAN AND THIEVISH BOYS, BY PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.



A LANDSCAPE, BY THE COUNTESS OF FLANDERS.



"NEAR ALEMTEJO," BY THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

It has become quite a usual thing for the smaller Art Galleries of Paris to number reigning monarchs and their consorts amongst their exhibitors, and at the last Spring Salon the Queen of Roumania, who, as Carmen Sylva, is well known in the world of letters, showed some lovely paintings and art-jewellery of her design. At an amateur art collection now on view in the "Ville Lumière," the King and Queen of Portugal are well represented, and, in addition to their work, there are several pictures on the line by Princess Waldemar of Denmark, the Duchess of Chartres, the Duchess of Vendôme, and others who, if not crowned heads or consorts of a reigning King, are members of the Royal Families of Europe. Princess Waldemar (one of the Orleans family) is by no means an ordinary amateur, and the small talk of the Boulevards has it that next year she intends to favour Paris with a "one-man" show.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"THE MONKEY'S PAW" AND "AGATHA."

IT has been suggested that "The Monkey's Paw," the one-Act piece of Messrs. Jacobs and Parker, is rather too horrible for our over-active nerves. One can push delicacy of feeling a little too far, and the "jim-jams" caused by the play will not do harm to anybody, even if they cause a nightmare or so to the people who go on afterwards to one of the costly little suppers unthought of by playgoers of twenty years ago. Certainly, if the advertisement pictures of the *artistes capillaires* indicate a thriving industry, it will not cause "each particular hair to stand on end" in the case of all members of the audience. It is a grim, gruesome little play with a moral not pressed too strongly, and causes an agreeable shudder, wherefore it served capitally as a prelude to the frank, honest humours of "Beauty and the Barge." Mr. Cyril Maude was as much at home in the pathetic humours of the man who acquires the fatal monkey's paw as in the part of Captain Barley—what more can be said? Miss Bella Pateman played powerfully as his unhappy wife. Mr. Edmund Maurice gave a capital character-study of the old Sergeant.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS HAMLET: THE ONLY PORTRAIT EXTANT OF THE ACTOR IN THE PART.

Our sketch was made by Mr. J. B. Mulholland, the owner and manager of the King's Theatre, when Mr. Irving played Hamlet in Ben Greet's Company at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell—now, by the way, a two-houses a night music-hall—some nine or ten years ago.

The combination of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. L. N. Parker in "Agatha" seemed likely to produce a notable work. We were all anxious for the success of a lady with a distinguished career as a novelist whose first stage work, "Eleanor," was promising if not satisfactory. The negative virtues are, perhaps, more prominent in the new work than in its predecessor, but it cannot be said with confidence that Mrs. Humphry Ward has conquered the stage. It is not easy to say exactly for what reason "Agatha" fails to be altogether satisfying. One may assert, without hesitation, that the dialogue in most scenes is appropriate to the persons of the play, and also that in one or two characters—notably, the chief—a considerable amount of truth and observation is exhibited, yet the play, though of no great length, drags a little. It is conceivable that there is some fault due to its being an adaptation of a story, but there is absolutely no extrinsic evidence that I am acquainted with of its being an adaptation save the indecisive fact that in the programme it is called "new," but the word "original" is omitted, and Mrs. Ward's collaborator must be aware that the absence of the term is suggestive. One notices that the authors follow the modern—or rather, the revived—fashion of severely concentrating the interest in one subject and a few characters. The policy is admirable from an artistic point of view, but very dangerous. There are some purely auxiliary characters, intended, no doubt, to give a note of comedy relief—I durst not use the term "comic relief." Their efforts, however, are by no means successful. Something might have come of the humours of contrasting an impressionist artist with his brother, a painter orthodox in method, but nothing of importance did, save the one neat line of the piece, the sarcastic question, "Who painted that Rembrandt?" Indeed, the little artistic group was rather puzzling, because it threatened to play a big part in the piece and left the threat unfulfilled. Condensation is required, and, in particular, curtailment of a dialogue, natural, as a rule, but not pruned sufficiently to have enough light and shade, wherefore some of the scenes were rather tedious: we knew what was coming, and wanted to get to it and have done with it.

Miss Viola Tree's performance as the heroine is certainly remarkable for an actress of her comparative inexperience, since the part is complex as well as very long; in fairness to the authors, one may add that it is drawn admirably. Her acting was best in the strongest scenes, and showed that she possesses power as well as cleverness: it would, however, be foolish to pretend that in the less emotional passages she exhibited the quiet variety possible or that she has fully mastered the difficulties of getting about the stage and posing naturally. Still, she may be congratulated upon making rapid progress. Miss Lillah McCarthy, as the guilty, remorseful mother, played in excellent style and with great charm: the alleged difficulty in finding leading ladies can hardly be said to exist when artists of her quality are available. Mr. Herbert Waring was at his best in the part of the fiercely jealous, elderly husband, and Mr. Dawson Milward gave a capital piece of acting as Agatha's middle-aged lover. Mr. Robb Harwood would have been funny as the velvet-coated artist if he had had a chance, and no one will doubt that Miss Henrietta Watson's comparative failure was due to the part and not to the actress,

Mr. W. L. Abingdon.



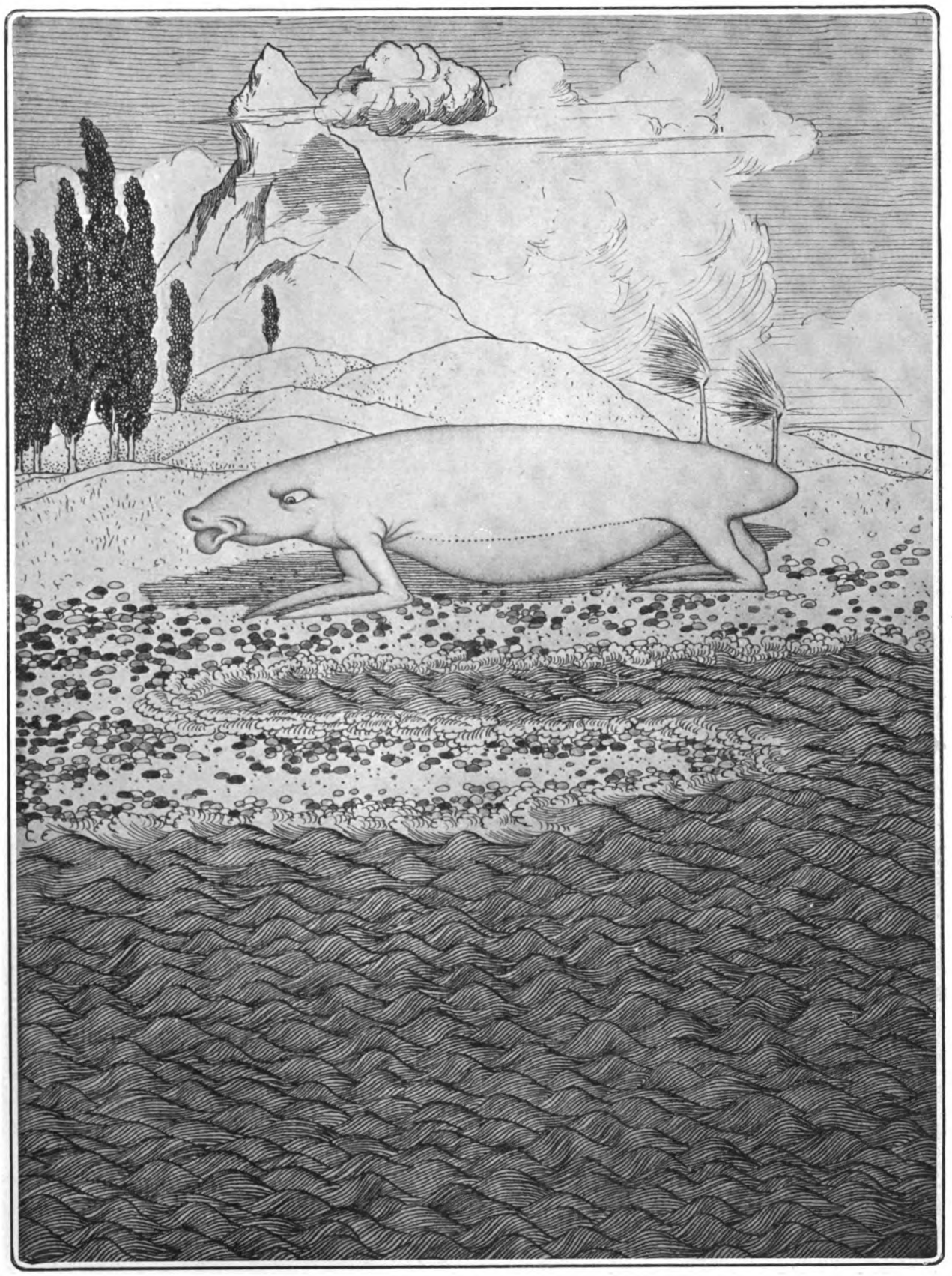
Mrs. Brown-Potter. Miss Sara de Groot. Mr. Gilbert Hare.

MADAME DU BARRI'S BEDROOM AT VERSAILLES AS IT APPEARED AT A RECENT REHEARSAL AT THE SAVOY.

One of the chief scenes of M. Richepin's "Du Barri," which was to have been produced at the Savoy on the 11th, but now stands postponed until Saturday, is the famous courtesan's bedroom at Versailles. In this, Madame is "discovered" sipping chocolate, and holds a petite levée, which is interrupted by the arrival of Louis XV.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—XI.



The Two-Tailed Sogg.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.

KNIGHT

THE PROPOSAL: AN EAST-END IDYLL.



'Enery: D'yer luv me?
'Enerietta: Course I does.
'Enery: Then let's change 'ats.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE GIPSY GIRL

IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."











MISS OLIVE MORRELL,

WHO IS PLAYING JUNE AT THE LYRIC

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

WILLIAM ASHE, when we meet him first, is a rising politician in the "Sixties." You may fix the period by his portrait, with its carefully trimmed whisker. He is heir to a peerage, wealthy, able, ambitious, with the happy gift of seeming idle when he is really studious, with a library where literature, politics, and even theology are alike absorbed, with the Gladstonian knack of turning from Party strife to the soothing company of a favourite classic. He is very handsome, devoted to his mother, has the finest sense of probity, public and private; in a word, is as near the ideal Englishman as Mrs. Humphry Ward can make him. At thirty-two he is Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Parham's Ministry, Lord Parham being a pompous, bullet-headed intriguer, with no ideas, and a wife who wears a blonde wig, and meddles with the public appointments. She does not like William Ashe very much to start with; she likes him still less when he marries.

Such a man, it is plain, ought to marry a woman who will advance his interests, who will flatter Lord Parham, and be extremely careful not to quarrel with Lady P. William's cousin, Mary Lyster, would discharge these duties very well. That is her opinion; it is also the opinion of William's mother, Lady Tranmore. But the Under-Secretary goes to an evening-party at the house of Madame d'Estrées, and meets a girl who plays a startling and tragic part in his fortunes. This is Lady Kitty Bristol, daughter of Madame d'Estrées by her first husband, Lord Blackwater, an Irish nobleman of whose character and career everybody believes the worst, and without exaggeration. Scandal, indeed, wholly fails to overpaint the unlamented Blackwater. What he has done remains, to a great extent, in the decent obscurity of legitimate innuendo; but there is a disgraceful imbroglio from which Madame d'Estrées emerges with no character at all, and Lady Kitty emerges with some hereditary warp in her nature that makes her one of the most amazing heroines in fiction.



THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Her mother's evening-parties have a tendency to be raffish. Even Kitty, who is fresh from a convent in France, and at eighteen has seen nothing of the world, is struck by some sinister oddity in her surroundings. Ashe, who has not been at these parties for some time until this memorable evening, notes a decline in the tone of the guests. He also notes the indiscretions of Lady Kitty's conversation, for she imparts her misgivings to him with the most embarrassing openness. "How lacking in the reserves, the natural instincts and shrinkings of the well-bred English girl!" She has a puritanical aunt, Lady Grosville; and at the Grosville country-house Ashe continues his studies of this surprising young woman. She appears at dinner with a destructive terrier-puppy under her arm; she is dressed in the height of French fashion, which scandalises her aunt; she keeps the company wondering what she will do next; what she does next is the crescendo of singularity, culminating in a recitation of a love-scene from Victor Hugo. Nothing like it had ever been heard within the walls of Grosville Park. "Lady Grosville might well feel as though the solid frame of things were melting and cracking round her."

In fine, Lady Kitty is the most piquant, imprudent, bewitching, elf-like creature that has ever dawned on the vision of William Ashe, or, indeed, upon the seasoned reader of modern English fiction. A personality so difficult is a sure test of an artist's hand; and in these pages it lives for us as it lives for the Under-Secretary, who is taken captive with mingled emotions of love and pity. "What untamed, indomitable things breathed from it!—a self surely more self, more intensely, obstinately alive, than any he had yet known." She is a whirlwind of passionate egoism at one moment, and then a wonder of exquisite sweetness and gentleness. What is to become of her with such a temperament, and with a mother whose evening-parties are not attended by decent women? Already she is an arrant flirt. Her entertainment of Mr. Geoffrey Cliffe, poet, traveller, journalist, and *mauvais sujet*, makes the judicious grieve. Ashe grieves; but he resolves to marry her. It is a hazardous adventure; but, after all, she is "a creature of mind rather than sense," who flirts as Ariel might flirt. "She may scandalise half the world—I shall understand her!" says William Ashe.

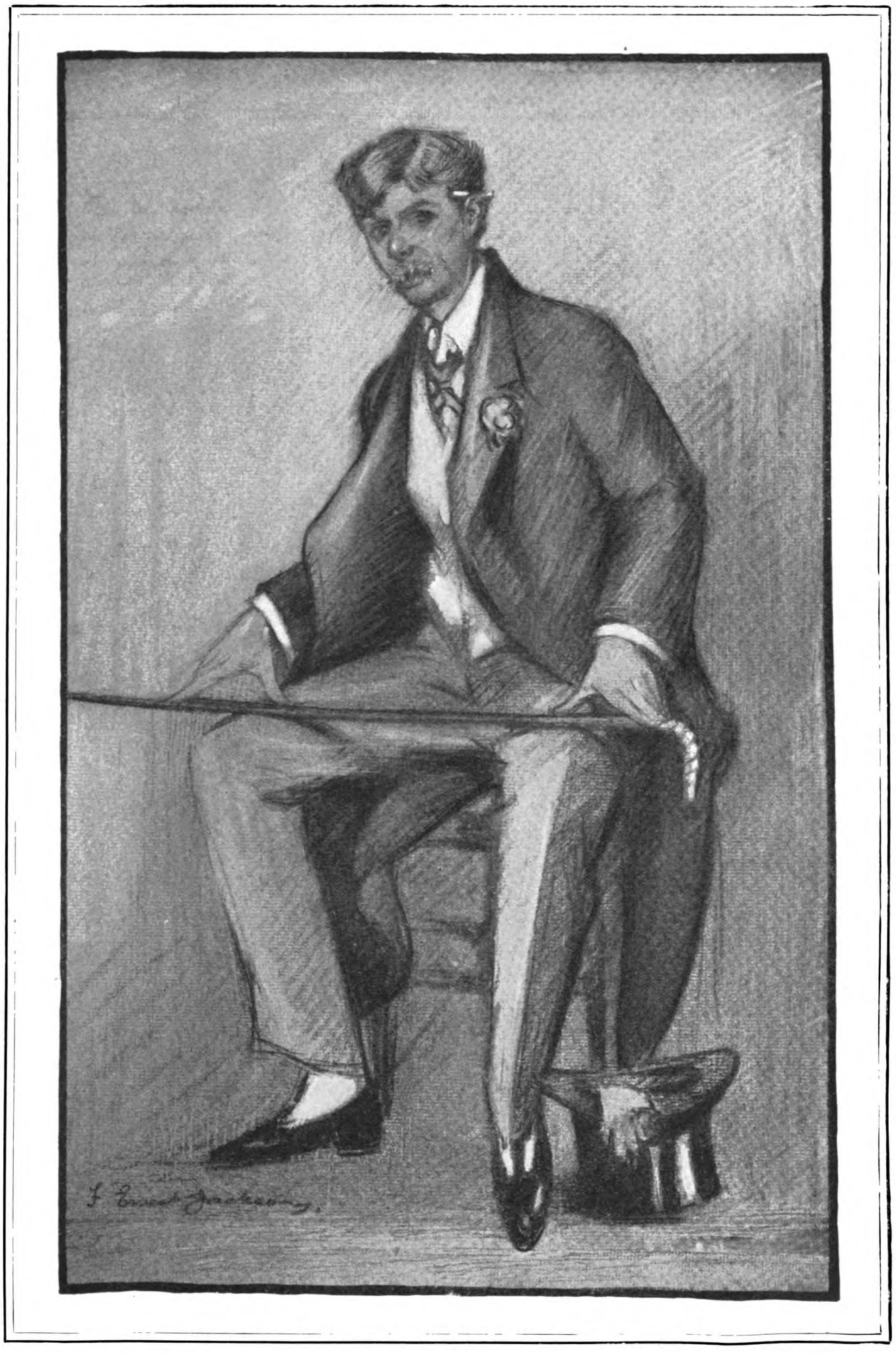
She receives his proposal with a candour which is ominously eloquent of possibilities. "I have fancies, overpowering fancies, and I must follow them. I have one now for Geoffrey Cliffe!" "Oh, that won't last!" "Then some other will come after it. I can't help it. It is my head"—she tapped her forehead lightly—"that seems on fire." But she is genuinely in love with Ashe, the strong, generous man she needs; also the man who can gratify her ambition to the full. So the hazardous adventure begins, and three years later we find them in the thick of it. There is a child, a crippled boy, whose deformity is his mother's constant anguish, making her a wilder creature than ever, an impish sprite, a thing possessed. Of all the extravagance that is going, Kitty Ashe is the perpetual flame. She is at war with Lady Parham, and wishes to take a vengeance that must humiliate that lady, even at the cost of making Ashe resign his office. He has managed her so well so far that, when he cheerfully acquiesces in this prospect of official extinction, she melts. "The evil spirit went out of her, and she was all ethereal tenderness, sadness, and remorse." But the evil spirit returns. She compromises herself with Cliffe, and narrowly escapes a shattering scandal. She has a scarcely sane antipathy to Lord Parham, all on account of his "white eyelashes." She infuriates him by writing on a slip of paper at a public meeting the number of times he has used the pronoun "I" in the course of a speech. She publishes a book, a Society novel, holding him up to odium, and revealing Cabinet secrets she has learned from her husband.

By this time she is a madwoman, and Ashe ought to know that she is mad. Giving way to exasperation, he leaves her in Venice, and hurries home to atone for the damning book by resigning his post in the Ministry, of which he is now the strongest man. Kitty, in her demented state, falls into the clutches of Cliffe, who carries her off to Bosnia. Her infatuation for this man, whom she really detests, is part of her madness; but Mrs. Ward's handling of Cliffe is, perhaps, the least artistic thing in a remarkable book. His villainy is tiresome; his poems, his travels, his gaunt features, his supposed attractiveness for women, are never actual. He is said to have some touches of genius, and a real passion for the liberties of the Bosnians, who are rising against the Turks just then. His picture of life in the mountains appeals to Kitty's inflamed imagination. She sees herself a queen among the fighting bands. Still, she would have resisted Cliffe and gone back to Ashe, if Mary Lyster had not played her a trick which just turned the scale towards evil in a moment of wretchedness. But this delirium is brief. Her child is dead, and she resolves to hide herself away, and die too. In the end, she meets Ashe by accident in a village on the Simplon. "It's only since I've been so ill," she says piteously, "that I've been sane. It's a strange feeling—as though one had been bled—and some poison had drained away. But it would never do for me to take a turn and live!" It would never do. That is the tragedy of this hapless being. Death is her only reparation.

L. F. A.

* "The Marriage of William Ashe." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE.



MR. JAMES WELCH AS "MR. HOPKINSON," AT WYNDHAM'S.

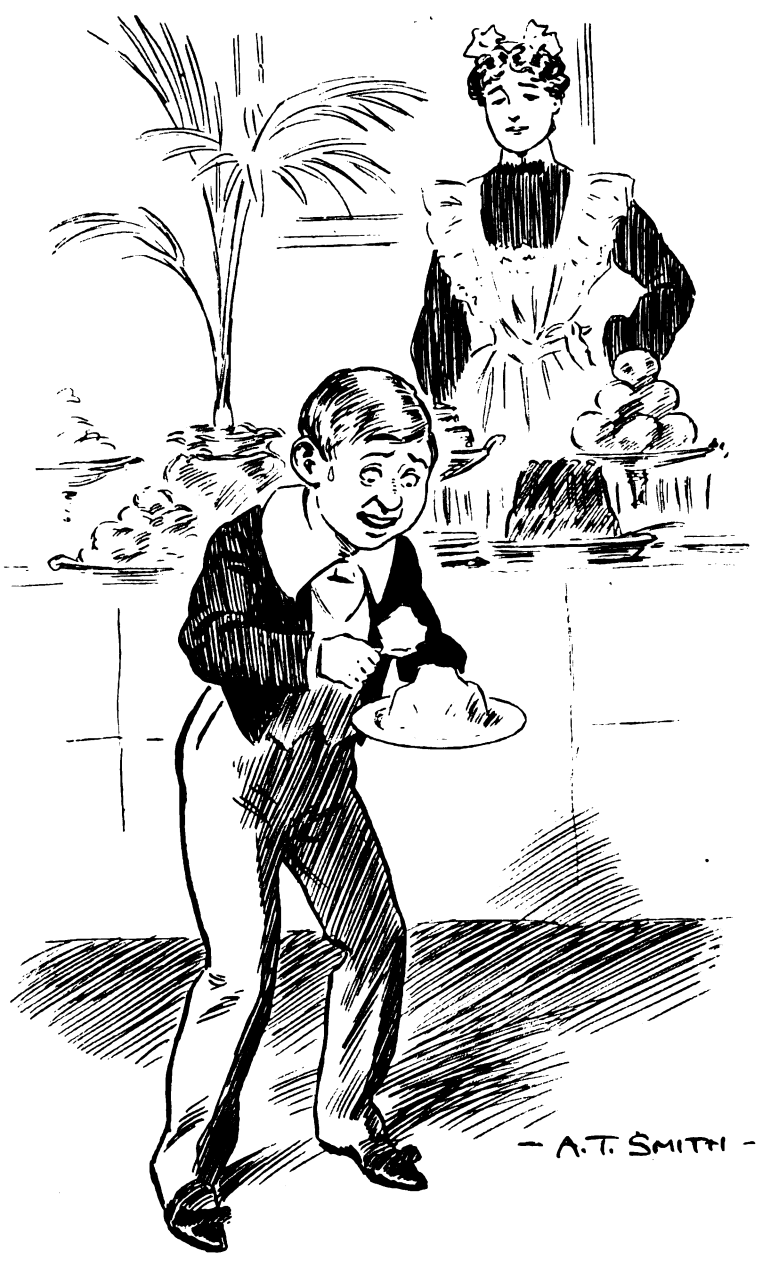
FROM A DRAWING, MADE AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY F. ERNEST JACKSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE biographical articles on Robert Browning now appearing in the *Contemporary* are of decided interest and value, and there is reason to hope that the author, Mr. Hall Griffin, will give us at last a satisfactory Life of the poet. Mr. Sutherland Orr's biography is of small account, and though it has been supplemented by more or less important additions from various hands, these have never been collected. Mr. Hall Griffin, with a full knowledge of the whole subject and much original matter to work upon, is manifestly taking the way to success. In the present instalment we have new light thrown upon the circle of Browning's early friends. One of them was Joseph Arnould, who took the Newdigate Prize at Oxford and became afterwards distinguished as a lawyer and the author of a standard volume, "Arnould on Insurance." Arnould retained his literary tastes, and was offered at one time the editorship of the *Daily News*, which, on serious consideration, he refused. He lived in Victoria Square, a little oasis of peace amid the noise and bustle of London, with some twenty houses. Poor old Campbell, the poet, also lived there in the days of gloom that came upon him. Henry F. Chorley, once a light of the *Athenæum*, was another inhabitant. Browning was often to be found in Chorley's house, and Arnould's, though, it seems, he never became acquainted with Campbell. But through Chorley he came to know prominent people of the time, like Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson, and Lady Blessington. As early as September 1847, Arnould wrote: "Browning and Carlyle are my two crowning men amongst the highest English minds of the day; third comes Alfred Tennyson. If one must make a hierarchy of them, with me they would stand—Browning, 1; Carlyle, 2; Tennyson, 3."

Arnould, however, could criticise his friend judiciously, and wished that he could write more clearly, so that "the wide world and the gay world, and even the less illuminated part of the thinking world, might know his greatness even as we do. I find myself reading 'Paracelsus' and the Dramatic Lyrics more often than anything else in verse."

There are new details of the very unfortunate quarrel between Browning and Macready, and a significant mention of Mr. Browning's tyrannical father-in-law. "Browning, happening to mention Mr. Barrett as 'my sweet father-in-law,' I asked him if there was any ground for the rumours that had reached everyone as to his treatment of his daughter, the poetess. He answered, 'He was, in fact, a great slave-holder, and seemed to consider that everyone belonging to him must bend to his will and pleasure as his slaves did.'"



REVENGE!

MOTHER'S DARLING (*to his inner self*): "*I'll give you something to ache for!*"

DRAWN BY A. TALBOT SMITH.

Mr. Edmund Downey's volume, "Twenty Years Ago: A Book of Anecdote Illustrating Literary Life in London" (Hurst and Blackett), is fascinating. Mr. Downey entered the publishing house of Tinsley Brothers in 1879, and remained there till the autumn of 1884. It is on this period that he concentrates himself—a period when literary Bohemianism was decadent, though not extinguished. The pulse still throbbed, but one could feel that the beat was failing. Mr. Downey was in time to see the vanishing phases of the old life, and he has set them forth in a most agreeable style, with excellent taste and feeling. He has said very little of the tragical side, but, perhaps, this may be well meanwhile, though it may be hoped that he will live to make his chronicle more complete. William Tinsley published his Reminiscences in two large volumes, but the result was disappointing. Of Tinsley, Mr. Downey draws a friendly portrait. The Brothers Tinsley had no capital and no commercial training, but they were so successful that the profits of their partnership were at one time between four and five thousand pounds a year. When Edward Tinsley died suddenly, William blundered along unaided, with a lively contempt for the rainy days. He had no respect for account-books, and got mixed up with a kite-flying group. After a short and heroic struggle, Tinsley Brothers toppled, but when the business was resuscitated it continued for many years to make money, though on a diminished scale. In his "Confessions of a Young Man," George Moore describes William Tinsley as "a dear, kind soul, quite witless and quite 'h'-less. From long habit he would make a feeble attempt to make a bargain, but he generally let himself in; he was, in a word, a literary stepping-stone. Hundreds had made use of him."

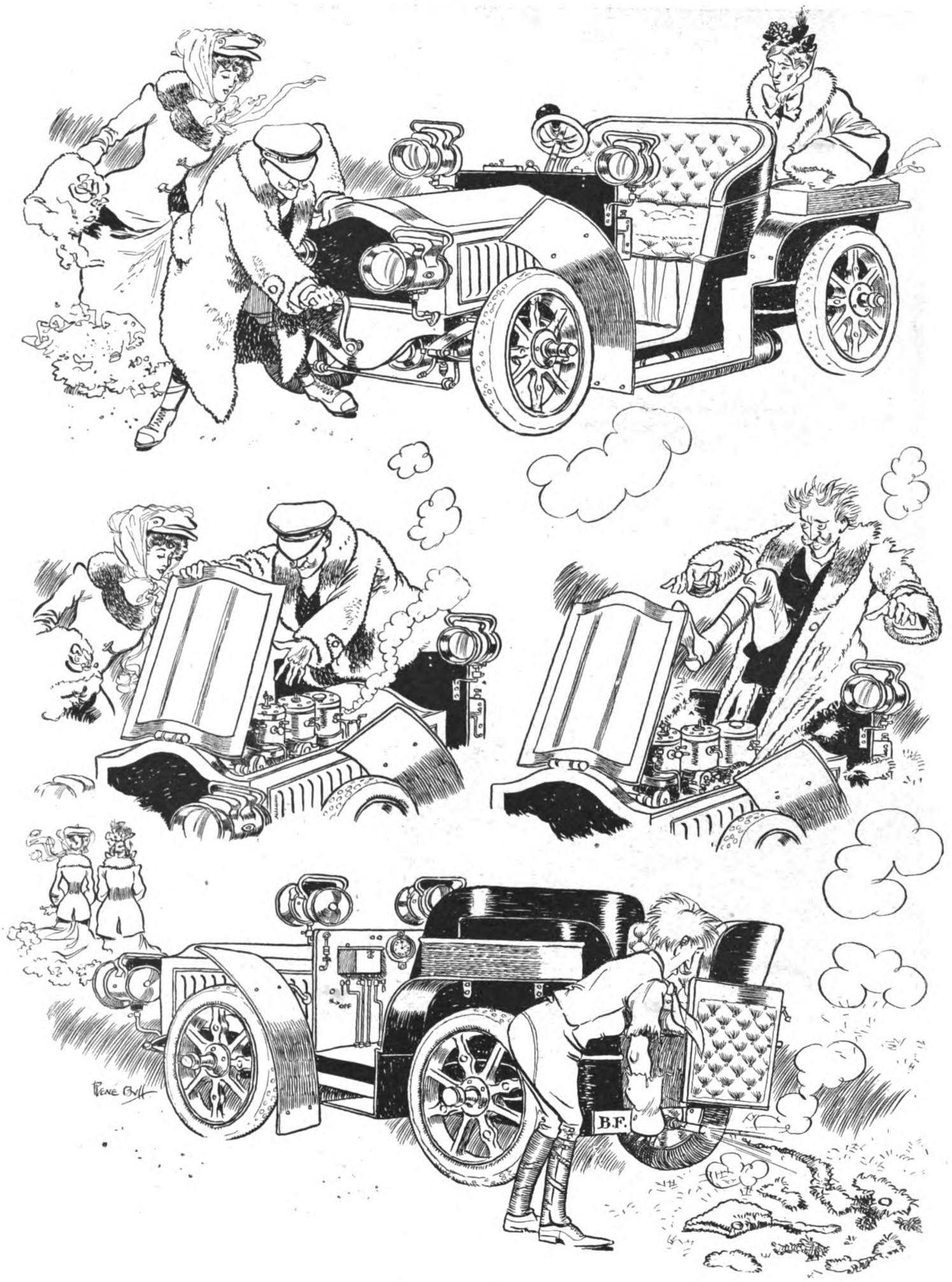
Among the wonderful things Tinsley did was to pay E. S. Dallas six hundred pounds for editing "Clarissa Harlowe," which was published in three volumes. At the time Routledge got out a two-shilling edition of "Clarissa," and this knocked Tinsley's venture out. But why he should have paid six hundred pounds for a job that would have been well remunerated by one-tenth the money is inexplicable. Often, however, he had a stroke of good luck, as when he took over a novel by the author of "Guy Livingstone."

Tinsley published for Besant and Rice during the partnership. They managed their own affairs, printing and binding on their own responsibility, and supplying Tinsley with copies at so much a set. The result was that Tinsley made little profit, and declined to continue working for them on the old terms. Tinsley was Thomas Hardy's first publisher, and issued his novel, "Desperate Remedies," in three volumes. It went very flat. There was an excellent review in the *Saturday*, and I may add that the merits of the book were recognised by the *Athenæum* and the *Spectator*, but the sale was very slow. Then came "Under the Greenwood Tree," for which Tinsley gave Mr. Hardy twenty-five pounds on account. Then followed "A Pair of Blue Eyes," which was published serially in *Tinsley's Magazine*. For the serial use Mr. Hardy was paid one hundred pounds. Then he had the offer of three hundred pounds for "Far from the Madding Crowd" in the *Cornhill*, and his recognition began. Mr. William Faux, formerly the well-known chief of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department for about forty years, read the manuscript of "Desperate Remedies," and gave a glowing report of it. He could not understand why the reviewers had failed to see that a new planet had swum into the literary skies.

Florence Marryat was one of Tinsley's novelists, and one day the publisher asked Mr. Downey to deal with her when she called. "You'll recognise her easy enough," said Mr. Tinsley. "She is a tall, striking-looking woman, and she'll talk to you just like a man." A few days later a tall lady called. She looked round the office, and then, addressing Mr. Downey, said, "Is Bill in?" "I replied that Mr. Tinsley was not in. Could I do anything for her?" "I must see Bill himself," she said. "Tell the old bounder I called." "You're Miss Marryat?" Mr. Downey ventured. "Yes. But stop! How the devil do you know I'm Miss Marryat? I never saw you before." Every page of Mr. Downey's book is worth reading, and most are worth quoting.

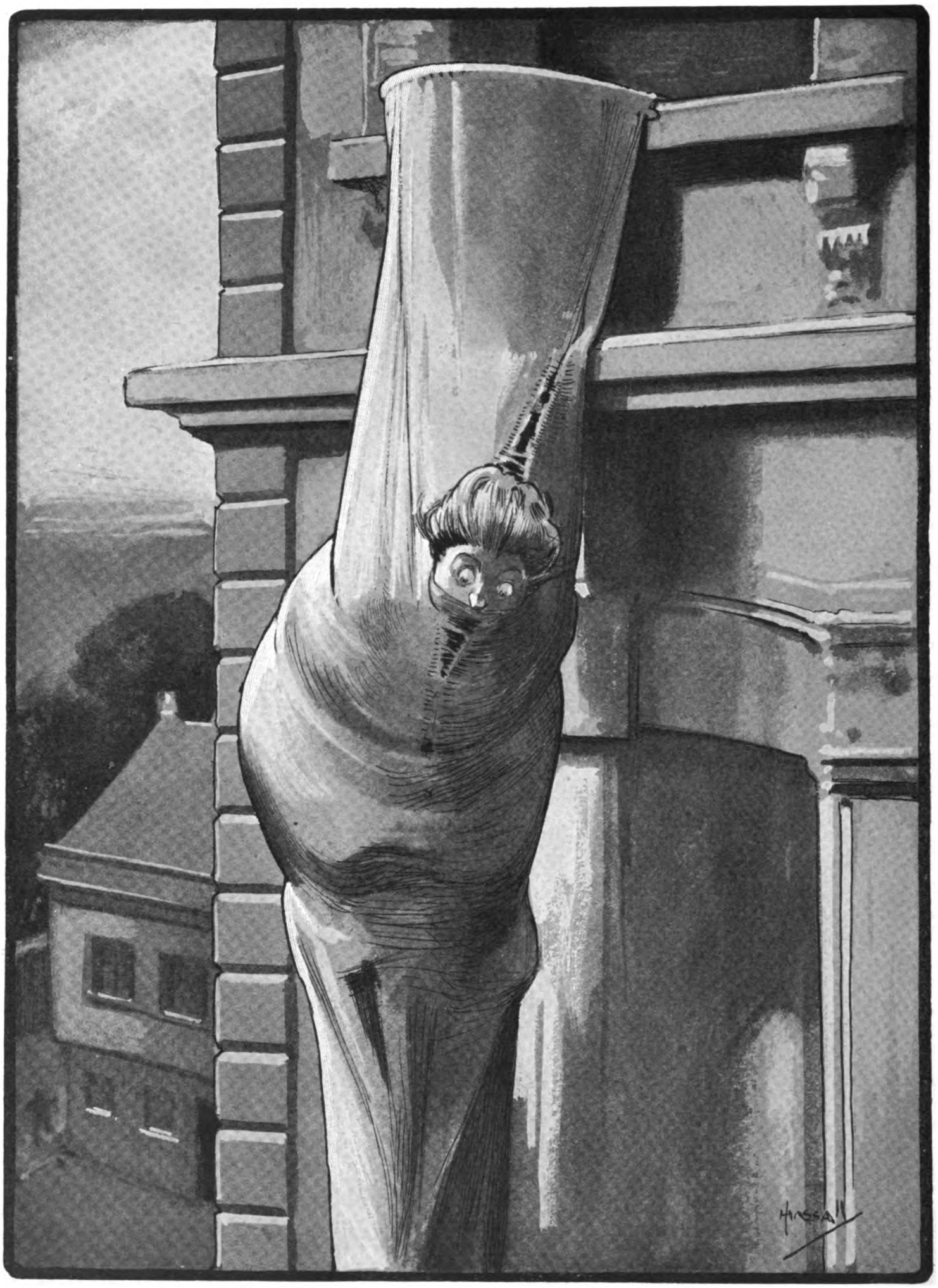
O. O.

A MOTOR STORY WITHOUT WORDS; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF A FUR COAT.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

"OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT——"



THE COOK, WHO IS TESTING THE NEW FIRE-ESCAPE, IS FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT IT IS OF NO EARTHLY USE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

BY THE WAYSIDE. By PERCY E. REINGANUM.

SWEET SLUGABED. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

FACE downward in the ditch that bordered the road, half-hidden by the rank profusion of coarse grass and nettles, lay an old man, his pockets turned inside-out, the back of his grey head battered in. A mile further along the lonely country lane, the Murderer and the Eye-witness slouched sullenly along through the glory of the autumn afternoon.

The smaller of the two walked a pace or two in advance: a slight, wiry, little man, with blinking, nondescript eyes, and a dusty, straggling growth of hair. His expression as he glanced furtively back at his companion was one of sheer, uncontrollable fear. His clothes were of the patched and ragged description which marks the habitual tramp.

His companion, evidently of the same class of wayfarer, was a big, powerful specimen of humanity who might have passed for a more than usually unkempt and unpicturesque Gipsy. His brows were knit in a forbidding scowl, which deepened whenever the man before him glanced round at him. At such times, too, his huge fists clenched menacingly, and he growled through his set teeth like the savage, ill-conditioned dog he looked. In one hand he carried a short, stout stick, tapering to the grip, and something in its appearance seemed to suddenly attract his attention.

"Stop!" he said, and the man in front obeyed.

"See that there pool?" said the big man, when he had caught him up "Take this hyer stick an' rinse it there. Quick!"

The other peered at the article in question and recoiled a step.

"Why? No, no! I won't! I—I can't! Do it yourself!"

"An' let you gimme the slip an' pitch your yarn to the first person you meet? Not ser bloomin' likely! Ketch 'old of it, d'yer hear? All right, then: come along o' me an' do it"

He held him in his powerful grasp, and the other, who seemed in a half-paralysed condition, allowed himself to be marched off the road to where the sinking sun turned the flat surface of a stagnant pond to a blood-red disc. When the man had done what he intended, there was a darker thread of colour on its lifeless surface. "Sit down!" commanded the big man. "I want a few words with you. Sit down, I tell yer! Now. Wait till I got my pipe alight."

He puffed for a few moments in a sullen silence. Then he turned suddenly on his companion. "Who was he?" he demanded.

"Who—what? Him?" with a jerk of his head in the direction from whence they had come. "I don't know who he was. It's no use asking me anything. I wish——"

"Don't snivel," said his captor, angrily. "Didn't you say som'ink about havin' spoke to 'im?"

"I was sitting in the ditch," said the little man, whose speech showed that he was one of the great army of the fallen-from-better-days; "I was mortal hungry and—and dry, and presently I saw him coming along the road. He looked prosperous and well-fed, and I got up when he was near me and asked him for a trifle."

"Go on," growled the other, as he paused.

"He called me a good-for-nothing tramp, and swore he'd have the countryside cleared of the 'damned breed'—those were his very words; but his eyes were kind, and I dare say he was a good sort."

The big man swore horribly.

"Drop all that!" he said. "You followed him, didn't yer?"

"To the bend in the lane, where the tree-trunk lay across the ditch, and there I dropped back and lay down alongside it and tightened my belt. I couldn't see you coming, because the bend hid you then; but I heard your voices a moment later, and his was angrier than ever. I suppose two dirty tramps in ten yards fairly upset him." He seemed to have forgotten his companion for the moment, but a growling oath recalled him to his surroundings, and he shivered. "I crawled out and looked round the end of the log, and I saw him threaten you with his fist and pass you by; and I saw you——" He stopped short and shivered again.

"An' then I caught sight of yer," said the Murderer, slowly, after a short pause, and turning his bully's gaze upon his companion; "an' why I didn't put a stopper on you, too, I don't 'ardly know."

"Perhaps," retorted the Eye-witness, with a feeble flicker of spirit, "perhaps because I hadn't got my back turned."

There was a few seconds' silence—a terrible silence of strained suspense, and then the big man spoke, quietly if not amiably. A lengthy hand-to-hand struggle was the last thing he desired.

"What 's your name?" he demanded.

"I 've tried to forget," said the other, blinking painfully; "but the last thing I was called when—when I knew anyone, was 'Gin-and-Misery.'"

"I 'll call you 'Misery,' for short," with a hoarse chuckle. "I 'm known—not about 'ere, but in the parts I come from—as 'Black Jock.' Now we 're introdooced, which is just as well, 'cos we 're goin' to be very close company fer some time to come. Understand?"

"If you 'll only let me go, I swear—take my dying oath, I will—that I 'll never tell a soul. I 'll go straight away and keep my mouth shut. I 'll forget all about it. I swear I will! Let me go—for God's sake, let me go my way and you go yours!" He poured it all out in an awful frenzy of agonised, desperate fear, but the other shook his great head.

"No," he said, and beat the ground with his cudgel at each repetition of the word "no." "I tell yer, no—no—no! Yer might keep yer word or yer might not. You 'll be within reach o' me till we 've put two counties 'twixt us an' this. Out o' my sight you 're not goin' ter stir. An' you 'd best not try any vamoosin' games. I'm quick on my feet an' I'm quick with my 'ands . . . as you know," he added, grimly. "Now, come along."

Black Jock rose, and, shaking with terror and helpless, maudlin rage, Gin-and-Misery rose too, and together they passed along the road as the shadows began to fall.

. . . . . .

Night had fallen, and a yellow moon shone through the tree-tops when they halted, foot-sore and weary, at the gate of a field.

"Looks like a barn o' some sort yonder," observed Black Jock. "Might do worse than that for a night's lodgin'."

"Why not sleep in the open?" quavered Gin-and-Misery, whose courage the falling of the night had not served to increase. "We 're both pretty well used to it, I should say."

"Because," retorted the other, turning upon him, "I want a door I can sleep across. See?"

They clambered over the gate and approached the building. It was a small, oblong shed of tarred wood, and loomed black and forbidding in the moonlight.

Jock pulled open the door and motioned his companion to enter.

"Strike a light," he said.

The other did so. A pile of twigs and branches was heaped against one end of the interior; the rest of the floor was hidden by a thick layer of straw.

"Couldn't do better," observed the Murderer. "Douse the glim an' turn in over there." He pointed to the farthest corner. His wretched companion shambled across, dropped on the straw, and blew out the match.

Jock shut the door carefully, and darkness thick and impenetrable settled upon them, save where the moonlight drew a narrow white line in the space between the bottom of the door and the ground. Then, as he stretched his great bulk on the straw, even that was blotted out.

. . . . . .

Gin-and-Misery drew his ragged coat round him, and, sitting bolt upright, shrank into his corner. One thought only was clear in his muddled brain—he must not sleep. His teeth chattered with cold and fear. He stared through the impenetrable blackness, towards where the sound of stertorous breathing told him his ghastly companion was sleeping, till his tired eyelids drooped. Twice he jerked himself into wakefulness; then his chin drooped on his chest and he dozed. . . .

What was that? Wide-awake and trembling in every limb, he strained eyes and ears. A rat? He could have sworn he had heard the straw rustle, as though something had moved stealthily.

With twitching fingers he drew out the match-box. At the third attempt the match flared. All was still. Blinking through the sudden light, he saw Black Jock flat on his back, his knees drawn up, his head towards his corner, both hands in his coat-pockets.

The match burned to his fingers and went out as he dropped it. . . .

More torturing sleeplessness and gnawing suspense, and waiting for he knew not what. . . . Once again he nodded, once again the mysterious rustling tore his heavy eyelids open.

Even as he once more fumbled for the matches, he noticed something that petrified him as he sat.

He could see the streak of moonlight under the door again.

Then Jock had moved—was not asleep. . . .

Another match flared. The Murderer lay still in precisely the same attitude, breathing loudly and regularly.

Could it be his fancy? Perhaps he had shifted slightly in his sleep. Yet surely he was nearer than at first. . . .

Black darkness again, the same maddening moments of staring and listening. The sweat ran down through his unkempt beard, and he clenched his teeth to keep from laughing aloud. . . .

There, again—there was no doubt of the rustling this time. Frantically he struck a third match, and, as it flared up, something touched his foot. He shrieked: and in an instant the Murderer's hand was at his throat and the Murderer's knee on his chest. The match flew from his fingers, and he struck and bit and struggled with the desperation of frantic terror.

Twice the terrible stick was raised for the blow, and twice it struck harmlessly against the side of the hut. He twined the fingers of his left hand in the tangled black beard and struck and scratched and tore with the other.

And then suddenly it was no longer dark. The shed was filled with a lurid, smoky glare. The match—the last match!

Involuntarily his assailant turned his head. In an instant,

"Gin-and-Misery," with an inspiration born of despair, had wrenched the cudgel away and struck with all his might at the dark shock of hair silhouetted against the flames. The grip on his throat relaxed; the huge frame drooped and sank across his own body.

For a moment he lay gasping for breath; the air was thick with rolling smoke and flying sparks. With a supreme effort, he dragged himself from under his prostrate companion, crawled to the door, pushed it open, and staggered out into the still, cool night.

Free!

He shook himself and ran a few steps. Looking back, he saw bright tongues of flame licking up the walls of the shed from between the tarred boards. An idea struck him, and, staggering back, he pushed the door to once more, holding his ragged sleeve across his face to shield it from the heat. A large stone lay half imbedded in the grass at his feet. He tore at it with bleeding fingers till it yielded and rolled from him. He pushed it firmly against the door, and, turning, ran—ran at top-speed across the deserted fields, away, anywhere away from the shadow of the horror that had fallen across his obscure path.

Crash!

Without slackening, he glanced back.

The roof of the shed had fallen in. PERCY E. REINGANUM.

SWEET SLUGABED.

ALL Heaven was in flower above as I came out upon the lawn, and the orchard in the distance was a blaze of pink apple-blossom. White islands of cloud sailed in the deep May sky, and the breath of the spring was in my nostrils and drew thrillingly into my blood. Somehow, romance was in possession of the air and life and nature. I passed round the house and under Master Teddy's window. It was high time he was up, for had he not made an appointment with me to beat the furze on the heath for linnets' nests?

I threw daffodils deftly through the open window, over which the curtains hung, but I doubted if such missiles would suffice to wake the sluggard. I tried little pebbles from the path, but they merely spent themselves noiselessly on the curtains. It was plain that Teddy required severer measures. It was after half-past six, and I wanted my walk. Over against the house grew an apple-tree, and thrust a branch towards the window. It was a miracle of bloom, and in the returning ecstasy of boyhood I began to climb. Climbing was not so difficult as it looked, though, perhaps, it was undignified. I reached the bough with my pockets full of ammunition.

I gently inserted a hand and opened the curtains, so that a tender stream of morning light flowed into the chamber. Then I opened fire. The pebbles seemed to fall with a tinkling noise into the fireplace, and next I was aware that the sleeper had risen in bed. Immediately afterwards, I heard the soft sound of bare feet upon the floor. Teddy was approaching. I snatched a handful of apple-blossoms and made ready for him. A hand pushed aside the curtains more widely. I discharged my apple-blossoms—and there was Miss Willoughby before me, all in a shower of pink, from tumbled hair to the white bosom of her gown.

She hardly blinked as the missiles struck her face, but that turned as pink as they, and she put her hand to her throat to clutch her gown.

"Really, Mr. Sheraton," she said, breathlessly, "I don't understand——"

"I—I'm awfully sorry," I explained, shamefacedly; "I made a mistake. I thought this window was Teddy's. I profoundly apologise."

"You certainly need to," she declared, indignantly

"I hope I didn't hit you," I stammered.

Miss Willoughby was growing angry as she recovered from her first surprise and embarrassment. "It was not your fault if you didn't," she said, sharply. "A stone came very close to me."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, humbly; "I didn't try to throw them at your bed."

"You—you had no right to take such a liberty, even with Teddy," she asserted, in her pretty, dictatorial way.

"Well, you see, it's such a beautiful morning," I pleaded, "and I wanted a companion for a walk."

"That's no excuse," declared Miss Willoughby, vaguely. "People shouldn't be selfish. Anyone would imagine you were a child."

"I don't see why I'm like a child because I want to——"

"It's perfectly ridiculous climbing trees at your age," said Miss Willoughby, disdainfully; "and disturbing people's sleep, too."

"It seems to me," I retorted, somewhat nettled, "that people lie abed too long."

"Indeed!" said she, freezingly. "It's doubtless an interesting opinion, but I fail to see how it concerns me."

"It's after half-past six," I said.

"Indeed!" she repeated, indifferently.

"And you know you ought to be up," I added, reproachfully.

She elevated her eyebrows in cold scorn. "You seem to have taken my affairs in hand," she said, and glanced at me suspiciously. "It seems odd you didn't know Teddy's room was next door."

"Then do you accuse me of coming here deliberately and waking you on purpose?" I asked, indignantly.

"I'm not aware that I have made any accusation," said Miss Willoughby, with her preternatural calm.

I looked at her. Her fresh, young face was full of the glow of the morning; her eyes were full of suppressed fire; her dishevelled tresses framed her beauty. She clasped her gown at the neck unconsciously with her fingers.

"I wish you'd come out," I pleaded.

"I'm going straight back to bed, in the hope of resuming the sleep you so rudely interrupted," she said, in a stately manner.

"Oh, what a slugabed!" I said, lightly.

"If you only knew," said Miss Willoughby, coldly, "how supremely ridiculous you look, clinging to that bough like a—like a——"

"If you only knew how supremely pretty you look in that—in that——"

Miss Willoughby hastily retired behind the curtains. I think she had forgotten her costume. "As you are so grossly impertinent——" I heard her muffled voice, but I don't think she finished.

I waited for a little time, even if I did look like a—well, whatever I looked like, and then I called to her softly—

"Miss Willoughby!"

The curtain was pulled firmly across the window, but the hand in the white sleeve that drew it lingered in sight.

"Miss Willoughby, I only want to say one thing before I go. I'm awfully sorry for having disturbed you by a mistake."

"You've said that before," said Miss Willoughby from behind the curtain. "Please go away."

"I'm going now," I said, eagerly. "But, before I go, I just want to explain. You said I was going to be impertinent. I wasn't, really. I was only going to say——"

"I don't want to hear what you were going to say," she interrupted. "Do go away."

"It isn't impertinent to say when you admire something," I called out. There was no answer. "I really only wanted to say that it's as becoming as a ball-dress, and doesn't—isn't nearly so—— You see, evening-dress does——"

A hand came behind the curtain and abruptly closed the window.

I descended from the tree slowly and stood contemplating Teddy's window. No, on the whole, I had better let him have his sleep out. Besides, it was nearly seven and there would hardly be time for our ramble on the heath. So I strolled in the dewy garden and plucked the lilac and the china-roses. Of the latter I made a little bouquet. As I turned again into the lawn, I caught sight of a figure in the distance.

"Good-morning, Miss Willoughby," I greeted her, when I had drawn near enough.

She looked round. "Oh, good-morning," she said, coolly, and went on examining the buds on the "La France."

"I hope you slept well," said I, pleasantly.

"I was disturbed somewhat early," said she, frigidly; and then, with a glance about the lawn as if in search of someone, "Where's Teddy?"

"In bed, I think," I replied.

"Oh, I thought——," she began, and paused. Did she look at me with suspicion again? I hastened to reassure her.

"I did intend to have him, but I found it was too late. Besides, it was a companion I wanted, not a boy of twelve. He's too young."

"I heard the servants about more than an hour ago," said Miss Willoughby.

"Yes, they're not slugabeds," I retorted.

She compressed her lips. "I think you're extremely rude," she said.

"I was thinking of Teddy," I explained.

Miss Willoughby looked about her; she was in a sprigged muslin.

"I admire that, too," I said.

Miss Willoughby averted her head. "Have you been in the rose-garden?" she asked, quickly.

I held out my bunch of monthly roses. "They would go well with that gown," I said, looking at her critically.

"Do you think so?" she asked, diffidently.

"Try." She tried.

"Famous!" said I, enthusiastically. "That blaze of pink under the throat is just beautiful."

A blaze of pink dawned above the throat.

"I really don't know which costume becomes you best," I said, reflectively. "I've seen you in three kinds. There's the ball-room, and this, and the——"

"Isn't that Teddy coming?" asked Miss Willoughby, hurriedly.

Miss Willoughby did not wear horrid neck-bands, and her young throat was open to the morning breeze. Above the flare of pink roses at her breast flamed the pink in her cheeks, but midway 'twixt the two my eyes were arrested by a deeper red.

"Good gracious, you haven't been stung?" I cried.

Miss Willoughby's colour deepened. "N—no," she stammered. The mark on that delicate throat seemed infamous.

"Did you——?"

"It was a stone," said she, coldly, and looking away. It flashed upon me at once.

"Not—not——?" It was my turn to stammer.

"There was a pebble among the apple-blossoms," she explained, a little confusion descending on her.

"And it hit—— Oh, what a brute I am! I wish it had been Teddy. No, I don't. I'm glad it was——"

I took Miss Willoughby's hand and drew her closer.

"You mustn't," she faltered; but I did.

"It *was* a pretty costume; you looked lovely," said I.

"Was it? Did I?" murmured Miss Willoughby from my breast. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

THE way in which, at certain unexpected seasons, the game of theatrical Puss-in-the-Corner is played is demonstrated by the arrangements of the last few days. The failure of "The Lady of Leeds" has given the opportunity of transferring "Mr. Hopkinson" from the Avenue to Wyndham's, while Mr. Willie Edouin and his comrades have moved from the Comedy to the Strand. This leaves the Comedy free for the production of Mr. George Bancroft's new comedy, "Lady Ben," in which Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. Marsh Allen, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Miss May Pardoe, Miss Darragh, and Miss Dorothy Grimston will appear. For the moment the Avenue will remain closed, though it is by no means improbable that it will reopen with a new musical comedy, the book of which has been written by Mr. W. H. Risque, and the music by Mr. Howard Talbot, who will be remembered as the composer of "A Chinese Honeymoon." All these four theatres are now, it need hardly be said, under the direction of Mr. Frank Curzon, whose views on the subject of musical comedy are much the same as those which have been expressed by Mr. George Edwardes. Just as playgoers no longer care for the old rough-and-tumble form of farce, so Mr. Curzon believes that they are tired of the rather plotless play which serves as a pleasant vehicle for stringing together inconsequent songs and dances. His next production of this sort may, therefore, be expected to contain a more strictly developed story.



A PROMISING YOUNG ACTRESS: MISS VIOLET COOPER.

Miss Cooper is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. Frank Cooper, the well-known actor, and was selected by Mr. Brandon Thomas to play the part of Amy in "Charley's Aunt." She made her debut at the Marlborough Theatre, and showed such ability that when the lady who was playing the part of Kitty at the Comedy Theatre had to leave to fulfil a pantomime engagement, Mr. Thomas selected Miss Cooper to play this part during the remainder of the season at the Comedy and afterwards on tour.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Daly's Theatre will not welcome back Mr. Hayden Coffin to its fold when M. André Messager's operetta, "Les P'tites Michus," is produced there, under whatever English name may finally be decided for it. He will continue to play Florestan in "Véronique" — in which he has made a most gratifying success — as long as that delightful opera runs at the Apollo Theatre. There, by the way, it registered its three hundredth performance on Saturday, and the occasion was celebrated in the usual fashion, by the distribution of a souvenir to every member of the audience.

The often talked of possibility of Mr. Joseph Jefferson playing again in London is definitely at an end, for he has announced his intention of taking his farewell of the stage in the course of the next few weeks. This farewell will be of an unusual character, for a production of "Rip Van Winkle" is to be made at the Boston Theatre, Boston, during Easter week. Mr. Jefferson will, however, not play the part with which his name has for so many years been intimately associated, but will make a speech before the curtain. Later on, he will appear in New York, one afternoon, at a monster benefit which is being organised for Mr. Joseph Holland, an actor whose ill-health will prevent him ever appearing on the stage again.



"THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR," AT THE COLISEUM: JAPANESE INFANTRY SURPRISING RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

The arrangements for Miss Lena Ashwell's permanent enrolment among London's actor-managers next autumn, to which reference was made a short time ago in *The Sketch*, in announcing her forthcoming appearance about Easter-time in "Leah Kleschna," have now been completed in what may be regarded as an ideal manner. Many actor-managers have lamented the necessity of devoting a part of their time to the inevitable questions of the business side of their enterprise, instead of being able to give all their attention and energy to the development of the stage. Miss Ashwell has solved the problem by associating herself with Mr. William Greet, whose experience of theatrical matters is essentially on the business side, while Miss Ashwell will devote herself entirely to the presentation of the plays.

The admirers of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's characteristic drawings will not need reminding that the adventures of Mr. Pipp furnished him with a subject which occupied his facile pencil for some time. These adventures have been made the basis of a comedy which has just been produced on the other side of the Atlantic.

The run of "Much Ado About Nothing" at His Majesty's will, of necessity, compare unfavourably with the other Shaksperian revivals by Mr. Tree, seeing that it will be withdrawn after the performance at the matinée on the 25th inst. Still, Mr. Tree is philosopher enough to find consolation in the fact that as a thing of beauty it will live long in the memory of those who have seen it. Incidentally, he will use the withdrawal of the play for the introduction of a somewhat novel effect, by making his change of bill on the evening of that Saturday which marks the end of "Much Ado." The new bill will be a revival of "A Man's Shadow," which, it will be remembered, was the play selected for presentation at Windsor at the last Command performance.

The Shaftesbury Theatre, which stands for the comprehensiveness of the drama, since it houses now a musical comedy, now a melodrama, and at other times a comedy, is, in its latest manifestation, about to return to first principles, for it has been secured by Miss Tita Brand, who will reopen it on April 10 with a revival of "Othello," in which she will, of course, play Desdemona, Mr. Hubert Carter, who has been distinguishing himself as a member of Miss Ellen Terry's Company, being Othello, and Mr. J. H. Barnes Iago, while Miss Granville will play Emilia. Miss Brand will follow Shakspere with a production of Franz von Schonthan's poetic play, "Renaissance," which has been translated into English verse by Miss Alice Greeven (Mrs. J. T. Grein). She will probably also give a triple bill, which will include Mr. Hubert Carter's adaptation of "Punchinello," originally done on Miss Ellen Terry's tour.

KEY-NOTES

AMONG the extraordinary wonders which the combination of Art and the World has produced, is surely Manuel Garcia. His career has been amazing, not only by reason of the length of his life, but also by reason of the enormous amount of work he has done during that life. He was probably the first of voice-producers, and such well-known singers as Patti, Albani, and Santley have passed under his system of tuition, and have come well to the front, owing to his influence to some extent, though, of course, owing also to their natural gifts. To-day this matter of voice-production is a question of wrangle between man and man; but Garcia stands quite ahead of all such quarrels, pursuing the even tenor of his centenarian career as one who has founded a school, and who is still alive to see with what idle purpose that school has been maintained. When one uses such words as "idle purpose," one does not desire to humiliate in any respect those men amongst us who are doing good work founded upon the principles of Garcia. Every great man must not be made responsible for the indecent exaggeration of his followers, but he, doubtless, very often provides the means of repute for such as desire to follow him. It is a good thing to note that he is capable of appreciating all the honours which are being done in his favour throughout Western Europe. It will be within the present week (March 17) that his birthday will be celebrated in the land to which he has given so much honour, the land where all things always seem the same, and must have seemed the same to Garcia even though men have come and gone, singers have sung and disappeared, Rossini has composed and has died, Wagner has built his Bayreuth Theatre and has surrendered himself to mortality, Berlioz has been opposed and has created his future, Arthur Sullivan began and has fulfilled his time, Dvoràk has come from Bohemia with his tunes and has gone, and with the same story of old mortality this amazing and vital musician may raise his head and proclaim the changes of the world. He has even experienced the thrill of interest which ran through Europe at the news of the Battle of Waterloo; for then he was a child of ten. One almost feels that in him is the fulfilment of that extraordinary stanza written by Tennyson—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.



SEÑOR GARCIA, WHO REACHES HIS 100TH BIRTHDAY ON FRIDAY NEXT.

The centenary of the birth of the veteran Professor of Singing is to be celebrated by the presentation of a number of addresses, and also by a banquet at the Hotel Cecil. Señor Garcia, by the way, has just been made an Honorary Member of the Vienna Laryngological Society.

Photograph by the Draycott Gallery.

Miss Fanny Davies is a pianist of so much individuality and of so much essential merit that, despite the oncoming of many new, of many very artistic players, she remains absolutely in the position she won for herself some years ago. The other night she gave an evening concert, under the conductorship of M. Colonne, and played the pianoforte part in Brahms's Concerto in D Minor very well indeed. Doubtless there are certain younger players who, by a certain nimbleness and quick youthfulness of accomplishment, are able to impress one more immediately than players of much older experience. We much admire Miss Davies's keen insight into the music which she interprets; equally we admire the spirit, the action, and the intelligence which she brings to her work; but there is always just a thread of critical feeling in listening to her which makes one desire that there was something lighter about the touch of her fingers, that there was more of "the nimble sense of fitness" in her playing.



A PIANIST NEW TO ENGLISH AUDIENCES: MR. FREDERICK FAIRBANKS, WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS COUNTRY AT THE BECHSTEIN HALL.

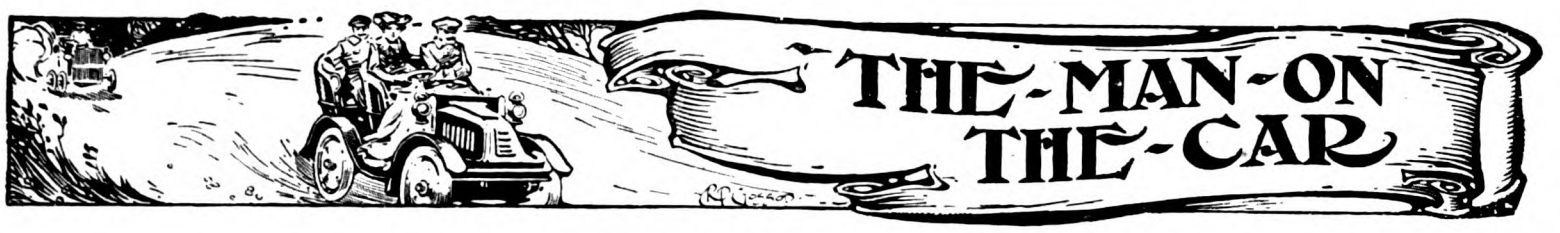
Mr. Fairbanks, who was born in Paris in 1868, is the son of American parents and a relative of the Vice-President of the United States, but, curiously enough, he has never visited America. After a period of study under Professor Carl Stasny at Frankfort, he became a teacher of the piano at the Royal Conservatorium, Dresden. Since that time, he has given many recitals in Germany and in France.

Photograph by Histed.

On Ash Wednesday the musical feature in London was decidedly Sir Edward Elgar. In the afternoon he himself conducted a programme of his own works, and in the evening Sir Frederick Bridge conducted a performance of "The Apostles." It is doubtful if the present generation will render to Elgar the tribute which is his due; although in recent times his works have been honoured in various places, one hesitates very much as to whether it is possible to aver that he is known in the sense of being a really grand and great master of his art. In the programme of the concert of Ash Wednesday afternoon at the Queen's Hall, Elgar's work was represented by various compositions which show his development from an earlier time, when he was steadily ploughing his way through the vast fields of music that could only be unfolded to a musician destined to splendid issues, right to the point when, as it seems to us at the present moment, he has come into his kingdom. Yet the Funeral March from "Grania and Diarmid," although full of talent, and, indeed, full of the signs of genius, is not quite equal to his best work, chiefly because he seems to have gone back to an earlier style that he would do well to leave. Nevertheless, his wonderful "Variations," "Cockaigne," and his new edition of "Pomp and Circumstance" bear on their front the hall-mark of genius; it is true that the March in C Minor attached to the last composition of which we have spoken has somewhat of an overdone, brassy sound, but every probability points to the idea that when Elgar speaks of pomp and circumstance, he makes no reference whatever to the idea of concert-halls or to chamber-music. We can verily imagine these Marches producing a tremendous effect in the advance of armies to battle, and in the onward rush of many thousand soldiers going as one man to the fray; and it seems to us that, from that point of view, Elgar has absolutely fulfilled a great ideal, for it is impossible to imagine that the musician who composed the Prelude to "Lux Christi" is insensible to those interior beauties of thought which are quite separate from the sound and fury of the battlefield. The fact is that Elgar is so wonderfully complete in his one particular mood when it comes upon him that his utterance must be in music.

Mr Aldo Antonietti gave a Violin Recital a few days ago at the Æolian Hall, at which he was assisted by Miss Kathleen Maureen and Mr. Hamilton Harty. Mr. Antonietti once more proved that there is no need in matters of art to attempt any expression of rapidity or enormous sense of technique. Sarasate has probably said the last word in this regard, and it is good that a new violinist should renew our acquaintance with the beauty of an instrument essentially recognised by Gluck, and by Meyerbeer, that musician who has been met with so much posthumous abuse.

COMMON CHORD.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE'S CAR—THE MOTOR-'BUS—THE ENTRIES FOR THE BRITISH TOURIST TROPHY—THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP RACE OF 1906—MEDALS FOR DRIVERS AND MECHANICS AT THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS, AND IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE OF LAST YEAR.

THE SULTAN OF JOHORE, who, above all things, is a rare sportsman, has lately become possessed of a little voiturette, in the shape of a 90 horse-power Mércèdes, upon the chassis of which His Highness has caused a comfortable tonneau-body to be mounted. Owing to the trouble sometimes experienced in starting these powerful engines—witness the struggles of the Baron de Caters in the late Gordon-Bennett Race—the Sultan of Johore has had fitted to his car one of the C.J.L. (Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Limited's) Supplementary Ignitions, an admirable apparatus supplied by that firm to enable high-powered engines fitted with low-tension magneto ignition to be started up without difficulty. Since this was done I hear that the Sultan's ninety starts up every time.

The omnibus proprietors of London intend, by the aid of motor-'buses, to put up a good fight against the further encroachments of the cumbersome and traffic-congesting tram. The experimental work done up to the present has convinced the proprietors that motor-'buses can be run at a profit, and has also shown them that the public, when it gets the chance, goes for the faster and more comfortable vehicle as one man. Riding in a motor-'bus, even over bad roads, is sheer luxury compared with sitting in the horse-drawn variety. If any of my readers doubt me, let them make comparative trips up and down the Edgware Road, first in one vehicle and then in the other. They will not need to ride more than half a mile in the self-propelled 'bus to plump therefor ever after. Within the interior of the latter is absolute silence compared with the continual banging, rattling, and wrenching that go on behind horses. Moreover, the motor-'bus goes right ahead without the lateral movement which occurs with the horse-drawn vehicle, which swings passengers about in their seats and is particularly fatiguing. The undermentioned omnibus proprietors have now a very large number of motor-'buses under construction, and intend to cover the whole of the roads of the Metropolis, so soon as these vehicles are in actual work. The recital of the firms concerned will surprise many who imagined that, outside the London General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies, Tilling's were the only people to be considered. The 'bus-owning firms now moving with the times are those already named, together with the Associated Omnibus Company, Limited, Birch Brothers, Limited, P. Hearn, the Atlas and Waterloo Association, the Star Omnibus Company, the London Omnibus Carriage Company, C. W. French and Sons, Phillips and Brickland, Camden Town Association, and the Victoria Omnibus Association.

Quite a large, and certainly a very interesting, entry has been received by the Automobile Club for the British Tourist Trophy. In this competition, speed is not the factor, the palm going to the car which, in its class, will go farthest on the least amount of petrol. The fuel allowance is limited to one gallon of spirit for every twenty-five miles to be covered, so that, if the course is one hundred miles, a car will have four gallons emptied into its tank and no more, and will be driven towards the objective until it stops. Of course, there are limitations as to weights of chassis and load, otherwise proper comparisons could not be afforded. The conditions of this race are calculated to bring out exactly what the public wants to know, for nothing is so much affected by poor design and faulty workmanship as fuel consumption. Although this competition is open to the world, and in these islands there is as yet a market for the alien makers, but seven of the thirty-one vehicles entered to date are made out of this country, and two of those are steam-cars.



MRS. JAMES BUCKLEY.

Mrs. Buckley was one of the first ladies to drive her own car in London. She is the owner of a Renault-Lanchester and a De Dion, and on one of these she frequently drives from her house in town to her residence in Wales.



MRS. EDMUNDS.

Mrs. Edmunds is so enthusiastic a motorist that, in addition to a good deal of touring on the Continent, she races her own car.



LADY TEYNHAM.

Lady Teynham is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Ladies' Automobile Club, and frequently drives from her country house, Lynsted Lodge, to town.

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

Photographs by Bassano.

No question was asked at the Annual General Meeting of the Automobile Club, held on March 8, with respect to the statement made to the effect that the Club, through its Secretary, Mr. Julian Orde, had agreed to the proportionate representation of nations in the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race of 1906. After so effectually bringing the French Club to its knees, and securing the support and adherence of the other Clubs concerned, it seems particularly feeble and futile to accord so grossly unfair a consideration to the French industry for, to all appearances, no sort of corresponding advantage. The proportionate-representation racket is a little refinement which, in connection with so sporting an event, would only have occurred to French folk, who, charming people as they are, require another hundred years' sporting experience before they will make good losers. But, to return to the concession, it would be well for an official denial to be afforded this, as all the credit acquired over the forcing of the French Club's hand in the matter of this year's race is overshadowed by the alleged knuckling under for 1906.

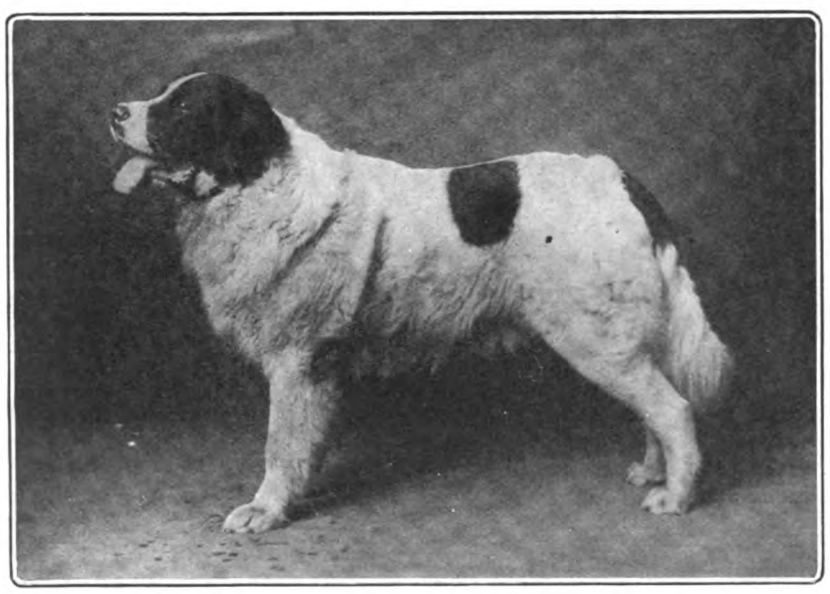
The amateur and professional drivers and their mechanics who drove cars at the Isle of Man Eliminating Trials and in the Gordon-Bennett of last year are, somewhat tardily, to have recognition of the trouble and expense to which they were put *pour la Patrie*. It is not often that *la Patrie* on this side of the Channel acknowledges work done for her glory, but in this case it is to be recognised in the shape of gold, silver, and bronze medals. Those in gold are for the actual drivers in the big race, and those in silver for the drivers in the Isle of Man Trials. All the mechanics will have commemorative bronze medals.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

LIVERPOOL—LINCOLN THE BETTING BILL—INSURANCE.

NOW that His Majesty the King has definitely decided to attend the Liverpool Spring Meeting, the Messrs. Topham can make arrangements for entertaining a big crowd, as all good sportsmen will be anxious to see how Moifaa acquits himself in the Grand National. The horse is very firm in the London betting, and he is very likely to start a warm favourite. George Williamson, who is to wear the Royal colours in the race, is an intelligent jockey. He always rides with a toothpick in his mouth. He was successful on Manifesto when the latter won for Mr. Bulteel. Moifaa has been clipped and looks very well. He is thriving on his work and jumps like a deer. That he will get over the country, bar an accident, is certain, and he looks to me to have a chance, on paper, second to none. Dearslayer, who is trained by Mr. Hastings and is owned by Prince Hatzfeldt, is a genuine candidate. The horse fell in the race last year, but he is very much fancied by his connections this time. Mason will have the mount on Kirkland, who must be parson or clerk at the finish if there is any virtue in the horses-for-courses theory. The same remark will apply to Detail, who is to be ridden by Mr. Gilbert. The best of Sir Charles Nugent's lot, when found, ought to be made a note of. I am told the stable fancies Phil May, and yet I have heard a whisper in favour of Buckhunter, a rare plodder, by-the-bye, and a capital jumper.

I, for one, shall be surprised if record is broken in the matter of a large attendance on the Carholme this year, and it is certain that only those who are compelled to remain in the town for the Spring Meeting will do so. The Railway Companies, with commendable promptitude, have arranged convenient specials to take passengers to and from Lincoln daily during the meeting, and I expect these will be well patronised. Very little genuine betting has to be chronicled over the Lincoln Handicap, although, as I mentioned a week or two back, some of the horses have been supported in South Africa, where big books have been opened on the race. The Netheravon best is not likely to be known before the eve of the race. Some writers claim that Hackler's Pride is an autumn mare, but history proves that horses who run well in the Cambridgeshire invariably reproduce the



A BEAUTIFUL "LANDSEER" NEWFOUNDLAND: THE REV. F. J. EVANS'S WATER-BABY.

Water-Baby has a Show-life that is at present very brief, but it is not likely to be long before he adds to his distinctions. He has already won a first in his class at the Crystal Palace, and he took the championship, a silver challenge-cup, and a silver medal on the same occasion. He was awarded his first prize, championship and medal, at Birmingham, and also had success at the smaller Show at Richmond.

Photograph by Robinson, Guildford.

form in the following spring. Ypsilanti has run third for this very race, so he can act on the course. Many of the best judges incline to the opinion that Robinson will supply the winner in Vedas or Newsboy. The latter is said by the Newmarket men to have at least a stone in hand, but the horse has yet to return to his two-year-old form. Last year's winner, Uninsured, is not out of it with eight stone to carry, yet I do not think the horse would have been sold out of the Netheravon stable if he had been any good. I still cling to my oft-expressed opinion that the race will be won by Sansovino, who is



FROM THE FORBIDDEN LAND: A TIBETAN MASTIFF.

The dog shown above belongs to the old breed of Tibetan mastiffs, now very rare. He was bought at Lassa, accompanied the Mission back to India, and is to be brought to England by Major Dougall, of the Carabiniers, his present owner.

in good work at Newmarket and should come to hand early. St. Emilion is very likely to get a place.

Some consternation has been caused in racing circles by the introduction of the Betting Bill, which, I take it, is instituted to get rid of the pavement bookie. As a matter of fact, the little shilling punters have had so much the better of the deal during the last two years as to well-nigh exterminate the layer in the street, and it is computed that nine out of ten of the pavement bookies were hard hit over the double event of last autumn won by Wargrave and Hackler's Pride. The worst blow the little layers had was when Victor Wild won the Jubilee Stakes. Five out of every six of the layers had to compromise with their customers, while those who were able and were honest enough to pay out in full enjoyed the monopoly of the business for years afterwards. When Childwick won the Cesarewitch for the late Sir Blundell Maple, he scored at an outside price, and yet all the little punters were on the good thing, with the result that many of the pavement bookies could not settle, and one of the brotherhood had to claim the indulgence of his clients until he had sold some freehold houses he owned in the country. When a favourite owned by a popular man wins a big handicap, the silver layers feel the draught, as they say.

The underwriters at Lloyd's are, to say the least of them, good sportsmen. They will insure anything, from a race-meeting to a racehorse, and I now hear that some of the big double-event bettors have taken out policies on the life of His Majesty the King over the date fixed for the decision of the Grand National, as they, the speculators, have Moifaa in their playful little double. The insurance business in connection with racehorses and race-meetings has been a leviathan one, and I am told that Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. W. Allison arrange the greater portion of the insurance of racehorses. I have always held the opinion that race-meetings—at least, the Park meetings—should not be insured, and I have often wondered why the Club-members did not object to the system. When members are called upon to pay their annual subscription, they are assured that so many race-meetings will take place during the year, and it is, therefore, hard on them when, say, half-a-dozen days' racing during the winter are abandoned. True, it is good business for the shareholders when the insurance-money is available, but the presence of the "policy" is a temptation to Clerks of Courses to abandon meetings when the least doubt about the weather exists. As I have mentioned before, it costs three hundred pounds per day to run an ordinary meeting under National Hunt Rules, and the money wants getting nowadays. CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

BRILLIANT sunshine, the Mediterranean in its bluest mood, and the eternal gaiety of a Latin crowd marked the course of Carnival at Nice last week, even though that gaiety was lessened by the Teuton, who has come, like the motor-car, to stay on the Riviera, for, although English and Americans still linger in the fascinating vicinity of the tables, there is no possible



[Copyright.

A FASHIONABLE SPRING COSTUME.

or probable shadow of doubt that the good, solid folk of the Fatherland have begun to discover that life can be very pleasant on the Côte d'Azur. They spread their often ample individualities over the Promenade des Anglais, they invade the smart bonnet-shops of the Place Masséna, and emerge with fairy-like confections perched uneasily on tightly drawn hair and a very circular conformation of skull. The dear, green tables at Monte are as impassible as an Indian stockade, hemmed in four deep with the solid and sensible Saxon, who prefers looking on to punting, in most cases. Altogether, the Riviera is becoming as German as Egypt has become English, and all that one recognises of the old-time aspect of things is the delicious atmosphere and the everlastingly perfect millinery, which surpasses all rivalry and turns a plain woman almost into prettiness by a divinely inspired creation of flowers and feathers.

Talking of hats, the "Marquise" still holds a place in the group of favourite shapes, and a charming example was rendered in gauged mauve tulle, with knots of pale-green velvet and little bunches of pink rosebuds and wallflowers. Large hats are in evidence also, but, of course, the little round *hussier* is the chapeau of the moment. Done in delicate frills of lace or tulle, or the new pale-coloured crinoline straw, it is the very acme of *chic*, and wonderfully becoming to most faces that have any approach to an oval. Giving, as it does, absolutely no shade, this hat is the excuse for parasols in plenty, and many new designs are being daily launched. One that particularly recommends itself is that made in three shaped flounces on the three-decker skirt principle, in chiné silks of plain colours. These are smart and serviceable. More elaborate versions in lace are also on view at the Monte Carlo shops, the linings of differently coloured chiffon throwing up the patterns effectively.

Since warm weather has made its welcome *rentrée* in the South, dresses made entirely of broderie Anglaise, or of that fascinating material mixed with nainsook, are much in evidence on the Terrasse at Monte. Pale-grey muslins over white silk are also fashionable, one worn by Countess Adda Merenberg at the Cannes Carnival having flecks of yellow in the pattern; while another, most daintily trimmed with little knots of pink velvet bébé ribbon in different shades, expressed the last note in elegance.

The whimsical lengths to which fashion will go are now demonstrated by the glorification of the stocking-suspender. Besides performing its allotted task, the garter is now made to carry a powder-puff, a receptacle for bank-notes, and even a little money-bag. It flaunts its decorations in every other shop-window, and is a miracle of chiffon, satin, lace, and engaging frivolity. Another unconsidered, but by no means inconsiderable, trifle is the variety-bag, rendered in gold, and, for choice, embellished with diamonds, which every lady who can feels bound to exhibit in these money-spending regions. It takes the form of a square or oval gold-case to hold cards, powder-puff, and other minutiæ of the well-groomed woman's equipment. One just bought by a friend with her winnings at the tables is of platinum and gold inlaid with rubies and diamonds. It cost three hundred pounds, and is a fitting



[Copyright.

THE "HIGHWAYMAN" COAT FOR MOTORING.

example of the extravagant atmosphere in which one lives and breathes in this careless, sunlit environment.

Motor-cars rush here and there at the most irresponsible pace, but nobody seems to mind much, not even the villagers, whose wayside habitations are seen through a constant veil of dust, which seldom subsides day or night. The way of the wayfarer along the Corniche Road is undoubtedly hard; but for the motorist it is not

a bed of roses either, and in coming from Marseilles to Monte Carlo last week we did the last part of the journey enveloped in the dust-fog of other rushing vehicles which our valiant and Gallic chauffeur considered it a point of mechanical honour to race and, if possible, to outpace. Viewed as a means of seeing the country, a milder order of going than forty-five kilomètres an hour may be recommended; but to negotiate those endless, straight-cut French roads some excitement seems a necessity, and that was certainly provided us. SYBIL.

THEATRICAL AND GENERAL NOTES.

WHILE the theatrical world, and those concerned with it, are discussing the form which the Shakspere Memorial will take—if, indeed, it takes any form—it cannot fail to be interesting to note that the city of St. Louis, U.S.A., possesses a statue of the Bard, in Tower Grove Park, which is generally regarded as one of the best, if not, indeed, the best, in existence. The figure, which is of bronze, is of more than heroic proportions, being double life-size. It represents the poet standing erect, his right hand holding a quill, and the left on his hip, the arm being partly hidden by the folds of a short cloak. The pedestal is of red granite, in the four sides of which are bronze plaques showing characters from the plays. Falstaff is, curiously enough, in front; the others being Hamlet in the graveyard, Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, and Queen Catherine about to face her accusers. The only inscription is the famous one of Ben Jonson—"He was not of an age, but for all time." The memorial, which was unveiled in 1878, was the work of Baron von Müller, of Munich, and represents an outlay of over £5000.

The last occasion on which the public will have the opportunity of testifying its appreciation of the work done by Mr. Max Behrend in the cause of dramatic art will be on Monday evening next (20th inst.), for he has been appointed Director of the Municipal Theatre, Mayence. The performance will not, however, be at the Great Queen Street Theatre, but at the Royalty, when "Zwei Wappen," a farcical comedy by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, will be produced, followed by "Abu Said," a one-Act play in which Mr. Behrend will appear. The occasion will be for the benefit of Messrs. Hans Andresen and Max Behrend, and both the German and English supporters of the German Theatre will, no doubt, make a point of being present to testify their goodwill towards the managers who have worked so loyally and well for their entertainment and amusement.

The programme of the matinée in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the unemployed of London, which Mr. George Alexander has arranged for the 23rd inst. at the St. James's, will contain many familiar elements of the first importance, in the shape of "The Ballad-Monger," with Mr. Tree as Gringoire; "Dr. Johnson," with Mr. Bourchier in his original part; "'Op o' Me Thumb," with Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Amanda; Miss Winifred Emery and Mr. Cyril Maude as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in a scene from "The School for Scandal"; the third Act of "The Freedom of Suzanne," in which Miss Marie Tempest will appear; a scene from "The Taming of the Shrew"; incidental recitations and songs by Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Marie Studholme, and Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. George Grossmith junior, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Mr. Hayden Coffin; and an unfamiliar element in a one-Act play called "The Burglar," adapted by Mr. Max Hecht from Octave Mirbeau's "Scrupules," in which Mr. Alexander himself, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Vivian Reynolds will take part.

Next week the German Emperor and Empress will leave Potsdam and will start, with Prince Eitel Fritz and the Princess Victoria Louise, on a trip in the Mediterranean. The Empress and her children will join the Royal yacht *Hohenzollern* at Genoa, but the Emperor will go out on a German steamer and join them at Naples. On his way out he will visit Portugal and Spain, stopping at Vigo and at Barcelona, where it is expected he will inspect the Numancia Regiment, of which he is the Honorary Colonel. From Naples he will go with his family to Sicily, and, after seeing Greece, will return home by way of Malta.

Paris will have a second Royal visitor this summer, for the Shah of Persia has announced his intention of paying a visit to the French Capital in July, either just before or just after his visit to Contrexéville. The Shah will travel only semi-officially, for not only does he wish to consult the doctors, but he also wishes to see something of Paris in a semi-official way. For this reason, only two State dinners will be given, one by President Loubet and one by M. Delcassé. The Shah will stay at an hotel on the Champs-Elysées, and will occupy the suite of rooms which was taken for him the last time he was in Paris.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces a number of special trains in connection with the Folkestone Races next Monday.

During his stay in this country, H.R.H. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria honoured Messrs. Winsor and Newton's establishment in Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, with a visit.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, tobacconists to the Royal Family, of 49, Strand, have been awarded the gold medal for their Flor de Dindigul cigar at the Cape Town Exhibition.

THE DAWN OF A NEW COMMUNITY.

ON the left bank of the River Mersey, not many miles from its mouth, where but yesterday was a stretch of obscure farm-land, unheralded and unsung, now stands the Village of Port Sunlight. Its approach is signalled by tall chimneys, as the masts of a ship give warning of its coming. The rhythmic hum of machinery, the shrill shriek of steam-whistles which summon thousands to their labours or rest, the clatter of incoming or departing trains laden with the product of that busy community for all parts of the globe, have replaced the silent wooing of the soil. No more startling transformation could well be imagined, nor will the most exacting lover of Nature regret the change.



A MODEL COTTAGE.

Cheshire, noted for its picturesque towns and hamlets, boasts no more beautiful village than that of Port Sunlight—small wonder it attracts sight-seers from all parts of the world.

Crossing the Mersey in one of its commodious ferries to the Cheshire side of the river, a few minutes' walk brings us within sight of the now famous village, to which prince and statesman, economist and social reformer, have made their pilgrimage in search of information and example. Our first impression is one of wonderment and pleasure—broad streets avenued with trees, large open spaces at the intersection of the principal avenues, creeper-clad cottages for the workpeople, with lawn fore-courts and gardens, tastefully designed and representing every variety of English architecture, meet the eye in pleasing harmony. But commodious dwellings at moderate rents, fitted with every need for comfort, sanitary, well-paved streets, leafy nooks, grassy lawns decked in flowers do not exhaust the advantages of the fortunate workers at Port Sunlight. On every hand we see handsome, substantial buildings, planned with care and forethought, to give the residents every variety of entertainment and social life.

The free Schools, which have recently been greatly enlarged, accommodate twelve hundred children.

Gladstone Hall, named after that eminent statesman because it was opened by him in 1891, is constructed to offer the inhabitants facilities for dramatic and musical entertainments, lectures, meetings, &c., and is supplemented by an Open-Air Theatre, the first of its kind in England.

Yet other points of interest are the Village Inn, the only licensed premises on the property, a handsome Swimming Bath, three Gymnasiums, Library, Girls' Club and Restaurant, Men's Club and Bowling Green, &c. The latest addition is a pretty church, with a rich peal of chimes.



THE LEVER FREE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

Clubs and societies for mental and physical culture literally abound, and every kind of sport is freely indulged in. Bowls, cricket, tennis, gymnastics, swimming, are all well supported and have reached a high state of efficiency. Music, likewise, flourishes, and a recent concert, given by the Philharmonic Society to a London audience of two thousand people, was a great success; and there is a Temperance organisation, a Boys' Brigade, a Masonic Lodge, to say nothing of the Annual Shows of the Horticultural Society, an old-age-pension Trust provided from the Company's treasury, a newspaper, and prosperous general shop.

Nothing, in fact, seems to have been left undone to make the social life attractive. That all this should be devoted to the making of a commonplace product like soap shows how the prosaic may be made to harmonise with the artistic and beautiful, and what may be done by capital to lighten the lot of labour, with credit and profit to itself; for be it understood that all suggestion of philanthropy is repudiated by the Company as incompatible with the dignity of labour.

Thus closes our brief story of the dawn of a new community, so fraught with example for those companions of production and progress—Labour and Capital.

CITY NOTES

The Next Settlement begins on March 28.

Cheap Money.

THE rather unexpected drop in the Bank Rate has had a good effect on the markets, and, despite some nervousness in Paris and Berlin as to the Russian position, Capel Court has been decidedly cheerful. Had the Court of the Bank of England lowered the minimum on March 2, the change would not have been so much in the nature of a surprise; but when, on that occasion, the directors did not see their way to make the reduction, most people expected that the 3 per cent. minimum would be allowed to continue until the beginning of April, and, perhaps, from the nature of things, the markets have been more helped by the unexpected than they would have been if the expected had happened.

Consols are up to nearly 92, and the reduction in the rate allowed on deposits by all the big banks will stimulate the buying of investment stocks, in addition to which it cannot be long before the Rate will be down again, for a 2 per cent. minimum is fairly in sight.

Although Russian disasters make French and German holders uneasy as to their money, this is quite counterbalanced by the fact that, the more decisive the defeat, the stronger grow the hopes of peace.

Gold-Dredging in the Argentine Republic.

We hear from the Argentine Republic that the Dredging Companies which are at work, or getting to work, on the Rio San Juan de Oro will, at no distant date, make a stir in the mining world, and, as the information comes from the spot, we have made inquiries, with the result that we are inclined to think there is every prospect of our original correspondent proving correct. Gold-dredging is a profitable industry in New Zealand, where it has been brought to its highest state of efficiency, and on the West Coast there is hope of a considerable success; but nowhere in the world are the conditions so favourable as on the San Juan de Oro River, just over the Argentine border in Bolivia. We have not space to discuss the conditions which make up a successful dredging-river, but they are all present in the district under consideration.



THE RIVER SAN JUAN DE ORO, WHERE DREDGING FOR GOLD IS ABOUT TO START.

It is said that the river-bed will yield an average of two shillings per cubic yard, which, if true, is a proposition beyond the richest dreams of avarice, when coupled with light ground and no obstacles. Four Companies are starting operations, one of which is an English concern whose home is in Manchester, while the other three are local. The English Company is called the First Rio San Juan de Oro Company, Limited, and for those of our readers who like a mining gamble with every prospect of success, we believe its shares present considerable attractions, although the price is high. The dredgers are in course of erection and will be at work in the months of April or May. It is said that the area of each of the Companies is enough for five or six dredgers to work for at least twenty-five years. There are numerous other local Companies getting to work in the province of Jujuy, such as the Orosmayo Company, and the English community in the country is finding the necessary capital for most of them. Within the next year or eighteen months we expect to hear great things of these dredging concerns.

Canadians and Americans.

For several years past we have hammered away with the prophecy that Canadian Pacifics would top 150. The shares having kindly responded, we advance our price and say that in course of time 160 will be reached. On a 7 per cent. basis, as the earnings of the Company would easily allow the dividend to be placed, Canadas would pay 4⅜ per cent. on the money at 160—a not extravagant estimate of either dividend or quotation. Canadian Pacifics will, no doubt, take Grand Trunks in their train, and we shall be surprised if Trunk Thirds and Ordinary are not taken in hand before long. The character of the market has so changed as to lead us to look for an advance in the price of the Ordinary stock to at least 25.

Americans are the leading speculative market of the moment, with every appearance of maintaining their position in the absence of Kaffir animation. It is contended that, with the termination of the Russo-Japanese struggle, an immense impetus will be given to United States trade. From the nearness of the Republic to Japan, the bulls of Yankees anticipate vast orders, for the recuperation of the country, going to Yankee houses, which would mean the more grist to the railroads and general prosperity all round. With bullish enthusiasm rising to so great a height in the American market, it sounds jeremiacal to utter a note of warning, but, while admitting that prices look like going better, we are fain to add that some are ridiculously inflated.

Commercial and Industrial.

Although business in the Miscellaneous Market still revolves on a few popular pivots, such as Hudson's Bay, Anglo "A," Deccans, and the Pekin Syndicate trio, there are many evidences of a broadening of the base of business amongst Industrial securities generally. Perhaps the least encouraging department of the many into which this market is divided is that devoted to Brewery stocks, for some of these last are quite unsaleable, even at the lowest prices quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List. But in other sections the tone is much healthier, as is witnessed by the constant advances in such issues as telegraph, electric-lighting, and traction descriptions. Lyons, of course, have strengthened upon the Company's supersession of Spiers and Pond on the Chatham and Dover Railway, and Slaters are also an advancing market, with good prospects for the future. We regard Vickers as a sound investment of their kind, enjoying a very fair outlook for a rise of five to ten shillings a share. Of Richard Hills we wrote last week; at a shade under fifteen shillings, this little Wire Company will probably pay handsome profits, although it must be remembered that the last interim dividend was passed. There should be a sharp advance in textile shares at the end of the Far Eastern struggle, for Japan is likely to send such orders as will keep the manufacturing districts employed for months. As a lock-up, we believe there are not many better things than Buenos Ayres National Tramways First Preference "A" shares, upon which long arrears of dividend have been piled up that, if our information prove correct, will be paid before long, perhaps to the tune of £5 per share. The matter deserves looking-out by the speculative investor, and the price of the shares is about 6⅞ as we write.

Our Stroller in Throgmorton Street.

Inasmuch as it was raining fairly hard, Our Stroller thought he had better remain in his Club a little longer before making his way Citywards.

One of the members was running the tape through his fingers. He seemed more particularly interested in the American sections.

"Any change?" our friend asked him, as he lit a cigarette.

"Change? Good, as usual," and the fellow threw down the tape with a gesture of disgust."

"Sold them lower down, eh?" and The Stroller flicked the ash off his cigarette into the wicker-basket by the side of the machine.

"Like a fool, yes. Who 'd have thought that Baltimore and Union would have romped up like this?"

A boy in uniform brought him a message that he was wanted at the telephone.

Our Stroller picked up the tape, and noticed how much cheaper Irish stock was than Consols.

The other member returned and kicked savagely at a little table which got into his path.

"My brokers," he explained, curtly. "They say Yankees are blazing good and think they will go better."

The Stroller looked interrogative.

"Yes, I did," he answered the unspoken question. "Thought I 'd better cut the loss and go a bull."

Our friend dropped the tape and walked across to the window. "It 's left off raining. I think I shall go down to the City," he remarked.

"I 'm going that way," replied the other. "Come in my cab."

They parted at the entrance to Throgmorton Street, with mutual promises to compare tips later on.

"We keep this kind of thing up till eight o'clock at night sometimes," a jobber told a broker, as the latter pointed to the seething crowd in Shorter's Court.

"All making your fortunes, I suppose?"

"Doing better than some of the fellows in the Kaffir Market, anyway," and The Jobber caught hold of another man's arm with an inquiry as to what he wanted.

Our Stroller was still a bull of the shares he had bought the last time he came down Throgmorton Street. "Got a nice little profit now," he soliloquised. "Wonder whether I ought to take it?"

As if in answer to his unspoken inquiry, a bystander began to scoff at someone who had evidently cast doubts upon the market's staying power.

The decided way in which the speaker expressed continued confidence in a rise met with approval from several others.

"Shan't sell them yet," thought Our Stroller to himself. "These good traffics and all this demand for investments in the States that those Johnnies were talking about—well, they can't do Yankees any *harm*, I should think."

As he emerged from Shorter's Court, he met a little group discussing some point in highly animated fashion.

"If the First Prefs. are worth anything like their present price, Seconds must be ridiculously cheap."

"Trunks, I suppose," thought The Stroller.

"But Firsts don't get their full dividend yet," objected another in the group. "They may come down fairly smartly, you know."

"Can't be Trunks, I should think," The Stroller ruminated.

"Mexican properties are going better all round, and Mex. Seconds look to me the pick of the bunch."

"Better than Mex. Central 'B'?"

"They are high enough, whatever the *Times* may say about them."

"Perhaps; shall we all go and buy Mex. Seconds?" And off they moved towards the West-End, leaving The Stroller stranded.

He walked along under the wooden portico and thought of the streets of Berne. One end was blocked by a little posse of Kaffir dealers.

"They don't look extraordinarily happy," remarked The Stroller, aloud. A man sitting on one of the wooden railings turned round sharply.

"What is there to make us happy?" he demanded. "Nothing to do, nothing to hope for, nothing to——"

"Drink?" laughed a man standing near. "What's the matter now?"

"Here's a fellow complains that we don't look happy."

The Stroller stammered an embarrassed apology. He is a very nervous man, much handicapped by a schoolboy habit of thinking aloud.

"Don't you mind what he says," somebody advised him, with easy familiarity. "We are the reverse of miserable, although hungry."

"But there's no *end* to the hunger that I can see," persisted the pessimist.

"The Kaffir Market's in a baddish way." And the speaker shook his head lugubriously.

"Can't see what's going to make them better."

"Nor I. People are all too jolly well sick of Kaffirs to gamble in them again in a hurry."

Several men were talking now, and the discussion became general.

"Rhodesians will redeem everything," said one, grandiloquently.

"Rot!" was the polite rejoinder. "I don't believe in the Rhodesian Market one little bit."

"Not Bankets or Rho. Ex.?"

"Neither. The shops can do what they like with the prices, and what's the use of that to the public, I'd like to know?"

There was a little chorus of confirmation.

"It's hopeless to expect much from any kind of Kaffirs for a bit. In time, they will come again."

"In time!" and the speaker's tone was witheringly sarcastic. "Take the Outcrop shares. They pay you anything between 4 and 6 per cent., without allowing for redemption, and they've got lives of a similar number of years."

"What about the Deep Levels?"

"The dividend-payers return 3, 4, or 5 per cent. Five per cent. at the outside. Call that good enough?"

"They will be doubling their outputs before long."

"And thereby halving their lives."

"Heavens!" cried a jobber, from the rear. "Aren't we getting fearfully scientific!"

Our Stroller slipped quietly away. "I wonder," said he to himself, "if all this deadness in the Kaffir Market is due to us *all* getting 'scientific'?"

Saturday, March 11, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

MORRIS.—The Cold Storage looks very hopeless. Ever is a long day, but we think it is more likely to collapse than to pay.

N. S. W.—Both the suggestions you make are reasonable purchases. As to the Mines Trust we know nothing, except that it does not seem hopeful.

BASSALEG.—We never give an opinion on the shares of this Company. Decency forbids, as you will see if you think for a moment.

T. N. (Japan).—Your letter has been handed over to the Publishing Department. You will, no doubt, get an answer.

S. A. R.—No accounts are procurable, and we have no means of judging of the real state of affairs. If the shares were our own, we should not sell them at this moment. A meeting has been called, at which you will hear the Directors' explanations.

C. V. G.—We wrote to you on the 8th inst.

RIPON.—(1) The Venture Corporation Office is 3, Prince's Street, London, E.C. (2) The nominal value is one pound. (3) We believe the Achilles has been reconstructed, under the title of the Transvaal Gold Consols, and that the other two exist. They are all bad debts not worth bothering about.

J. L.—There are no outside brokers that we would trust. They all run stock against clients, and, if things go badly, most of them fail to pay, plead the Gambling Act, and get out.

LIMESTONE.—It all depends on the order that was made by the Court. Communicate with the liquidator, and point out that you have paid more than the amount which others have paid, allowing for the return of capital. We expect that your interest in the Company was wiped out; but you should ask about it, and, if the liquidator says it was so, require him to show you the order. Consult a solicitor who understands Company Law. It is worth fighting for.

GAMMA.—We have fully answered your letters.

C. (Hampstead).—We know very little of the Company. Its shares are not dealt in, and we cannot see much attraction in them with competition as keen as it is.

FREDERICK (Queenstown).—Spread your money between (1) Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" certificates, (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (3) Welsbach Preference, (4) River Plate Gas, (5) Henry Clay Debentures, (6) United States Debenture Corporation Preference stock. Vickers Preference are reasonably safe, but yield only 4 per cent.

ANXIOUS.—(1) We never heard the so-called Bank had any standing. It is a bill of sale, 30 per cent. money-lending affair. (2) Supposed losses over underwriting cargoes of coal or ships bound to Vladivostok.

We are asked to state that no tenders for the surrender of Debenture Stock in the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, Limited, above 94½ have been accepted.

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"The Sketch" Supplement.



Contents.

"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY: MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

A GAIETY GIRL: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS GABRIELLE RAY.

A LYRIC GIRL: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MAUDI DARRELL.

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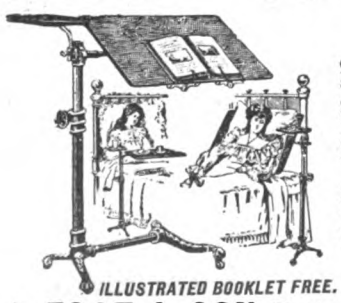
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"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER, WHO IS PLAYING THE TITLE-ROLE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

A GAIETY GIRL.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS GABRIELLE RAY, WHO IS PLAYING THISBE IN "THE ORCHID."

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

A LYRIC GIRL.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MAUDI DARRELL, WHO IS PLAYING MADAME MODISTE IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," A

Photographs by



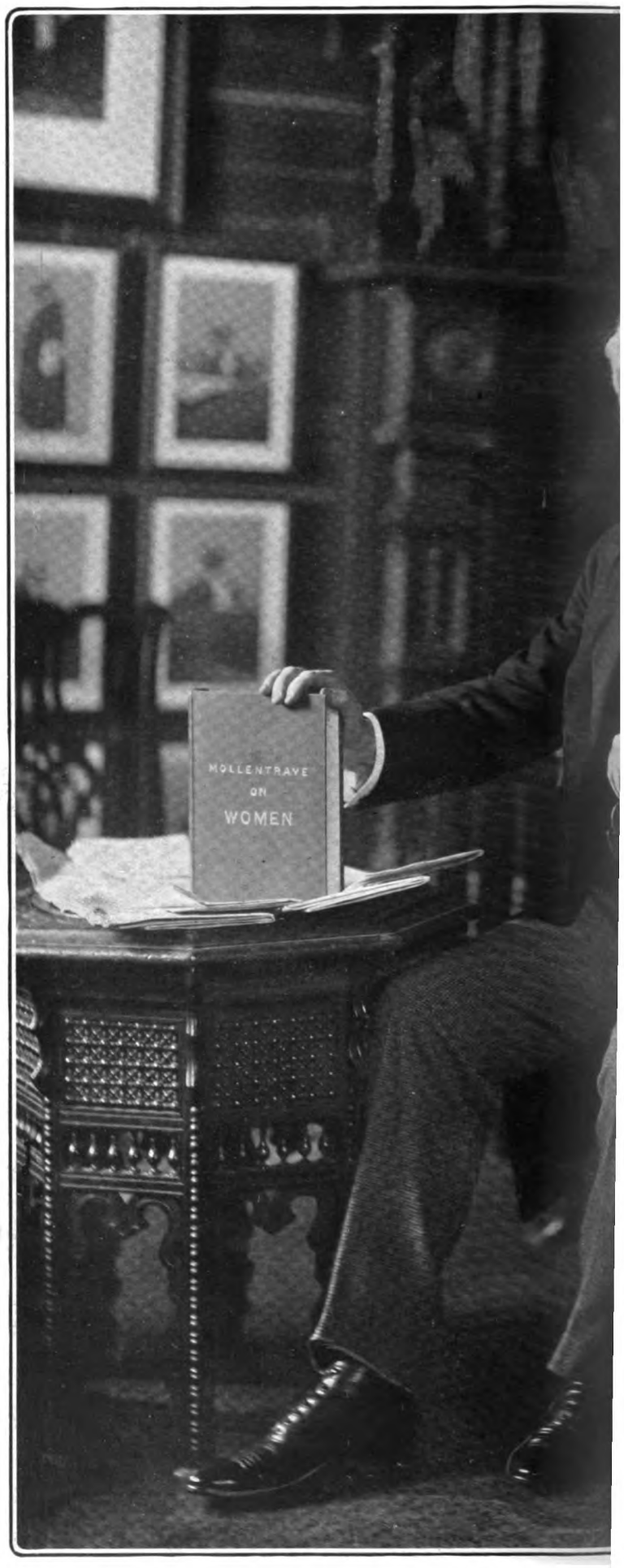
Margaret Messilent (Miss Lettice Fairfax). Mr. Mollentrave (Mr. Eric Lewis).

Mr. Mollentrave: "I arranged a marriage for a man much older than that. I'll show you his photograph."—Act 2.: Drawing-room in Mr. Mollentrave's House.



Lady Claude Derenham (Miss Marion Terry).

Lady Claude Derenham: "Papa, do you really believe that I, a creature with a heart and a soul, am pigeon-holed in your book, and bound to conform to its maxims!"—Act 2.



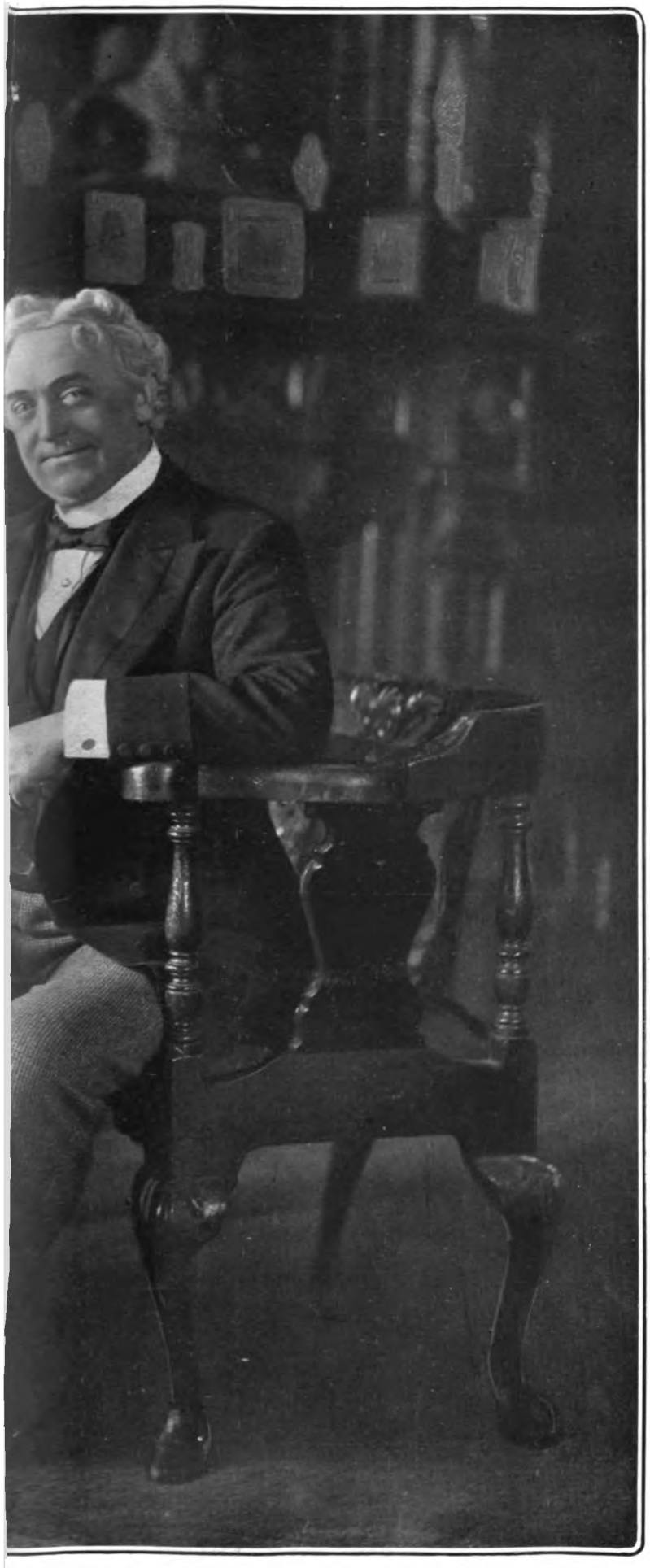
MR. ERIC LEWIS A

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that, my scientific investigations notwithstandin

Mr. Mollentrave is a gentleman young enough, despite his white hairs, to believe that he knows everything concerning that most unknowable of beings, woman, and prodigal enough to wish to impart his knowledge to all and sundry. The result is "Mollentrave on Women," a work that runs into three-and-twenty editions, is read of men, and rejected of the ladies of the Pioneer Club, and a cheerful interference with the love-affairs that are in progress about him. These are those of Margaret Messilent, who misconstrues the plea of her guardian, Sir Joseph Balsted, for Everard Swenboys as a proposal and persists in regarding herself as engaged, and Sir Joseph Balsted himself, who has

.T THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Ellis and Walery.



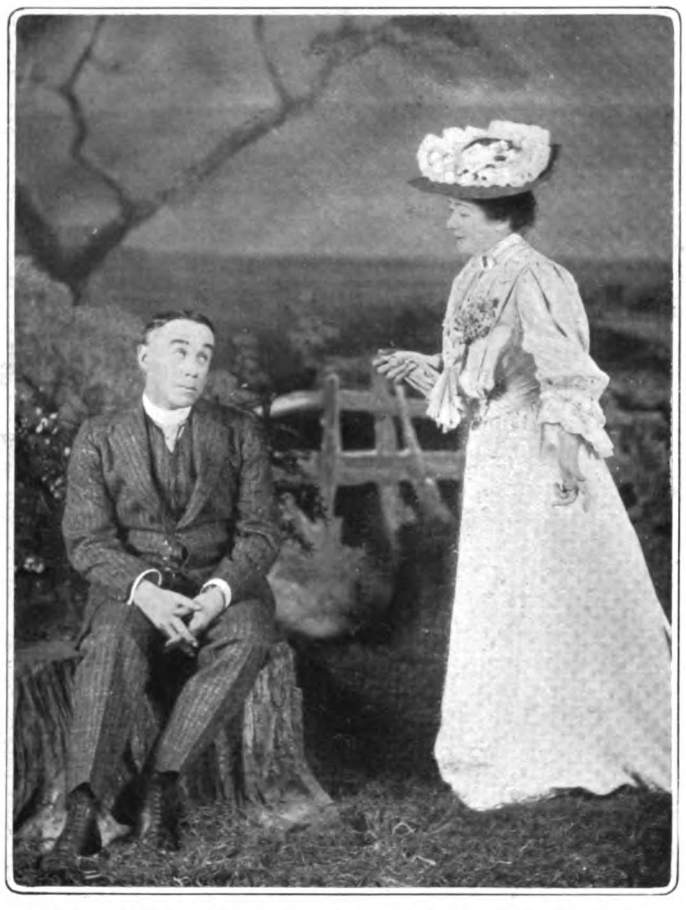
MR. MOLLENTRAVE.

ill regard woman as an amiable creature." ("Mollentrave on Women": Introduction.)



Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P. (Mr. Norman McKinnel).

Margaret Messilent: "It's twelve o'clock. I've brought your essence—here—and a spoon. Take it, Sir!"—Act 3: Garden of Mr. Mollentrave's House at Swanage.



Lady Claude Derenham: "Everard has proposed. He has fallen in love with me. What am I to say to him?"

Sir Joseph Balsted: "Be senile! Boil your milk."—Act 3.

long cherished a secret passion for Lady Claude Derenham, Mollentrave's daughter and a widow. It is impossible in a brief space to give details of Mr. Mollentrave's mild indulgences in Machiavellianism, of his advice, duly adopted, that Balsted shall disgust his ward with her supposed engagement by an exhibition of senility, and of his use of Lady Claude, who is bade to flirt with Everard in order that Margaret's jealousy may be aroused. Suffice it that in the end all is well, that Margaret and Everard discover that they have been in love for a long time, that Balsted and Lady Claude are engaged, and that, most necessary of all, Mr. Mollentrave justifies his position and proves the value of his plans.

"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



MISS MARION TERRY AS LADY CLAUDE DERENHAM.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

"MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



Mr. Mollentrave: "The girl again! Balsted, we will leave you with her. Read your paper—she mustn't think we've been plotting. Read it, I say—at present you're simply glaring!"—Act 3: Garden of Mr. Mollentrave's House at Swanage.



Lord Contareen (Mr. Robert Horton).

Mr. Mollentrave: "Good-bye, my dear Contareen. She's piqued—she's piqued—spade-work—nothing like it—good-bye."
Act 2: Drawing-room in Mr. Mollentrave's House.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

A BALLET IN HONOUR OF TOBACCO:

"MY LADY NICOTINE," AT THE ALHAMBRA.











1. IN OLD VIRGINIA. 2. THE PASHA'S FAVOURITE (MISS SLACK) OBJECTS TO THE INTRODUCTION OF A RIVAL (LA SYLPHE) INTO THE HAREM.
3. HIS FIRST SMOKE—— 4. ——AND ITS RESULT. 5. IN THE ABODE OF MY LADY NICOTINE: THE FINALE.

Despite its title, the new Alhambra ballet has nothing to do with Mr. Barrie's book, and is devoted merely to the sketching by dance and pantomime of the history and journeys of the fragrant weed, from the leaf to the pipe, cigar, or cigarette. The first stage is marked by a scene of a plantation in Virginia in 1770, and this is succeeded by the interior of a Turkish harem, a Dutch landscape, and the abode of "My Lady Nicotine."

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

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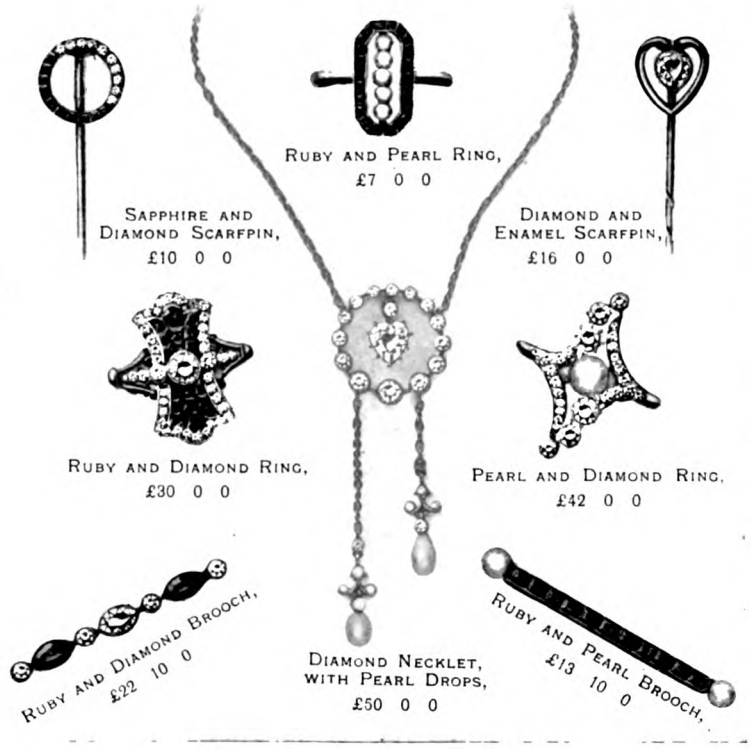
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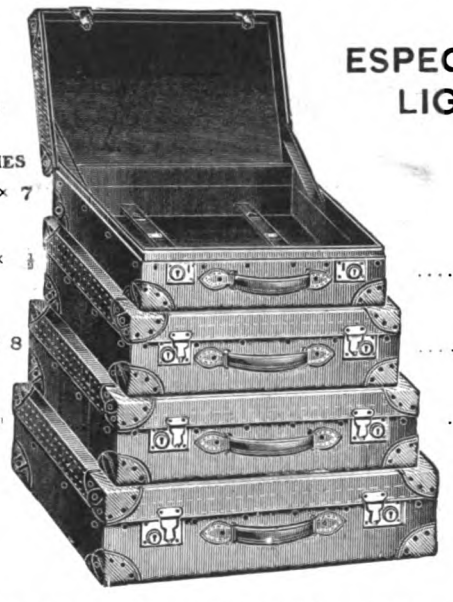
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The Sketch

No. 634.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1905. SIXPENCE.



THE WEEK'S TRIUMPH OF ACTING: MISS IRIS HAWKINS AS MICKEY IN "EVERYBODY'S SECRET."

Little Miss Hawkins, the eleven-year-old actress who has made so pronounced a success in the new piece at the Haymarket, is by no means without stage experience. Many will remember her in the title-rôle of "Little White Barbara," and she also played in "The Fairy's Dilemma" and "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD
("*Chicot*").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London,
Sunday, March 19.

"ANY fool," as Mr. Bernard Shaw has said with such refreshing modesty, "can make an audience laugh." It takes something more than a fool, though, to make an audience—a sophisticated audience—cry. That victory is won only when the author and the principal actors and actresses interpreting him possess, in addition to mere technical skill, knowledge of and intense sympathy with human nature. Such an one is Pierre Wolff, author of "Le Secret de Polichinelle," and such an actor and actress are Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Carlotta Addison, on whom falls the burden of "Everybody's Secret," the adaptation of "Le Secret de Polichinelle" produced on Tuesday evening last at the Haymarket Theatre. The majority of those first-nighters who occupy the stalls, and boxes, and dress-circle are a cynical lot, say what they may, and it was the more interesting, therefore, to see them crying over the pretty, simple little story that was being told upon the stage. Of course, they didn't cry really. Very few people actually cry in a theatre. When they say, "It made me cry," they mean that they could have cried if they had had the pluck. The first-night audience at the Haymarket, therefore, allowed themselves to get just as far as a tickling in the nose, and then stopped short. When the lights went up, each one looked nervously at his neighbour, grinned, and then said, in a tentative, rather sneering way, "Well, how d' you like it?"

It is a very great pity that modern folk are so ashamed of their better feelings. Somehow or other, they have come to look upon a sentimentalist as a dabbler in sentimentality, whereas there is a wide gulf between the two. Sentimentalist, after all, is merely another name for a man of good heart. Why should a man be ashamed of having a good heart? Freemasons are not ashamed of their craft, although, judging by what I have heard and observed, Freemasonry depends mainly upon sentiment. It is sentiment that binds Freemasons together, and keeps their splendid charities going. Every Freemason, then, as such, is a sentimentalist. But get him away from his "Lodge" and you will find that he repudiates the term with scorn. He will talk, glibly, about "rubbishing sentiment." By the same token, men who will spend hours in their nurseries, pretending to be horses, and bears, and giants, and all the rest of the lovable nonsense, think it the correct thing to sneer at the new Haymarket play because it contains a little boy who asks innumerable questions and plays with toy trains. They say that that is not the "sort of thing" for dramatic treatment. Why, in heaven's name? There is just as much true comedy in the scene when Lady Parkes, a stiff-and-starched old aristocrat, snatches her obscurely-born little grandson to her breast as in the first meeting between Romeo and Juliet. One happens to illustrate the maternal instinct, and the other the sexual instinct. That is all. May the dramatist, pray, treat of no subject that is not sexual?

"Everybody's Secret" has another quality—a negative quality—that recommends the play to me very strongly. I mean the absence of the epigram. Years and years ago, when the dramatist had to make his appeal to an audience half-fuddled with alcohol, the most popular form of humour was the pun. Even Shakspere made puns. Later, when people began to discover, in larger numbers, the joy of mental pleasures as opposed to physical, the pun went out of fashion. Indeed, it came to be despised and hated—despised because it was so easy to make, hated because it rendered sustained conversation impossible. The place of the pun, however, was taken by the epigram. No play was considered clever—poor, much-abused word!—unless it contained a certain number of "smart lines." For example, "Nothing succeeds like excess" was looked upon, a decade ago, as a miracle of wit, although it would have been just as simple to say, "Nothing exceeds like success." As a matter of fact, it was the simplicity of the game that made it unfashionable, for it was played in every suburban back-drawing-room until the very servants talked in epigrams. To-day, then, the epigram is almost as dead as the pun, although the attentive listener may occasionally hear a cook on a West Kensington 'bus murmur to her neighbour, "Nothing annoys me so much as being pleased: do you know what I mean, dear?" Whereupon her companion, bored to maliciousness, retorts, "Yes, darling."

In the north-east of England there is a Philistine. (There are a good many in the south-east, too, but I cannot deal with them to-day.) This particular Philistine is the post-office surveyor. A post-office surveyor, apparently, is a person who has control of the postmen in his district, and the gentleman who holds this position in the north-east of England objects, according to the *Postmen's Gazette*, to the custom common among postmen of wearing their hats on the back of their heads. He says they do it "so as to show a fringe which has been obviously most carefully cultivated." And I say, in reply, that he is a Philistine. Search the countryside, and where will you find a more picturesque, more pleasing figure than the postman? On account of this very quality, indeed, any little weakness of which he may be guilty—such as pausing for an hour or so to help a pretty dairy-maid with the churning—is willingly excused. It is only right, therefore, that he should be allowed to add to his attractive appearance in any way that seems good to him. Why, a postman without a fringe would be like a policeman without a moustache. If you have ever seen such a thing as *that*, Mr. Surveyor, you will appreciate the force of my objection.

In a recent issue of *The Sketch*, I was foolhardy enough to plunge into a discussion that is going forward in the *Grand Magazine* on the question, "Who has the best time—a man or a woman?" I gave six reasons why an average woman always has had and always will have a better time than a man, and I then hastened to add that all my remarks were based upon the idle gossip of the profoundly ignorant. In reply, a correspondent, signing herself "Man's Natural Enemy"—fancy a man having a good time after that!—sends me "six instructive statements for the benefit of the profoundly ignorant." Note how that, taking my points seriatim, she snubs me out of existence every time—

CHICOT. She is more easily pleased.

M. N. E. She is more easily displeased.

CHICOT. She expects less than a man, but generally manages to get more.

M. N. E. She expects less wages than a man, and gets more work.

CHICOT. She can always make a man do what she wants.

M. N. E. But she doesn't care for the man she can make do as she likes.

CHICOT. She never does anything she doesn't want to do.

M. N. E. The next moment she wants to do it.

CHICOT. She is less sensitive.

M. N. E. Unanswerable impertinence!

CHICOT. She can cry without feeling pain.

M. N. E. Incorrect, because crying causes red eyelids, and that gives her pain.

"She could also," my correspondent concludes, "give you six very good reasons why a man has a better time than a woman—but she won't!" But do, dear "Natural Enemy." You are so enthusiastic, and—judging from the fact that you put notes of exclamation after each one of them—so delighted with your replies that I should love to play another round with you. Look here! I promise that, if you send me your six very good reasons why a man has a better time than a woman, I will prove every one of them to be wrong. What do you say?

GATHER YE TAXES WHILE YE MAY, OLD TIME IS STILL A-FLYING.

—HERRICK (*adapted*)



THE TWELFTH HOUR.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Opinions of the French—No Food for Cossack Ponies—Japanese Teaching Russians their own Alphabet—A Warship as a Yacht—Where Togo Waits—A Paradise for Police.

I WAS in Paris last week, and chatted with many Frenchmen of all classes concerning the Russo-Japanese War. There is only one opinion in France, the opinion voiced by all the papers, that Russia should make peace at once, before she is crippled still further in men and finances. No Frenchman will say outright, what is in the thoughts of all of them, that Russia must be stopped, if possible, from shedding more blood in Manchuria, because she will not be strong enough to fulfil in Europe her military engagements to France should she be called upon to do so; but I think that the apprehension that Russia is ceasing to be a great fighting Power distresses the French even more than the idea that she might cease to be a great paying Power.

It was curious to find that every Frenchman anticipated reproaches from Russia, and had ready an answer to the question as to why Russia should be asked to cease fighting now, after Mukden, while the French themselves carried on a hopeless struggle after Metz and Sedan. "The Russians are in a Chinese province, on which the Czar only holds a lien; there is no question of an invasion of Russian territory, there is no fear that Russia will be asked to surrender a province. We were fighting in our own country against invaders and were straining every nerve to save our own territory," was what every Frenchman said, in effect, to me.



"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY: MRS. BROWN-POTTER IN THE PROLOGUE.

FROM A DRAWING, MADE AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

The greatest difficulty the Russians will have to encounter at Kharbin, so men who know the country well tell me, will be the difficulty of obtaining forage for their horses. While the army was at Mukden, it was in the midst of the most fertile part of Manchuria, and the Trans-Siberian Railway was called upon to do little more than transport men and ammunition. A Cossack pony is said to feed on stones and sand and to thrive on that diet; but it also requires something more filling, though it is not at all particular what that something is, and the forage, whether it be coarse or fine, which must be provided will now have to be brought from Russia, and will be terribly bulky to transport.

There is a charming topsy-turvydom, which is thoroughly Japanese, in the fact that the captors are teaching the captured Russians the Russian alphabet, and hope before the war is over to make them adepts at reading and writing their own language. When the hundred thousand or more Russian prisoners are sent back to their own country at the close of the war, they will be a greater danger to the grinding-down officials than all the bombs of the Anarchists, for every man will have seen a free people, living in a pleasant land, with an Assembly elected by the workers, and with education for all. The tales the returned prisoner will tell during the winter evenings to his fellow villagers will stir even their dull brains to envy.

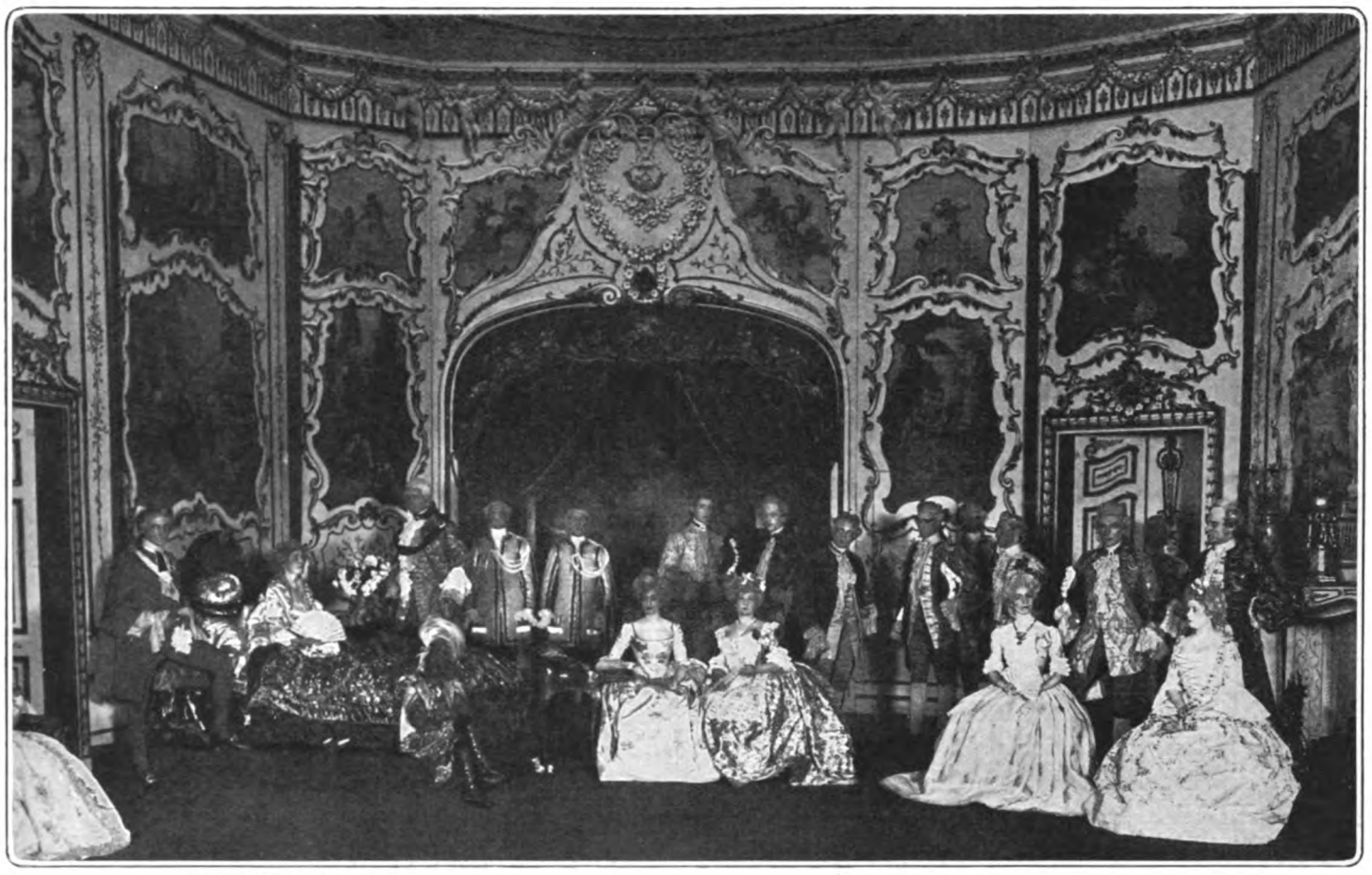
Any Briton who would like to cruise this summer in a battleship of his own, and does not mind spending from £10,000 to £20,000 as a preliminary expense, can have, on April 4, a unique choice as to what ship he will select. The conditions of the sale of the twenty-eight ships of the British Navy which are to come under the hammer at Chatham contain, amongst others, a proviso that the purchasers shall be British, and that the vessels shall be broken up within a year of purchase; but there is nothing to prevent a free-born Briton who has, as the Americans say, money to burn from flying his private flag off Cowes this August on the *Warspite*, the *Northampton*, or the "saucy *Arethusa*."

If any Hotel Company wants a floating mansion, the *Exmouth*, which is included in the sale, would make a most desirable residence on the water, and, no doubt, the rules as to breaking-up would be quashed in regard to this ship. The eight coastguard sailing-cruisers which are to be sold will also, no doubt, be spared from the indignity of the breakers' hammers for a while. The disappearance of these boats from the list of the Navy is the proof positive that smuggling is no longer to be classed amongst the heroic and dangerous professions.

Admiral Togo, no doubt, looked in at Singapore to get any news that might be available of the movements of the Russian Fleet. He did not come into the harbour, and there was no need for him to do so, for amidst the archipelago which surrounds the island of Singapore there are plenty of sheltered anchorages, where the only officials to enforce the rules of neutrality would be two Malay policemen, who spend their time in nakedness and the joys of sailing a surf-boat until the day comes near when the police officer is likely to come round on his steam-launch to inspect the station. Then they don uniforms and become serious persons. These islands, Pulo this and Pulo that, are miniature paradises more beautiful even than the islands of the Inland Sea, and to the Japanese sailors, who have spent months in the bitter weather of the North, these tropic lands will be a delightful halting-place until they learn in which direction the Russian Admiral has turned the prows of his warships.

FROM TRIUMPHS TO TUMBRIL: "DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.



The Du Barri (Mrs. Brown-Potter).

THE DU BARRI'S BEDROOM AT VERSAILLES.

The Prologue of M. Richepin's play introduces Jeannette Vaubernier as apprentice in Mme. Labille's millinery-shop, the favourite of most of the customers, nicknamed "L'Ange," and already the object of considerable admiration to the beaux of Paris. Then, enter the Prince Rohan Rochefort, warning her against the wiles of the roué Jean du Barri, a gentleman whose protégées have a habit of rising from the shop to the salon in a fashion not accounted for by their progress in culture or in morals. Rochefort offers his love, the Comte du Barri a ride in his carriage and a glimpse of the King. The latter suggestion is accepted, together with a love-token from the philosopher-aristocrat. The scene next changes to the pavilion at Versailles, where Louis the Well-Beloved is introduced to the successor to De Pompadour, where it is arranged, in order that presentation at Court may be possible, that "L'Ange" shall marry the Comte du Barri, and where Prince Rohan makes the second of a series of embarrassing appearances. Then follows the Du Barri's bedroom at Versailles, and the famous courtesan is seen holding a petite levée, securing the dismissal of Choiseul, entertaining the King, and receiving a stolen visit from the Prince, whose gage Louis, in a fit of jealousy, has thrown from the window.



The Du Barri.

THE RUE ST. HONORÉ.

Louveciennes is the scene of a great fête at which the Du Barri is playing hostess. Amongst the mummers, needless to say, is the Prince, disguised as a pilgrim. This worthy has been recognised by the creature of the Comte du Barri, who informs the King upon his arrival. On that, Louis, righteously indignant, re-banishes his rival, and dismisses Du Barri, leaving her, however, the house at Louveciennes. The Epilogue shows the exterior of this house, before which are some half-dozen poor citizens of Paris regaling themselves on soup provided by their notorious hostess. The Friends of the People then arrive, and seize the courtesan, on the ground of her prodigality. Next, we see the interior of the Conciergerie in which the Du Barri is imprisoned, and also witness the arrival of the Prince. This is Madame la Comtesse's opportunity for a Sidney Cartonish action of the most approved kind. The Abbé Terray arrives on the scene with a blank passport for one, and, in her love for the Prince, Du Barri fills in his name instead of her own. Thus we see her in the tumbril, passing her old workshop on her way to the guillotine in an heroic fashion hardly justified by the writings of the historian.

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
MARCH 25.

THE QUEEN AND THE SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.
UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INTERIOR OF PORT ARTHUR.
Prince as Engine-Driver:
Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria's Journey to Paris.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

SMALL TALK of the WEEK



THE AUTHOR OF "THE VICISSITUDES OF EVANGELINE": MRS. CLAYTON GLYN.

Mrs. Glyn, who is best-known as the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," has just issued her fourth book in the same vein, "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline."

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

THE QUEEN, from the day she arrived in this country, loveliest but least-known of Royal brides, determined to make England her home and centre in every sense of the word. She at once chose her friends among her new surroundings, and even now Her Majesty is still on intimate terms with many great ladies whom she first saw on her memorable wedding-day in the March of 1863. On the King's Accession, Queen Alexandra exercised the pleasant privilege of a Queen Consort in the matter of composing her own Household, and political questions played no part in the selection of "the group of noble dames" whose duty it is to be in attendance on the Sovereign's Consort, for Her Majesty chose her Household according to the dictates of her heart and the claims of friendship.

A Unique Position. The Hon. Charlotte Knollys holds a unique position in both the King and Queen's regard. It will be remembered that, within a few days of the Accession, the Sovereign raised his Consort's most devoted and trusted friend and servant a step in rank, a fact which at the time excited much interested comment. Miss Knollys is, of course, the sister of King Edward's private secretary and lifelong friend, and she has been connected with the British Court from childhood upwards. She is the Queen's inseparable companion, both at home and abroad, and on the occasion of the dangerous fire at Sandringham her presence of mind, undoubtedly, saved her beloved mistress from the most awful of deaths.



"Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half-century are felt in every fibre of our social and political being."

Of the Royal Household. The appointment of two sisters, Lady Gosford and Lady Alice Stanley, to be at one and the same time members of the Queen's Household was an unprecedented occurrence and a great tribute to friendship. Her Majesty has always been especially intimate with the Duchess of Devonshire, and by thus honouring two of her three daughters she must have greatly gratified their brilliant and kindly mother. The Dowager Lady Lytton was attached to the late Court circle, and Queen Alexandra singled her out for special favour before the Accession of our present Sovereign. The Queen has remained young in heart as well as in appearance, and she delights in having young people about her. Several of her daughters' contemporaries are honoured by her warm friendship: this is especially the case with Lady Chelsea, the daughter of the late Lord Alington, and her sister, Lady Hardinge, now Ambassadress at St. Petersburg. Yet another Lady Hardinge, who is the daughter of their Majesties' old friend and faithful servant, Sir Arthur Ellis, is a great favourite of Her Majesty.

The Queen's great love of music is a strong bond between Her Majesty and Lady de Grey, whose mother-in-law, Lady Ripon, is numbered among Queen Alexandra's oldest friends, as is another Royal hostess, Lady Howe. The illness of the latter drew forth many warm tokens of sympathy from both their Majesties, who have also been unwearied in their attentions to Mrs. Arthur Paget, one of the few American ladies honoured with Queen Alexandra's personal friendship.



"We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth, and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities."

MR. ROOSEVELT ENTERS UPON HIS SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Roosevelt's New Revolver. There is at least one American who acknowledges that there may come an hour when the most popular President will find a revolver of value to him, and he has given outward and visible proof of his belief, in the form of an unique weapon he has presented to Mr. Roosevelt. That he cannot be said to have been a good citizen, for a period at all events, but adds to the interest of the gift, and, more than probably, to its effectiveness. Baldly, the donor, Allen, has been one of the compulsory occupants of Sing Sing Prison, and it was the method of escape adopted by two fellow-convicts, who held up the Warden with his own revolvers, that suggested to him the idea he afterwards carried out under the friendly eye of the Superintendent of the gaol—the invention of a "gun" that could only be unlocked for firing by one who knew the secrets of its mechanism. It is this ingenious "persuader"—the work of several years—that Mr. Roosevelt has now added to his private armoury.

The Author of "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline." Mrs. Clayton Glyn leapt into fame at a bound with the amusing and daring series of sketches of smart Society, entitled "The Visits of Elizabeth." She has since written two books much in the same vein, and has just published yet a third, entitled "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline." Mrs. Clayton Glyn was one of the three pretty Miss Sutherlands, and Lady Duff-Gordon, the clever woman who, as "Maison Lucile," has built up a most successful dressmaking business in London, is her sister. Like so many modern authoresses, the creator of "Elizabeth" is a many-sided woman; she is a good amateur actress, and figured in Mrs. Arthur Paget's great War entertainment, and she has considerable artistic power. As those familiar with her studies of contemporary life will readily believe, her knowledge of France and of Parisian Society is considerable, and before her marriage to the Essex squire whose name she bears she lived a great deal abroad.



A NAVAL HOSTESS: LADY ARBUTHNOT.

Photograph by Swaine.

A Naval Hostess. Lady Arbuthnot is the wife of a distinguished naval officer, who is also a Scottish Baronet. She is one of the London hostesses who are in close and constant touch with the social world of both Services, and is herself the daughter of a distinguished Scotch soldier.

The New Marquess of Anglesey. The late Marquess of Anglesey is succeeded in the title by his cousin, Charles Henry Alexander Paget, the nineteen-year-old son of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget, son of the second Marquess by his marriage with Hester Alice, daughter of the second Viscount Combermere. Two of his sisters were married last year, one to Viscount Ingestre, the eldest son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland, the other to Lord Herbert, heir to the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Royal Household.

Lady Gerard. Lady Gerard occupies the pleasant position of mother to one of the most important *partis* in the kingdom, and she always does the honours of young Lord Gerard's various country homes. As Miss Mary Milner, she was known as one of the most brilliant sportswomen in later Victorian Society, and she was for many years among our most fearless lady riders to hounds. At one time, the mother of the young Roman Catholic Peer was one of the most prominent hostesses in the great world; her Royal house-parties were particularly brilliant, and she had much to do with the early organisation of the Primrose League. Since her widowhood, Lady Gerard has devoted herself entirely to her children; and last year her only daughter, Miss Ethel Gerard, became the wife of the multi-millionaire, Baron de Forest.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

The Marchioness of Anglesey, who married her cousin, the late Marquess, in January 1898, was Miss Lilian Florence Maud Chetwynd, eldest daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and the Marchioness of Hastings. The marriage was not a happy one, and steps were eventually taken to obtain its dissolution. These, however, were not persisted in, and although the Marchioness had been separated from her husband for some years, she was with him when he died. It is a little curious that her mother, who before her marriage was Lady Florence Paget, should also have married a spendthrift Peer, the notorious Marquess of Hastings, with whom she eloped.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING QUEENS-DOWAGER OF EUROPE: MARIA PIA, MOTHER OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

Maria Pia of Portugal. During her stay at Lisbon, Queen Alexandra will probably be much thrown with one of the most interesting Queens-Dowager of Europe. Maria Pia, the mother of the present King of Portugal, is the only daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, and her marriage, which took place when she was only sixteen, was the last to be celebrated in Europe by Procuration—that is, without the actual presence of the bridegroom in the church where the ceremony took place. Although in every way different from her daughter-in-law, the serious and kindly Marie Amélie, the Queen-Dowager is on excellent terms with her successor. They are both exceedingly charitable, but Queen Alexandra's hostess believes in helping people who help themselves, while her mother-in-law has all the Italian prodigality of nature and is adored by the idle beggars of Lisbon.

The Wife of the New Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lady Dorothy (Doreen) Long should receive a very warm welcome in Ireland, for she is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Cork and Orrery and an enthusiastic sportswoman. Two years ago, the new Secretary of State for Ireland and his energetic wife celebrated their Silver Wedding, but a keen love of outdoor life and of every kind of country sport has kept them both young in appearance and in heart. They will each, in their different ways, form a valuable addition to the comparatively narrow world of Irish Society, while Lady Doreen's experiences as a London political hostess will stand her in excellent stead.



AN ORGANISER OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE: LADY GERARD.

Photograph by Bassano

A Theatre Strike. While here in London Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Seymour Hicks are planning a sort of Actors' Trade Union, the actors in Madrid have actually been on strike. The cause of the dispute is the attempted introduction into Madrid of that grandmotherly legislation which used to annoy Mr. John Hollingshead so much, for the Prefect of Police has ordered the Madrid theatres to close for the future at half-past twelve at night. Authors, actors, and managers all insist on their right, according to the old Spanish custom, to keep the theatres open till one o'clock in the morning, or even later, especially in the case of those houses in which four plays of an hour each are given every evening. The Prefect insists on the observance of his edict, and the opposition is headed by the Society of Dramatic Authors.

The Kaiser and Sicily. Not content with yachting in the Mediterranean, the Kaiser has decided to have a *pied-à-terre* in Sicily, and has, therefore, rented the Hôtel Cineo at Taormina for the months of March and April. The price he paid for the two months was four thousand pounds, and the guests all had to turn out of the hotel by the end of last month.

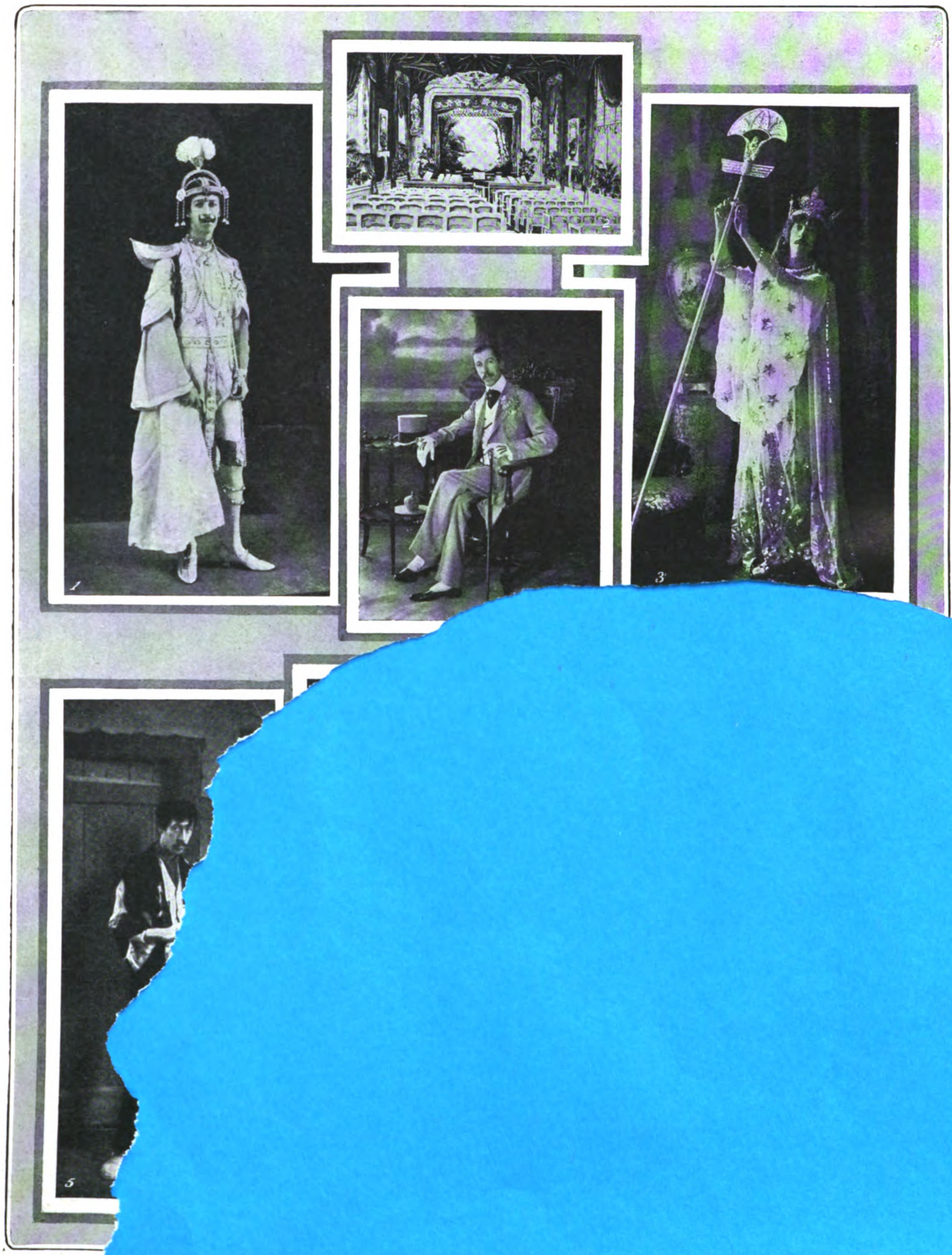


THE WIFE OF THE NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND: LADY DOREEN LONG.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

A MUCH-BEJEWELLED MARQUESS AND MUMMER:

THE LATE LORD ANGLESEY IN VARIOUS CHARACTERS.



As is generally
he had built
the amusem
scope: the

The Corpulent Cavalryman. The War Office announces, in a manner remarkable for *naïveté* rather than for preciseness of diction, its momentous—or should one say monumental?—discovery that "during their service with the colours a number of cavalrymen so increase in size and weight as to render them unsuitable for mounted service," and has decided that "the services of these men shall in future, provided they are of good character, be utilised for remount work"—presumably that the budding Falstaffs may get more exercise. Can the interest the military authorities are evincing in Ju-jitsu have its origin in the same fact? Regular bouts with Tarro Myaki, or some other disciple of the curiously-named "soft art," would surely lessen, if not melt and resolve into a dew, the too, too solid flesh now menacing the existence of the horse. Mr. Arnold-Forster and his colleagues need not despair, however. Why not a new force—the Most Mountainous Militia?



WINNER OF A FIRST PRIZE AT PRINCE'S SKATING-RINK RECENTLY: MISS GLADYS RENNIE.

Photograph by Bassano.

A Future Countess. Viscount Barrington's pretty step-daughter, Miss Cicely Mary Birch, will shortly become the bride of the Hon. James Richard Neville Stopford, the Earl of Courtown's eldest grandson. The bridegroom is one of the group of brilliant young Englishmen who have, more or less, cast in their lot and fortune with South Africa, and he and his young wife will probably spend part of their early married life in Pretoria. It rarely happens that the marriage of a daughter follows that of a mother at such a short interval; the wedding of Mrs. Arden Birch and Viscount Barrington was one of the [illegible] social



"Brummagem" as Current Coin. "Who steals my purse steals trash" might very well be said by the explorer in New Guinea; but the loss would be none [illegible]e less serious, for [illegible]ch he carries [illegible]pay his [illegible]him

Mr. Lloyd-George Joins the Reform Club. The announcement that Mr. Lloyd-George has joined the Reform Club has caused a flutter amongst Radicals. Hitherto the clever Welshman has been a shining light at the National Liberal Club, and some of its members are afraid that they may not see him so often in future. On the other hand, several old members of the Reform spend a great deal of time at the more Radical institution. Mr. Lloyd-George is, perhaps, preparing for the time when he must show more aloofness than at present. His friends are certain—if he is not certain himself—that he will be in the next Liberal Cabinet.

An Engagement in the Diplomatic World. The betrothal of Miss Ethel Fane, a daughter of the late British Minister at Copenhagen, and Mr. Rumbold, whose father is one of the most popular diplomatists living and the writer of Reminiscences generally accepted as the best volumes of the kind published since the famous Malmesbury Memoirs, has aroused much interest in the Corps Diplomatique. The wedding will take place soon after Easter, and promises to be as brilliant a function as was that of Miss Fane's elder sister to Mr. Charles R. Wingfield on Shrove Tuesday.



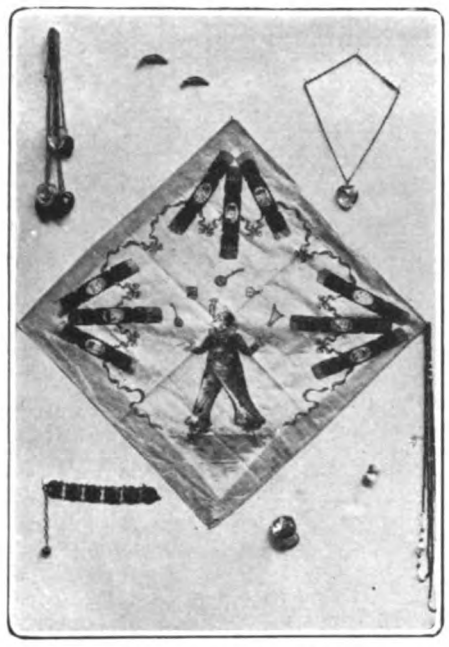
[illegible]AGEMENT IN THE DIPLOMATIC WORLD:
[illegible] FANE, TO MARRY MR. H. M. RUMBOLD.

Photograph by Thomson.

[illegible]dition in unexplored Papua. The [illegible]ls, the chains, the gaudy rings [illegible]olossal bogus diamonds, which [illegible] his money and will charm the [illegible]l natives into yielding him will-[illegible]vice, are the merest "Brumma-[illegible]" penny lines" is their trade [illegible]n, but to the simple Papuan they represent wealth untold. [illegible] a stone an inch and a half [illegible] will produce two days' [illegible] glass charms on chains [illegible] toiled for through a [illegible]Papuan belles would [illegible]r a penny bangle of [illegible]ork. The print hand-[illegible]eted for personal adorn-[illegible] prized accordingly. But [illegible] of all are the dogs' teeth. [illegible]ill carry heavy baggage [illegible] a month or two if only [illegible] set of these. Knives and [illegible]mong his current coin.

[illegible]d his son returned last [illegible]yo years' sojourn in [illegible]nea, during which he [illegible]xplored fastnesses of [illegible] Range. He now [illegible] his entomological [illegible]esearches in Dutch [illegible]ticularly in the [illegible], also unexplored [illegible] last journey he [illegible] experiences of [illegible], and these,

stratagem. Do not bear me any ill-will. I am off to America.—(Signed) GABRIELLE." Needless to say, the inventor disappeared at the same time.



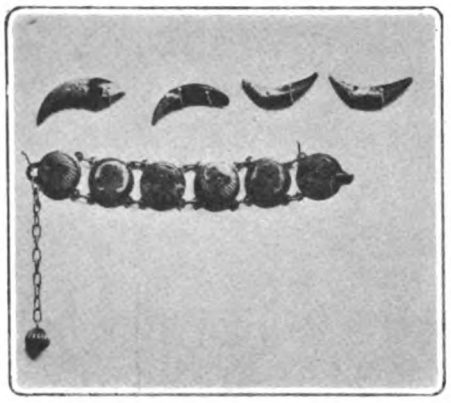
"BRUMMAGEM" AS CURRENT COIN: PELF FOR THE PAPUANS.

Examples of the "money" with which Mr. A. E. Pratt will pay his way in New Guinea.

which were recently outlined in the *Illustrated London News*, will shortly be fully recounted in book-form. One of the most remarkable things about his journey is that he and his son had with them no other white man. They trusted themselves entirely to their Papuan followers, and had no reason to regret this draft on the bank of savage fidelity. On the present journey Mr. Pratt takes with him two of his sons. The eldest has interrupted his scientific studies at Cambridge to accompany his father.

The Editor of "Vanity Fair."

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson was bred in Devonshire, and, under the influence of Dartmoor air, developed a stature of six feet three inches, and a weight of over fourteen stone when in training. He played in the Cambridge football fifteen for three years, rowed for his College for the same period, was tried in the 'Varsity eight, and won a cap at Henley. He was, moreover, a scholar of his College, and took two high Honour degrees in history and law. The journalistic instinct showed early in him, and for a year he edited the University humorous paper, the *Granta*, of which Mr. R. C. Lehmann was proprietor, and to which Barry Pain, Owen Seaman, Carr Bosanquet, and A. C. Deane were regular contributors. Coming to London, he was called to the Bar, but never practised. He spent a year abroad visiting the capitals of Europe, and shortly afterwards went out to South Africa as the chief of the *Daily Express* Correspondents. On his return home he became Editor of that paper, and he held the post for three and a-half years. He still writes in its pages, though he has now migrated to the Editor's



"BRUMMAGEM" AS CURRENT COIN: PELF FOR THE PAPUANS.

Examples of the "money" with which Mr. A. E. Pratt will pay his way in New Guinea.

Dogs' teeth, such as those shown above the bracelet in this photograph, are much esteemed by the Papuan, and a set will purchase a month or two's work.



"BRUMMAGEM" AS CURRENT COIN: PELF FOR THE PAPUANS.

Examples of the "money" with which Mr. A. E. Pratt will pay his way in New Guinea.

chair of *Vanity Fair*. He is a member of many Clubs—the Reform, Union, Authors', Leander, and Almack's being amongst them. He has abandoned more strenuous athleticism for golf and the collection of china and old prints. His first book on Rugby football ran through many editions, and since then he has produced a number of short stories which have a greater popularity in America than in England. A sensational serial of his, which appeared in the *Windsor Magazine*, "The Trail of the Dead," was translated into four languages. He also assisted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the production of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," the scene of which lies near to Mr. Fletcher Robinson's Devonshire home.



THE EDITOR OF "VANITY FAIR": MR. B. FLETCHER ROBINSON DIRECTING HIS "WEEKLY SHOW OF POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND LITERARY WARES."

Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who became Editor of "Vanity Fair" after a spell as Editor of the "Daily Express," adds the writing of fiction to his journalistic work, and a number of his short stories have attained considerable popularity in America. He assisted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the production of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and a new book of his will be published by Messrs. Harpers this spring.

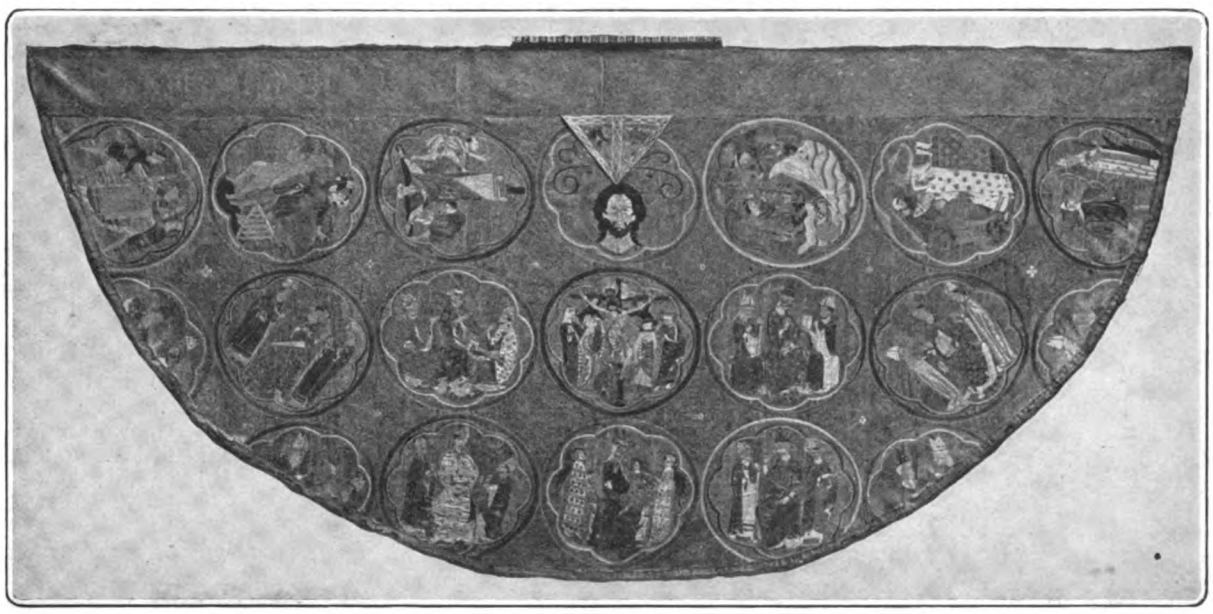
Photograph by Fradelle and Young.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IF small boys read morning papers, there is every chance of a great increase in the immediate consumption of cheap cigarettes, for I see that a Bill to prohibit the sale of tobacco to juveniles is on the tapis. Should the Bill become law, sixteen will become the age of smoke, and tradesmen supplying tobacco to infants will be fined for the first two offences and deprived of licence to sell tobacco if they offend a third time. The Physical Deterioration Committee is in part responsible for the attempt to coerce the small boy, and Dr. Macnamara is introducing the Bill, which is strongly backed. Before such a measure as this can squeeze itself into the Statute Book, through the mass of other seekers for place there, small boys should have plenty of time to impair their constitutions and stunt their growth unchecked by any legislation save such as is enacted and enforced by parents and guardians *proprio motu*. Indeed, if the pace of law-making does not mend, most of the juvenile smokers one sees to-day will have passed beyond the control of the measure when it does come into force.

Friends of the Post Office must be hoping that the Gaelic controversy will not end in favour of the distressful country. Why the hated Saxon's language should not suffice for the addressing of letters and parcels, no sane man can hope to understand. Inside the envelopes and postal packets a patriot can pack as much Gaelic as he cares to write, and nobody save the recipient of the letter is likely to complain. The rapid despatch of letters and packets is the first aim of a well-organised Post Office, and it is hopeless to expect that rapidity will be compatible with the task of translating Gaelic for the benefit of the very small section of the public that admires the language.



MR. PIERPONT MORGAN AS AN INNOCENT RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS: THE FAMOUS ASCOLI COPE, PURCHASED BY THE AMERICAN FINANCIER, AND JUST RETURNED TO THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

It will be remembered that the famous cope of Nicholas IV. was stolen from Ascoli Cathedral, and discovered after many days in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection in the South Kensington Museum. Needless to say, the famous American financier purchased it in all innocence, and readily agreed to hand it back to its owners when the true facts of the case were pointed out to him. The transfer was made a fortnight ago to one of the Secretaries of the Italian Embassy, who has just taken the vestment to Italy. It has been remarked that it is curious that the cope should have been handed to the Government rather than to the Church, in view of the difficult relations always existing between the two authorities; but it is understood that the State will, in due course, hand it over to its more legitimate owners. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has not been without reward for his generosity, for a special gold-medal has been struck to commemorate the event and has been presented to the great financier, together with the Order of St. Maurice, conferred on him by the King of Italy.
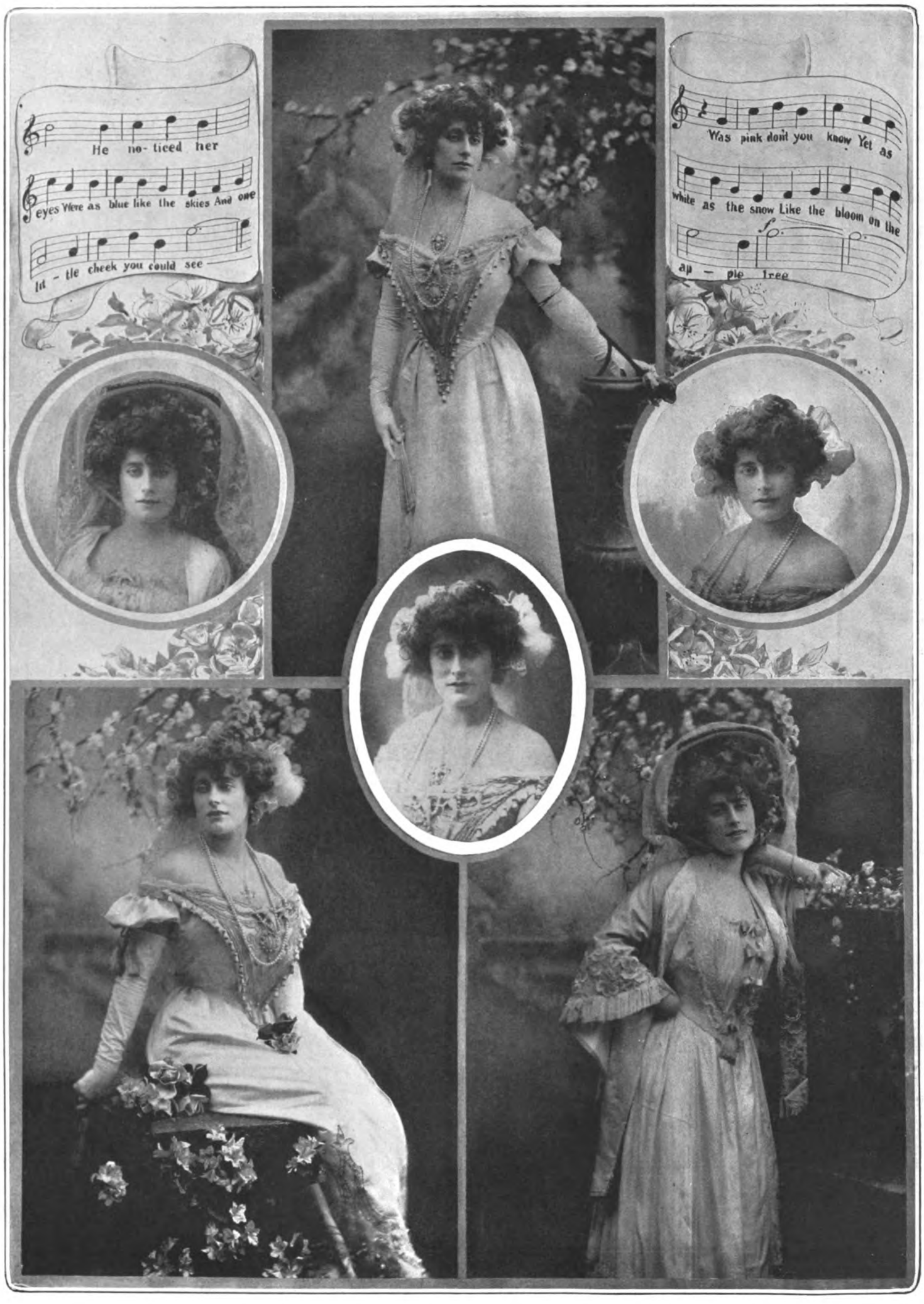
Danger Ahead. If the Post Office yields, we shall see Mr. Lloyd-George travelling post-haste to gallant little Wales to institute another branch of revolt against the Post Office. In the East-End of London, where brave attempts are being made to restore Hebrew to the ranks of living languages, some of the younger generation, endowed with revolutionary tendencies from the Continent, will surely demand the measure of liberty accorded to Ireland and Wales, and, in the end, the Post Office will be face to face with the alternative of giving up business or ceasing to exist as a paying concern. It is a pity that Gaelic cannot be handed over to Fiona Macleod and Mr. W. B. Yeats, with instructions to do the best they can with it in their own interests, but on no account to give it away.

Flowers that Bloom in the Spring. Of all the fresh growths of the coming year, commend me to the Thames steamboats. Once again, after long delays, the authorities have consented to realise that London, the greatest city of the world, stands on either bank of a considerable river, and that the many thousands of London's citizens would be glad to be allowed to use it. It is undeniable that nine out of ten Londoners have forgotten what the river is like between Hammersmith and Greenwich, or, at best, only remember that it is very muddy. And yet London looks at its best from the river, as many an artist has pointed out to us; better, I think, than Paris looks from the Seine, or Rome from the Tiber, or Lisbon from the Tagus. In these cities you cannot get the intimate impression, or the sense of commercial splendour that the Thames yields. I intend to begin to save money, that I may enjoy an occasional pennyworth of fine view, comparatively fresh air, and modest adventure, between the East and West of the Metropolis when summer comes along.

East and West. As Japan is likely to enter yet more intimately into the life of this country, and as Eastern matters concern us to-day, in the interest of the Empire, more than they have ever done before, it is not surprising to learn that a society is being organised by certain students and lovers of Eastern thought and culture to explain, to all who are interested, the nature of the debt that Europe owes to Asia. Most really cultured people are well aware that such a debt exists; but there are many sane men and women who believe that Asia is waiting for Europe to come forward and civilise it. A society that will be able to correct such erroneous impressions, without aspiring to regions that plain people cannot explore, can do much useful work, and its founders are receiving promises of valuable support. Of course, we are rather late in setting out upon the great mission. Had the task been essayed a few years ago, with a branch in St. Petersburg and another in Berlin, history might have taken another direction in the immediate past. But there is scope for great activity even to-day, and Eastern culture is one of the most fascinating of all subjects.

Paying Up Promptly. Now that the excitement has died down and the incident is closed, it is permissible to remark that Russia's settlement of the North Sea blunder was both prompt and honourable. It is quite clear to all of us that, had the damage been done under other circumstances, the bill would not have been so heavy, and that, so far as loss of life and limb can be compensated, the compensation has been a very liberal one. The verdict of the Paris Commission calls upon us to regard the affair in the light of a regrettable accident, and we are all inclined to believe that there was no deliberate attempt to murder unarmed and inoffensive men. If the gentlemen whose lurid reports of coming danger set the Baltic Fleet's nerves on edge could be found and hanged, all would be well; but, failing that desirable end, we have reason to be satisfied with the Russian acceptance of proper responsibility, and are called upon to acknowledge a settlement that was the more praiseworthy because even sixty-five thousand pounds is a matter of moment to the Russian Treasury just now.

"'NEATH AN APPLE-TREE LADEN."



MISS KITTY GORDON AS AGATHA (MME. COQUENARD) IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"OFF THE RANK"—"THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF M. DUPONT"—AND "EVERYBODY'S SECRET."

THE play written round Mr. Willie Edouin and produced at the Strand is an artless kind of unimportant piece. When it is known that the task of a playwright is to give to a popular low-comedian an opportunity of appearing in several different characters in one farce, no one supposes that he can or that he will produce a reasonably consistent play. Of course, Mr. Edouin, as a cabman—and he resembles none of the thousand I have met—as an inventor apparently escaped from a lunatic asylum, as a plumber, and as a female milliner, causes plenty of laughter. He has reached the enviable position of being recognised as a funny man, wherefore there are plenty of people who will laugh at everything he says or does upon the stage. In the present case, his most entertaining business is delayed—and rather too long delayed—till the last Act, in which he presents Madame Revers very drolly, and trims a wonderful hat in an irresistibly comic fashion. It may be no exaggeration to say that this business repays a visit to the house: it will be wise to give it earlier in the evening. As to the subject of the play, there is no need to write much. The idea of a young officer on his very wedding-eve going out on a big final "spree," picking up a cabman as comrade of his debauch, and getting so drunk that next day he does not remember any details of his disgraceful escapade, is rather ancient and decidedly displeasing: probably in real life his pretty *fiancée* would have been wise enough to cashier him. Her part was cleverly presented by Miss Nora Lancaster.

The change from M. Brieux's play, given by the Stage Society, to "Everybody's Secret," presented at the Haymarket, was rather staggering. After, with some difficulty, getting the former into focus, it was hard to take a proper view of the latter. If in play-writing one ought to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number, the adaptation by Messrs. Marshall and Parker is more valuable than the work which Mr. St. John Hankin has translated admirably. The drama by Brieux is stern, painful, hopeless, and contains a vigorous appeal to the intellect. "Le Secret de Polichinelle," in its new garb, is a kind of prattling piece, within the comprehension of the humblest, and it evoked a tremendous interest in "kiddies" on the part of the public. Indeed, it is certain that those who do not admire the humours of Mickey will be denounced as churls, curmudgeons, callous critics, and accused of having no heart or natural instincts, and the like—an accusation which, after all, can be endured very patiently. If I were in the entertainment world, instead of being a mere pestilential outsider, I should write a sketch for a music-hall, exhibiting in quite a serious way a fond mother bathing her child and putting it to bed: it would draw superbly. Why the authors omitted to show us young Master Parkes undergoing these domestic operations I do not know, and to have abstained from presenting him in his little "nighty," saying his prayers, was a noble sacrifice by them to dramatic art. Still, one has a complaint. If we are to have this nursery drama, such deplorable matters as the fact that Mr. Parkes only married Mrs. P. in order to "make an honest woman of her" might be left out of the affair: the introduction of it caused me for a while to imagine that something dramatic was going to be presented. Of course, putting this aside, everything was agreeable and amiable, and the play is entitled to all the polite epithets applied to themselves by the popular advertising cocoas. Moreover, in little Miss Hawkins we had an amazingly clever infant phenomenon. Mr. Cyril Maude played his part of the elderly Sir Michael delightfully, and Miss Jessie Bateman was so charming as to explain the way in which young Mrs. Parkes overcame everybody. I wonder if there are many more young ladies in Regent Street flower-shops who talk so prettily. Visitors to the Haymarket—and surely they will be numerous—ought not to miss the first piece, which is "A Case of Arson," the work where a talented Dutch actor, M. de Vries, presents half-a-dozen characters with such extraordinary skill that one overlooks the illegitimacy of the matter.



ONE OF "THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF M. DUPONT": MISS ETHEL IRVING,

THE JULIE OF THE STAGE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION OF M. BRIEUX'S PLAY.

The production of M. Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" gave Miss Ethel Irving, who played the youngest of the daughters, opportunity for a decided success. Our photograph shows Miss Irving in "The Way of the World," in which she also made a great "hit."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



A NEW PLAYWRIGHT: MR. ROLAND BOTTOMLEY,

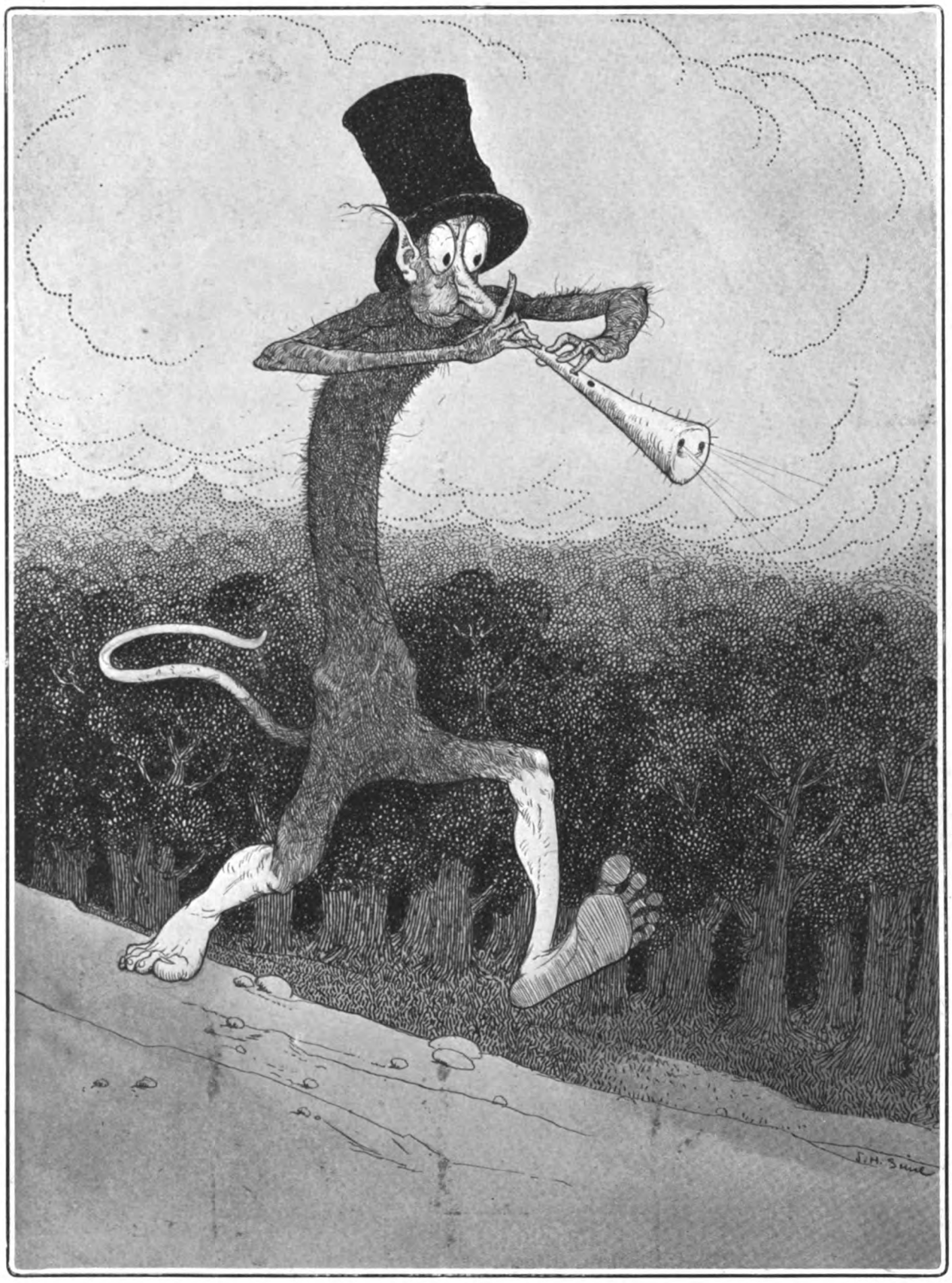
WHOSE NEW FARCICAL COMEDY, "THE IMPERTINENCE OF NANCY," WAS PRODUCED AT ST. LEONARDS RECENTLY.

Mr. Roland Bottomley, the brother of the clever Robert Bottomley who made such a "hit" in "One Summer's Day," and who has recently been playing in "Beauty and the Barge," made his first appearance on the stage in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Olivia." In addition to his new farcical comedy, he is the author of a one-Act play, "A Quiet Evening."

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

"The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" is one of the most powerful tragic works presented for a long while—tragic, though in form a comedy, since life under many circumstances is preferable to death. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that it passes in France, where the *mariage de convenance* is recognised, not in our own poetic land, where it often happens but we pretend to ignore it. No doubt, it discusses some embarrassing questions of sex, and in one passage, perhaps, with needless candour, though there is an obvious earnestness which serves as an excuse and almost justification. Of course, we are not accustomed to plays dealing ruthlessly with difficult aspects of real life, and therefore are very sensitive. With remarkable skill the grimly comic is combined with the tragic, and there was abundance of hearty laughter during the manœuvres of the parents of Julie and Antonin to swindle one another over the marriage settlements, and it was the keener for the fact that we knew that each was being deceived. Mr. O. B. Clarence's acting as M. Dupont, the girl's father, was a brilliant piece of true comedy. Miss Ethel Irving startled the house by her display of passion and grief in the part of Julie. Miss Gertrude Burnett, Miss Italia Conti, and Mr. C. V. France, by admirable performances, maintained the high traditions of the Stage Society in the matter of acting.

THE SIME ZOOLOGY: BEASTS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—XII



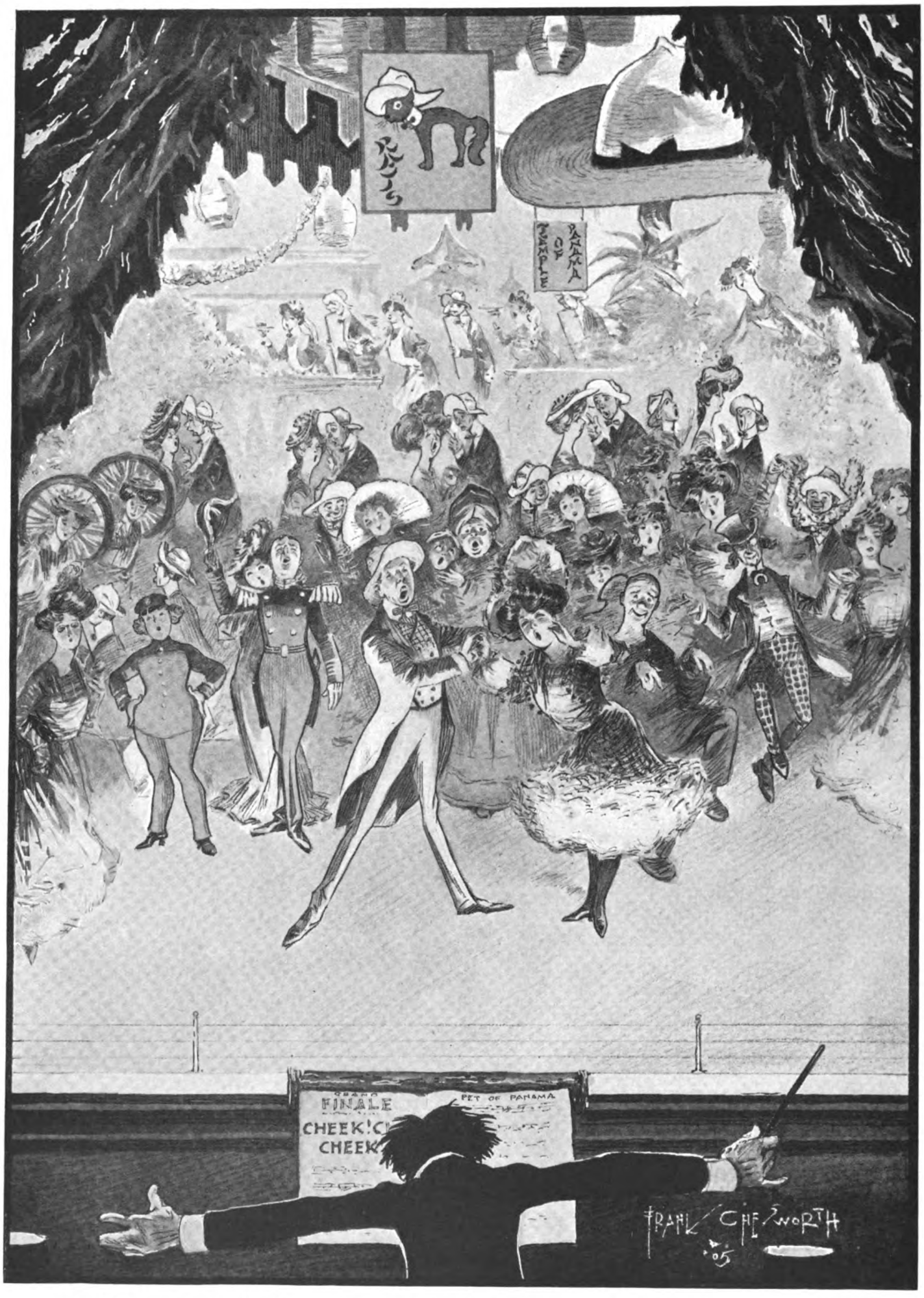
The Zoom.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME

KNIGHT

CURTAINS CARICATURED: I.—MUSICAL COMEDY.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST

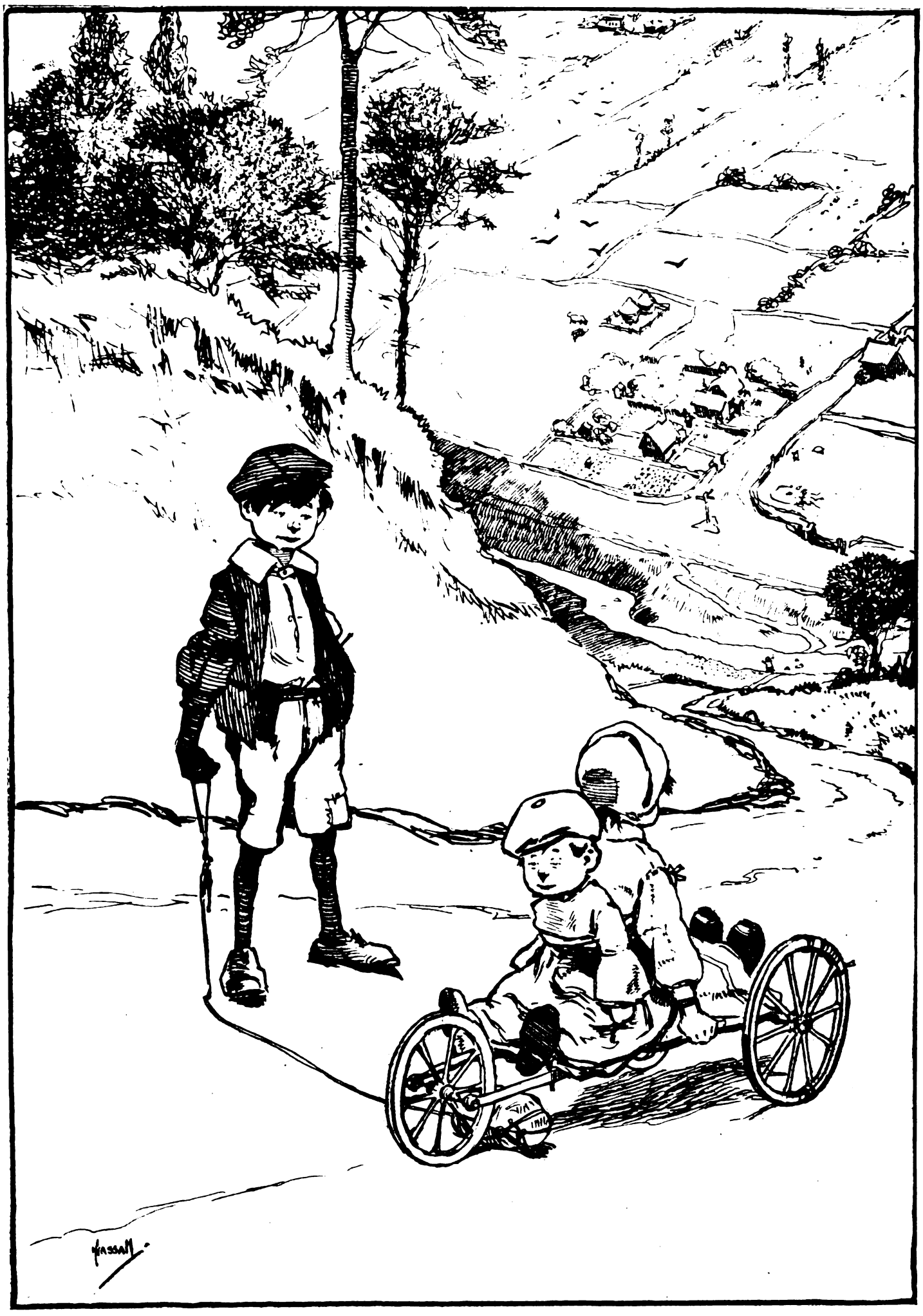


Alleged Midshipman. Captain of Horse-Marines. The Emperor and Empress of Panama. The Usual Lunatic (nationality varied). Silas J. Popper, Millionaire, and Daughters (Seven in Number).
Principal Panama Person. Princess Goo-Goo (with voice).
Collection of Minor Panama Persons, Chrysanthemums, Lanterns, and other etceteras.

"THE PET OF PANAMA."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

LEFT IN CHARGE!



"Now, when I pull the stone away from the back, you'll go down the 'ill, an' I don't want yer to get out nor nothin' till yer gets to the bottom, when little Willie 'll stop yer at the stepping-stones."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

MISS RUTH VINCENT'S SISTER, AND "MRS. PONJAB."



MISS MADGE VINCENT, WHO IS APPEARING IN "VÉRONIQUE." MISS VIOLET LORRAINE, CYNTHIA PONJAB IN "OFF THE RANK."

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.



MRS. HENRY CAVENDISH.

SOME NEW PORTRAITS.









"MISS ISABEL JAY."

Considerable interest has been aroused as to when and where Miss Isabel Jay will make her next appearance, as she has not yet decided which of the several offers made to her she will accept, subject, of course, to the consent of Mr. George Edwardes. She will not appear in "Les P'tites Michus," the next production at Daly's, which contains no part suitable to her.

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE reanimation of the weekly reviews continues, and is one of the most agreeable and hopeful features in present-day journalism. The place of honour must be given to the *Academy*, which has now been published regularly, in spite of innumerable difficulties, for more than thirty years. It reached its highest mark when it became a weekly journal under the care of its frail but indomitable founder, Dr. Appleton. Mr. J. S. Cotton, however, did much to maintain its tone, and it never lacked scholarly and moderate criticism. Of late, under Mr. Lewis Hind and Mr. Teignmouth Shore, it has been more popular in character, though always with a large element of scholarly work. It has now been taken in hand by Mr. Hudson, Sir George Newnes, and Mr. Anderson Graham, who will, doubtless, greatly strengthen its position. The wrapper has been dispensed with, and only two or three signed reviews are included. The type and paper are excellent.

Credit is also to be given to the *Outlook*, now a more business-like and serious organ of political and literary opinion. It had the sympathy of Mr. Henley when it started, and so it, very naturally, publishes some reminiscences of that editor and his journal, the *Scots Observer*. We are told that Mr. Henley would reduce a two column review to two lines, and alter articles so completely that their nominal authors failed to recognise their own work. The labour involved was enormous, and the irritation caused excessive, but Henley did not shrink from it. Henley had "the most sincere, open, frank admiration of his own achievement." An American publisher had put forth in a tiny volume a poem of Tennyson, a poem of Browning, and a poem of Henley. "You are in good company," said a friend to Henley. "They are," was the instant and sure reply.

A pathological study of Edgar Poe has been published in Paris. It is from the pen of M. Emile Lauvrière. Poe was from the first a physical degenerate. The son of a consumptive mother, and a father who was intemperate as well as consumptive, he had small chance of coming into the world a sound and healthy man. He was also atrociously brought up, sent to absurd schools, and trained to extravagant habits. It is little wonder that he could not conquer his hereditary predisposition towards alcoholism and towards melancholy. He had long periods, however, of complete sobriety, and was cruelly treated by his biographer, Griswold. Whether his peculiar contribution to literature could have been made if he had been a prosperous and respectable citizen of the United States is a question not easily to be answered.



SIGNS OF SPRING IN SUBURBIA.

Drawn by H. C. Sandy.

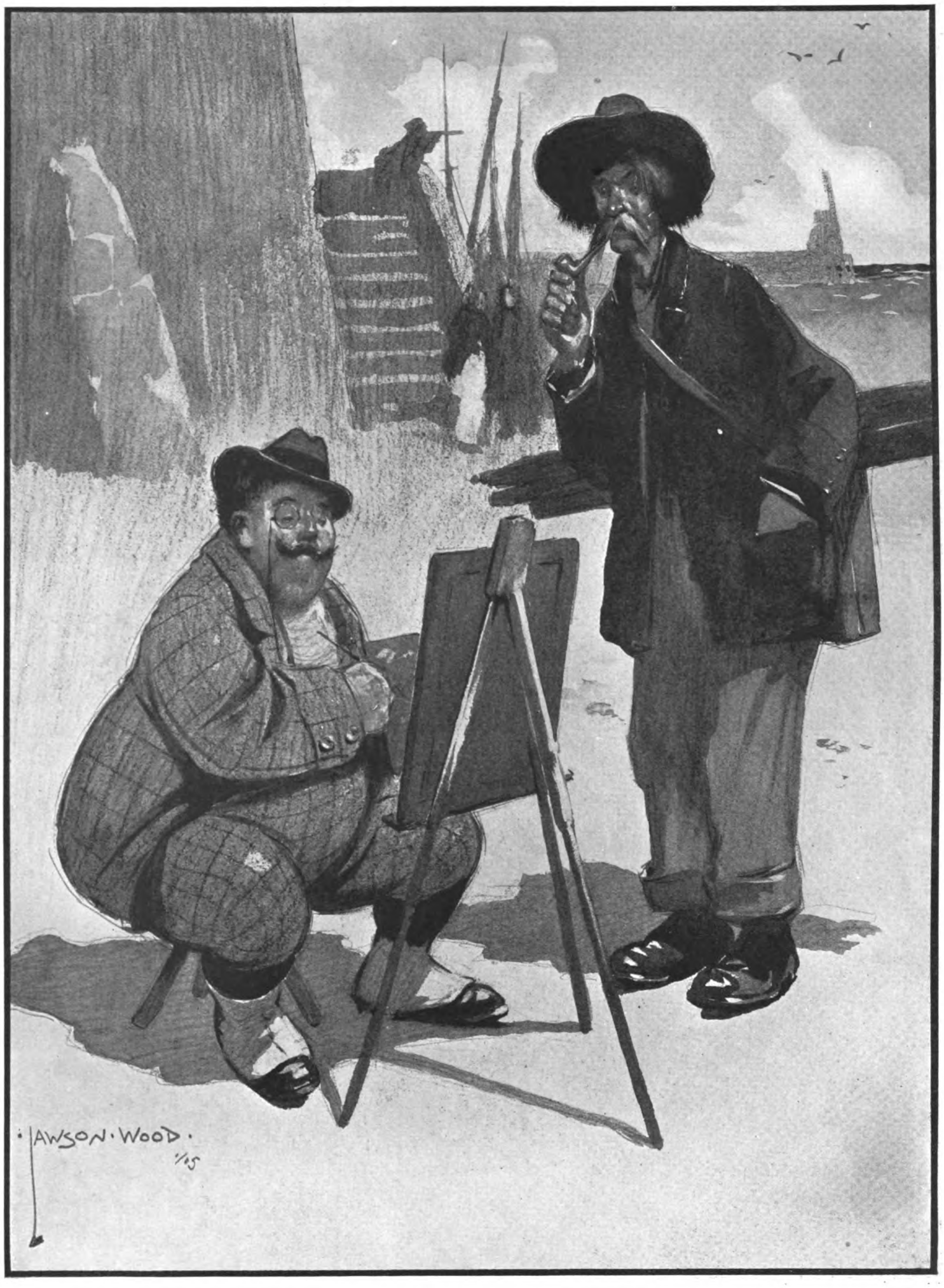
Of Lady Caroline Lamb, the original of Lady Kitty in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," Bulwer-Lytton wrote: "Lady Caroline had to a surpassing degree the attribute of charm, and never failed to please if she chose to do so. Her powers of conversation were remarkable. In one of Byron's letters which she showed to me, he said, 'You are the only woman I know who has never bored me.' On one occasion, Lady Caroline sent her page the round of her guests at three o'clock in the morning, with a message that she was playing the organ that stood on the staircase at Brocket, and begged the favour of their company to hear her. Strange to say, it was a summons generally obeyed, and those who obeyed did not regret the loss of their sleep, for, when the audience had assembled, she soon relinquished the solemn keys of the organ, and her talk would be so brilliant and amusing that the dawn found one still listening spellbound, without a thought of bed." Byron said of her—"She played the devil, and then wrote a novel." A little later, in a manuscript poem widely circulated, he wrote of her as "false to him, a fiend to me." It was in consequence of this last attack that Lady Caroline, in a fit of bitter resentment, burnt manuscripts of the poet's letter and a copy of the miniature he had given her, while white-robed maidens danced around the pyre, solemnly chanting verses composed for the occasion by the lady herself.

The volume, "William Bodham Donne and his Friends," published by Messrs. Methuen under the editorship of Mrs. Johnson, Donne's grand-daughter, will greatly interest the readers of Edward FitzGerald. We have more of the delightful FitzGerald letters, from which a series of characterisations may be quoted: "The Prime Minister's 'Sybil' I found heavy, and—strange thing for him—ditto Lord Lytton; so I fastened on 'Bleak House' and thanked God for it and Dickens! Then I bought at the railway-stall 'Elsie Venner,' by O. W. Holmes; very well worth reading, absurd as the motive is, and disproportionate as the narrative. Holmes is, I think, a man of genius. I believe I never could read Hawthorne's stories. Ste. Beuve has given me a desire to try 'Gil Blas' once again, which I never could get on with: an odd thing to myself. This time I will begin in the middle and so back if I get to the end." Donne, who was a country gentleman of literary tastes, and for some time Examiner of Plays, died in 1882. He was intelligent and friendly, though not exceptionally gifted. He had a keen sense of humour, and this comes out in his letters. He tells the story of a certain Dr. H., who, at an advanced age, married a new wife. Her gossips were condoling with her after the marriage on the long, dull evenings she must spend with her old man. She said, "Oh, they are not dull at all; we play at crocodile." "Crocodile, my dear. What's that?" "Why, after dinner, Dr. H. goes on all-fours round and round the room, and I ride on his back." Then there is the story of the gamekeeper who repented of his marriage: "It is very strange how fond I was of that woman; I could have eat her"—adding, after a pause, "and I wish to God I had." Donne discovered in his great-aunt's diary this quaint entry: "1754. Aug 7. Nearly choked by a piece of veal—such are thy mercies, Lord, to me, a sinner."

Should booksellers recommend books to their readers? Some booksellers take the view that it is very unwise to do so. Suppose a bookseller recommends an encyclopædia to a customer. He buys it, takes it home, and shows it to a friend who has another cyclopædia. The customer is convinced by his friend that he has been persuaded to buy an inferior work, and comes to the conclusion that the bookseller has misled him, and, perhaps, swindled him. Again, a novel cannot safely be recommended unless by a bookseller who knows the taste of his customer particularly well. It is legitimate and advisable that a bookseller should tell his customers facts about books and their sale, but he should let the author and publisher do the business of recommending. All this is plausible, and yet I think that a judicious bookseller may recommend very safely and will increase his trade by doing so.

O. O.

HIS WAY OF TAKING IT.—By LAWSON WOOD.



THE STOUT ARTIST (*complacently*): I had a splendid compliment paid to my picture in the "R. A."

THE THIN ARTIST (*mildly curious*): Oh?

THE STOUT ARTIST: Yes. A man and his wife were looking at my "Storm at Sea," and she said, "Come away, my dear; that picture makes me feel quite ill."

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



I.—THE POT-BOILER.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL



ALGY'S MAMMA.

By ROY HORNIMAN.

THE apparition that met Algy's eyes as he opened them was so unusual that he gave a shrill squeak. His mother, or something very like her, dressed for travelling, was standing at the foot of his bed.

"Algy, get up and put on your things at once. You must come with me to Paris."

"To Paris? Whatever for?" He spoke in a high-pitched, querulous voice which if heard for more than five minutes at a time was a nerve-destroying instrument.

He was awake now, and had taken in the astounding fact that his mother, who would, in the natural course of things, still be an hour and a half from her morning cup of chocolate, was pacing up and down his room distractedly. Suddenly his face lighted.

"Mamma! Is Auntie dead?"

"No."

"Well, what on earth can be the matter?"

All the arrangements, past, present, and future, of Algy's life revolved round the day on which his wealthy aunt should quit this sphere for ever.

"Félix absolutely refuses to send my gown for the wedding."

"Wear another."

"Impossible! I haven't a rag. Besides, the idea of turning up at the smartest wedding of the Season without a new frock is simply absurd."

"Well, don't go."

"The mere idea of not going to the smartest wedding of the Season when you've been asked is ridiculous."

"Do you owe Félix so much?"

"Oh, don't ask! It is most heartless of him. I haven't paid his bill for ages, and that ought to show him how hard-up I am. Have you any money, Algy?"

The corners of Algy's mouth went down.

"No, Mamma, I haven't." There was a certain heroic firmness about his reply, as if he had concentrated all the energy of his anæmic nature into it. He was conscious of a five-pound note on the dressing-table, and was wondering how he could leap from the bed and seize it before his mother's eagle eye fell upon it. He was too late.

"Why, Algy, here's a five-pound note! And I'm so hard-up!" The little, pearl-embroidered purse closed with a click. Algy knew, from experience, that any further argument on the subject was useless.

"Now, Algy, don't be long. I've got a cab at the door. I'm taking no luggage."

"No luggage!" Algy smiled. He had no need to get out of bed and look at the cab.

"You can be quite ready in a quarter of an hour."

"Impossible. I'm lunching at the Carlton."

"Algy, don't be so unkind! Get up at once."

"No."

"You don't mean to say that you are going to allow me to go to Paris alone!"

"You have your maid."

"I want you to see Félix and say that my bill will be all right."

"Thank you—I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Algy, how can you—after the sacrifices I have made for you!"

Algy sat bolt upright. He was not given to temper, but when his mother talked like this—she who had never sacrificed even a bottle of hair-dye for him—he got as near fury as possible.

She would have wept, but even at this hour of the morning the condition of her eyelashes rendered it undesirable, if not impossible.

"I don't know where you get your hard heart from, Algy. It's not from me."

"No, Mamma. I won't do it. You'll make me pay my own fare, and probably my own hotel-bill. Oh, it's no use your saying you won't, because, when the time comes, you will."

"Algy, get up at once! I insist!" When dress was the subject in hand, Algy knew that his mother could be heroic, so, prepared for any emergency, he wound the bed-clothes tightly round him—his swathed form making him look like a particularly small mummy from the British Museum.

His mother looked at her watch.

"I've only twenty-five minutes to get to Charing Cross and take my ticket."

"Well, if I were you, I should be quick, Mamma."

"Oh, if you were only a little boy again, I would——"

She swept from the room.

Algy knew that she would—if he had only been a little boy. He could, even after the lapse of years, feel the tingling that his mother's admonitions left with him. Algy, unable to go to sleep again, rang for his chocolate and began to read his letters.

The first was from the aunt already alluded to, and read—

Brammock, Perthshire.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I am both sorry and glad that you are working so hard—sorry for the sake of your health, glad and proud that you have such noble ambitions. As you say, 7.30 is an early hour at which to rise, but you will have your reward. As you sow, so shall you reap. Your mother writes me that she is having a very dull time in the country, and would so much like to see something of the Season. I have sent her £100—[Here Algy gave an indignant snort.]—so, perhaps, if she is economical, she will, at any rate, be able to go up to town and do the Academy and the Opera. She writes that she fancies she will stay at Claridge's, as it is cheap. It is over forty years since I was in London, so, of course, I cannot advise her. I hope you wear the plaid I sent you and the woollen gloves. They will keep you warm. Give my love to your mother—she tells me she is getting a little grey.—[Algy chuckled. His mother's head, with its masses of artificial Titian, had been like a bonfire in the room.]—Of course, you will both come to see me in September.

Algy was always a little touched by these old-fashioned epistles, and, remembering that the writer had six thousand a year, which he trusted would be his, a pang of terror shot through him at the mere possibility of her discovering his real mode of life. His was not a grand face at any time, and when it blanched at these unpleasant reflections it looked like a gnome's, so positively uncanny was it. Supposing she were to arrive unexpectedly! On the dressing-table lay a perfect multitude of trifles that bespoke a luxurious life. The faded Malmaison carnation, the white gloves, the pearl solitaire and pearl-studded links were not the natural attributes of a young man, with a small allowance, reading hard for the Bar. On the point of his allowance his aunt had been adamantine. Too much money was bad for young men. Even his mother managed to get more money from his aunt than he did; but that did Algy very little good, for if his mother's income had been four times as large as it was he would still not have been a penny the richer. Her extravagance was only conditioned by the limit of her credit, and, although she would strongly have resented any imputation of dishonesty, she regarded her normal income as only a vantage-ground from which to conduct operations. Her son knew her to be quite capable of attempting to oust him from his aunt's will but for the fact that they were mutually nervous of one another.

Twice a year they went down to visit her, his mother trying to look as unworldly as possible in plain coats and skirts, and Algy in a simple blue serge with a blue tie. Their stay at Brammock was a comedy, protracted for as short a time as possible, over which in the privacy of their own apartments—where his mother smoked a cigarette while she toasted her toes—they giggled rather than laughed, as is the way of small natures. The conversation during meals was distinctly hypocritical—

"Well, Algy, what have you been doing in town?"

"Nothing, Mamma. I have been reading a good deal."

"Have you been to any theatres?"

"Only to His Majesty's to see 'Much Ado.'" (He had been at His Majesty's once in his life, and then, not being an enthusiastic Shaksperian, he fell asleep.) "I go to see the McGuckins on Sundays." The McGuckins were Scotch friends of his aunt's, living at Surbiton.

"Have you been very dull, Mamma?"

Mrs. Vandeleur's face assumed the expression of a martyr.

"No, Algy. Thank goodness, I am not one of those people who must be always enjoying themselves. I have plenty of interests, and I have got so accustomed to not being in town for the Season that I hardly miss it."

And so these two worthies would play battledore and shuttlecock, while the old lady congratulated herself on possessing so commendable a couple of relatives.

Later in the day, Algy dressed and strolled down to the Carlton, to

lunch with a friend and two ladies of the stage who were more interested in getting amusement out of life than in seeking advancement in their profession. So long as they were nightly permitted to hold what is known as "footlight places," whence a good view of Algy and his like could be obtained, they were satisfied. The friend paid for the lunch—Algy's friends usually did. He thought no more of his mother till that evening, when he found a telegram waiting for him at his rooms—

Félix refuses. Try what you can do.—VANDELEUR.

"Poor Mamma!" murmured Algy. "She must have driven to Félix straight from the station. Of course, if they saw her after a long journey, she wouldn't look much of an advertisement for their frocks. Mamma travels so badly." As for trying to see what he could do, the request was simply silly.

In the course of the next afternoon he received the following—

Have persuaded Félix. Meet me Charing Cross five-fifty.—VANDELEUR.

Algy was not hard-hearted, and, besides, felt a little proud of his mother's triumph; so, having nothing else to do, he went to meet her.

It had been a rough passage, and Mrs. Vandeleur's complexion was like an artist's palette.

"Thank heavens, Algy, it's all right! There it is. I told Collins not to let it out of her sight." Collins, with the dress-box in her hand, was swaying dizzily, not quite realising that she was safe on land again.

Later in the year, Algy made an appalling discovery. His aunt informed him that, with the exception of a legacy equal in amount to his present allowance, she had left the bulk of her money to his mother. "I quite agree with your mother that no man should be trusted with large sums of money till he is thirty years of age. She is devoted to you, so it will all come to you at her death."

Luckily Algy did not lose his head, but smiled, feeling as though his lips were moving on iron hinges. It confirmed what he had for some time suspected, that his Mamma was not playing fair.

The next few months his insignificant face grew puckered with thought. The family doctor conveyed to him the terrifying intelligence that his aunt's health was failing rapidly. Something would have to be done.

His attentions to his mother became quite touching, and she was able to say to her friends: "Dear Algy, now he is old enough to realise what I have suffered for him, is becoming devoted to me."

She was contemplating a second marriage with a member of a noble Austrian family.

Mrs. Vandeleur had grown a little nervous of late. Invitations to the best houses both in town and country were becoming somewhat scarce. To put it mildly, she had the reputation of submitting to admiration with docility. Socially she was ailing, and dissolution might set in. Such a marriage would remove any possibility of ostracism and enable her to patronise those who had begun to forget her existence. It would be all the better for her if she were to become possessed of a comfortable income of her own—in fact, she had, with well-bred tact and delicacy, conveyed to Count Svinski, whom she proposed to make happy with her hand, that such a fortune was almost certain to be hers when the old lady at Brammock died. Algy had been kept studiously in the background, and the Count was quite under the impression that he was a boy at school, the only photograph he had seen being one taken while Algy was at Eton, which Mrs. Vandeleur had placed prominently on an occasional-table.

Algy was living in a state of high nervous excitement as to whether his aunt might not die before he could take any action to safeguard his interests, when he received, one morning, a note from his mother, asking him to lunch.

"Count out of town," he murmured.

It was an understood thing that he should not call when there was a possibility of his meeting his mother's suitor.

He dressed leisurely and took a hansom to Curzon Street. His mother was seated at the daintiest Louis Seize writing-table. She looked very charming, and some years younger than Algy, who had had a late night.

She was dressed in an exquisite confection of white silk and lace, loose but shapely, with pink "La France" roses at her waist.

"What am I asked to lunch for, Mamma?"

"Lady Algernon Blount is coming, after having cut me three times in the Park."

"I suppose she has heard that you have Svinski in tow," said Algy, respectfully.

"Don't be low, Algy—although, I dare say, it's true. Diplomacy is the one thing that Lady Algernon reverences. Svinski may get Paris."

The luncheon was quite a success, and Mrs. Vandeleur succeeded in conveying to Lady Algernon that the only thing that remained with regard to her engagement to the Count was its public announcement.

As Algy was saying good-bye to his mother, after having seen Lady Algernon to her carriage, Mrs. Vandeleur said—

"Oh, Algy, do you mind dropping these two letters into the box? Don't forget—they are most important. I shall be at home to you, dear, any day up till Monday—not after. Once the engagement is announced, you will have to meet the Count. I suppose, when you do meet him, you couldn't come in Etons?"

"I will if you like, Mamma; anything to oblige."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, Algy. You're very thin. Good-bye, dear. Algy, you don't happen to have any change?"

"No, Mamma, I haven't." And Algy edged towards the front-door.

From sheer inquisitiveness he looked at the addresses of the letters. They were respectively to Count Svinski and to his aunt at Brammock.

He glanced cautiously up at the windows of his mother's flat, and, as he expected, she was watching to make sure that he posted the letters.

With the greatest dexterity, he managed to drop the somewhat small envelopes down his sleeve. He sauntered round the corner and then made for home like lightning.

Calling for a kettle of boiling water, he filled two small tea-cups with the same, and placed the letters over them. In a short space of time they yielded up their contents. As he read them—to do him justice, utterly unconscious of the meanness of the proceeding—his face grew radiant.

He simply put the letters into the wrong envelopes and posted them.

"If that doesn't bring about a conflagration, nothing will," he thought.

It did bring about a conflagration, and the next evening he received a telegram from Brammock, bidding him travel North at once.

Throwing a few things into a bag, he just managed to catch the mail, and reached Brammock in the early afternoon of the next day.

His aunt received him in company with the family lawyer.

Algy's heart bounded hopefully.

"She's going to change her will."

Algy thought his aunt looked very ill. She handed him his mother's letter to Svinski. In it were mentioned the flat in Curzon Street, the fact that she had just had her diamonds reset, some new gowns Félix was making for her—in fact, if poor Mrs. Vandeleur had been under cross-examination she could not have given herself away more hopelessly.

"What does it mean, my boy?" asked his aunt, in a voice of bewilderment.

The scene was so exactly as Algy had pictured it that all he had to do was to perform efficiently what he had rehearsed. He broke down and sobbed.

"Poor Mamma: she has sent you—the wrong letter," he said, brokenly.

"But how does she live—what does it all mean?"

"I only found out the truth three weeks ago," resumed Algy.

"The truth?" gasped his aunt.

"Yes. Mamma is heavily in debt. She has a richly furnished flat in Curzon Street. She has been depending on your money, and she owes thousands—thousands!" Algy's voice rose to its shrillest, and he wept again.

The white-haired old lawyer patted his shoulder reassuringly.

"Puir laddie, ye may be excused for greetin' over such a shocking discovery."

His aunt bade him go and get some lunch. He did so, and, shortly afterwards, heard two of the servants called into the room he had just left.

"Witnesses, witnesses, witnesses," he almost warbled, as if it were a vocal waltz. He held up a glass of superb sherry, and smilingly toasted a blackbird hopping about on the lawn outside.

The lawyer came in, and treated Algy with a novel touch of the deferential.

Later, he went to see his aunt, and found her weeping bitterly over the treachery of Mrs. Vandeleur. Algy embraced her almost with enthusiasm.

The shock, however, proved too much for the old lady, and during the night she passed away to a brighter sphere, leaving her earthly garment for her relatives to place, with such ceremonial as they might think fit, in the family vault.

Algy wired for his mother, who arrived evidently quite unaware of the altered conditions of things. She was followed, two days after, by appropriate mourning, and Algy derived some amusement from seeing her walk about the house mentally designing improvements and alterations. In fact, at lunch the day before the funeral, she gave herself away to the extent of saying that a place in Scotland was always decorative and looked well in the list of social arrivals and departures in the *Morning Post*.

The old lady was borne to the churchyard, and Algy and his mother returned to the house to hear the will read.

After a few legacies, the lawyer announced that everything the old lady had died possessed of was left to her nephew, Algernon Vandeleur, with an admonition to try and reclaim his mother from the path of extravagance and deceit, if possible.

Mrs. Vandeleur fainted and was borne to her room, and Algy received the homage of his new dependents graciously.

Mrs. Vandeleur was a clever woman and came down to dinner.

"Dear Algy," she said; "I know I am quite safe in your hands, even if the Count doesn't propose."

"Of course you are, Mamma. You will have a thousand a year."

Mrs. Vandeleur suppressed a look of disgust. She had, in the interval between her fainting fit and dinner, calculated that it would be two thousand.

"You see, Mamma, if you had got everything I should have had nothing, so you ought not to grumble."

Mrs. Vandeleur did not grumble. She smiled.

It is wonderful under what trying circumstances woman can smile.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE announcement recently made in these columns that Miss Ellis Jeffreys had signed an engagement by which she is to "star" for the next three years in the United States, under the management of Messrs. Liebler, of New York, naturally suggested that the London playgoer would not have the gratification of witnessing her acting during that time. Happily, this will not be the case. Miss Jeffreys will not devote the whole of her time to America, where, indeed, the regular season lasts only from twenty-six to thirty-two weeks, the interval being devoted to what the actors euphoniously call "resting." Miss Jeffreys' season, however, will be shorter than the ordinary. She will come back to England at the end of May or the beginning of June, and her present hope is that she will return to what has been, of late, her artistic home in London, and that she will be acting at the Haymarket during the early days of the autumn. At Christmas, however, she will return to the United States, to appear in the new play which Mr. Alfred Sutro will then have ready for her.

The opportunities of seeing Mrs. Kendal in a new part grow less frequent, for, now that she and Mr. Kendal have for so long elected to leave the West-End of London severely alone and to devote their great talents to the public of the provinces and the outlying London theatres which are, for practical purposes, regarded as provincial, they find that their familiar répertoire is adequate for their purpose. Indeed, what public could possibly tire of the exquisite art exhibited in "The Elder Miss Blossom"?

This evening, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will both appear in a one-Act play, called "The Bird at the Neck," which they produced at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, about a fortnight ago. The author desires to preserve his, or her—or is it their?—anonymity under the pseudonym "X. L." The curious title has been suggested by a line from the Koran.

Will Mr. George Bernard Shaw lead the dramatists of the day to storm the theatres, the managers of which seem, almost to a man, to have decided in favour of Shakspere, who would have been a far richer man than he was had he lived to-day and been able to draw royalties?

Within the next nine weeks London will be able to see three different Hamlets and compare them. On Friday afternoon of next week, Mr. Tree, in pursuance of his theory that Shakspere should be mounted either as magnificently as possible or without any scenery at all, will play Hamlet at His Majesty's Theatre, supported by the Company which acted with him at Oxford last week. Three days later, he will make it his special Monday-evening play, and it will be acted with all the magnificence in the way of mounting to which he has accustomed us. On April 4, Mr. Otho Stuart will stage his production of "Hamlet" at the Adelphi, with Mr. H. B. Irving in the title-rôle, Mr. Oscar Asche as the King, and Miss Lily Brayton as Ophelia; while on May 17 Mr. Martin Harvey will produce that play at the Lyric.



THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE, MAYENCE: MR. MAX BEHREND.

Mr. Behrend, who, in company with Mr. Hans Andresen, was the recipient of a benefit at the Royalty on Monday last, leaves the German Theatre for the Municipal Theatre, Mayence, very shortly.

Photograph by Thiele and Co.

For some time, the English and American ideas of musical comedy and what we falsely call "pantomime" have taken ground in Paris, and with its latest production, "Tom Pitt, le Roi des Pickpockets," the Châtelet, which is the Drury Lane of Paris, has followed very closely upon British lines, mingling the methods of the Lane's two kinds of productions, the summer melodrama and the winter pantomime, and producing the mixture in the early spring.

It needs a bold man to do more than outline the story, which, to say the most of it, is shadowy. M. Lapoire, of Marseilles, has received orders from a correspondent in Santo Allegro, South America, to organise the marriage of this gentleman's ward, who is, when married, to inherit £20,000,000. M. Lapoire arrives in London, and, falling into the hands of Tom Pitt, the King of the Pickpockets, is steered by that worthy through a series of incredible adventures, both by land and sea, owing to Pitt's wish to marry the young heiress himself. How he fails to do so is told in four Acts and sixteen Tableaux, some of which—notably, the Bal Masqué of Santo Allegro, and the Aviary, with living lady-birds in the last Act—may well give Mr. Arthur Collins food for thought.

Tom Pitt, the principal personage of the piece, is played by Mr. Max Dearly, a Protean artist whose tastes run in an *entente cordiale* groove. During the play he enacts at least ten different parts, and in no one of them is he in the least like himself in any of the others, while he is funny in each one of the whole series, and funniest, perhaps, as President of a South American Republic, in the worst-fitting suit of clothes imaginable. Besides Mr. Dearly and the scenery, the success of Tom Pitt was largely due to Mr. Tiller's troupe of eight dainty dancers, who were encored two or three times after each one of their numbers. "Les Anglaises de Tiller" have become bywords in Paris, and no musical play there seems to be complete without "Les Ping-Pongs," "Les Koktels," or a similarly and curiously nicknamed octette of dancing damsels from the Tiller school in Manchester.

Perhaps, as musical comedy and pantomimes have taken root on the other side of the Channel, we may soon hear of French *revues* with English words at home.

To our readers, as to the public at large, it will be a source of regret to learn that, in spite of a somewhat general belief to the contrary, Mr. John Hollingshead really died a poor man. It was a curious irony of fate for a man who so frequently talked of the enormous sums he had paid to the members of the dramatic profession. Realising, however, the good for which he undoubtedly worked in the years of his active management of the Gaiety, it has been resolved to take steps not only to perpetuate Mr. Hollingshead's memory by the erection of a suitable memorial, but also to be of active service to Mrs. Hollingshead, who is in straitened circumstances. The President of the fund is Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree is Honorary Treasurer.



THE IMPORTER OF "BILL BAILEY" INTO FRANCE: MISS VICTORIA MONKS.

Miss Monks is now singing "Bill Bailey" at the Alhambra, Paris, and has made the song as popular across the Channel as she did on this side. The song, indeed, may be said to have made her, as she made it.



THE ENGLISH PICKPOCKET ON THE FRENCH STAGE: MR. MAX DEARLY IN "TOM PITT, LE ROI DES PICKPOCKETS."

Mr. Max Dearly is the "real Englishman" of the French stage. In order to secure material for his latest impersonation, he came to London and paid a number of visits to the East-End.

KEY-NOTES

MR. HENRY WOOD is a conductor who delights in taking his public by surprise. At times he will set up a programme so enormous in length that his very best admirers clamour against his purpose and intention; at other times he will arrange a programme that seems so innocently simple that, practically, he makes the majority submit to his feeling, even though they are perfectly aware that his seemingly short programmes are just as long as his long programmes. At the last Symphony Concert given at the Queen's Hall there were only three details mentioned on the programme; the first was Liszt's "'Faust' Symphony"; the second was a short series of songs by Berlioz, and the third was the Overture to "Tannhäuser," including also the Venusberg Music. Could anything be devised more simply and quietly than such a programme? Everything appeared to show that at last Mr. Wood had arrived at the point when even his own energy, magnificent and great as it is, had to give way to public opinion. But Mr. Wood is nothing if not cunning in his purpose. That innocent-looking programme really was as complex and as absolutely relative to his old method of concert-giving as anything in the world could be. The artifice was obvious, or should have been obvious to anybody who followed the significance of the concert. Not for one moment does the present writer complain about the result; for in every detail Mr. Wood achieved a separate triumph.



SIR AUGUST MANNS' SUCCESSOR AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: MR. WALTER W. HEDGCOCK.

Mr. Hedgcock, the new Musical Director at the Crystal Palace, is no stranger to that institution, for he has been its organist for a good many years, and has played at many of the great musical functions, including the Handel Festival. He is a musician of considerable ability.

Photograph by Russell.

Mr. Harold Wilde sang extremely well, and Mlle. Camilla Landi sang some songs of Berlioz with great charm, and also with a separate and most personal feeling for the songs written by the most unfortunate composer the world has ever seen. The "Tannhäuser" music was altogether splendid, both in the manner in which it was produced and also in the manner in which it was conducted.



MISS MARIE HALL TEACHING A FRIENDLY RIVAL: THE YOUNG VIOLINIST GIVING HER BROTHER A LESSON.

Miss Marie Hall, who, to the satisfaction of so many concert-goers, recently made her reappearance in public after her long illness, is evidently not afraid of family competition. Her brother is making rapid strides under her tuition, and his public appearance will be looked forward to with interest.

An institution as old as the Philharmonic Society is, to a certain extent, beyond anybody's powers of blame. It might easily be that a certain concert does not come precisely to the level of one's expectation; equally it might be that works are accepted which are not destined to have any sort of musical life in the world; but when you look back upon the enormous history of the Philharmonic Society, and remember the great and world-enthralling compositions which have come to practical life through its influence, it would indeed be more than harsh, it would be actually cruel to make any adverse comment upon the work of any particular modern concert. The present year marks the ninety-third of the Society's existence, and the first concert of the present season, given on Wednesday at the Queen's Hall, opened with the National Anthem. Oddly enough, even though Dr. Frederic Cowen, who stands among the most audacious of our contemporary English composers, was the conductor, the National Anthem was followed by the "Academic Overture" by Brahms. "Academic" is a word which the present writer has very often applied to Brahms, and it is a word which various admirers of Brahms have almost angrily repudiated, even though the composer himself was ready enough to accept it as an epithet implying great praise. Mr. Ferruccio Busoni took the Pianoforte part in Saint-Saëns's Concerto for that instrument and Orchestra, in F (the pianoforte, by the way, was constructed by C. Bechstein). As in most of the work by Saint-Saëns, in any consideration of this score one never quite felt the presence of a great master, although one certainly felt that here was great and very particular cleverness. Into that ordeal Busoni cheerfully penetrated, and played, accordingly, to admiration. His method is fine and clear, his technique and his touch are most dainty, for, indeed, he has one of the lightest and most brilliant touches on the pianoforte of any contemporary player. It may be true that occasionally his sentiment of any particular work leads him into theatrical devices; but Saint-Saëns himself could never complain of the brilliant and bright sentiment which Busoni gave to the last movement of the work, despite its utter and absolute commonplace, and its lack of inspiration. Miss Ada Crossley sang Four Wagner Songs very beautifully, and with an almost noble sense of artistry.



THE LATEST INFANT PRODIGY: MISCHA ELMAN, THE BOY VIOLINIST.

Mischa Elman, who made his first appearance in this country at Lady Palmer's "At Home," and made his first bow to the London public yesterday, was born at a village in the Government of Kieff in 1892. He first played before an audience when he was five, using a ¼-violin, and since then he has had considerable success in St. Petersburg.

Photograph by Noack.

The second part of the concert was devoted partly to Haydn's Symphony in D, and, omitting Liszt's "Paraphrase de Concert," it concluded with Mackenzie's "Canadian Rhapsody." Sir Alexander Mackenzie is undoubtedly to be ranked among the greatest musical creators of this country at the present day. Sir Hubert Parry, indeed, is a master of depth in music, and very often also finds inspiration in the great emotional matters of life. Sir Charles Stanford has also undoubtedly produced much light work which has attracted the attention of many amateurs, even though, at the same time, he is responsible for much of the dulness with which English music is identified. From these, of course, Sir Edward Elgar stands apart; yet he is linked to a certain extent with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who in his new work shows how admirably he can emphasise his own theory by combining the sentiment of National Song with the cleverness and the consecutive design of modern music. One word to follow: Sir Alexander Mackenzie has discovered how to use his intense interest in Scottish music in conjunction with his great technical powers. It was through that key, and by reason of that lock, that Wagner found it possible to enter the house of immortality.

COMMON CHORD.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP—MOIFAA—TWO-YEAR-OLDS—THE COST OF RACING.

IF all I hear be true, we may expect some exciting developments on the eve of the Lincoln Handicap, when the hedging money for certain candidates comes from the Continent and our Colonies. I shall stick manfully to my guns and continue to declare for Sansovino, who has a big chance on the Derby Cup running. The danger, I am told, may arise from Csardas, who will very likely be backed for a big sum on the day of the race. The Newmarket men of observation declare for Andria and Charcot, both said to be in tiptop fettle, but it would not in the least surprise me to see Housewife finish in front of the pair, for the simple reason that the touts run Sir James Miller's candidate down, and it is always good business to oppose the Newmarket horse-watchers when they are unanimous. I do not profess to be able to solve the Netheravon puzzle, and can only suggest that the better of Hackler's Pride and Ypsilanti should not want for backing, and I am told that the last-named was only backed for a place when he got third in this race two years ago. Of Robinson's pair, Vedas and Newsboy, I should take the latter, with a run guaranteed, for he was said to be one of the best two-year-olds in training, and he cost his present owner three thousand guineas at the sale of the late Sir Blundell Maple's horses. But rumour has it that Newsboy is touched in his wind. If so, it would be as well to see him run again before backing him for any race. As for Rosebury, he may be the best horse in training or the worst!



A BADGER DRAWING NEAR BATH: SOME OF THE EXCAVATIONS.

The result of three days' hard digging, necessitated by the extensive nature of the "runs." The height of the holes is that of a woman of average size.



THE "DRAWN," AND ONE OF THE "DRAWERS."

The badger here shown is of exceptional size, weighing over thirty pounds.

If His Majesty's colours are carried to victory in the Grand National, the winter pastime will, I believe, hum for many years to come. A friend of mine who saw Moifaa do a gallop at Newmarket says he looks a winner all over. He is as sound as bell-metal, and Marsh has sharpened him up considerably. George Williamson, who will have the mount in the race, is in strict training, and is in the best of health, and all concerned are wonderfully confident. Mr. Gollan, who sold the horse to the King, had tried Moifaa shortly before the sale to be 14 lb. better than he was last year, which, by-the-bye, should get rid of the 10 lb. he has to give Kirkland. But the last-named has come on a lot, and the battle between the two should be a royal one. I think Moifaa will win, bar accidents, and I should select Kirkland and the good old plodder, Detail, to fill second and third places in the race. The last-named is a one-paced horse of the Gamecock calibre, and he is said to be able to stay for ever. He is owned by a lady in the East of England, who races under the assumed name of Mr. White Heather; and here it should be noticed that, up to now, a lady has never owned a Grand National winner, although Mrs. Langtry won the Ascot Gold Cup and the Cesarewitch with Merman, who, in my opinion, would have won over the Aintree country had he been put to jumping.

Many of the two-year-olds have been galloped at Newmarket, and it is said that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has one or two quite equal to winning the Brocklesby Stakes. Very few of the jockeys riding to-day are capable of getting the most out of a two-year-old. Tom Cannon senior was the best jockey I ever saw ride in two-year-old races. He was good-tempered, tender, and had delicate hands, while he seldom used the whip, although, I believe, he often rode punishing finishes on older horses. Despair was an instance of a good racehorse being ruined by severe punishment when a two-year-old, and there is no doubt that many of the shifty horses in training at the present time were spoiled by either jockeys or stable-lads when they were two years of age, and this leads me to another phase of the question. It is notorious that in big stables the average of rogues among the horses is often much above that to be found in small training establishments, and the reason is not far to seek. The managers of some large stables are not in touch with the lads, who are often left to their own devices, and who sometimes nearly pull the young horses' heads off at exercise. In my opinion, forty racehorses are quite enough for any trainer to look after, and no trainer should be permitted by the Jockey Club to have more than that number under his charge.

Many racegoers with diminishing incomes complain of the out-of-pocket expenses required to attend a meeting, and really the time has come to apply the pruning-hook, where possible. I think the ring-fees at many of the meetings are far too high. Take Liverpool, for instance, where the charge is £2 5s. for admission to Tattersall's and the Paddock on a Grand National day, which means that any Londoner who wishes to see the cross-country Blue Riband run for must pay at least £5 for travelling-expenses and ring-fees alone. True, some of the big men of the Turf ride third-class, and an owner I know of, who died worth a quarter of a million, used to ride down to the meetings in his horse-box, along with his thoroughbreds. The owner I refer to looked for all the world like a wild man from Borneo, and I shall never forget his being stopped by a gate-keeper at Windsor, who evidently took him for a tramp. He owned some fairly good horses, all the same, including a Cesarewitch favourite that finished down the course. The majority of racegoers, however, go first-class, in order to avoid the crush. I think the race-meetings, in the matter of ring-fees, should follow the example of the Ascot fixture and give us admission for ten shillings per day, except on very big days.

CAPTAIN COE.



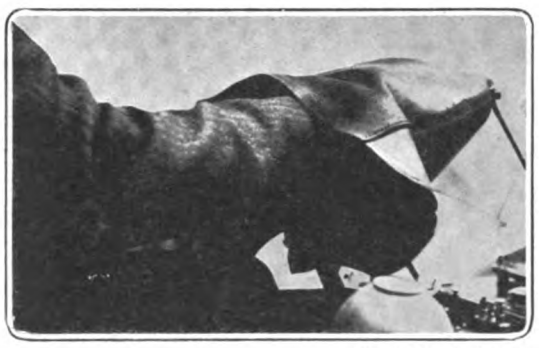
THE FRUITS OF VICTORY: ONE FOE THE LESS.

Photographs supplied by C. S. Sargisson.



NON-SKIDDING DEVICES—THE BRITISH TOURIST TROPHY COMPETITION—THE RECORDING OF MILEAGE.

A WELL-KNOWN tyre-expert, Mr. J. D. Siddeley, lately discoursed at considerable length, after one of the house-dinners at the Automobile Club, upon non skidding appliances, but during his remarks admitted frankly that he didn't use them and didn't like them. Speaking from personal experience, I am quite with this gentleman, for I hold that, when roads are sufficiently greasy to provoke side-slip, cars should be driven reasonably and at a safe pace, in order that any tendency to swing may be averted before it develops sufficiently to be harmful. When driving a car fitted with smooth tyres over greasy roads, the speed should always be kept within reasonable limits, and the clutch-pedal foot should never be off the clutch-pedal. A driver who is in sympathy with his car divines a slip almost before it commences, and, with his clutch-pedal foot in position, he can nip any skidding tendency in the bud by instantly de-clutching. All well-designed cars will reply to this treatment, for the instant the drive is off the rear-wheels the latter follow again the tracks of the steerers and the car straightens itself. Anything like a sudden use of the foot-brake with smooth tyres on grease is fatal, and a skid so started is very difficult — nay, almost impossible — to check. Therefore, in driving in traffic on greasy roads the car should always be in hand without resource to the brakes.



[Photographs by Branger.

TO PROTECT THE MOTORIST'S HANDS FROM THE COLD: THE LEATHER SHIELD WHICH WON THE FIRST PRIZE OFFERED BY PRINCE PIERRE D'ARENSBERG.

Nevertheless, if a car is always driven by a paid driver, I should strongly urge the use of non-skids, preferably one on each driving and one on one of the steering wheels. The best are the steel-rivet studded, chrome leather treads, such as the Samson; but such treads should be mounted upon the fabric foundation of the tyre, in lieu of the rubber shoe in the plain tyre, as then the great thickening brought about by superimposing the leather tread upon the usual rubber tread of a pneumatic tyre is avoided, and the consequent heating up of the tyre largely avoided. The big tyre-firms, such as the Dunlop Tyre Company and the Continental Tyre Company, are now supplying the non-skid people with the rubbered fabric foundations all ready to take the studded-leather tread, and, when the latter is properly mounted, you have the best non-skid available. But it must be remembered that tyres fitted with non-skids are not so clean as the untouched tyres, and that they take more power to drive them, so that the car is appreciably slowed. General opinion was against mechanical non-skids, in the shape of chains, wires, or trailing wheels. With regard to wire or chains which check the skid after it has commenced, these were, by reason of the strain thrown on the wheels, shown by Mr. Worby Beaumont, and others, to be undesirable.

"The most interesting event of 1905" is the manner in which the *Autocar* refers to the British Tourist Trophy Competition, which will be promoted by the Automobile Club in the Isle of Man in September next, and in so qualifying this event I thoroughly agree with our contemporary. Touring-cars, and touring-cars alone, will be permitted to compete, and by the most salient condition of the contest, the limited amount of fuel to be consumed, freak cars will be altogether tabooed. Moreover, the absolute necessity of getting the uttermost out of every drop of petrol allowed has, to my knowledge, already caused many of the manufacturers who have entered cars to commence experiments in carburation such as they have never before undertaken, and the results of such tests must assuredly make for much improvement in this particular. Manufacturers are still very much in the dark as to the best form of carburetter — indeed, I question whether they have given anything like a fitting amount of attention to the proper dimensions and form of this apparatus, which is the very soul of the automobile internal-combustion engine. For the most part, they take the best instrument the carburetter-makers can supply them with and are content. By the time the British Trophy Test is completed, we shall know a good deal more about carburetters than we do to-day.



THE SAME ACCESSORY (BACK VIEW) HELD AWAY FROM THE STEERING-WHEEL.

Not only does this apparatus form an effective protection from the cutting wind, but it gives additional comfort by means of hot-water tubing fixed to the inside.



THE FORTHCOMING MOTOR-BOAT MEETING AT MONACO: "PALAISATO II.," ONE OF THE COMPETING CRAFT.

The Monaco Motor-Boat Meeting opens on April 2 with an exhibition of the competitors, which will last for three days. The trial trips for the competing craft will be held on the 8th of the month, and the actual race-week begins on the following day.

Photograph by Branger.

Every automobilist, when he comes into possession of a new car, solemnly resolves to keep an accurate account of the mileage covered by his new vehicle. Such a record, if faithfully entered up, is most interesting and valuable, for by it one can check consumption, tyre-costs, the life of various parts, &c. But how often does the average motorist stick to his resolve? A speed-record is something like a diary, and we all know how diaries tail off after the first month or two. Now, Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, the well-known instrument-makers of 9, Strand, W.C., have come to the rescue of the lazy ones in this respect at least, for, in their "New Milometer," automobilists have placed at their disposal, at a most reasonable figure, a neat little apparatus which will silently and surely tot up the fleeting miles for them. This milometer is in the form of a bull's-eye, is simply attached to the outside of the cap of the wheel, and can be easily read in that position. For a correct instrument it is cheap at £2 10s.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE behaviour of our compatriots towards each other at Continental hotels is always a fresh source of amusement. The average Englishwoman, who behaves quite nicely to her fellow-creatures at home, becomes quite another individuality abroad. She withdraws into her insular buckram, gazes at other and unoffending folk with cold, disapproving scorn, and seems to think that



[*Copyright.*

A SMART WALKING-DRESS IN BLACK TAFFETAS.

"foreigners" and all others whom she has not met or heard of, whether in Brixton or Belgravia, take a liberty in being alive. Compared with the graceful cordiality that marks the intercourse of these same "foreigners," or the fearless *insouciance* of the pretty American girl, it is to be feared that the British-born dame contrasts somewhat disadvantageously in the splendid isolation of her manner. As an excuse, one hears it advanced that Englishwomen are self-conscious and shy. Still, why in the name of all common-sense need bashfulness, or timidity, or shyness, or whatever else it is, assume such a prickly-pear exterior? Doubtless, as our women travel more they will begin to recognise this. Until that Millennium arrives, however, the average upper middle-class Anglo-Saxon, no matter how well-dressed or secure in her own superiority, will remain a somewhat isolated, rather dreaded, and entirely absurd spectacle to *les autres*.

Hats, hats, and still more hats, is the moment's motto of every shop and salon on the Riviera. One goes out on Monday morning to interview three or four efflorescent and amiable milliners, to be followed by as many cardboard-boxed creations before *déjeuner*, only to find oneself distracted in a dozen new directions on Tuesday, while a Wednesday stroll past the shops reveals combinations of which the soul had not dreamed until then, and so on *ad infinitum*. Every hat fresh from the artiste's needle seems a dozen times more bewitching than any predecessor. All are more or less tip-tilted this year, and perch themselves on the hair with a coquetry which last year's flat, flatter, flattest hat could never achieve. And the flowers! They are really too bewitching, and, while taking such liberties with Nature as to show blue roses and purple mimosa, yet never do otherwise than delight the appreciative feminine eye. We counted twelve different colours on one hat yesterday, yet it was a little masterpiece of form and colour. Let certain true-born Britons try to assimilate such antagonisms, however, and see what a battlefield of horrors that hat would be.

The dresses are wide, voluminous, far-reaching in their silken effects; and one black-and-white taffetas, exquisitely tricked out with little gold braid medallions and écru Chantilly, measured ten mètres around, without seeming in the least exaggerated. Corsets still present a front of unbending rigidity. But this, though very appropriate to the natural *embonpoint* of the French figure, is, to one's thinking, less adapted to the English. When you see a woman's outline in one unbroken rigidity of line before, with an exaggerated swoop inwards of waist at back, the obvious unnaturalness strikes one as inartistic, and, however applicable the new corset to the rotund, it is quite equally unsuited to the slender.

Here at Cannes, Society supersedes shops, and a chastened gaiety takes the place of Monte's riotous splendour. Breakfast-parties are frequent and favourite. At Vicomte de Périgny's *déjeuner* at the Cercle Nautique this week, one saw Prince Albert Ghica with his Irish bride, whose father made money in New Zealand, having left Kildare to seek his fortune after the memorial manner of the Hibernian. Lord and



[*Copyright.*

IN THE NEW OYSTER-GREY.

Lady Brougham, who are, by the way, entirely responsible for the discovery of Cannes, gave a breakfast-party on Wednesday, at which Miss Paget and her sister, Leila, were present. Mr. Lester Roze, who is staying with Lady Alfred Paget, was of the party too.

I saw the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg on her arrival at the Nice Station from Moscow, where she had been to attend the funeral

of her brother, the Grand Duke Sergius. Looking at the inflexibility of expression and the pride which reflect themselves on her features, one realised how far divided are the sympathies and feelings of the ducal party and the serfs, for such the people of Russia still to all intents and purposes remain.

"The man with the machine" is returning to Monte Carlo. He has created no small interest and excitement here. But, notwithstanding his occasional coups and more or less regular gains, the Bank goes on serenely at its business of money-getting, and has this year absorbed eighty thousand pounds sterling more than any previous season. One can appreciate this in trying to get near the tables, which are always six deep with small punters, mainly of the "Teutonic persuasion," as someone called it lately. SYBIL.

The Walker Gallery is well worth a visit just now, for it houses an exhibition of the work in oil and water-colours of Mrs. Mary Vernon Morgan and Mr. Walter J. Morgan, R.B.A. The artists' pictures are of gardens and flowers, and of subjects garnered in Italy and the East.

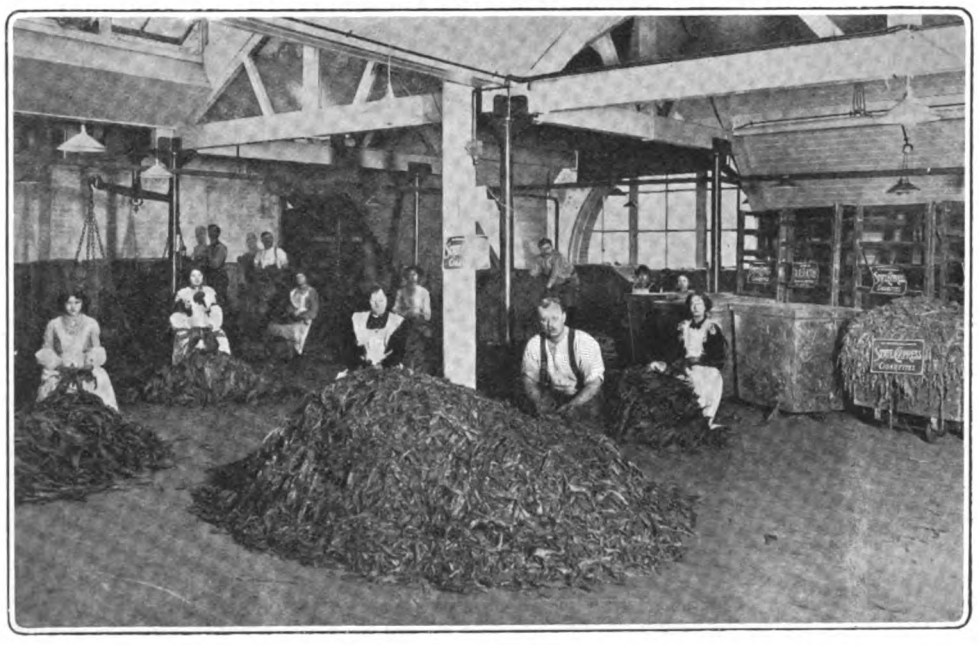
Mr. Frank Curzon will produce Mr. George Bancroft's comedy, "Lady Ben," at the Comedy on the 28th inst. Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Charles Fulton, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Miss Darragh, Miss May Pardoe, Miss Fanny Coleman, and Miss Dorothy Grimston are in the cast.

Messrs. Chappell and Co. inform us that the first performance on the Continent of Captain Basil Hood's and Signor Franco Leoni's "Ib and Little Christina" took place at the Royal Opera House, Prague, on March 12. The opera was enthusiastically received and the composer called again and again before the curtain.

The success of the "Swan" fountain-pen has made it necessary for its makers, Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, to transfer their London headquarters from the comparatively small shop in Cheapside to a handsome new building, 79-80, High Holborn. The firm has also branches in Regent Street, Manchester, Paris, and Chicago.

That popular illustrated journal of fashion and social events, *Madame*, is now published at threepence weekly, and is making strenuous efforts to justify its statement that it is a sixpenny paper for threepence. The first number at the reduced price is an excellent one. Mrs. Aria supplies one of a series of weekly articles on dress, and all the former features of the paper are retained. These include Court and Society gossip, brightly written, notes on sports and pastimes for women, criticisms on new plays and reviews of new books, articles on bric-à-brac, short stories, and everything of interest to women, all illustrated.

The Ardath Tobacco Company has erected a new landmark in the smoking-world in the form of their new premises in Worship Street. These, necessitated by the ever-increasing demands of the Company's trade, will assuredly rank amongst the finest establishments of their kind, and comprise the general and private offices on the ground floor, a mechanical section in the basement, excise, supply stores, stock, and despatch-rooms on the first floor, and manufacturing and packing



IN A PALACE OF INDUSTRY: THE VIRGINIA-LEAF SORTING DEPARTMENT AT THE ARDATH TOBACCO COMPANY'S STATE EXPRESS WORKS, WORSHIP STREET, E.C.

Photograph by Bassano.

departments on the second, third, and fourth floors. It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to point out that the Ardath Company is responsible for the popular "State Express" cigarette, and the Turkish Blend cigarette "Quo Vadis."

GENERAL NOTES.

THE afternoon of Thursday, May 4, will be one of those interesting and by no means infrequent occasions when the members of the theatrical profession come together to demonstrate unostentatiously and sympathetically their regard for one of their own community who has fallen on evil days. The stage of the Haymarket Theatre will be the gathering-ground for some of the most popular actors and actresses, who will act, sing, and recite in order to raise a sum of money which will be spent in assuaging the condition of Mr. H. B. Conway—the "handsome Harry Conway" who so often represented the hero of plays done at that house and at other West-End theatres. An appreciable portion of his career was spent under the management of Sir Squire Bancroft, who, with Miss Annie Hughes, is organising the performance, the price of admission to which will not be raised, although it is hoped that the funds will be augmented by subscriptions, which can be sent either to Sir Squire Bancroft or Miss Annie Hughes. That the entertainment will be well worth seeing goes without the saying when it is added that Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Lewis Waller, among the actor-managers, will appear, with Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Millard, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Jessie Bateman, as well as Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. G. P. Huntley, and Mr. Huntley Wright.



A NEW TROPHY FOR THE WESTMINSTER DRAGOONS: THE "BURN" CHALLENGE CUP.

This handsome trophy has just been presented to the Westminster Dragoons (2nd County of London Imperial Yeomanry) by Captain P. H. Illingworth, to be held by the Champion Marksman for the year in "B" Squadron. It is of solid silver, with rich acanthus-leaf decorations relieved by shapely flutings, and was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

It was at the Haymarket that Mr. Conway made some of his greatest successes and attracted a good deal of attention by his performance in several Shaksperian plays in which the late Lilian Adelaide Neilson was the "star," and she was supported by actors who formed what was practically a Stock Company. On one occasion, while playing Romeo, Mr. Conway found that, when he had to make his exit, the door which represented the entrance to Friar Laurence's cell was not open, but had been buttoned on the other side by some careless carpenter who had left his post. Mr. Conway pushed at the door and banged at it to try to attract someone's attention. No one came. The situation was getting desperate. Romeo had to go, but a bolt on the other side kept him prisoner. At last, in sheer despair, he put his knee through the canvas, which ripped up the whole length of the door. Then he marched triumphantly through the masonry, to the audible joy of the whole audience. During the remainder of the play, whenever that scene was used, the flapping canvas reminded the audience of a difficulty well overcome.

During his cruise in the Mediterranean, the Kaiser will visit Vigo, where he will have an interview with the King of Spain, and will also sail up the Tagus to Lisbon, to see the King of Portugal. When the Kaiser arrives off the coast of Italy, he will have an interview with the King of Italy, probably at Naples. The Emperor's stay in the Mediterranean will last a month and a half, but the Empress and her children will remain there for at least a couple of months.

Messrs. Dewar, of Perth, entertained eight hundred guests at a smoking concert at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant, the other evening. Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., took the chair. There were nearly forty turns, and the most successful programme was rendered by some of the best artists in London. Each guest on leaving was presented with a handsome souvenir, beautifully printed in colours.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 28.

THE WAR AND THE MARKETS.

THE uncertainty among our Continental friends as to the Russian position, and the uneasiness which the French, especially, feel at the idea of their ally carrying on a hopeless war until financial troubles put a stop to such a course, are reflected in our markets. A day or two of good business is followed by reaction, and so it is likely to be until we can get this Far-Eastern complication out of the way. There is a general and growing conviction that the next six weeks will see the struggle over, and the now current story that the French Bankers will not find money for anything but a "peace loan" strengthens the possibility. From an immediate business point of view, of course, such a consummation is to be wished for, but it is questionable whether, in the long run, the interests of England would not be better served by the slow bleeding to death of the Russian Empire, and the removal for at least the next twenty years of the troubles in Europe, in Persia, and on the Indian frontier which the restless ambition of the Russian military party is for ever causing.

The public in this country is really taking an interest in Stock Exchange matters, and investing money especially in Industrial and Miscellaneous shares. The Yankee Market, although active, is quite dominated by the professional element, and Kaffirs are very much in the same position. In the improvement which is shown elsewhere the public has certainly taken a hand.

THE FLOOD OF NEW ISSUES.

It is a great pity that such a flood of new issues should be pushed out the very moment the timid investor begins to pluck up courage and take a little money from his stocking. If the promoters would only sign an all-round undertaking not to make any inroads on public credulity for three months, there might be a prospect of great days in the near future, but the success which has attended motor-omnibuses and suchlike ventures is bringing out such a flood of new concerns that the goose which lays the golden eggs will soon be smothered. We hope our readers will be very careful of the new issues to which they subscribe, and leave the motor concerns, except in exceptional cases, severely alone.

That the motor-omnibus is destined in the near future to supersede the horse-drawn article is clear to most people, but we think the idea is being exploited for all it is worth, and the result is likely to be that the public will be relieved of a considerable amount of savings. The present Omnibus Companies have not been so successful as to encourage the idea of adding to their number in the pre-motor days; they have their regular lines and routes well established, and they are going to turn their horse-drawn carriages into up-to-date motors; besides which, in a year or two, the competition with new Tubes and an electrified Underground Railway will be much greater than it is to day. Why the investor should imagine that there will then be room for three or four new concerns in addition to the old ones we do not know.

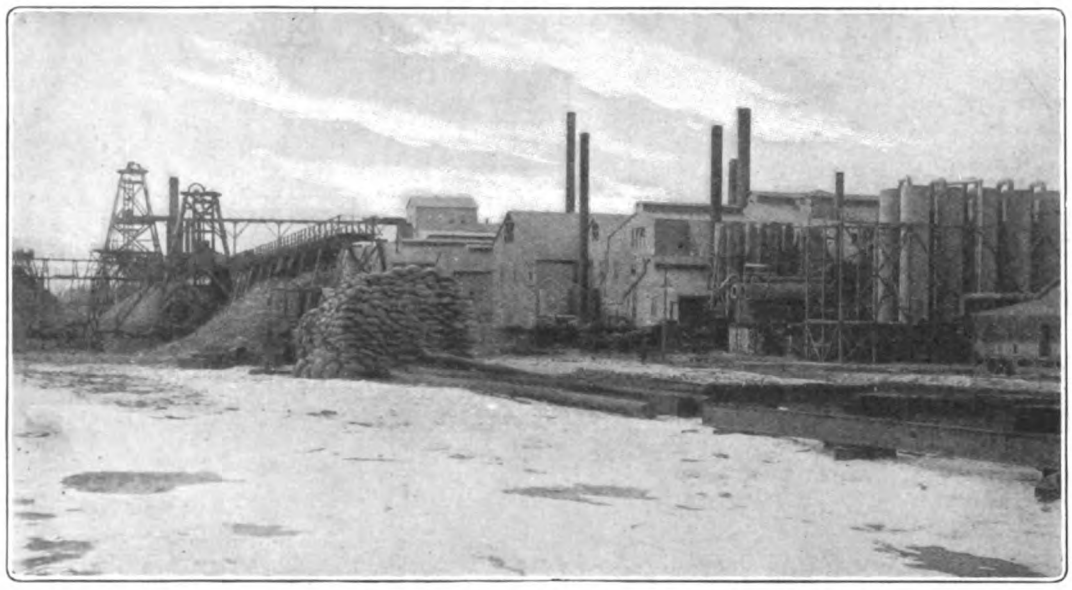
If we had space, we could say not too complimentary things about the estimates put forward; but, to cut the matter short, should our readers put their money in either the London Motor Omnibus Company, Limited, the London and District Motor 'Bus Company, Limited, or the London Power Omnibus Company, Limited, they will be embarking in a most risky speculation, from which they will only escape at a loss. Take only one consideration as an example. The expenses of running a motor-omnibus are, at least, £30 a week (including wear-and-tear), so that, before a profit is made, not less than 7,200 penny fares must be taken by each 'bus. One of the new concerns proposes to put on two hundred 'buses, and, we presume, the others a corresponding number. The amount of additional people to be carried to pay expenses alone can easily be reckoned. We can see no gold-mine in it.

PEKIN SYNDICATE AND HUDSON'S BAY.

One thing that stamps the importance of the Miscellaneous Market as a centre of renewed leases of activity is the emigration into its borders of many jobbers from several sections of the Mining departments. The Chinese group of shares, in particular, is attracting a remarkable degree of attention, and all of us newspaper prophets who wrote up Pekin Syndicates when the price stood about 11 are vigorously trumpeting our marvellous prescience. For ourselves, we believe that the Company has prospects which would justify the price of the shares standing nearer 25, but it is impossible to ignore the likelihood of sharp reaction after a swift rise brought about to no small extent by purchases for men who will be eager sellers if the price shows any determination to relapse. Similarly, we have great faith in Hudson's Bay shares, but here again the bull account has got to such a point that only the constant influx of new buyers can save a dramatic slump, if a few speculators decide simultaneously to secure their profits. American and Canadian support may, of course, be sufficiently pronounced to force Bays yet higher, and eventually, we have small doubt, the price will get to "par"—100.

OTHER LAND SHARES.

That there will be a continuance of the present boomlet in Land shares is the careful opinion of men who have made a study of the subject, and who have noticed how little such investments attracted general attention, even though the Companies steadily progressed. Land and Exploration concerns in all parts of the world are being sought out by the shrewd speculative buyer who is prepared, if need be, to wait a few years before coming into the full reward of his patience. The rise in Santa Fé Lands is called sensational, but, if the position be examined, it will be seen that the current quotation demands no undue optimism for its justification, although, of course, we do not shut our eyes to the natural sequence which so often follows a heavy rise. There may be reaction, but the shares will ultimately go to 3. Then there is the Argentine Southern Lands Company, with its trifling capital of £140,000. It pays only a small dividend; but the value of land in the Silver Republic will not decrease: so much is certain. British North Borneo shares we discussed at considerable length some eighteen months ago, and the price at the time was somewhere under half-a-sovereign, the market being narrow in the extreme. Now, the shares are more like 1⅛, and will also improve, the properties including valuable land which only requires greater railway facilities—already in course of extension—for its increasing prosperity. A rise of a sovereign in Niger Company shares looks immense, although it is not large when the prospects of the enterprise are considered, and yet another still more extraordinary rise has lately occurred, very quietly, in the shares of the Nigeria and West African Development Company. In this case, it is said that an important discovery of asphalt and the finding of two oil-wells are responsible for the buying which has run the price up. Only South African Land Companies are neglected, and even they may, later on, have their turn.



THE GREAT BOULDER GOLD-MINE, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Whew!"—and The Jobber threw himself back with the air of a man who had done his duty. "I don't mind telling you fellows that I'm tired."

"It isn't often I hear you say *that*," nodded The Merchant.

"About as often as the occasions when we all meet on the way home," added The Banker.

"You are awfully late to-night, sir?" questioned The Solicitor.

"One or two loans are on the tapis," explained the old gentleman. "Nothing big—oh! nothing big; just comfortably-sized issues, as one might say in slang terms."

"Slang!" exclaimed The Jobber. "You should hear how they talk in the House."

"What makes you tired?" The Solicitor demanded, suddenly. "I thought there was nothing doing in Kaffirs?"

"Kaffirs?" replied The Jobber, with a fine affectation of ignorance. "What *are* Kaffirs?"

"Rubbish: most of them," and The Carriage chuckled at The Solicitor's thrust.

The Jobber took no notice. "What *are* Kaffirs?" he repeated.

"Too high ——," began The City Editor.

"He's jobbing in the Yankee Market now," said The Broker. "Does quite three bargains a day."

"Quite," confirmed The Jobber, looking happy. "Gave myself a half-holiday because it 's my wife's birthday."

"Empire or Coliseum?" inquired The Engineer.

"Or the Albert Hall?" put in The City Editor.

"Neither, gentlemen. It 's to be 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" and again The Carriage laughed, asking for hints to be given after the celebration.

"So Yankees pay better than Kaffirs?" asked The Merchant.

"Last year we went to the National Gallery on my wife's birthday," was the oblique reply.

"You ought to be able to give us good tips."

"Why didn't you tell us about Ontarios?"

"Ontarios," declared the oracle, "were the tip of every ragged kerbstone punter in Throgmorton Street."

"There 've been some good profits taken out of the shares, anyway."

"Why didn't I buy Unions at fifteen and Norfolks under ten?" cried The Broker, rocking himself as if the very recollection caused him pain.

The Banker shook his head when someone asked if Americans were high enough.

"How can I tell?" he answered with a question. "The country is doing well, and will do better when the commerce of Japan returns to normal channels upon the conclusion of the war."

"Isn't all that sort of thing being discounted?" and The City Editor bent forward.

"It may be all discounted in your gutter-rag of a paper," said The Jobber, with studied insolence.

"If you talk to me like that, we will uphold Double Commissions in our columns," and the City Editor gaily whistled.

"To what base uses can our City journalists be put!" interjected The Broker.

"Nobody cares a hang about double commissions, except a few unlucky devils in a place they call the Kaffir Market," The Jobber returned.

"When are these tips coming along?" said The Engineer, impatiently.

"Missouri are my favourite in the American Market," remarked its latest addition.

"And sell a bear of Steel Common," counselled The City Editor, drawing scornful comment from The Jobber.

"But the Steel Corporation is doing badly," persisted The City Editor.

"What 's that got to do with it?"

"How about Home Rails?" the Banker inquired.

"They can only go better," it seemed to The Broker, "if money becomes really cheap."

"Which it is not likely to do on this side of the 31st of March."

"But the Stock Exchange always discounts events."

"An argument," pursued The Broker, "in favour of a revival in Home Rails."

"Such heavy things!" complained The Merchant.

"Rails usually are," chimed in The Jobber, who was promptly quelled by The Solicitor.

"We should all do well to sell a bear of Districts," hazarded he.

"And get caught by Yerkes and the Speyers? Not much!" and The Broker tilted his hat to a knowing angle.

"Districts may be worth 20 as a very speculative purchase," The Solicitor quietly continued; "but they certainly ain't worth 21."

"Haven't the pluck to sell the stock," admitted The Engineer, "although I am convinced you 're right."

"Why not go a bear of a few?" The Jobber suggested. "We won't tell anybody. Thy servants are no Speyers; they are——," but his voice was lost in the general uproar.

"Perus are a lively market," observed The City Editor, tentatively.

"All this talk about ruptured negotiations with the Peruvian Government is so much froth, I take it?" asked The Merchant.

The Banker, appealed to, said he had no authentic information on the subject. "The stocks are highly speculative," he needlessly added.

"Not the Debentures?"

"The Preference and the Ordinary were the stocks to which I referred," was the rather crushing reply.

"I 'm going to have the Prefs. if they drop another two or three points," declared The Broker. "The things are absolutely bound to come out on top."

"There 's no 'bound to come out on top' about it," said The Solicitor, "although I think the Preference will go better in time."

"And as to that," remarked The Jobber, as he opened the carriage-door, "time alone can Peru've."

The Broker put his head out of the window. "You *must* be tired," he flung back as a parting shot.

THE SALT UNION.

When, after its reconstruction, the shares of this concern were being vigorously pressed upward, we pointed out the unsatisfactory position of the Company, and expressed doubts as to whether the scheme had put matters on anything like a sound basis. From that day to this the Ordinary shares have received nothing, and now the Preference dividend is reduced from 5 per cent. to 2½ per cent. The report for 1904 shows a small decline in sales, but, owing to the lower price received and increased working expenses, the profit is £23,700 less than in 1903, and the balance, after providing for Debenture interest, is reduced to a bare £13,000. To pay even the reduced amount on the Preference shares the carry-forward has to be trenched on, and nothing can, of course, be put to reserve. Unless some change is effected in the working of the Company, a further and more drastic reconstruction will be necessary. The Preference dividend is, fortunately for the Company, non-cumulative, or the position would be hopeless; but, even so, a couple of years like 1904 would make strong measures imperative. There is one thing which could save the concern, and that is the opening of China to the import of salt; but, as long as His Majesty's Minister in Pekin maintains his present attitude to British trade, this is hopeless.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY DIVIDEND OUTLOOK.

It is not very long to the time when the holders of Argentine Railway stocks will be gladdened by the advent of the dividend season, but, as most of the principal Companies make up their accounts to the end of June, the distributions, except in the case of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and some of the smaller concerns, will be interim ones.

In the Rosario case we believe the distributions to be recommended will bring the dividend on the Deferred stock up to 6 per cent. The gross receipts for 1904 amounted to £3,754,455, or an increase of over half-a-million, and this on top of an increase for 1903 of nearly double this sum. In the latter year the working expenses were 47·6 per cent. of the gross, and, taking them at 50 per cent. for this year, there would be £1,877,000 net profit, or an increase of £236,000. The dividend for 1903 was 5 per cent., and £160,000 will be enough to bring it up by 1 per cent., so that there is a good margin.

The Cordoba Central makes up accounts to the end of the year, and has done well on two out of its three sections. The net earnings are divided among the three branches, and the calculations are of an intricate nature; but, as the result, the North-West Extension will about pay its Debenture interest, the Central Northern section Income Bonds should get 3½ per cent., and the Central First Preference shares 7 per cent.

In the case of the Villa María and Rufino, the directors will have £20,127 in cash under their arrangement with the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Company, and the 6 per cent. Second Debentures ought to get 4 or 4½ per cent. in cash and 2 or 1½ per cent. in Rescission Bonds.

Of the big concerns which will make only interim distributions, the first in importance is the Great Southern. The increase for the half-year is £185,000, and the usual interim distribution of 3 per cent. will probably be made. Whatever may be the result of the current half-year's working, we expect that for the year 7 per cent. will be paid, as the traffics are likely to be good. The Buenos Ayres Western and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific will probably make a like distribution. The Argentine Great Western had an increase of £18,000 for the December half-year, but the capital charges are larger than before, and the interim distribution will probably be 2½, at which it has stood for some years. The Entre Rios has a small gross increase, but from June to December is the Company's lean half-year, and, on the showing of the recent traffics, the whole year will come out well, so that a small Preference distribution may be expected shortly, to be made up in October to the full Preference interest for the year.

Saturday, March 18, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MARTELLO.—(1) The firm in question are members of the Stock Exchange, and quite first-rate. We expect they will want some sort of introduction before doing business for you, or, perhaps, they would buy the shares if you sent the money with the order. (2) As a five and a-half per cent. investment the shares are as good as anything we know.

CAISSE D'EPARQUE.—(1) A dividend is not within sight. (2) The Traction shares are a fair Industrial investment. (3) Yes; but the dividend may vary from year to year.

ANXIOUS.—We do not think there is much chance of a dividend.

NEW READER.—The people you refer to are a bucket-shop of the worst type. If you have anything to do with them, or any of the touting, blind-pool, advertising brokers, you deserve to lose your money. They are nearly all swindlers.

POBREZA.—The investments are all good enough, but we do not see much more room for a rise. Caledonian Deferred is a fair speculation. Interoceanic Railway of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds or Central Bahia Railway Trust "A" certificates should do for your lady friend.

A. M.—Your letter was answered on the 16th inst.

E. K.—As a speculation the shares may be promising, but more about the state of trade in that particular line is necessary before we advise purchase. An end of the war would probably improve the prospects greatly.


THE SKETCH SUPPLEMENT
Frank Reynolds

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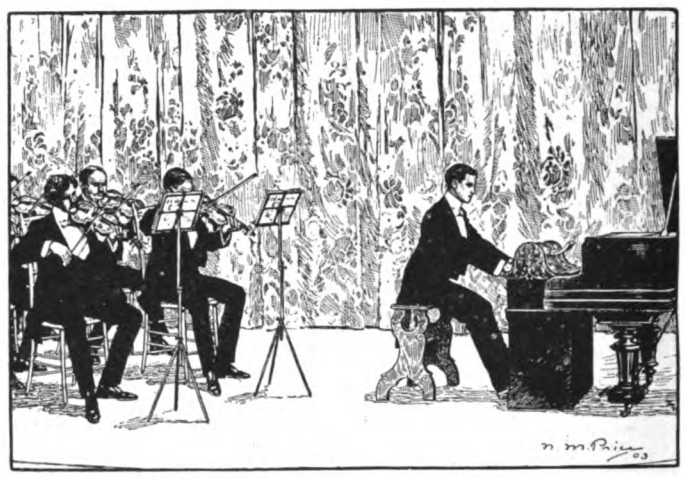
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"JOSEPH JOACHIM."

It was with difficulty that Herr Joachim was persuaded to investigate the Pianola. He had heard other piano-players, and imagined that, like them, the Pianola would not be worthy his serious consideration. But after listening to Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," his interest was awakened, and he asked for one composition after another, and expressed his surprise at the artistic effect of the Pianola's performance.

It is particularly noteworthy that it was the Pianola with the Metrostyle that secured Joachim's endorsement. The Metrostyle Pianola achieves results that are not even attempted by any other piano-player. An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent to anyone who will write for Catalogue N.

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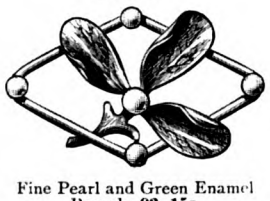
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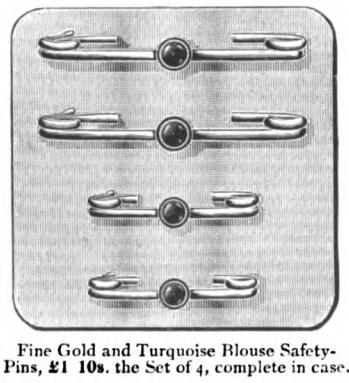


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AN ENGLISH LEADING-LADY NOW AN AMERICAN STAR.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS, WHO RECENTLY OPENED AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, NEW YORK.

As readers of "The Sketch" are well aware, London is to lose Miss Ellis Jeffreys for a time, the well-known actress having signed a contract with Messrs. Liebler and Co. for a series of engagements in America. Miss Jeffreys has opened her campaign with "The Prince Consort," the new version of "His Highness My Husband." The gossip of the green-room has it that Mr. Alfred Sutro has been commissioned to write a new play for her, and that she will appear in it next season.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

A D

"THE SOFT ART" (JU-JITSU):

JAPANESE METHODS OF DEFENCE FOR THE BRITISH NAVY, ARMY, AND POLICE.



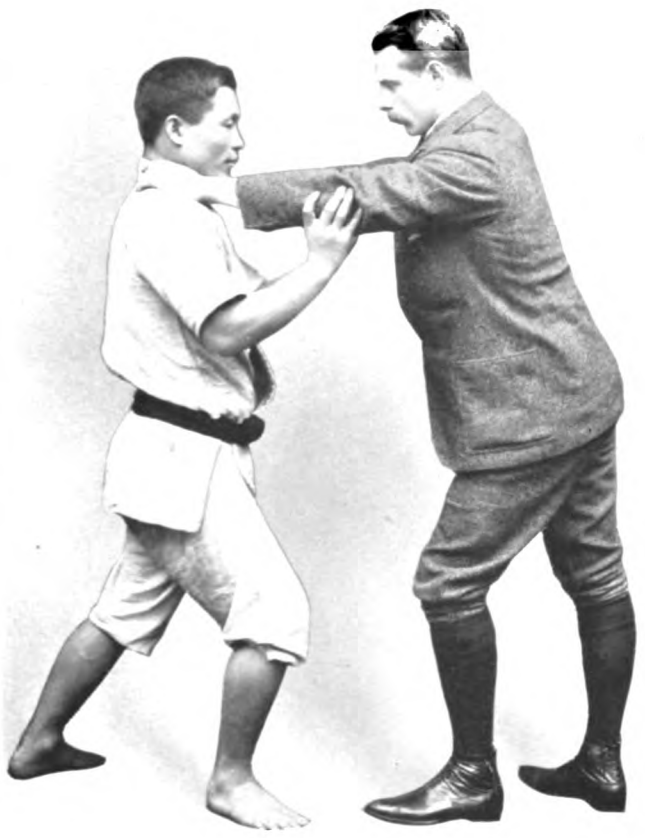
(1.) When he wishes to throw a man who is holding him round the waist from behind, the exponent of Ju-jitsu first strikes his opponent's hand sharply on the knuckles, thus causing him to release his grip. He then seizes his adversary's right hand—— (2.) And, without moving his right leg, carries his left round, at the same time putting on the arm-lock (U-de-na-ta) here shown. (3.) The arrest of a man is a comparatively simple matter if he is held in the way here illustrated. The upward pressure placed upon the upper part of the prisoner's arm would dislocate the limb if its owner did not move forward. (4.) Should anyone attempt to catch hold of his collar with his right hand, the practiser of Ju-jitsu defends himself by placing his left hand under his opponent's wrist, thereby guarding himself, and at the same time throwing his right hand under the upper part of his adversary's arm. He then locks his fingers and forces backward, throwing his man or breaking his arm if resistance is offered.

A NUMBER OF POLICE CONSTABLES ARE ALREADY BEING INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF JU-JITSU, AND THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES HAVE VISITED TARRO MYAKI'S SCHOOL WITH A VIEW TO HAVING "THE SOFT ART" TAUGHT IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

"THE SOFT ART" (JU-JITSU):

JAPANESE METHODS OF DEFENCE FOR THE BRITISH NAVY, ARMY, AND POLICE



1



2



3



4

(1.) Should his enemy attack him by catching him by the neck, the exponent of Ju-jitsu pushes up his adversary's right arm, and pulls at the sleeve of the left, at the same time swinging round sharply with his left foot — (4.) Until the position here shown is obtained. The attacker is then cross-buttocked, and thus made ready to receive an arm-lock or a neck-hold. (2.) To attain this common arm-lock, the Ju-jitsu user places his right leg lightly over his opponent's neck, in order to prevent him rising, and, pressing his left firmly against his adversary's body, seizes his arm, and holds it with the thumb upwards. He then presses on the limb, using his thigh as a fulcrum, and is thus able to break it should he be forced to do so. (3.) The arm-lock here illustrated is somewhat similar to that shown in Photograph 2, but in this case the pressure is even greater, and is put on by the leg and foot.

TARRO MYAKI, WHO IS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, AND WHO IS SHOWN IN THESE PHOTOGRAPHS, BEAT YUKIO TANI AT THE END OF LAST YEAR, AND HAS RECENTLY BEEN WRESTLING WITH JOE CARROLL. HE IS TWENTY-THREE, WEIGHS ELEVEN AND A-HALF STONE, AND IS FIVE FEET EIGHT IN HEIGHT.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS-IN-LA

Photographs







PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF HESSE.

PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF HESSE.

The German Emperor's four sisters are very near and dear to the Imperial heart. With one exception—that of the Crown-Princess of Greece—they have each and all ever treated their powerful brother as if he were in very truth Cæsar, and one whose will must never be gainsaid. The eldest of the quartette, Charlotte, Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, is very like her English mother, and resembles in a striking degree her aunt, the present Duchess of Argyll. She is clever and artistic, a really good artist, and easily moved to enthusiasm by a fine work of art or a literary achievement of moment. Her marriage to the future ruler of Saxe-Meiningen took place when she was only eighteen. They have but one child, a daughter, Princess Feodore, who herself became a wife in her teens. Princess Victoria of Prussia, who is six years younger than her elder sister, was at one time much discussed in the Chancelleries of Europe, for she was betrothed, against the wills of her grandfather, William I., of her brother, and of Prince Bismarck, to that modern hero of romance, Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The course of true love was not allowed to run smooth. The engagement came to an end with dramatic suddenness, and in due course the young Princess became the wife of Prince Adolphus of Schaumburg-Lippe. The Prince and

W TO THE MODERN CÆSAR.

by Voigt.









THE CROWN-PRINCE OF GREECE.

THE CROWN-PRINCESS OF GREECE.

THE HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

BERNHARD, HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

Princess live at Bonn, where they are much liked and where they play a considerable social rôle. They have no children, but the Princess is very fond of the double set of twins of her youngest sister, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse. The latter Princess, who was her parents' favourite daughter, and to whom the Empress Frederick left her splendid estate of Friedrichshof, has been married twelve years and has six young sons. Her attachment to Prince Frederick Charles was of long standing, and their marriage was delayed for some time because she was unwilling to leave her widowed mother. The German Emperor's third sister is the only one of the quartette who may be said to have made a really brilliant match. Princess Sophie of Prussia's engagement to the Duke of Sparta took place when her father was already doomed to die, and the marriage was celebrated a little more than a year after his death. The future Queen of Greece is a woman of strong individuality: she showed what fine stuff she was made of during the disastrous Græco-Turkish War, when she organised all the nursing arrangements, and identified herself closely with the interests of her adopted country, though it was an open secret that Germany was, in every sense, backing Turkey.

BEAUTY'S EYES: THE REVIVAL OF A QUAINT FASHION.

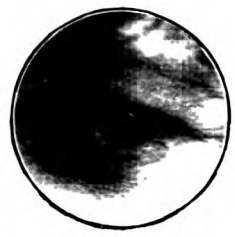
THE SURROUNDING PHOTOGRAPHS ARE OF THE EYES OF WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES.



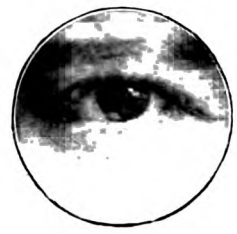
Miss Letitce Fairfax.



Mrs. Brown-Potter.



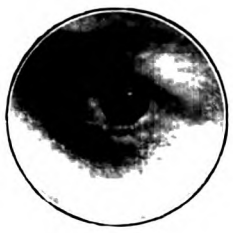
Miss Gertie Millar.



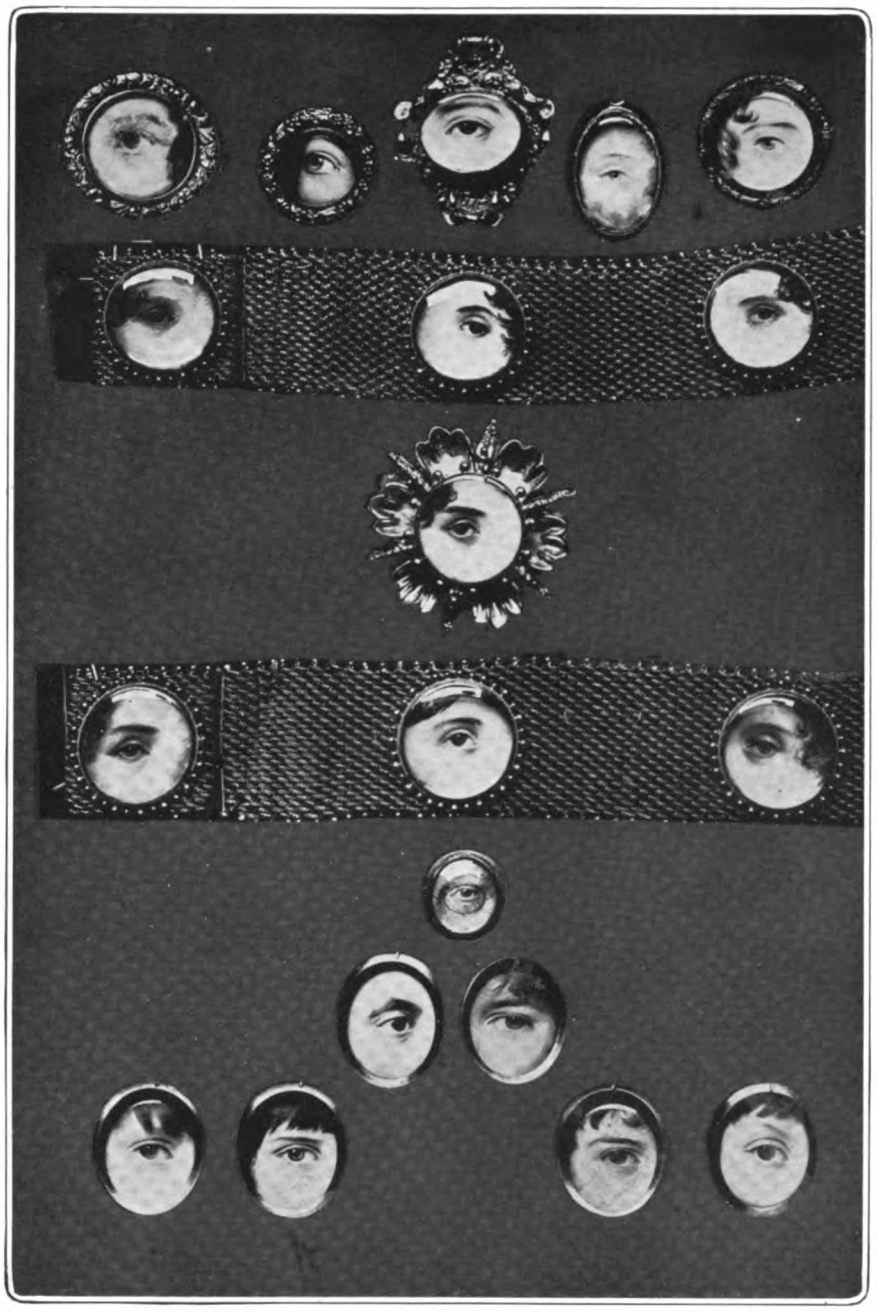
Miss Louie Pounds.



Miss Ada Reeve.



Miss Irene Vanbrugh.





Miss Billie Burke.



Miss Pauline Chase.



Miss Isabel Jay.



Miss Marie Studholme.



Miss Madge Lessing.



Miss Eva Moore.



Miss Kitty Gordon.



Miss Sybil Arundale.



Miss Marie George.



Miss Maudi Darrell.



Miss Nancy Price.



Miss Kate Cutler.

There is a distinct renewal of interest in the quaint fashion of having the eye painted alone, and to Mr. Alyn Williams, examples of whose work are being shown at the Dowdeswell Gallery, it is largely due. The custom is said to have been originated by Cosway, who painted a representation of the eye of Mrs. Fitzherbert for the "First Gentleman in Europe" to wear in a bracelet. In return for this compliment, the Prince Regent had a portrait of his eye painted, and gave it to Mrs. Fitzherbert mounted as a brooch. Most of the miniaturists of the day followed the fashion, and especially Engleheart. The centre of our page shows a number of miniatures now on exhibition at the Dowdeswell Gallery, which are reproduced by courtesy of the Directors of the Gallery, of Mr. Alyn Williams, R.M.S., and of Dr. G. C. Williamson, owner of the miniatures. The five in the top row are by a French artist unknown; the group of seven in the centre is attributed to Richard Cosway; the single example below this is by Mr. Alyn Williams; and the six at the bottom are by Engleheart.

Photographs of the actresses' eyes by Johnston and Hoffmann.

SOME OF THE QUEEN'S INTIMATE FRIENDS.

Photographs by Alice Hughes, Barnett, Otto, Poole, Whitlock, Dickinson and Foster, and from Paintings by Edward Hughes.



THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LYTTON.
LADY HARDINGE.
THE COUNTESS OF GOSFORD.

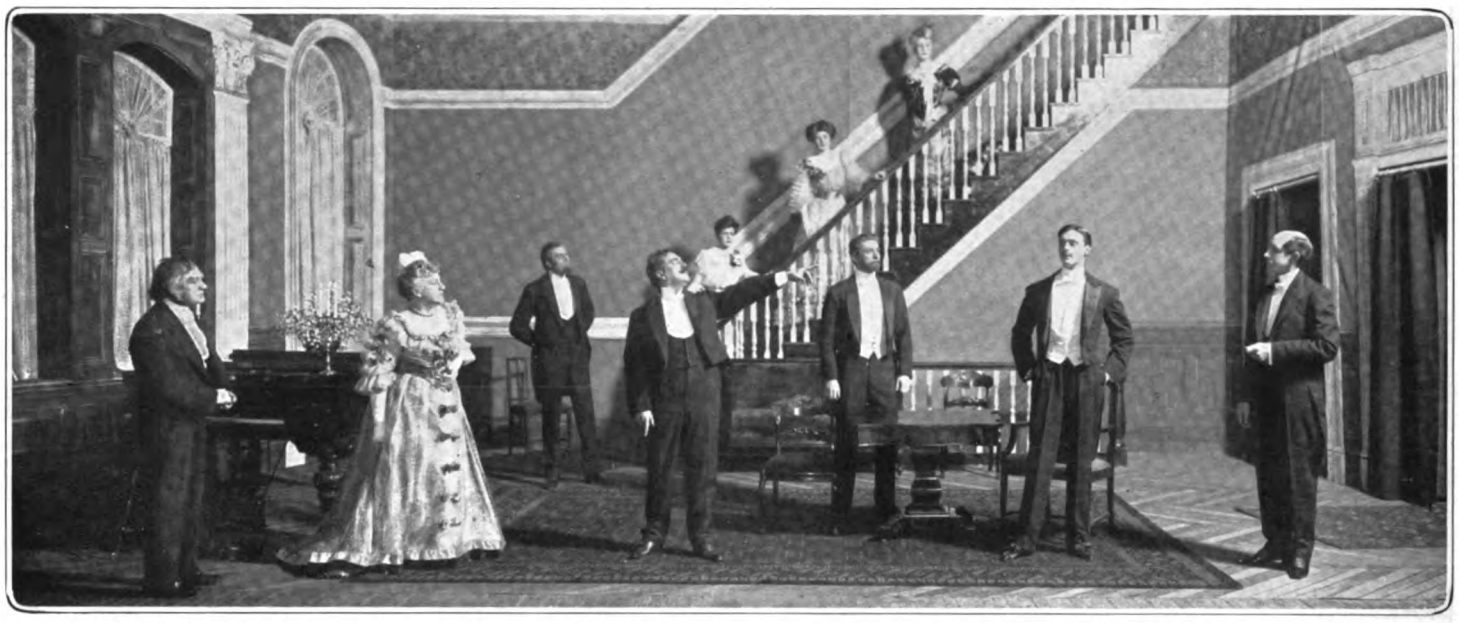
THE COUNTESS DE GREY.
THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
THE HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS.

(*See "Small Talk of the Week."*)

THE COUNTESS HOWE.
VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA.
LADY ALICE STANLEY.

MR. DANA GIBSON'S "MR. PIPP" ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

"THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK



Mr. Pipp (Mr. Digby Bell). The Count (Mr. W. S. St. Clair). Lord Herbert (Mr. Fred. Courtenay).

ACT I.: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE PIPPS'S MANSION IN MILLIONAIRE ROW, NEW YORK.



MISS MARION DRAUGHN
AS JULIA PIPP.



ACT II.: THE LAWN AT CARONY CASTLE, HERTS, ENGLAND.



MISS JANET BEECHER
AS IDA PIPP.



ACT III.: THE COURTYARD OF A SMALL HÔTEL IN PARIS.

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's humorous and pathetic creation, Mr. Pipp, has been placed on the American stage in the form of a three-Act comedy, which includes amongst its characters the figures already made familiar by the pen of the artist. The theme of the drawings is closely followed in the play, which, as an American paper has it, "furnishes in its progress a timely and valuable lesson to ambitious mothers of beautiful daughters, who would barter their children's happiness for social position, and the false glitter of European titles."

Photographs 1, 3, and 5 are by Hall, and 4 by Otto Sarony. All are reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Kirke La Shelle and Daniel S. Arthur.

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The Sketch

No. 635.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1905. SIXPENCE.



LONDON'S NEW ACTRESS-MANAGER: MISS ETHEL IRVING.

Miss Marie Tempest's short season in New York will give Miss Ethel Irving an opportunity for which she has been waiting for a considerable time, and the young actress who made so great a success in "The Way of the World" and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," to say nothing of musical-comedy, will shortly make her first appearance as an actress-manager at the Criterion. She will play in Mme. de Gresac's comedy "Chou," which has been translated by Mr. Charles Brookfield. Mme. de Gresac is, of course, part-author of "La Passerelle," better known here as "The Marriage of Kitty."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



London,
Sunday, March 26.

IN last week's "Motley Notes," you may remember, I mentioned that I had received a letter from a correspondent signing herself "Man's Natural Enemy," in which my six reasons for asserting that a woman has a better time than a man were flatly contradicted. Of my unfailing gallantry, I quoted the contradictions, but, as a solace to my pride, invited my correspondent to send me six reasons why a man has a better time than a woman, in order that, in my turn, I might do a little contradicting. Well, "Man's Natural Enemy" has accepted the challenge. Here are her statements—

(1) Because he has more opportunities for self-control.

(2) Because there are fewer temptations he need resist.

(3) Because he can make love instead of being made love to.

(4) Because men are more kind to each other than women.

(5) Because when he marries, he does so to please himself; a woman usually to please her lover.

(6) Because he can be better than the best woman, but not worse than the worst.

It is now my painful privilege to prove each of these assertions wrong. Of course, when I use the word "prove," I really mean something quite different. There is no possibility of proof, one way or the other. So much having been said by way of preface, let us to the lists—

(1) I am not quite sure what this means, if, indeed, it means anything. My correspondent, I suppose, intends to say that a man has more opportunities for self-control because he is subjected to more temptations. In that case, I am afraid that I must still accuse her of talking nonsense. There is not much actual amusement to be obtained from the resisting of temptation. (I am taking it for granted, by the way, that this discussion is to be conducted on pagan lines.)

(2) Judging from this curious observation, my correspondent would agree. Assertion the second, however, wipes out assertion the first. If a man is to be envied on account of the opportunities life affords him for the exercise of self-control, then he is to be pitied, in comparison with a woman, when his acts of virtue are supererogatory.

(3) This is more straightforward. It is also more amusing. Picture to yourself, friend the reader, the modern man in the act of making love. He stares at his boots, pulls his moustache, removes a wisp of cotton from his sleeve, sniggers occasionally, and says, "Oh, I don't know so much about that." He is right. He knows nothing whatever about it. The woman, though, cannot plead ignorance. She does not make love: heaven forbid! But she catches his eye at intervals of a minute, and leads the conversation into intimate, dangerous channels. And the pleasure, as everybody admits, is in the chase.

(4) This, to a certain extent, is true. I have already explained, though, that women are less sensitive than men. The sneers and slights of their sisters trouble them very little. Men, on the other hand, being less emotional, are slower to make both friends and enemies. Women quarrel, and make it up, and quarrel again all in the space of a fortnight. When a man makes a real friend, he keeps him. When he makes an enemy, he keeps him. In fact, the point has nothing to do with the question under consideration.

(5) Here, again, I must refer my correspondent to a previous reply. I have given it as my opinion that women are more skilful players at the game of love than men. The making of love, indeed, is almost entirely a woman's game. A man may fancy that he is making love very nicely, but that merely goes to show the superior cleverness of the woman. It follows, therefore, that a man does not marry; he is married. A woman, on the contrary, so far from marrying to please her lover, deliberately makes a man her lover and then marries him.
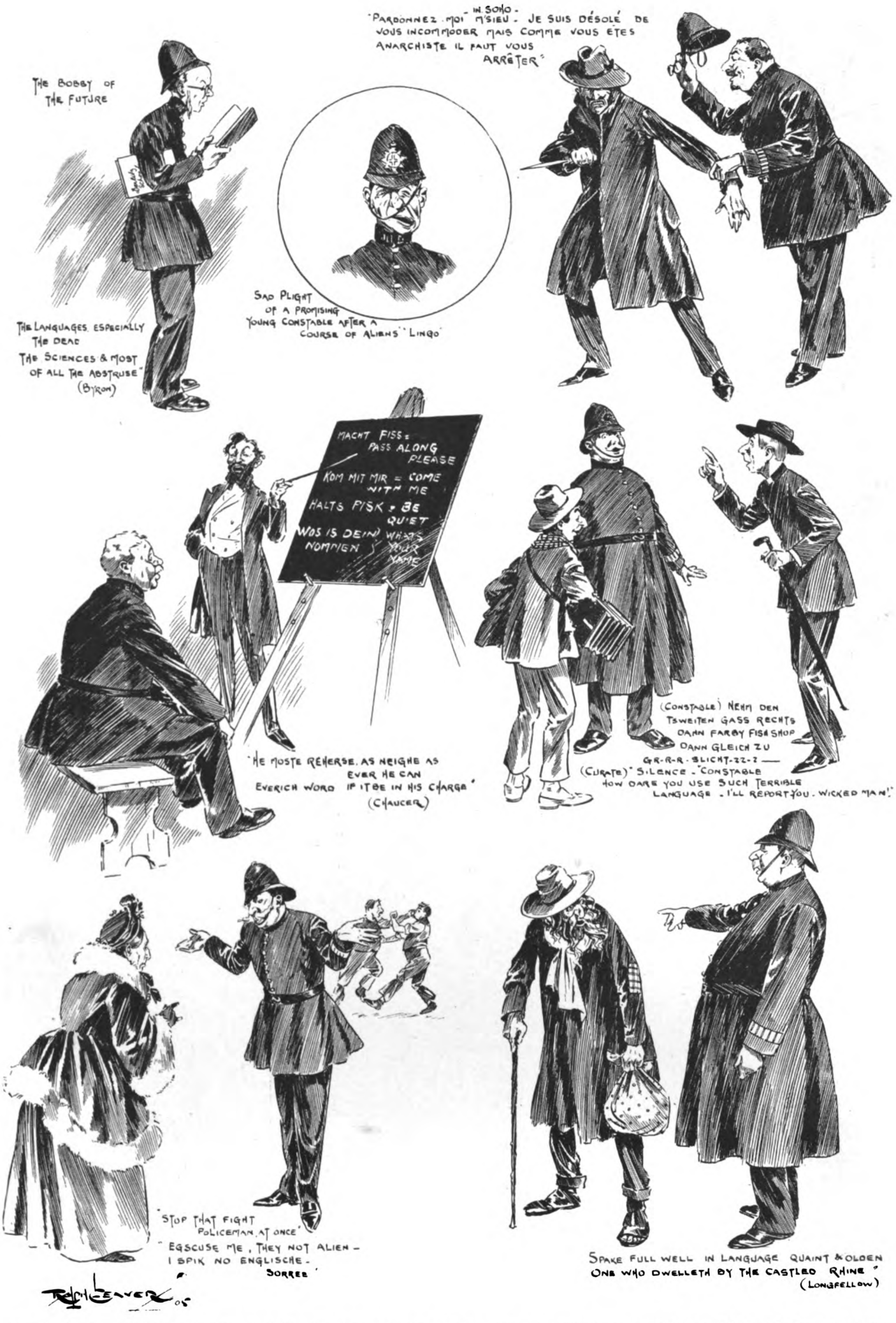
(6) My correspondent, it is evident, does not think very highly of her own sex. I do, though, and that is why I shall hasten to conclude this battle with the most strenuous contradiction of all. It is easier for a woman, I think, to reach the heights than for a man. It rarely happens, though, that a woman sinks so low as a man. For example, have you ever seen a woman consciously and deliberately ill-treating a dumb animal? Men do that every day. And a man who will bully a horse or a dog will do any other villainous thing that involves no unpleasant consequences to himself.

There! I have done my deadliest, dear correspondent. Before we part, let me thank you for the very patient hearing that I am sure you have given to my chatter. And let me repeat, once again, that all these remarks are based upon the idle gossip of the profoundly ignorant. Your own remarks, on the contrary, were evidently based upon a wilful misunderstanding of the profoundly wise.

Another letter forwarded to me by my Editor comes from a "Constant Reader" of *The Sketch*, who is bold enough to admit that he cannot appreciate the "Sime Zoology." "What a blessing," he says, "that the hideous forms of these 'Beasts That Might Have Been' never existed except in the imagination of the artist." So far, I agree with "Constant Reader." Few of us, I think, would sleep quietly o' nights if such awesome monsters as the "Two-Tailed Sogg," the "Zoom," the "Three-Legged Blarm," the "Moonijim," the "Fleinikorn," and others were prowling about the earth or swooping through the air. Should we not, however, feel grateful to Mr. Sime for having shown us some of the evils that we have been spared? "Surely," continues "Constant Reader," "he could employ his talents more profitably, or, at any rate, in a more pleasing form, than by depicting such ugly, loathsome, and horrible creatures." Well, here is another matter that does not admit of argument. "Constant Reader" may be interested to learn, though, that the "Sime Zoology" has attracted more attention in artistic circles during the past few weeks than any other series of drawings appearing in the illustrated weeklies. In other words, had Mr. Sime not made his reputation years ago, he would have made it with "Beasts That Might Have Been."

Having said so much, I will admit that the two drawings of his that appeal most strongly to myself are "The Gate of Heaven" and "The Dream of the Woman of Char." Both appeared in *The Sketch*—the latter so recently that everybody will remember it. The former was published a week or two before Christmas, 1903. It showed a gentleman of Hebraic tendencies, whose love of luxurious living had caused him to swell to a terrible size, standing before the gate of heaven. His eyes were bulging with horror, for the gate was so narrow and low that none but the leanest of the lean might pass through it. High above the head of the miserable glutton towered the cold, marble wall that shut him out of Paradise, whilst, to the left, whither the alternative path led, the fires of hell belched forth volumes of dense smoke, pierced, here and there, with cruel tongues of flame. The drawing, indeed, was a powerful sermon, and I have no doubt that many people were persuaded thereby to keep their Christmas festivities within due bounds. "The Dream of the Woman of Char" differs from "The Gate of Heaven" inasmuch as it shows Mr. Sime in sympathetic rather than denunciatory mood. Had you ever thought, before seeing that picture, how terrible it must be to spend the greater portion of one's life scrubbing other people's floors and washing other people's steps? "It was my task to scrub the endless and gigantic stairs which are neither here nor there. I had no water, but my tears fell in great abundance." Read mark, and learn, ye that pass by!

OUR POLYGLOT POLICE: POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.



"Yesterday the Home Secretary informed Mr. Claude Hay that about one hundred members of the Metropolitan force are now learning Yiddish and other foreign tongues 'to qualify themselves for the effective discharge of their duties among the alien population.'"—DAILY PAPER.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

All Honour to Kuropatkin—The German Doves of Peace—Raisuli and the Kaiser—A Flag for the Army Council—The Decadence of the Tall Hat.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN has gained the admiration of every soldier of every nation by his noble conduct in asking to be allowed to serve where he previously commanded. I can recall many instances in our own history when Generals who had a right to assert seniority and take away the command from a successful junior have not done so, and have been content to assist the rising General; but I cannot remember any parallel to the present case, where the commander, superseded by his subordinate, has asked leave to serve under the latter.

The hearts of soldiers are the same all the world over. With us, if a General cares for his men, sees to their creature comforts, and is personally popular, no reverses he may suffer destroy his popularity, and the men whose comrades have been killed are quite willing to go into action again and again if he orders them. One has only to think of our Generals who are the great favourites with the rank-and-file to know that this is often the case. And with the Russians it is the same. Those soldiers who gave Kuropatkin an ovation when he went South to take up his command of the First Army, and ran alongside the train throwing up their caps, and those men of the retreating force, who cheered just as lustily when he came amongst them, forgot their defeats, recognised the patriot, the stout fighting-man, the General who at the crisis of a fight is always there to lead in person, and rejoiced in his presence as though the spirit of victory was with him.



"PRINCE CHARLIE," AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE: SERGEANT G. KERR SMITH AS JAMES MACGREGOR.

While the Queen of England drives through the streets of Lisbon and showers of rose-leaves fall upon her, the German Emperor prepares for his cruise to the South by one of his characteristic speeches. A great German statesman said, the other day, that nothing gave his Emperor greater pleasure than to rouse the curiosity of Europe, and certainly he has achieved the art of making speeches which provoke discussion. His latest message of peace, with its allusion to sharpened bayonets and loaded cannon, seems to me a parallel to the launching of the newest Japanese warship. When that great purveyor of sudden death took the water, a hundred white doves of peace were freed and soared up into the air. The German Emperor is continually freeing conversational bouquets of white peace doves, but there is generally a new warship below them.

The great hall in Bremen, which called forth the Kaiser's remarks as to the German Navy, is certainly one of the most picturesque interiors in the world. I have always wondered that our restaurateurs, who are continually looking for some novelty in their dining-halls, have never thought of reproducing some of those stately chambers one sees in the German Free Cities, with the models of ships of all times hung from their ceilings. Perhaps, some day, when one of the finest sites for an hotel overlooking Portsmouth Harbour is discovered by a speculative syndicate, such a hall as the Germans have many of may be built.



AN ANTICIPATOR OF MODERN INVENTIONS: THE LATE M. JULES VERNE.

So long as there is a public for the semi-scientific in sensational fiction, the name of Jules Verne, who may justly be said to have anticipated in his fiction many inventions that are now facts, is likely to remain a household word. His work is so well known that it is quite unnecessary to enter into detail. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Round the World in Eighty Days," "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and many other books hold a place in the juvenile heart second only to that held by "Robinson Crusoe."

Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

The reception of the Kaiser in Morocco is sure to be very picturesque, and it may also have its humorous side. Will Raisuli allow the Emperor to leave without interviewing him? The brigand is now the Governor of two provinces, his most trusted Lieutenant has two other provinces under him, and the Europeans, on the assumption that an ex-poacher is the best gamekeeper, are delighted that Raisuli is now bound to give them protection. He certainly is the most interesting personality in Morocco, and, no doubt, will be anxious to meet the war-lord of Europe. The verbatim report of a conversation between the Emperor and the enlightened brigand would make very good reading.

The Army Council is to have a flag of its own which it can fly on State occasions, when it goes visiting stations. This is in loyal imitation of the Lords of the Admiralty. The Council has placed on its flag, the ground of which is the Union Jack, three cannon and a cannon-ball—indicating a shortage of ammunition, as one of the smoking-room wags remarked. This flag has already been productive of innumerable jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, in the Clubs, and it has been suggested that at the present time three jam-pots and a boot would be the most suitable emblems for the Council to hoist.



"PRINCE CHARLIE," AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE: LANCE-SERGEANT DUNCAN TOVEY AS SIMON, LORD LOVAT.

The trade organ of the tailors laments that the silk tall-hat is not worn so much now as it used to be. I always wonder that the hatters have been able to impose its wear upon us as long as they have. We live in a rainy country, and we wear a hat the appearance of which is spoiled by a few drops of rain, and ruined by a splash of mud. The shape of the hat is good, in that it does give some dignity to the appearance and that it has some air-space in it, but for ordinary wear I am sure that it is made of the wrong material. If cloth or felt were generally used, we should not take refuge in a cab at the fall of the first drops of a shower.

In my very humble opinion, the shining silk hat should only be worn when a man is in the costume in which he goes to a garden-party or to pay calls. When he puts on his best frock-coat, and most tasteful tie with his most bewitching pin stuck into it, when the tiny line of a white under-waistcoat is allowed to show, when his patent-leather boots shine like looking-glasses, when his gloves are of some light and gladsome hue, then let him crown himself with the glistening silken hat. For workaday garb in London, let him have a hat of the same shape, but not of the same delicate constitution. The men in the hair-dressers' shops who make a princely living by ironing tall-hats, hat-makers, and cabmen might sorrow; but we should be spared the sight of our youth of to-day going about Piccadilly in "pot-hats" and "dittoes."



Cameron of Lochiel (Sergeant R. Findlay). Prince Charlie (Pte. J. A. Bentham). Allan Macdonald (Pte. J. F. Hay).

A PLAY BY A "SKETCH" ARTIST AND A MEMBER OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS: "PRINCE CHARLIE," BY S. H. SIME AND DUNCAN TOVEY, PRODUCED AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.

Mr. S. H. Sime, whose work is so well known to readers of "The Sketch," and Mr. Duncan Tovey collaborated in the play "Prince Charlie; or, King of Highland Hearts," presented at the Great Queen Street Theatre last week for the benefit of the Queen Victoria School for the sons of Scottish sailors and soldiers. The piece, which was exceedingly well received, was played, so far as the male characters were concerned, by members of the London Scottish.

Photographs by W. S. Campbell.

STILL UNMARRIED: SOME BACHELOR PEERS.

Photographs by H. Walter Barnett, Langfier, Maull and Fox, Helen McCaul, Gillman, Elliott and Fry, and Whyte.























EDWARD DOUGLAS LOCH, SECOND BARON LOCH. (Born 1873.)

FREDERIC JOHN GERARD, THIRD BARON GERARD. (Born 1883.)

EDWARD ST. LEGER, SIXTH VISCOUNT DONERAILE. (Born 1866.)

CHARLES STUART HENRY ABBOTT, FOURTH BARON TENTERDEN. (Born 1865.)

MARTIN BLADEN HAWKE, SEVENTH BARON HAWKE. (Born 1860.)

CHARLES HENRY ALEXANDER PAGET, SIXTH MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY. (Born 1885.)

SIMON JOSEPH FRASER, SIXTEENTH BARON LOVAT. (Born 1871.)

See Page 354.

HANS WELLESLEY HAMILTON, SECOND BARON HOLMPATRICK. (Born 1886.)

IVO RICHARD VESEY, FIFTH VISCOUNT DE-VESCI. (Born 1881.)

RICHARD FARRER HERSCHELL, SECOND BARON HERSCHELL. (Born 1878.)

ANTHONY FRANCIS NUGENT, ELEVENTH EARL OF WESTMEATH. (Born 1870.)

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SOME BACHELOR PEERS.

(*See Page of Portraits.*)

THE number of unmarried Peers, comparatively small though it be—partly, no doubt, for the simple and obvious reason that few heirs of great names come into their heritage until they have passed the period generally recognised as "the marrying age"—is yet sufficient to provide cause for fluttering in many a Society dovecot. Such confirmed bachelors as Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner are, of course, not to be reckoned upon, but who shall say what brilliant matches have yet to be made, in view of the portraits of eligible Peers given on another page? That the list is not complete is evident, but it is, at least, long enough to give point to the remark. The youngest of those whose photographs are given—those whose birthdays fall within the eighteen 'eighties—are, of course, the Viscount De-Vesci, Baron Gerard, the Marquess of Anglesey, and Baron Holmpatrick. The first of these, who succeeded to the Viscounty two years ago, is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards; Lord Gerard holds similar rank in the Lancashire Hussars (I.Y.), and succeeded in 1902; Lord Holmpatrick inherited his Barony in 1898, on the death of his father, who was a member of the Irish Privy Council and M.P. for Dublin for two-and-twenty years; the romantic details of the young Lord Anglesey's succession are too recent to need recapitulation.

Amongst those born in the 'seventies are, in order of seniority, the Earl of Westmeath, who came into the title in 1883; Lord Lovat, who succeeded in 1887; Lord Loch, who succeeded in 1900; and Lord Herschell, who succeeded in 1899. The first of these has been Attaché at Washington, and private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain when that pertinacious politician was Secretary for the Colonies; Lord Lovat was formerly an officer in the 1st Life Guards and the 2nd Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, and, at the head of Lovat's Scouts, his regiment of gillies, which he still commands, served in the Transvaal War; Lord Loch is Captain, Brevet-Major, and Adjutant of the Grenadier Guards, and has smelt powder in the Soudan and the Transvaal. Of the originals of the portraits of those Peers born in the 'sixties, the senior, Lord Hawke, needs little introduction—his name is one to be conjured with in that part of the great world that concerns itself with cricket; he was formerly Captain and Honorary Major in the 3rd Yorkshire Regiment, and he succeeded to the title in 1887. Lord Tenterden succeeded in 1882, and has served in the 3rd York and Lancaster Regiment; Lord Doneraile succeeded in 1891, and is a barrister of the Inner Temple.

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SMALL TALK of the WEEK



POETESS, PLAYWRIGHT, NOVELIST, AND LEADER OF FRENCH SOCIETY: THE COUNTESS MATHIEU DE NOAILLES.

Photograph by Otto.

WHEN the Prince and Princess of Wales enter Bombay, that "most elaborate dream, infinite in variety, spinning with complexity, a gallery of strange faces, a buzz of strange voices, a rainbow of strange colours, a garden of strange growths, a book of strange questions, a pantheon of strange gods," as G. W. Steevens has it, they will have before them a tour as arduous as it should be valuable, behind them minute preparations that are even now engaging both the officialdom under Downing Street and that more immediately under the eye of Lord Curzon. A rough scheme of the Royal progress has already been mapped out. Bombay, "the city of contrasts," Delhi, "the most historic city of all historic India," Agra of the Taj Mahal, Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, Kashmir, and probably the Indian Aldershot, Rawalpindi, Peshawar, and the Khyber Pass, Calcutta, India's most British town, Hyderabad, "the last stronghold of mediævalism in Southern India," Mysore, and Madras, "our picture of India at home," are to be visited, all with the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion. Swords of honour and addresses from civic bodies will be the only gifts accepted as outward and visible signs of the goodwill of the Empire to the Crown—as we have before remarked, a wise as well as an economical provision. The Prince, by the way, is said to be giving some time to the study of Hindustani, a graceful compliment to our greatest Dependency, in which he is following an example set by Queen Victoria.

The Commander of the "Renown." Captain the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt, to whom, as Commander of the battleship *Renown*, will fall the honour of taking the Prince and Princess to India, may be said to be already, in a manner, connected with Court life, in that he is brother-in-law to Lord Knollys, who married his sister in 1887. The Captain is the second surviving son of Baroness Berners, the widow of Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, the third Baronet, and is forty-nine. He saw service in Egypt in 1884, and was with Admiral Hewett's Naval Brigade in the Gordon Relief Expedition. Most recently, he acted as private secretary to the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Selborne.



A YORKSHIRE BRIDE-ELECT: MISS WINIFRED PAYNE-GALLWEY, ENGAGED TO MR. WALTER DONNE.

Photograph by Thomson.

Of Interest to Yorkshire Folk. The forthcoming marriage of Miss Winifred Payne-Gallwey and Mr. Walter Donne, a popular artist, should bring together many noted Yorkshire folk, for the bride-elect comes of a family famous in the most sporting of England's counties. The Payne-Gallweys gave a grand account of themselves during the Civil Wars, the then chief of the family taking part in all the great conflicts, including the Battle of Worcester. Many years later, under the Georges, a Payne-Gallwey distinguished himself in the Navy, rising to such high rank that he was given the pleasant post of Commander of the Squadron which brought the brilliant Queen Caroline to England.

Poetess, Playwright, and Novelist. The Countess Mathieu de Noailles is at the present moment the most interesting and remarkable Frenchwoman in Parisian Society. To tell truth, the brilliant poetess, who is regarded by some of her admirers as a feminine Swinburne, is not really French, for she has Roumanian and Greek blood in her veins, having been, before her marriage, Princess Anna de Brancovan. When still a child, she began writing poetry of merit, and three years ago the French Academy bestowed on her its Prize for Verse. She followed up her success as a poetess by publishing a strange, brilliant novel, and she is said to be on the eve of bringing out a play.

A Twentieth-Century Beauty. Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson is one of the most picturesque figures in the great world, one, also, of two pretty sisters, of whom the elder, Lady Evelyn, will shortly become the wife of Captain Farquhar, D.S.O. Through her mother, who was a Tasmanian, the daughter of a distinguished General, Lady Norah can claim kinship with many Colonial worthies, and she became, in a sense, connected with America by the marriage of her only brother, Lord Donoughmore, to Miss Elena Grace.

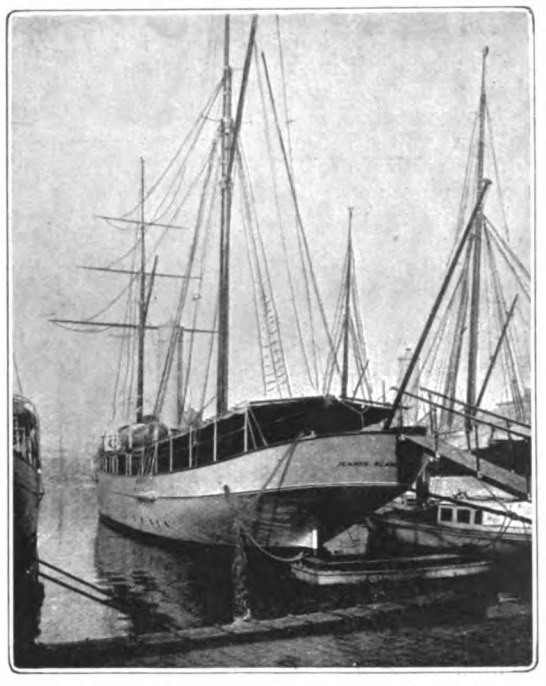


A TWENTIETH-CENTURY BEAUTY: LADY NORAH HELY-HUTCHINSON.

Photograph by Langfier.

A Silent Minister. It cannot be said that the Marquess of Linlithgow has forced his way into the Cabinet by "the gift of the gab." On the contrary, he practises the silence which his countryman, Carlyle, preached. Tact and character have given him the Scotch Secretaryship. His first speech in that office in the House of Lords consisted mainly of a formal, written statement, every word of which he read, adding only three or four sentences off-hand. When he thanked the House, with the air of a modest new Peer, for its patience, Lords on both sides gave him a kindly cheer. Lack of fluency is no bar to the good opinion of the Peers.

The Pepys of To-day. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who has completed his "Notes from a Diary" with two volumes, which bring the record up to 1901, is every whit as good a gossip as Pepys. He has met more than one generation of famous men at the Breakfast Club, and has dined with them at "The Club" and at Grillion's, where rival political leaders meet in amity. His fame was made by his Elgin Addresses. Nobody now takes the trouble to prepare such elaborate reviews of the politics of the world, because scarcely anybody would read them in a daily paper. Grant Duff's constituents, however, were proud to be associated with his speeches. He was not a Parliamentary success, but he has had an enormous number of distinguished friends and correspondents.



A YACHT FOR THE ONLY YACHTLESS EUROPEAN RULER: THE "JEANNE BLANCHE," OFFERED TO M. LOUBET.

M. Fouquier, a wealthy candle-manufacturer of Montpellier, was so distressed at the fact that the President of the French Republic was the only ruler of a European State without a yacht, that, as we have already recorded in "The Sketch," he left his own yacht, the "Jeanne Blanche," for the use of the head of the Republic for the time being. The vessel, which was built ten years ago, is most luxuriously fitted, and is well known in the Mediterranean, where she has taken part in many regattas.

Photograph by Chusseau Flaviens.



AN ORGANISER OF CHARITY ENTERTAINMENTS: MRS. ROBIN BARROW.

Photograph by Thomson.

Mrs. Robin Barrow.

Mrs. Robin Barrow, who has of late been a delightful addition to that section of the smart world which concerns itself with the organisation of great charity entertainments, is one of the many daughters of Sir Walter and Lady Gilbey. She spent her youth at Elsenham Hall, so justly famed among British sportsmen and lovers of horses all the world over, for it would be difficult to overestimate the debt owed to Sir Walter by those who consider that the British Empire should be as supreme in the matter of the Shire-bred cart-horse as in everything else. Mrs. Barrow, who has inherited a good deal of her father's marvellous organising power, is, naturally, in much request when one of those great entertainments which now contribute such vast sums to the cause of charity are in question.

A Duchess with a Hundred and Fifty Descendants.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who will be ninety-three next July, is certainly the most remarkable nonagenarian living. Herself a Duke's daughter, and a grand-daughter, through her mother, of the famous Duchess of Gordon, she became the wife seventy-two years ago of that great noble who was early in his career nicknamed "Old Splendid." Among her hundred and fifty descendants are no fewer than four actual or potential wearers of the strawberry-leaves—the Dowager Duchess's own son, the present Duke of Abercorn; her grandson, the Duke of Marlborough; yet another grandson, eldest son and heir to the Duke of Buccleuch; and a great-grandson, the son of Mr. Victor Cavendish, who will, doubtless, one day find himself Duke of Devonshire. The venerable Dowager Duchess has also a unique claim to fame, and one which, strangely enough, did not befall Queen Victoria, though it might actually have done so. She is a great-great-grandmother, having become so on the birth of a little daughter to Lady Bertha Egerton, who is grand-daughter to the Dowager Duchess's eldest daughter, the Dowager Lady Lichfield.



A DUCHESS WITH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY DESCENDANTS: THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN.

Photograph by Thomson.

Lady Warwick a Grandmother.

The announcement that Lady Warwick has joined the large group of youthful-looking grandmothers who now form quite a feature of Society attracted much interest last week. Young Lady Helmsley, whose little daughter is not quite a year younger than her own sister, Lady Mercy Greville, is very clever and charming, though she does not recall her lovely mother at the same age. Lady Warwick's elder, and for so long only, daughter was brought up very simply and unconventionally; at one time she was a pupil at the Warwick High School for Girls. Lord Helmsley is the grandson and heir of Lord Feversham; he is an earnest, thoughtful-looking young man, keenly interested in the condition of the London poor—indeed, at one time he joined an East-End Settlement—and he is credited with great political ambitions.



LADY WARWICK'S DAUGHTER: VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY.

Photograph by Bassano.

Not Places Within the Act.

An attempt is to be made by certain of the bookmakers of New York to avoid the penalties attaching to the breaking of the betting laws by doing their business by means of wireless telegraphy on board a steamboat stationed outside the three-mile limit. Should they succeed, their action will be an interesting parallel to that of the ingenious British "bookies," who have found, to their profit, that the sand-stretches left dry by the receding sea are not places within the meaning of the Act.

"New Place. Great Japan."

Japan has added a new island to her possessions, and this without having to prove her civilisation still further by the slaying of more Russians. Nature alone has to be thanked on this occasion, not the arts or crafts of man. In brief, the new territory is of volcanic origin, and it has appeared gradually in the Japan Sea, three knots to the southward of Iwo Island, to the accompaniment of awe-inspiring rumblings and clouds of black, white, and red smoke. Explored by ten of the more daring Iwo Islanders, it proved to be nearly two and three-quarter miles in circumference, to rise some four hundred and eighty feet above the sea, to possess a boiling lake to the north, and to consist, so far as its south coast is concerned, of steep rock hidden by a thick layer of earth. On the highest point, we have the authority of the *Telegraph's* correspondent for saying, the Japanese flag was raised, together with an inscription reading: "New place. Great Japan. Many banzais." The addition has been named Nüshima. "Many banzais," indeed.

A Literary Pegasus at the Plough.

Count Tolstoy, certainly the most picturesque of modern apostles, is himself the best example of how good it is for even thinkers and brain-workers to go back to the land. It may surprise some of his British admirers to learn that he has compelled, and that in a very real sense, mother earth to give him up her secrets. He early decided that as he preached, so must he act, and this is why he has literally followed the plough, and made himself thoroughly conversant with all the work done by the average peasant in the neighbourhood of his home. Tolstoy considers that every man should be able to keep himself with the help of manual labour. He is for equality in its broadest sense, and, though no writer living has given more beautiful and moving pictures of that class in Russia from which is drawn the domestic servant, he cannot bear to be waited on, and has taught all his children to do house-work and to accomplish every simple household task.



A LITERARY PEGASUS AT THE PLOUGH: COUNT TOLSTOY PUTTING HIS PRECEPTS INTO PRACTICE.

Russia's grand old Socialist, Count Tolstoy, is by no means content to preach the policy of "Back to the Land" without putting his preaching into practice. For this reason, he has made himself conversant with every detail of the work of the average peasant in the neighbourhood of his estate, and he can frequently be seen tilling the fields.

From a Painting in the Tretiakoff Gallery, Moscow.

New-Comers in the Theatrical World.

The birth announcements of the last few days have contained at least two items of interest to all theatre-goers. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes-Robertson are the proud parents of a daughter; and Mrs. Langtry, the ever-young, is doubly a grandmother, her daughter, the wife of Mr. Ian Malcolm, the popular Member for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk, having given birth to her second son. Congratulations will be freely given to all.

"Mr. James Erskine's" Marriage.

The young Earl of Rosslyn, the announcement of whose marriage to Miss Anna Robinson took most people by surprise, is the fifth holder of the title, and has already contrived to play many of the parts attributed by Shakspere to man in general. As "Mr. James Erskine," he is familiar to playgoers; as a soldier, he was with Thorneycroft's Horse at the Relief of Ladysmith, and was twice captured by the Boers; as business-man he has "travelled"; as a speculator with a system, he has tried to break the Bank at Monte Carlo; and, as journalist, he has edited *Scottish Life*. His first wife, the daughter of a Lincolnshire gentlemen, he divorced, under Scottish law, on the ground of her desertion, and the lady is now married to the well-known motorist, Mr. Charles Jarrott.



A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE AND THE STAGE: THE EARL OF ROSSLYN (MR. JAMES ERSKINE), WHO HAS MARRIED MISS ANNA ROBINSON.

Photograph by Bassano.

The New Countess of Rosslyn.

The new Countess may be said to have a double claim on the consideration of the order to which she now belongs. She is both an American and an actress, though she has not acted for some time. She has nothing of the American accent. Indeed, when she was rehearsing "The Undercurrent" at the Criterion Theatre, in which she played an American girl, Mr. R. C. Carton, the author, had what she once described as "an awful time" with regard to her American accent, or the lack of it. "Why, you haven't got an American accent at all!" he exclaimed, and the actress had to begin to acquire one. It is, perhaps, part of their unwritten romance that it was in "The Undercurrent" that Lord Rosslyn and his bride first met. That Miss Robinson succeeded so well on her first venture in London is to be attributed to the fact that she had a great deal of experience in America, acting in all sorts of plays before she achieved the desire of every American actress and arrived in London. One of the most successful plays of its day on the other side of the Atlantic was "Shenandoah," by Mr. Bronson Howard. While acting in that play, Miss Robinson had an experience which, happily, does not fall to the lot of many people. She was in the Far West, and one Saturday night she left Seattle on a special train to go to Tacoma. The members of the Company went to bed, but in the early hours of the morning there was a terrible shock. Everybody believed there had been a collision, and got up to see what was the matter. There had been a collision, but of an unusual character. The train had run through a school-house. The workmen had been moving the house, and, when the time came for leaving off work, they stopped and left it where it was, instead of working for another hour to get it clear of the lines. They knew that, in the ordinary way, no train would be going over the road until after they returned to work, for they had no knowledge about the special. As it was, the engine-driver caught sight of the house as he was rounding a curve near it. In a minute he made up his mind that it would be better to put on all steam and go full-speed at it, as there was not time to stop the train. The driver's calculations were correct. He went through the house without the train leaving the rails. In speaking of the incident, Miss Robinson has been heard to remark that she was positive "no people ever went through school as quickly" as the members of that Company.



AN AMERICAN OCTOGENARIAN'S ACTION TO RECOVER £150,000 FROM A NEGRESS: MISS HANNAH ELIAS, THE DEFENDANT.

A Mr. Platt sought to recover the sum mentioned above on the ground that Miss Hannah Elias had obtained it from him by fraud. Later, however, he admitted that he was "moved by affection alone," and the case was dismissed.

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate.



A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE AND THE STAGE: THE NEW COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (NÉE ANNA ROBINSON), WHO WAS MARRIED TO THE EARL OF ROSSLYN LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Bassano.

Plans.

An interesting, and by no means improbable, rumour credits the Earl and Countess with the determination to appear on the stage together—as actor-manager and leading lady. Indeed, it is said that a play of the romantic school has already been accepted by them, and that "Mr. James Erskine" and "Miss Anna Robinson" will interpret the lovers with whose *affaire de cœur* it deals.

Mr. Roosevelt's Profitable Inauguration.

Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration as President of the United States has been doubly glorious to the citizens of the land of the Almighty Dollar: its success, from the "Fourth of June" point of view, was decided, and, in addition to this, the ceremonies and their attendant festivities have resulted in a clear profit of £600. The total expenditure was £15,800; the receipts were £16,400. The sale of tickets for the inaugural ball accounted for £9,200 of the latter. All of which is business, and excellent business, if, to some minds, painfully democratic.

General Linievitch.

The new Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies in the Far East owes his promotion to that troublous post very largely to the fact that he has risen from the ranks. He has seen a great deal of rough service in Central Asia, commanded the Russian contingent which went up to Peking, and, just before the war broke out, was in command of the troops in the Far East. He made no secret of his disgust when he was told to hand over the Army to General Kuropatkin a year ago, and so, when the Generals at St. Petersburg had, one after another, declined the offer of succeeding Kuropatkin, the Czar telegraphed to him to take up the command, well knowing that Linievitch was the only man anxious to have it.



AN AMERICAN OCTOGENARIAN'S ACTION TO RECOVER £150,000 FROM A NEGRESS: MR. JOHN R. PLATT, THE PLAINTIFF.

The Elias scandal, which caused so much sensation in New York, was brought about by the action of a negro, who shot and killed Mr. Andrew Green, a prominent New Yorker, and afterwards pleaded passionate jealousy of Miss Elias, saying that he mistook Green for Platt.

Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate.

The Political Party Season.

Young Lady Denman opened the spring Political Party season very brilliantly last week. Thanks to the shuffling of the Cabinet cards, the Tories have at least one new and charming hostess added to the Ministerial group, and the Free Traders are also rich in accomplished and brilliant women of the world. The Duchess of Devonshire is a host in herself, and, with Lady Wimborne as an ally, she should be irresistible to those who are wavering between Free and Fair Food.

Pierre Loti, Bordeaux, and the Feline Tribe.

In a few days' time, the French cruiser *Vautour*, of which Pierre Loti is the Captain, will return to France from Turkish waters, and, for the first time for many years, Loti, who is of a retiring disposition as a rule, will come out of his study's solitude and preside at a public function. This function is one of a characteristic nature. Loti, as everybody knows in these days of personal paragraphs, is a great lover of cats, and it is over the Bordeaux Cat Show that he has consented to preside. His letter of acceptance of the honour is a quaint one. "I have always," he writes, "refused such honours, but this time, such is my love for Bordeaux and the feline tribe, I must fain accept with pleasure your kind invitation. But I make one proviso—I must on no account be asked to make a speech or to call for the health of our graceful furry friends. Remember that I am a hermit, and be merciful." If Pierre Loti insists on silence, though, I fancy Bordeaux will be deeply disappointed.



THE SAXONY-MONTIGNOSO ROMANCE: THE COUNTESS DE MONTIGNOSO, DIVORCED WIFE OF THE KING OF SAXONY, AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MONICA.

The Countess, whose refusal to give up her daughter to the King of Saxony is the cause of so much interest, has, for economical reasons, sublet the Villa Papiniano to an American gentleman, and is now residing in a smaller house on the road near Poggio Imperiale, in the suburbs of Florence. Her servants are but three, all Italians, in whom she puts the greatest trust.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

The Saxony-Montignoso Romance.

The German Court world, and especially that which has its centre in Dresden, is much excited over the struggle to obtain possession of the baby Princess, Anne Monica Pia. The new King of Saxony declares that his divorced wife, known as the Countess de Montignoso, though she is an Archduchess of Austria by birth, should give up her last-born child, but the mother utterly refuses to part with her two-year-old little girl, and she is being assisted in her efforts to shield the Princess from the King's kidnappers by many who admire her maternal devotion.

In Command of His Majesty's Yachts.

Captain Colin R. Keppel, new Commodore in command of His Majesty's yachts, is a good deal more than the son of his father, although accident of birth may have had something to do with his selection for his new post, the duties of which he is likely to take up after the Queen's return from the Mediterranean. The only son of that fine old sea-dog and intimate friend of the King and Queen, the late Sir Harry Keppel, it was only meet that he should enter the Navy, and hardly surprising that he should have earned considerable distinction in his profession. That he has done this has been recognised not only by the majority, but by the influential few whose opinion can do so much to make or mar a reputation.

The part he took in the rescue of Sir Charles Wilson in the Soudan Expedition led to Lord Charles Beresford's mention in despatches, which stated that the safety of the whole party was due to the "untiring energy of Sub-Lieutenant Keppel," who cut out the nuggar on which the General was stranded under the guns of the enemy; Lord Kitchener publicly acknowledged his "readiness of resource, daring, and ability" on the Nile in the 'nineties, and he received the D.S.O. and the C.B.; and in 1899 he was thanked by both Houses of Parliament. He is at present eightieth in the list of captains, so his "flag" is yet in the distance.



THE NEW COMMODORE IN COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S YACHTS: CAPTAIN COLIN R. KEPPEL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A BABY FOR WHOSE POSSESSION A KING AND A PRINCESS ARE STRUGGLING: THE PRINCESS ANNE MONICA PIA OF SAXONY.

The divorced wife of the new King of Saxony, now known as the Countess de Montignoso, is determined to keep her daughter, the little Princess Monica, by her side, and never allows her out of her sight. She acknowledges that the King has the law on his side, but maintains that the rights of a mother are greater than any defined by law.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

Coquelin the Elder as Scarron.

Coquelin will have a hard rôle in Scarron, for at the time chosen for the piece the poet was already crippled, partly paralysed, and confined in his chair. The performance of M. Coquelin, rumour has it, will draw crowded houses, for so touching is it that even at rehearsal—and rehearsal is by no means a sentimental business — his fellow actors and actresses have found it difficult to keep back their tears at the pathos he infuses into the poet's lines.

A Lady of Cabinet Rank.

Lord Beaconsfield, ever gallant to the fair sex, always insisted that Cabinet Ministers exalted their wives to official rank. The latest addition to the group of interesting women who are thus closely connected with the Government is the Hon. Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, the present Lord Hylton's only sister. The Tory Party is rich in good hostesses, and the wife of the new Minister for Agriculture will add yet another who has as yet lived more in the country than in town.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE: THE HON. MRS. AILWYN FELLOWES.

Photograph by Langfier.

The King and Queen.

The King's restoration to his usual health was hailed by those who had the rather unusual pleasure of meeting His Majesty driving in Hyde Park with keen satisfaction. It must at once touch and embarrass the Sovereign to note how his most trifling ailments, such as slight colds, arouse instant concern, and even anxiety, in the public mind. The best proof of King Edward's good health was shown, however, by the absence of Queen Alexandra, whose long-delayed reception in Lisbon was of a nature to show how close is the present friendship between Portugal and our country.

Buffalo Bill in Paris.

Colonel Cody and his friend and partner, Mr. Bailey, are busy on the Champ de Mars with their coming Wild West Show. It is, if we are not mistaken, a little over twenty years since Buffalo Bill was seen in Paris, and those who can remember his last visit there are wondering whether the gallant Colonel is to be made as popular a hero this time as he was in '84—if '84 it was. The wild enthusiasm which prevailed for the Russians in France immediately after the conclusion of the treaty, the enthusiasm even for *le brav' Général Boulanger*, which reached the height of mania, not only with the crowds and bourgeois, but in the most aristocratic circles of the capital, was far outrun by the wave of excitement which the picturesque appearance and the reputation of the Colonel caused when he was last in Paris. Nowadays, though, the days of such enthusiasm have passed, or such enthusiasm has found a less exciting fashion of manifesting itself. There is a tendency to treat Buffalo Bill less as a hero than as a showman, and—this, of course, may make a difference—the gallant gentleman is twenty years less interesting than he was before.

Catulle Mendès' New Play.

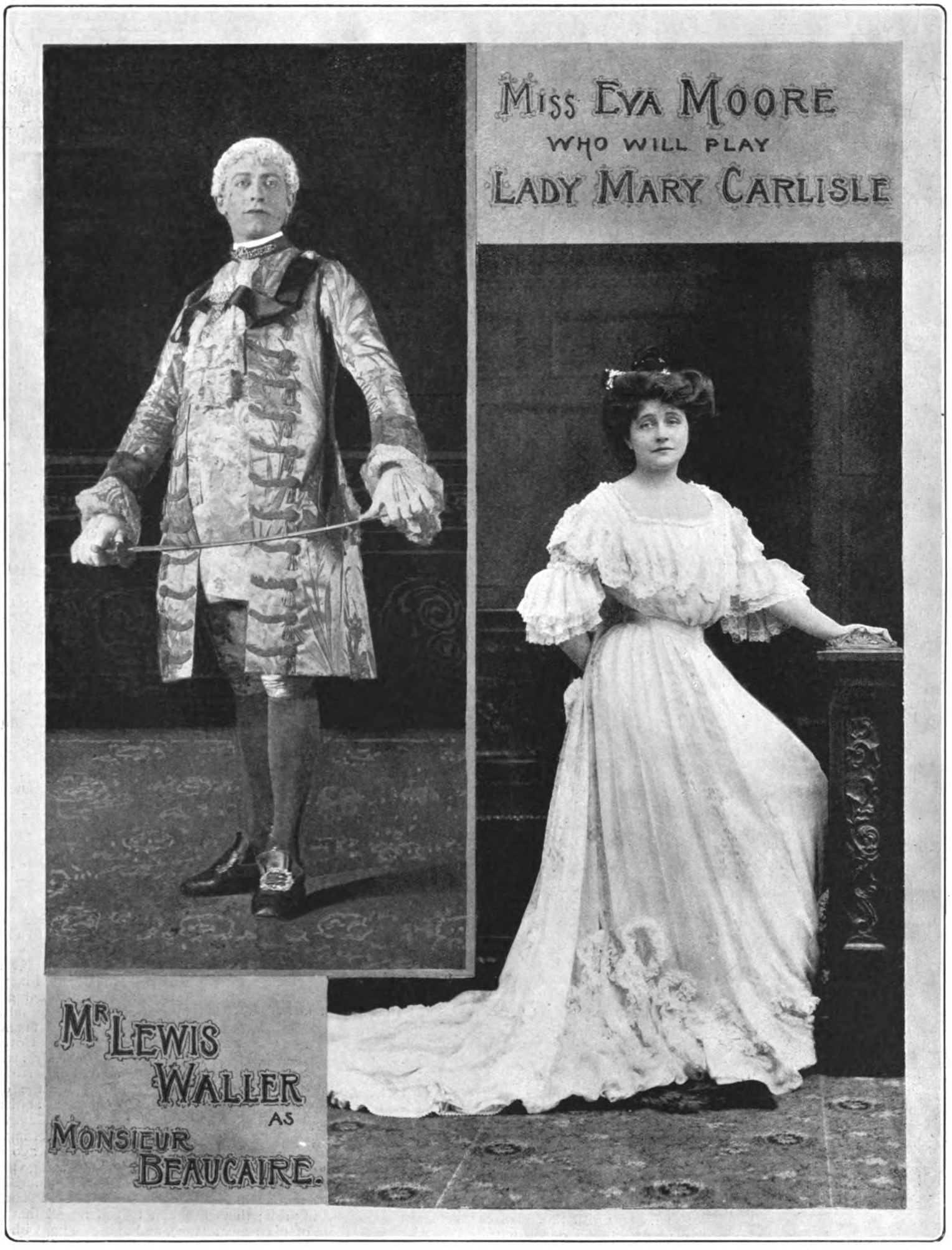
Great things are expected of M. Catulle Mendès' coming play at the Gaîté, "Scarron," in which Coquelin the elder is to play the crippled poet. The play is all rehearsed and ready, and nothing but the success of "L'Abbé Constantin" at the same theatre has prevented its earlier production, for, unfortunately, the severity of the illness of Madame Jane Hading, who was to have played Ninon de l'Enclos, who is in the zenith of her beauty and her power at the time of M. Mendès' play and will be enacted by Madame Gilda Darthy, has been such that all idea of waiting for her had to be abandoned. Madame Hading, however, is on the high road to recovery, and by the time these lines are in print will be sipping sunshine and gaining strength in Grasse.



JAPAN'S FQUIVALENT TO OUR TOWN-CRIER: THE TO-ZA-I-YA, OR ADVERTISING SPECIALIST, AT WORK.

The British town-crier's bell is replaced in the case of the Japanese crier of advertisements by drum and fife, which punctuate the ingenious specialist's remarks as to the virtue of his various employers' goods.

THE REVIVAL OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," AT THE IMPERIAL.



Mr. Lewis Waller, with the intention of dividing Shakspere from Shakspere, will revive "Monsieur Beaucaire" to-morrow, and will run it for three weeks, after which he will produce "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Waller will, of course, resume his old part in the revival. Miss Eva Moore will take the place of Miss Grace Lane as Lady Mary Carlisle.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHILE we read harrowing stories of the great Russian rout, and comment, awe-stricken, upon the magnitude of the casualty lists, a crisis nearer home attracts comparatively little attention. General Plague is conducting a merciless campaign against the long-suffering natives of India, and his casualty list is not inferior to all that Generals Linievitch and Oyama can show. Taking the offensive in 1896, this master of destruction could claim one and a-half million victims by the end of 1902, while in 1903 the death figures ran up to eight hundred and fifty thousand for the one year; last year they topped the million, and at the time of writing the people are dying in their thousands every day. Not all the diplomats in the King's service can make peace with General Plague; only when he is glutted with slaughter will he desist from his attacks and retire into some unknown hiding-place to wait until the increase of India's population justifies another campaign. The dead Russian or Jap had some manner of chance to hit back, perhaps to kill some of the foe before he was stricken down, the wounded have some chance of recovery; but the legions of General Plague strike out of the darkness, and, where they wound, the blow is most times fatal.

Slave Markets. A friend who is in Fez watching the development of negotiations between the Sultan of Morocco and M. St. René de Taillandier, the French Envoy, writes that, out of respect to the feelings of his distinguished visitors, the Sultan has ordered the Sok el Abeed, or Slave Market, to be closed while the Mission is in the city. This concession is a very artful one, and may well serve a double purpose. It shows, in the first instance, a very delicate regard for European prejudice; it also gives the more fanatical Moors to understand what they must expect in the days when the will of Europe is imposed upon the last independent kingdom of the once dark Continent. The sale of slaves is a very remarkable ceremony. When the buyers have taken their seats in the market-place, the auctioneers advance in line to the centre of the market and offer up a prayer. They appeal for divine favour on behalf of buyers and sellers, and anathematise Satan and all his works. The buyers interpolate "Amen" at the proper moments. And when the last word of prayer has been said, the slaves are brought forward, parcelled out among the auctioneers, and led round the circle of the buyers, who raise the prices of the men, women, and children they desire to purchase.



THE FAIR RULER OF A RULER OF FAIR FRANCE: MME. ROUVIER, WIFE OF THE FRENCH MINISTER OF FINANCE.

Photograph by Paul Boyer.

Subsidised Theatres. When I read in my morning paper a letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's secretary, setting out a refusal to contribute ten thousand a year to a national theatre, I did not feel angry with the powers that rule over us. I suppose we shall read, or get the opportunity of reading, reams of rubbish about the absence of subsidies in England, and their healthy existence abroad; but for the very life of me I can't see why we should have subsidised theatres when the Government is too poor to feed the hungry little children it sends to school. With proper management, the sum requested for a theatre subsidy would supply two and a-half million free meals for the stunted babies of our byways, and these meals would do a great deal to build up the national physique, upon which, when all is said and done, we must depend for our national existence. If the Government ever grows rich enough to do the right thing by the children, free gymnasia for the adults should find a place in its scheme of things before the drama gets a look-in.

Success. From the wilds of Los Angeles, in California, one Victor Segno has written me a letter begging me to be successful, and offering me two months of Success for a dollar. Mr. Segno is the proprietor—I beg his pardon, the "boss"—of the Segno Success Club, which he calls a department of the "American Institute of Mentalism," whatever that may be. Accompanying the letter are certain circulars printed on paper that never achieved success, and setting out the merits of the Club. There are letters from people living in weird corners of the States, setting out how a rise of salary followed their membership, there are some ill-written tributes to success in the abstract, there is an account of certain telepathic messages that passed between London and Northampton in the presence of Mr. W. T. Stead; but I find no definite explanation of what you get in return for your dollar or how you get it. Yet, even to my mean intelligence, it becomes plain that the more fools—I mean, members—that this 'cute Yankee secures, the greater will be his Success. I believe that these circulars are being sent broadcast, so I am going to send a dollar to the painstaking boss in the interests of my fellow-men. If he can tell which one of the people he is trying to catch is the writer of this note, he may call himself a "Mentalist" without further challenge from me.

The "Times" and the Russian Treasury. Seldom has a daily paper had a greater honour paid to it than the *Times* enjoyed a few days ago. M. Kokovtsoff, the Russian Minister of Finance, was so anxious that our great journal should understand the soundness of the financial position of the Czar's Government that he actually invited the Editor to visit St. Petersburg and see the gold reserve for himself. Doubtless, had the Editor availed himself of the offer and wished to assure his readers that the gold was, at least, of eighteen-carat variety, there would have been no difficulty in supplying him with samples. Really the *Times* is "getting its own back," if one may write so vulgarly. Not so long ago the accredited representative in St. Petersburg of our leading paper might have been asked to investigate the Treasury's flourishing state. But the powers that be would not suffer Mr. Braham to express his opinions in print; they gave him to understand that they did not desire more of his acquaintance, and shifted him, with bag and baggage, across the frontier. Now they want the Editor of the *Times* to take the long, cold journey to St. Petersburg, but Mr. Buckle is a busy man, and, perhaps, has some doubts about the wisdom of such an excursion. The invitation reads "to visit the vaults of the State Bank." It is clear that the Editor of the *Times* is quite free from the taint of "vaulting ambition."

LOVELY WOMAN AT THE LYRIC: A STUDY IN MAKE-UP.



MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS GERALDINE EVELYN SNIPE

IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"Du Barri," at the Savoy—"The Little More" and "The Thieves' Comedy," at the Court.

If the expenditure of money could procure success, "Du Barri" will run for years. Probably the production has cost more than any ever given upon a stage no bigger than that of the Savoy, which, of course, is by no means small. In one respect, the money has been well spent, for some superb pictures are given of the splendid Court of Louis XV., and the costumes designed by Miss Edith Craig are beautiful as well as gorgeous. Moreover, admirable music is contributed by Mr. Herbert Smith. How deplorable, then, that from time to time one should have wished that the whole affair had been a series of dumb-show pictures. I do not suggest that the play adapted by Christopher St. John and rendered into fluent English from a drama by Jean Richepin is dull, and when played rather quicker and cut a little it will, at least, serve as a kind of conversational guide to the pictures; but even the least critical spectator must have felt oppressed by the disproportion between the quality of the play and the importance of the production. Probably the naughtiness of the career of the creature who once ruled such a despot as Louis XV., and, through him, reigned over France, will be an attraction, though I fancy that the ordinary playgoer has less knowledge of Madame Du Barri than of some of her sisters in sin who helped to create the modern France by ruining the old. Really it was ungrateful of the Republicans to cause a woman to "sneeze into the sack" who, by swallowing up nearly thirty-five millions of francs, had assisted in procuring freedom for the French. As for the story—what does it matter? A sentence describes it as it appears in the play: In the Prologue the heroine is a pretty milliner with dishonest ambitions; in Act I. courtiers contrive to present her to the jaded old King, hoping to rule him through her; in Act II. she is at the top of her power, receiving the cringing Court in her gorgeous bedroom, receiving there, also, secretly a worshipper who seeks to induce her to quit a life of shame and fly with him—a quaint request, since she is a married woman; Act III. exhibits the end of her reign, caused by her philandering with this curious adorer, in consequence of which she is banished; finally comes an Epilogue showing her descent, twenty years or so later, to the guillotine, after a noble act of self-sacrifice. It is a stagey story, not wholly ineffective, but no great art has been displayed in the treatment, nor is there much in the acting. Mrs. Brown-Potter cannot suggest the note of gay, thoughtless irresponsibility that might have rendered Du Barri worthy at least of pity, but in the bedroom scene she shows herself at her best in all respects. The others have little chance of distinction, and none accomplished marvels.

Mr. Arthur Godfrey.



Mr. Harold Montague (Musical Monologist). Miss Kate Rooney (Bass Contralto). Mr. George Alexander. Miss Constance Drever (Soprano). Mr. Frank Boor (Tenor).

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM: THE POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE "MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER CONCERT RECITAL COMPANY."

The "Mr. George Alexander Concert Recital Company," under the Direction of Ashton's Royal Agency, began its most successful tour at Bournemouth on the 4th of this month, and has already appeared at Bournemouth, Bristol, Leamington, Ealing, Tunbridge Wells, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Croydon, and Cheltenham. To-morrow it is due at Richmond, and later at Portsmouth, Ryde, and Chatham. In certain of the towns Mr. Alexander has produced Oscar Wilde's "The Flower o' the Rose," and at Portsmouth, Ryde, and Richmond he is to present "The Scrupulous Man."

Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.

A charity matinée at the Royal Court Theatre on the 20th showed that a new author, Mr. H. C. M. Hardinge, has grasped well enough the truth that true drama is a question of souls and characters to make it worth his while to study technique and the art of writing natural dialogue. The undoubted effectiveness of several of the scenes in his play, "The Little More," was due, to a large extent, to the remarkable performance of Miss Henrietta Watson as a doting mother with an artistic temperament and highly-strung nerves; but Mr. Hardinge may take credit for drawing three people with some relation to life, and writing quite competently two or three scenes between a mother, a father, and a prodigal son, which gave the play an interest far beyond that of most of the productions for which charity is responsible, and a good many of those which presumably appeal to us on their own merits.

The name of Hauptmann rather frightens the simple playgoer, but the work from his pen presented at the Court, under the title of "The Thieves' Comedy," has none of the mystical or problem element. It frankly appeals to the sense of humour, and may be appreciated by the most thoughtless. Yet a warning is necessary: those who expect a formal comedy with a conventional conclusion will be disappointed, and a playgoer might well fancy that the last Act had been lost during the play's passage from Germany, and be well enough amused by what he sees and hears to grudge the loss of it. In a masterly way, he draws some wicked and some stupid Russian peasants, and a perfect specimen of a weak, vain, irritable, but not wholly ill-natured Magistrate. The main figure is a middle-aged woman, industrious, bright, and shrewd, who tempts her husband to poach and steal, but is clever enough to defeat the law and, in the end, appear as a model specimen of the lower orders. It is on character rather than incident that the play depends, though there is plenty of comic business, and the character of Frau Wolff, as presented by Miss Rosina Filippi, is wonderfully true and humorous. Better acting one never sees; in a certain class of parts one can safely set Miss Filippi against anybody that the world can produce. Every part in the play is finely drawn, from the stupid, brutal husband, presented by Mr. James Hearn, to the impudent little daughter, cleverly played by Miss Sydney Fairbrother. Mr. Lugg caused a great deal of laughter as a Magistrate. Much of his work was exceedingly skilful, but there was an unfortunate trace of self-consciousness. Mr. Edward Gwenn was admirable as a barge-skipper, with a fat, heavy, quiet humour that would delight Mr. Jacobs; and Mr. Norman Page was amusing as our very old friend, the Magistrate's choleric clerk. I dare say that the play has serious value as a close study of local life and character, but can form no definite opinion as to this. No doubt, however, exists as to its being very amusing and curiously lifelike: one's sympathy, I fear, is with the wicked people; occasionally nature breaks bounds, and most of us are full enough of original sin to delight in the triumph of Frau Wolff.

"DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER AS THE "DU BARRI."

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

"A MAN'S SHADOW," AT HIS MAJESTY'S



MISS KATE CUTLER AS VICTOIRE.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE SMALLEST FOOT IN PARIS, AND THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

Mme. Aurora Ph—— P——.



At the only Bal de l'Opéra this season, the four famous balls having ceased to exist, M. Gailhard used the occasion to give a prize to the owner of the smallest foot in Paris. This prize took the form of a pair of shoes made of cloth-of-gold and adorned with precious stones. Mme. Aurora Ph—— P——, a lady well known in the Peruvian colony in Paris, proved herself the Cinderella of Lutetia, the size of her shoe being "Small 31," of which the English equivalent is size "12½, children's."

CURTAINS CARICATURED: II.—MELODRAMA.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST.



Villagers. Benevolent Vicar. Vicar's Charitable Sister (unmarried). Comic Villain.
The Comic Maid (Sweetheart of the Comic Relief). The Comic Relief. Leading Lady. Sweet Che-ild. Hero. Policeman (Inevitable). Villain (with cigarette).

"A PEERLESS PEARL; OR, PANTING FOR PARDON."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

S. H. SIME RECORDS AN IMPRESSION OF A VISIT TO THE NORTH.



A SOUVENIR OF A SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE'S monograph on Coventry Patmore (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) is being justly recognised as one of the very few masterpieces of its kind. The authorised biography of the poet was laboriously written by Mr. Basil Champneys. Mr. Champneys succeeded in putting into his two large volumes much interesting and relevant matter, and he showed throughout excellent taste and feeling. But he had small skill in writing and in presentation, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Gosse's little book conveys so true and vivid an impression of a very complex personality that nothing will be added to it. Mr. Gosse has a keen perception of character, but his humour is kept in check by his distinguished urbanity. In spite of his alert, critical faculty—or rather, perhaps, on account of it—he is generous in appreciation, and for Patmore he felt evidently a true friendship and esteem, though never for a moment blind to the eccentricities and asperities which marred a successful and prosperous life. Patmore's first wife, the "Angel in the House," had a lifelong influence over him, but the fact that she was a keen Protestant did not prevent him becoming a Roman Catholic and bringing up his children in that faith. Mrs. Patmore was beautiful in her way, but not when she smiled, and it was of her that Robert Browning wrote the famous description—

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a background of pale gold
Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!
No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
Of those two lips, that should be opening soft
In the pure profile—not as when she laughs,
For that spoils all — but rather as aloft
Some hyacinth she loves so leaned its staff's
Burden of honey-coloured studs to kiss
Or capture 'twixt the lips, apart for this.
Then her lithe neck, three fingers might surround,
How it should waver on the pale gold ground
Up to the fruit-shaped perfect chin it lifts.

During the years of his first marriage, Patmore was very poor, living in a little cottage on Hampstead Heath, now destroyed, on an income which probably never exceeded three hundred pounds a year. But, through the admirable management of his wife, a large family was brought up in comfort. By his second marriage Patmore became a rich man. His second wife had, in her youth, some love-passages with Cardinal Manning, whose first love, by the way, seems to have been a lady who afterwards became famous as the authoress of the "Peep of Day," and other religious text-books for children, once familiar in all evangelical households.

The news that Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is to edit and write prefaces for a new edition of her husband's books is more than welcome. There is no denying that the official biography of Stevenson is a disappointment, though much consolation is to be found in the admirably edited series of letters which Mr. Sidney Colvin has given to us. Mrs. Stevenson is eminently qualified for her task. Her extraordinary powers of conversation and her infectious high spirits were the source of perpetual wonder and delight to her husband. I have heard a highly qualified judge say that, in her opinion, of all the brilliant conversationalists she ever met, Mrs. Stevenson was the first. It will be remembered that Mrs. Stevenson collaborated with Stevenson in one of his best pieces of work. She was ever his most sharp and stimulating critic, and this was so well recognised by Mr. Thomas Stevenson that, shortly before his death, he made his son promise that he would "never publish anything without Fanny's approval."

We have already had Mrs. Ritchie's delightful memorial edition of Thackeray, and long ago we were promised a similar edition of Kingsley, with introductions from the accomplished pen of his daughter, Lucas Malet. Lucas Malet wisely takes time over her work, but I have reason to believe that two new novels by her are drawing to completion, and after then, perhaps, she may write for us the story of Charles Kingsley's life and work.

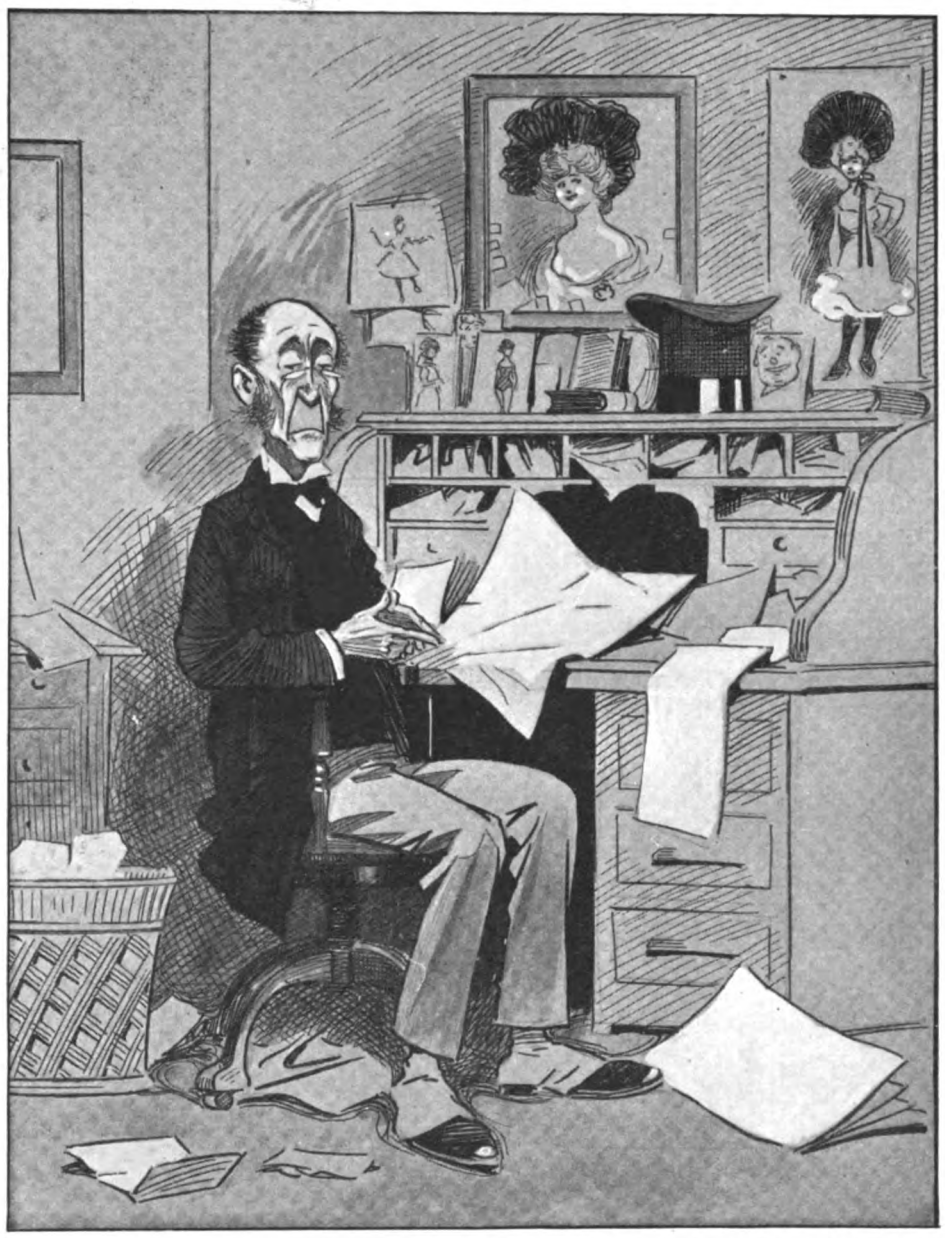
Messrs. Valentine, the famous Scottish photographers, have in preparation a series of illustrated books on the counties of Great Britain and Ireland. Each volume is to contain a series of photographs, with brief descriptions by well-known writers of the scenes illustrated. The general editor is to be Mr. A. H. Millar, who has for many years conducted the literary department of the *Dundee Advertiser*. The series will be welcome, but we are still waiting for a properly executed series of guides to the historical and literary associations of the counties. It was high time that the work was taken in hand. Every year historical houses are being removed, and it might be possible to check the process. In any case, the memory would be preserved.

It is said that Sir Conan Doyle, when asked by his American publishers whether he desired the "Sir" on his title-page, replied, "When the American people like me as I am, why should I thrust a title in their democratic faces?" Sir Gilbert Parker showed the same noble spirit in answer to a cable from New York—that is, he indicated his desire to appear as plain Gilbert Parker, without the title, on his "Ladder of Swords," the first novel he has published since his knighthood.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has selected twenty-one poems by his friend, Lionel Johnson, and they have been printed on Irish paper by Miss Yeats at the Dun Emer Press, Dundrum. The price is half-a guinea. Among the poems chosen by Mr. Yeats are "Mystic and Cavalier," "The Dark Angel," "Glories," "To Morfydd," "Sertorius," and the lines on the statue of King Charles. The book is very welcome, but, after all, Lionel Johnson was greater as a critic than as a poet, and it is much to be desired that some of the best of his critical work should be preserved. There is very little on the same level appearing nowadays.

O. O.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: I.—THE EDITOR OF "FRIVOLOUS BITS."

Drawn by G. M. Payne.

THE FIRST OF APRIL!



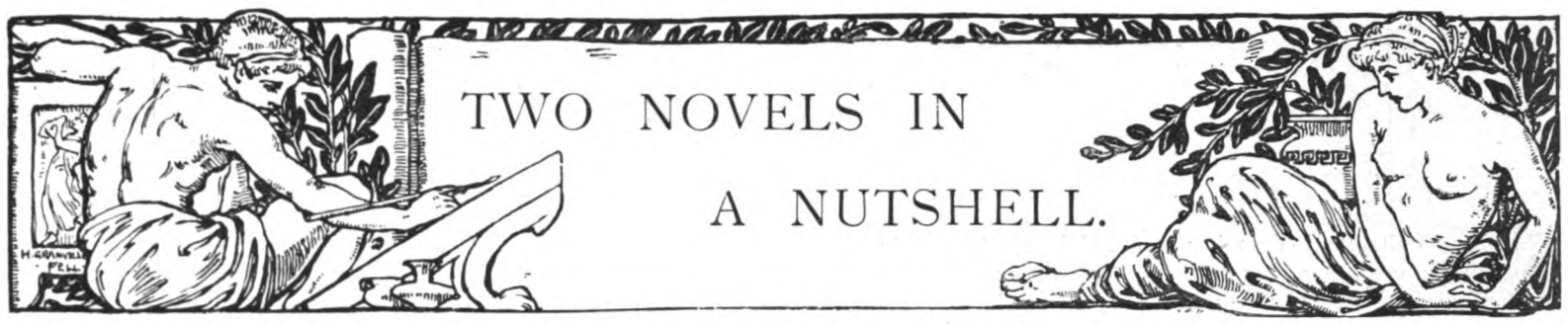
THE NEWSVENDOR (*who has forgotten the date*): Wonder why it is nobody won't buy a paper to-day?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



II.—THE AMATEUR.



THE INVENTOR.

By L. LUMLEY.

WHEN you have known a man the better part of five minutes, it is only natural that you should feel impressed in some way (the exact way is rather a matter of temperament) when he calls you "My dear fellow," and insists that you really must drop in and see him.

I did. The Inventor lived in a curious little surprise in architecture in a north-west suburban road which had no end. For several minutes I searched the Inventor's door and door-post for a knocker or a bell; but nothing could I discover beyond a brass letter-box opening, which was evidently in the process of adjustment: indeed, at that moment footsteps sounded from within, followed by the use of tools upon the door.

I tapped with my umbrella; the door opened, and the Inventor, beaming through his spectacles, grasped my hand.

"Capital, capital!" he exclaimed, placing a screw-driver in the outside pocket of his velvet jacket and a pair of pliers through a button-hole.

"You're just in time," he went on. "Now, you see that letter-box—nothing unusual about it, as a letter-box, you would say?"

I looked at the object in question. It appeared to me exactly like thousands of other cheap brass affairs one sees upon the suburban door. I conveyed this impression, suitably modified, to the Inventor, who chuckled low with delight.

"Exactly, exactly!" he cried; "that's just the point: *looks* like the ordinary thing. Now, any other man who had invented a box like that would have had it carved or stamped with his name and address; in fact, he would have totally spoilt the simplicity of the whole thing—you understand me?"

I did not in the least, so I said, "Quite so."

"Well, now," proceeded the Inventor, hugging himself with enjoyment; "with my letter-box—by the way, I have named it the 'Postvenitagraph'; rather comprehensive, eh?"

"Extremely neat," I said.

"So it is; so it is," he agreed, still beaming: "*post*—post; *venit*—has come; *graph*—write; the thing explains itself. But you would like to see it in action?"

"I should consider it a great honour," I assured him. He appeared to feel assured.

"I don't mind telling you," he intimated, kindly, "that I believe it will be taken up by all the principal firms in the world."

I appeared suitably astonished, and the Inventor proceeded to close the door, thereby revealing several wires that rose through a tube by the wainscot and engaged an iron lever upon which was fastened, by means of a wire, what looked like the receptacle from a pair of scales. Above this was a black box. The general effect rather recalled the interior of a railway signal-box.

"Now," exclaimed the Inventor, who had been running his finger along the mechanism tenderly, "perhaps you would just act as postman for half a minute?"

I tried to look as much like a postman as I could at so brief a notice.

"Let me see. You will want a letter," explained my host.

I took one of several from my pocket and held it out. The Inventor weighed the envelope in his hand, and shook his head.

"Er—I'm afraid that would hardly be the thing—hardly the thing," he declared, musingly.

I handed him in turn letters of several sizes, old but serviceable; still the Inventor did not seem satisfied. Suddenly, however, his face brightened, and, taking the pliers from his button-hole, he placed them in the longest envelope and closed it carefully.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, handing me back the package; "now you are all right with your letter. I want you, quite in the usual way, you know, to enter the garden-gate, walk up the steps, thrust your letter into the box—then wait. I think that's quite clear?" he concluded, holding open the door for me to go out, and closing it before I had time to assure him that I had thoroughly grasped the idea.

In order to do justice to the great invention, I turned up my coat-collar, put my hat on the back of my head, and turned my toes well out as I thumped up the garden-path.

I hesitated a moment at the door; then, setting my teeth firmly, I dropped the pliers through the opening for letters. I cannot say precisely what I had anticipated, but I know that, immediately after the act, I felt as a nervous man does when he takes a second pull at the trigger of a gun that has miss-fired. At length I remembered that Nature expected me to go on breathing as usual, and I let forth a long, hissing volume of compressed oxygen.

"Was that you whistled?" called the voice of the Inventor from within.

"Is everything going off all right in there?" I inquired, in my turn, through the key-hole.

"Simply drop it in the box in the ordinary way," requested the Inventor—peevishly, I thought.

"I have," I said, shortly.

"What have you done, my dear sir?" persisted the Inventor, with rising irritability.

"Posted the letter!" I shouted.

The door opened slowly, and the Inventor, on his knees, shuffled backwards with it. He took not the slightest notice of me, but proceeded to pat his pockets one after the other, and then to grope about the floor, peering under the chairs, moving out the hat-stand, and pulling up the mats.

"Can I do anything to help you?" I asked, at length, thinking that he was seeking the main-spring of his invention.

"Eh, what? Confound 'em!" muttered the Inventor, looking up for an instant.

"Lost anything?" I ventured.

"Of course I have!" he replied, snappishly. "How can I possibly adjust the mechanism without my pliers—pliers I have worked with for fifteen years, pliers——?"

After I had interrupted, and we had succeeded in forcing open the black box and recovering both his and my property, the Inventor beamed as brightly as ever.

"I'm not certain whether it is the hydraulic balance in the basement, the electric contacts, the ejector, or the spring tension under the floor that has got a little disarranged," he explained, cheerfully; "but it's quite a trifling matter, and, if you will give me the pleasure of staying to dine, we might run over the whole thing afterwards."

But I remembered that I was engaged to go to another pantomime.

THE DUCHESS AT THE THEATRE: A MINIATURE.

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

SHE sat quite motionless, her beautiful hands lying idly in her lap, her eyes, more beautiful still, fixed with an icy indifference on space. She was aware that people were looking at her, far more earnestly than at the stage, but the knowledge did not change her attitude by so much as the flicker of an eyelid. She was used to being looked at, and bore it with a haughty patience, a magnificent resignation. What were such looks to her?

She had a quiet manner, in a century when manners, as a rule, are not quiet—are, perhaps, indeed, hardly manners at all—a slow way of speaking, and that type of beauty which is so delicate that it seems cold. It was impossible to imagine any vulgar passion ruffling the exquisite serenity of her features. She was always serene, always, in a sense, gracious and graceful. She was not, possibly, amusing, but then that would have been out of drawing for her. She never laughed, she seldom smiled. She had a way of lifting her eyebrows when people made jokes in her presence which was so indescribably disconcerting that the offence was never repeated. Not that her look suggested anger—far from it. It held, however, a mild but measureless wonder at the absurdity of human nature which would have galled a rock.

People called her stupid, but that was merely ill-nature. It was not her *métier* to be brilliant. She had been a beauty ever since she could remember. She provided the world with something to look at—something, emphatically, worth looking at—and she suffered their regard with a silence which just missed being contemptuous, as it did to-night.

The play was going on, but she did not look at the stage. She had seen it before. She did not know why she had come, unless it had been—yes, that was it. She wanted to think, to meditate, to understand, before—— To-morrow it would be too late to understand.

To-morrow it would all be different. The pedestal would be empty—her pedestal, from which she looked down unsmilingly upon the homage of an admiring world. She breathed a shade more quickly, and the diamonds at her throat made a sudden glitter of fire. She was so tired of it all—so terribly, deadly tired: and to-morrow she would be free.

. . . A little shop-girl in the pit was looking up at her with round, childish eyes of admiration, and trying to make out how her hair was done. How beautiful she was, this white goddess, with her pale, lovely face, and her aureole of diamonds! How heavenly, to be like her, beautiful, and happy . . . happy! . . .

To-morrow, her thought went on, she would be free. This was, in a sense, the last night of her life—the life that had been hers until now. It had been a happy life, according to most people's ideas of happiness—the little shop-girl's eyes were still upon her!—it had, most certainly, been prosperous, successful—even dazzling in its success. Everybody envied her, she knew. . . . With a shiver, she realised, as she sat there, how little she was to be envied if they had understood.

And now . . . now . . . she was going to throw it all to the winds—this good fortune, this success which was boring her to death. She was going to be alive instead of a white goddess on a pedestal. She was going to descend from her pedestal for ever and find humanity—in the mud, perhaps. She smiled faintly, a little, scornful smile. Oh, she was not a fool—she understood.

She sat motionless, and her eyes fell on the stage. The play was going on—it was an ineffably stupid play. The hero was just making love to the heroine, and talking the most supreme nonsense—the usual nonsense. A faint sensation of wonder seized her as she thought of all the people in this great building who were sitting watching so stupid a scene.

It was stupid . . . of course. The Duke had once . . . but that was long ago. She had snubbed him gently, she remembered. She had married him, and that was quite enough. She was not going to submit to being made love to as well. Besides, his love-making did not interest her in the least.

And yet now . . . for St. Charles' sake . . . Her diamonds flashed again. For St. Charles' sake she was going to step down from the pedestal. It was very curious, for until a few days ago she had not taken much notice of St. Charles. He was clever, she knew; and she did not care for clever men, nor they for her. She had listened once or twice when he was talking, and had wondered at his animation, his earnestness, in a world where it really did not seem of much use to be earnest. He had appeared to be enthusiastic, and enthusiasm bored her. She had remembered thinking what a very exhausting young man he was.

Then . . . that evening. She paused in her meditations and tried to remember how it had happened. She was forced to confess that she did not know. He had taken her by surprise, he had frightened her, and bewildered her, and—yes—fascinated her. That was the word. He was so terribly in earnest, so terribly alive, and human, and—of course—so madly in love with her. The Duke . . . well, this was quite different from the Duke. The white goddess, on her pedestal, looked down and trembled with a vague unrest.

And then, quite suddenly, it came—the revolt, the inevitable revolt from this frozen, unnatural life which she had lived for so long: the desire for freedom, for that freedom which had never been hers. She remembered once seeing a lark in a cage beating passionate wings against the bars. For a moment she understood the mad, blind longing of the bird's heart and the terrible meaning of captivity.

For a moment . . . just while St. Charles' influence was upon her, St. Charles' voice sounded in her ear, St. Charles' touch woke her to life. Oh, it was very mad and bad, no doubt, but just whilst it lasted she felt immeasurably superior to the prim, beautiful being whose empty eyes smiled at her each morning from her mirror.

And now . . . to-morrow . . .

She sat very still. Under her eyes the play was going on. A little, scornful smile crept across her lips. Oh, it was all a play—a make-believe, a pretence! She herself . . .

Sitting there, cool and quiet, she saw suddenly the folly of her brief excursion in romance. She did not love St. Charles. For a moment, perhaps, she had been in love, as she understood the word—not with St. Charles, but with liberty, with youth, with the scent of the roses on the terrace, and the warm air of Spring. St. Charles was merely the medium through which a momentary madness had affected her. And the madness had passed.

She looked down, with eyes grown oddly wistful, at the lighted stage. Why was nothing real? she asked herself. Was it the world which was a pretence, or she? Was it St. Charles, or the Duke, or the audience, or the players?

. . . The little shop-girl was staring at her still. How beautiful she was! It must be like a fairy-tale to look like that! . . .

. . . The woman who looked like a fairy-tale drew her cloak up suddenly over her white shoulders. To-morrow . . . no, there would be no to-morrow. With a shiver, she realised the futility of her folly, and understood the coldness of her own heart.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM

MR. WILLIAM MOLLISON is one of the busiest actors these days, for he is preparing to start on a new phase of what is, for him, an old career—that of an actor-manager on tour. It will, it is hoped, lead to his permanent enrolment among the actor-managers of London, a position for which he made a bid when he took the Lyceum Theatre for a short term some four years ago. In addition to appearing eight times a week as Pistol at the Imperial, Mr. Mollison is conducting the rehearsals of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," a dramatisation of Ian Maclaren's story, by Mr. James MacArthur, the editor of the New York *Bookman*, and Mr. Augustus Thomas, the well-known dramatist. In this play Mr. Mollison will act the part created in the United States by Mr. James Stoddart, one of the most brilliant actors in America, who, curious as it may seem for a land in which youth is so dominant, did not begin "starring" until he was over seventy.

Mr. Mollison's production of this play is the direct outcome of the advice of Sir Henry Irving. When Sir Henry was last in America, with Mr. Mollison as one of the leading members of his Company, he saw the play and advised the young actor to get it, telling Mr. Mollison he was sure he would give a great performance of Lachlan Campbell. Sir Henry was greatly impressed with the effect produced by the old man when he scores the name of his daughter out of the Family Bible.

Shakspere's birthday-present from Mr. Lewis Waller will be his production of "Romeo and Juliet," the popular actor-manager of the Imperial having fixed the first performance for the evening of Saturday, April 22, the day before the accepted birthday. "Henry V." will, however, not run until then, as Mr. Waller finds it necessary to withdraw the present heavy production in order to make preparation for the next elaborate one. Therefore the run of "Henry V." will come to an end with this afternoon's performance, and to-morrow evening "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be revived, with Miss Eva Moore as the heroine, and, it need hardly be said, with Mr. Waller himself as the hero—a part in which he is universally acknowledged to equal not only the highest possibilities of English acting in that particular kind of drama, but also to equal the best Continental acting of the sort.



A SPANISH DANCER NEW TO LONDON: SEÑORITA CARMEN DE FAYA.

Señorita Carmen de Faya made her début the other evening, and speedily danced herself into favour. To a prepossessing appearance she adds very considerable grace and skill, both in pose and movement, and she is an ally of undoubted value to the Alhambra.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

One of the most interesting of the always interesting series of matinées at the Court will undoubtedly be the production of "The Trojan Woman," which will be given for the first time on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 11. In it Madame Marie Brema, undoubtedly one of the greatest operatic artists of our time, will make her first appearance on the non-lyric stage as Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy, and the mere mention of her name in this connection should be sufficient to draw all lovers of strong acting to the Court, even were she not supported by a cast of exceptional strength. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, free for the moment by the cancelling of Sir Henry Irving's tour, will play Andromache; Miss Edyth Olive, who has recently been distinguishing herself at some of the Court performances, will be Cassandra; while Miss Gertrude Kingston will be Helen of Troy. Mr. James Hearn, another of the actors left free by the cancelling of Sir Henry Irving's tour, will be the herald of the Greeks.

Apropos of Sir Henry Irving, it is interesting to note that he has now gone to Torquay, where he will remain for the next week or two, in order to recuperate for his season at Drury Lane, which it now seems certain he will play, starting April 29.

Madame Brema's appearance on the dramatic stage will be almost simultaneous with her daughter Miss Tita Brand's appearance as an actress-manager. Desdemona, in which she will make her appearance at the Shaftesbury on April 8, is a part she has long desired to play. As, however, there seemed no manager likely to furnish her with the opportunity, Miss Brand has resolved to make it for herself.



THE RETURN OF SEÑORITA GUERRERO: A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS DANCER AND SINGER.

Señorita Roserio Guerrero, the famous Spanish beauty, dancer, singer, and pantomimist, joined the company of artistes at the Palace on Monday, when she presented for the first time a wordless sketch, entitled "The Nightmare."

To interrupt the run of a play in London in order to produce it three thousand miles away is a novelty in theatrical management. That, however, is what Mr. Charles Frohman, who preserves a remarkable plasticity of enterprise, has resolved to do with "The Freedom of Suzanne." A fortnight from to-day, the run of that exceedingly popular comedy will be brought to a close. Three days later, Miss Marie Tempest, accompanied by all the staff of the Criterion, will leave for New York, where the play will be given for four weeks at the Empire Theatre. On May 24, Miss Tempest will leave for New York, and on June 3 she will re-open in London in the piece, which, having, no doubt, benefited by its two ocean-voyages, will be able to run through the season.

Miss Tempest's absence from the Criterion will enable Miss Ethel Irving to put into execution her long-desired project of appearing on the regular stage in a play divorced from music, and it is hoped she will win the same measure of success as that which has been achieved by Miss Tempest, who was likewise a "star" at Daly's Theatre.

Miss Irving has over and over again demonstrated in occasional performances her brilliant talents not only as an actress of comedy, but as one with a sincerity of emotional expression which, allied with acute intelligence, must carry her even farther on the road of popular success than did her work in musical comedy. By arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon, she will appear in an English version of "Chou," a comedy in three Acts, by Mme. de Gresac. The English version has been prepared by Mr. Charles Brookfield, who is getting so large a share of this kind of work. Miss Irving's appearance in an adaptation of a French play is another point in which she resembles Miss Tempest.

KEY-NOTES

JUST at the present moment, and we trust that the present moment will be stretched according to the ideal of Goethe's "Faust," the Æolian Hall is really doing great things for the advancement of music in this country. Only quite recently we were all congratulating Signor Garcia upon his wonderful freshness in his extreme old age; and now his grandson, Manuel Garcia, is to give a Recital at the hall already mentioned on the afternoon of April 5. Of course, one must never be previous in criticism, but we sincerely hope that the younger Garcia will acquit himself to the satisfaction of the public at large, no less than to the satisfaction of the critics. After all, when things are said, sung, and done, this descent from father to son is a wonderful record, and we wish Mr. Garcia every success on the occasion of his Recital.

The latest so-called prodigy in the violin-world is represented by Mischa Elman; and he may be said to have overtopped all the musical prodigies of recent times, or of times, at all events, within more or less recent memory. We all know that Mozart was a youthful prodigy; we all know that his playing excited an enormous amount of enthusiasm not only in Austria, but even in this humdrum London of ours. Mozart's absolute control over pure dexterity in playing accounted mostly for his great early success; but, of course, his immortality rests upon the magnificence of his creative power. On that point of creativeness it would be impossible to discuss the playing of young Elman; but, at all events, his powers of interpretation are more wonderful than anything that we have ever discovered within our own time. It is natural that we have no realistic knowledge of Joachim's first appearance, when, in his young childhood, he astonished the world by his amazingly beautiful gift of tone, by his breadth in musical feeling, and by his appreciation of the works of the greatest masters who just then were completely recognised as they deserved according to their transcendently fine technical methods. But it is necessary for us to live the life of the present, and to find our new prodigies in our own time; therefore, a comparison may be right or wrong, but all historical facts seem to run in parallel lines. That which we admired most in Elman's playing was the enormous restraint and the peacefulness of feeling with which he approached the really great masters in their most spiritual moods. It was here that one found him no longer an extraordinary child of the world; he appealed further to one's emotions as an absolutely fine musician.

It is very seldom that English audiences make much trouble in showing their enthusiasm for really great art; but in this instance of Elman's first appearance here, even an English audience gave way to its emotion; it is very rare, as we have indicated, to hear such applause as one heard on the evening of this concert; there was so much humanity in the playing of this little fellow that his hearers, seemingly, desired to see what he could do in the way of sheer technical greatness. Most certainly he satisfied the desire of his audience; for his playing of Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo," in its brilliance and accuracy, was most wonderful to note. One only hopes that so early an achievement of greatness will not quickly grow rusty, and that he will never be persuaded to lower the high standard which he has obviously set for himself.



MISS ADA CROSSLEY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MR. FRANCIS MUECKE.

The announcement of an engagement between the well-known contralto singer, Miss Ada Crossley, and Mr. Muecke, a graduate of Adelaide University, now engaged at the London Hospital, has been received with much interest in the musical world. Mr. Muecke, who met Miss Crossley on the liner "Wakool," is the son of the Hon. H. G. R. Muecke, M.L.S., of Adelaide, and is a well-known athlete. It is understood that, after the wedding, Mr. Muecke and his wife will settle in Australia.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Every Season, so far as opera is concerned, brings a new surprise in the shape of announcements, but it brings no unusual surprise in the shape of actual performance. In fact, one regards the Opera Season with much the same feeling as that with which Darby regarded Joan. "Always the same, Darby my own; Always the same to your old wife, Joan." In those terms one invariably addresses Covent Garden, in thought, if not in actual phrase, from the day when, with much excitement, one begins the Season, to the day when, with much regret, one hears at its end the last notes of the National Anthem. There are, however, many words of praise to allot to the new scheme with which it will be necessary for Covent Garden Theatre to enter into a real competition with the Season which is now announced for the new Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych. Covent Garden, we hold, must always retain the affection of old opera-goers, and of lovers of the great historical past. But it would appear that devices which are customarily described upon advertisement-boards as "entirely new and original," must necessarily come into even operatic existence. Therefore, although our sentiment is entirely with Covent Garden, we trust that, artistically, a large measure of success will attend the new venture.

In reference to this matter of the new House, to be opened, not only for opera, but also for drama, we may note that, from various comparisons which we have made, the mingling of Grand Opera with pure Drama has not by any means been always successful. Duse is, of course, one of the great geniuses of the present day; Calvé is one of the greatest operatic actresses that the modern world has seen; further than this, anticipative criticism cannot go; but, as we have already said, the commingling of two arts has very rarely been successful, and Mr. Henry Russell, who personally conducts the whole of the scheme in question, is indeed nobly audacious in attempting to succeed where so many others have failed. We wish him every success. His is a very difficult task, and nobody has the right to blame any man who, with ambition at his heart, attempts to realise publicly that same ambition.



MASCAGNI AT WORK ON HIS NEW OPERA, "AMICA," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT MONTE CARLO.

Signor Mascagni's new opera was produced at Monte Carlo recently with much success. The music is said to be extraordinarily descriptive and worthy of M. Paul Choudens' libretto, which is described as a dramatic poem in two Acts.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

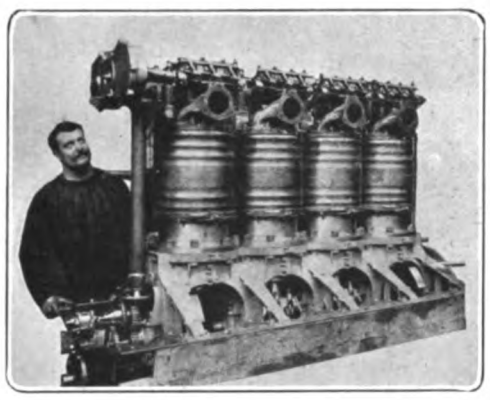
Signor Busoni is one of the most brilliant of modern pianists. His appearances are never heralded by lengthy advertisements; nevertheless, whenever he plays his great success is assured; and he achieved such a success at his last Recital given at the Bechstein Hall. Beethoven, as the phrase was used by Wagner, "under his fingers" is always massively classic and splendidly emphasised. He, however, possesses that rare quality of sympathy whereby he not only excels in Beethoven, but has also a most brilliant feeling for such composers as Chopin and Liszt. Perhaps the sole point in which Busoni shows any weakness in his armour is in his own "transcriptions" of works by great writers for the pianoforte. His Bach playing was not very stimulating, but, of course, as Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch would point out, that is because we use, nowadays, an entirely different instrument from that for which Bach wrote.

COMMON CHORD.

THE MAN ON THE CAR

THE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL—THE FUTURE OF THE ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE—THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS—TYRE FITTING.

EXCEPTING the introduction of several new small cars, with little or nothing to recommend them, the Agricultural Hall Motor Show, which closed its doors last Saturday, was not particularly remarkable for interest or novelty. So far as one could judge, the attendance throughout the week was very sparse compared with that of last year or the thronged gangways at Olympia last month. The public have been so crammed with Motor Shows that all save enthusiasts and those who have resolved to purchase since Olympia have not cared to scale the heights of Penton, in further search of matters automobile. Even such novelty-producers as Dunhill and Gamage had scarce had time to present the something new without which they would scarcely care to attend an Exhibition. Marvellous to relate, I could not find a new carburetter—a novel experience at any Motor Show—for, be the inventor expert or inexpert, it is the nasty tricks and manners of the carburetter for which he fondly prescribes with greater or less success. If there was one thing more than another that was worthy of attention, it was the three-cylinder National car, a vehicle of British design and construction throughout, of which more will, I am sure, be heard in the future.



THE MACHINERY OF A COMPETITOR AT THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT MEETING: THE 300 H.-P. MOTOR FOR M. DUBONNET'S CRAFT.

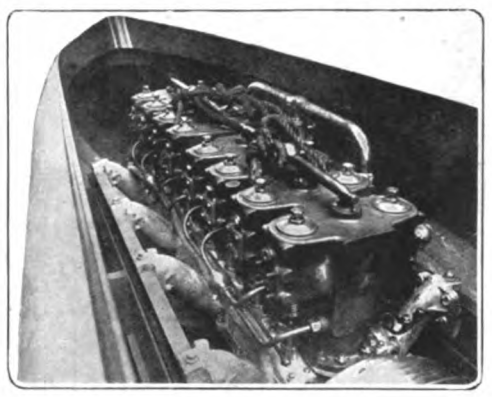
M. Dubonnet's motor-boat, which has been constructed by Delahaye, is four-cylindered, and will run in the race for 15-mètre craft.

Photograph by Branger.

I have no doubt that many readers of these columns own or are interested in electrically driven vehicles, and marvel from time to time that the subject of electric traction is not more frequently dealt with in these notes. The reasons underlying my apparent neglect will be found in a paper read before the Automobile Club lately by Mr. T. G. Chambers on "The Future of the Electric Automobile." The petrol-car is, and will long remain, a sporting, touring, pleasure vehicle. It possesses character, exhibits individuality, and occasionally shows temper, which, though it sometimes may inconvenience, most certainly endears it to its owner, when that owner plays a man's part, cons, steers, and adjusts it himself, and finds pleasure in the work. Reliable as petrol-engines are to-day, no two are ever alike, and the man who studies their idiosyncrasies—and they have many—will get better service from them than he who regards them as stockish metal unworthy of consideration. Mr. Chambers admits in his paper that the electric carriage will not be the touring-car of the future. Indeed, he says that under touring conditions in the open country the advantages of the electric carriage are insignificant. He might have said they don't exist, because they really don't. I have never known any automobilist who evinced affection for a box of lead plates and a dynamo, but I have known many really love their petrol-engines.

Time was when the umbrella-coat, or auto-saque, was the beginning and end of motor wear against the weather; but the Dunlop Rubber Company, which is the licensed manufacturer of Strom's patent Umbrella-Coat, has, in my opinion, gone one better with a waterproof garment, made on the lines of the "Strom," and termed the "Reversed Slip-on." This garment is of the smock order, with wind-cuffs and slits for hands—the latter quite a boon—but without the tightly embracing, choking rubber neck, which, in the "Strom" garment, always suggests submarine operations. The collar of the "Slip-on" is kept high and stiff, and is lapped over and secured at the back, where, for some eight or ten inches down, there is a fly-fastening. Equally weatherproof with the "Strom," the "Slip-on," to my mind, is a more comfortable thing altogether.

The people and Government of the Isle of Man have a keen eye to their own interests. The Bill to allow the Eliminating Trials for the Gordon-Bennett race to be decided over last year's course went through the House of Keys without any trouble, and now only requires the Royal Assent and the convention of a special Tynwald Court for its promulgation. The Eliminating Trials will take place on May 23 next, a Tuesday, but visitors to the Isle of Man will be able to see a good deal of the cars taking little exercise-canters before the day.

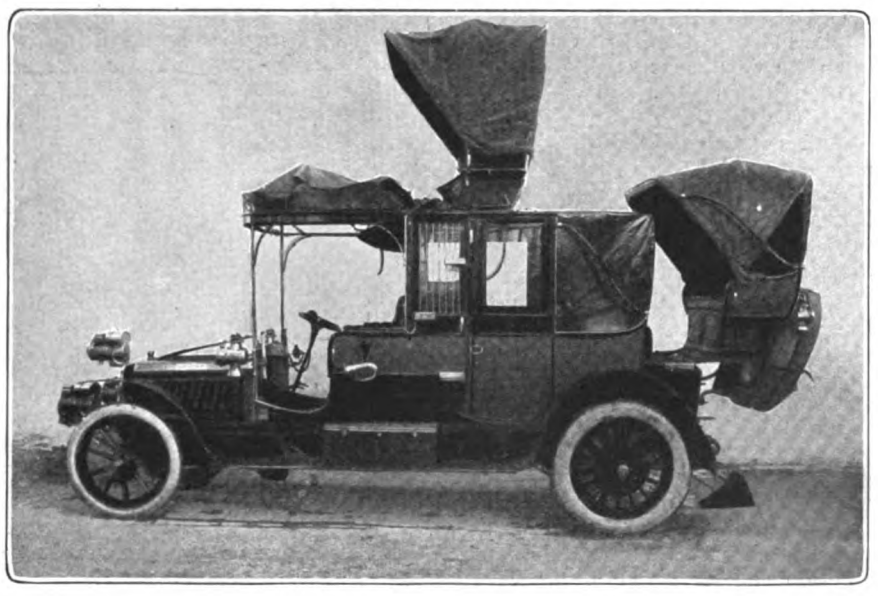


THE ENGINE OF A COMPETITOR AT THE MOTOR-BOAT MEETING AT MONACO: THE MOTOR OF AN EIGHT-CYLINDER 100 H.-P. CRAFT.

Vessels with engines of as much as 300 horse-power will figure in the races, and it is fully anticipated that records will be broken.

Photograph by Branger.

It behoves our tyre experts to look to their laurels, for, by the published figures, I note that, in the matter of inner-tube replacement under road conditions, we stand at the bottom of the list. Tyre-fitting competitions have been held in connection with Motor Exhibitions from time to time, a record of 2 min. 59⅘ sec. being reported from the Berlin Show this year, while the winning performance in the competition promoted lately at Olympia by the Continental Caoutchouc and Tyre Company was 5 min. 48⅘ sec. It is not certain that the conditions in these two competitions were exactly the same, and, unless they were, comparisons are odious. At Olympia the wheel was set upon a spindle which was far from firm vertically; indeed, it frequently lifted up into the air, and had to be held down by the officials. Those who promote these interesting competitions in future would do well to see that they are all held as nearly as possible under the same conditions, and then comparisons could be made. At Olympia, tyre experts in the employ of the Tyre Companies were barred, so that it was practically a driver's competition.



THE ECCENTRIC IN AUTOMOBILES: PRINCE ORLOFF'S NEW CAR.

Photograph by A. Baydière.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

LIVERPOOL—THE GRAND NATIONAL—CROSS-COUNTRY JOCKEYS—EPSOM—JOCKEYS TO FOLLOW.

I HOPE those people who witness the Grand National this year for the first time will take a note of the practical methods employed in working the railway traffic from Liverpool to Aintree. By the barrier system in use, the trains are filled and emptied without a hitch in two or three minutes at the outside. First and third class passengers cannot intermingle, and the trains need not be overcrowded. True, the flag system is in vogue during the race-meeting, but it is worked on a very safe plan, and there is never an accident, despite the fact that trains follow each other to the platform in quick succession. The railway officials are firm, but polite; and they are far more intelligent than many of the men who work the Southern lines. Two classes, first and third, are found to be quite sufficient to meet the demands of the racegoing public. It is now easily possible to leave London on the Friday morning and travel to Aintree (without change of carriage), see the race for the Grand National, and get back to town before eleven o'clock at night. These excursions are wonderfully well patronised by business-men who could not spare a second day for the meeting.



MOIFAA'S JOCKEY: GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

"Will His Majesty's horse Moifaa win the Grand National?" is the question that has been asked by hundreds of sportsmen during the last three weeks. I, for one, think that he will. Moifaa, according to Mr. Spencer Gollan, his late owner, is a 14-lb. better horse now than when he won last year. He is a safe jumper, and stays for ever. Williamson, who will have the mount in the race, has won over the course on Manifesto, and he is said to be in the best of health and spirits at the present time. True, the King's horse has to give Kirkland 10 lb. more than last year, and the latter is said to be very fit, but Moifaa, in my opinion, gave his opponent a good 20-lb. beating last year. Detail will, I think, finish in the first three, while Dearslayer is a likely one to run well. He will be ridden by Mr. Hastings, and it is a fact that amateurs always ride well on the Grand National course; although they do not win, all of them train. The best bit of amateur riding I have seen in the race of late years was that displayed by Captain Campbell when he was successful on The Soarer. I had seen him previously ride the mare to victory at Sandown Park, which was his first winning ride in this country. The amateurs train for the Grand National, and it is a pity some of the "pros" cannot be persuaded to follow suit.

Several complaints have been heard of late as to the incompetence of stable-lads who are put up by some trainers in cross-country races, and the general opinion is that boys should be made to pass some sort of examination before being granted a licence under National Hunt Rules. An incompetent rider not only brings disaster to the backers of his own mount, but, in addition, he often interferes with other animals in the race. Why not start some novices' hurdle-races and steeplechases for riders who have never steered a winner under National Hunt Rules? These contests would, at least, cause no end of amusement, and they would prove useful schools to give the young riders confidence. It is bad enough to see some of the older jockeys riding in races just now, especially after they have had their lunch-beer, and it will never do to add to the misery by allowing incompetent youngsters to play ducks and drakes with a big field of horses. A very large percentage of the broken limbs is caused by horses being struck into, which proves incompetence, or sheer, downright wickedness on the part of the offending jockeys, and, 'pon my word, taking the Turf world as a whole, I think the incompetent fool does more harm than anyone else.



MOIFAA'S TRAINER: MR. RICHARD MARSH.

Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

The Epsom Spring Meeting will take place on April 25 and 26, when there should be a bumper attendance, as the Cockneys dearly love a day on the Downs. I walked the course a day or two since, and found it the pink of perfection, thanks to the care and attention bestowed on the track by Mr. H. M. Dorling, who, by-the-bye, should be called on to see to the track at Brighton, where he is also Clerk of the Course. There will not be many runners for the Great Metropolitan, and, if Mark Time has retained his last year's form, he should go close, despite the fact of having nine stone to carry. Cliftonhall, trained by Powney at Grateley, under the eagle eye of Captain Bewicke, should not want for backers, and the champion hurdler-racer, Karakoul, is a very likely candidate, as he is a stayer and goes fast; and Sandboy may be selected in the place of Mark Time, although I think he has a better chance for the Chester Cup. The City and Suburban will provoke plenty of speculation on the eve of the race, as the gambling owners like to go for each other's money in this race. I do not fancy grey horses, as a rule, yet I feel disposed to advance the claims of Nabot. The horse is reported fit and well, and the course should suit him. Queen's Holiday from Fallon's stable is another well-kept good thing, but 8 st. 5 lb. is quite enough even for a good four-year-old to carry in a spring handicap.



THE HERO OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: HIS MAJESTY'S MOIFAA.

As every sporting-man knows, His Majesty purchased Moifaa after the death of his Grand National horse, Ambush II., for, it is said, the sum of 2500 guineas. Moifaa, who is by Natator—Denbigh, is 9 years old, was bred in New Zealand, and won the Grand National last year. Everyone will wish His Majesty the best of luck on Friday.

Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

At the commencement of each flat-racing season some speculators look out for jockeys to follow, although putting money on jockeys' mounts does not pay in the long run. True, the followers of the late Fred Archer and of Tod Sloan had a right royal time until the bookies cut down prices. I think Maher will pay for following, especially when the warm weather arrives, as he seems to display his best form when the thermometer tells of a hundred degrees in the shade. Madden is a resolute finisher, at all events, and he should do his persistent followers some good. Of the apprentices, Anderson, Pike, and Saxby will, no doubt, be well patronised by owners with likely animals, but they will soon have to give up the allowance. I am told that several of the old-fashioned trainers have for the first time been tutoring apprentices, and there should be no lack of good light-weight riders this year. I think the day of big retainers is nearing its close, as owners who have paid dearly for the services of some of the fashionable jockeys have tired of the game. It is bad enough to have to pay the exorbitant refreshers demanded by some of the apprentices, but this is a luxury compared with the big retainers given in the past to some of the fossilised performers in the saddle.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE number of superfluous women in the world, whom nobody seems to want and who are always wanting something to do, is, unhappily, not decreasing. Women are increasing in numbers, if we are to pin our faith to statistics, while "mere man" does not exhibit a growing fondness for what have been described with some truth as the bonds of matrimony. So the surplus of eternal feminine is eternally evident wherever one goes. The ordinary channels of employment are full to overflowing with self-supporting members of the gentler sex, and, though the governess is less frequent than of yore, we have women in a dozen other industrial guises and



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THE EARLY SPRING FASHION.

disguises, until it would seem as if the Roman Emperor's drastic method of suppressing undesirables remains the only hope for outrivalled man. The plan of loading up a few disabled barques with unnecessary and superfluous members of the community and sinking the same in thirty fathoms of sea-water was really a method that had its excuses. Never does one realise how many unappropriated elderly ladies of Anglo-Saxon origin exist until a progress through foreign hotels reveals their existence. France and Switzerland overflow with them, and where they come from and precisely for what they exist remain unanswerable problems. If some enterprising financier would build one of the Garden Cities we hear so much of and colonise it with the disagreeable ancient Britons of both sexes, the project might pay. The Clubs, at all events, might not be unresponsive over the removal of that particular variety of old warrior who appropriates all the best arm-chairs, sits on all the newspapers he is unable to read, and eternally anathematises the food, the charges, and the management. There are others that would not be missed, but for this particular variety the scuttled ship or the remote settlement should be offered as irrevocable alternatives.

Seriously, though, there is a present and a very profitable opportunity for the energetic and unemployed young woman of the moment in the character of a "chauffeuse," if one may coin a word to meet an occasion. I cannot see why lady teachers of the craft should not thrive also as well as lady drivers. A woman's intelligence and quickness should fit her for the part now, more especially as there is no exhibition of physical force required, as in the case of the old-fashioned motors. It seems to me, in fact, that, if a school were started for the training of lady drivers, a "felt want," to use base newspaper jargon, would be supplied.

The strange titles showered by the Italian papers on Signor Marconi's Irish bride remind one of the "Sir Smith" and "Milor Robinson" of the Gallic boulevardier. By the way, Miss O'Brien's delicately dainty trousseau, from the bridal ivory satin veiled in chiffon and Limerick lace to the last monogrammed mouchoir, was accomplished by Lee, of Wigmore Street, whose fame as a maker of delectable lingerie and chiffons generally has gone before.

One of Lee's inventions, the "Leewig" petticoat-top in spun silk or mercerised stockinette, or even suède leather for hard wear, has a world-wide fame. Silk flounces as attachments can be had in any colour, and for travelling or *grande tenue* the "Leewig" skirt is equally suitable and smart.

Though this is not a letter-writing era, people are a good deal given to airing their opinions in print at so much a column, and



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A SMART COAT AND SKIRT AT CHARLES LEE'S, WIGMORE STREET.

I have seen quite a number of essays, reflections, and opinions (well paid for, I hope) on the "softness" and luxury of the present age of late. Doubtless, we do display a fondness for well-padded chairs and decently cooked food; but there is a distinction, not to say a middle course, between the Spartan and the Sybarite; and that our dear, departed grandfathers knew how to extract the last drop out of life as far as their rushlights went there is not a doubt. Of our grandmothers one speaks in a more grateful, appreciative, post-mortem spirit—their carefully kept china, their jams, their exquisite embroideries; for how much have we not to thank their

gentle labours! And apropos, Heal and Son have sent me the most delightful little booklet about "Old-fashioned Fabrics," as it is entitled, that can be imagined. They introduce and reproduce fabrics copied from a dozen classic sources—from French silk hangings of the seventeenth century, from Portuguese embroideries of the sixteenth, from chintz out of the Somerset of 1600, even from Russian laborious cross-stitch, as from Jacobean groupings of quaint birds and impossible pomegranates. These styles, which have the intrinsic value of exquisite colouring and design, as well as the romantic one of antique association, are produced in cretonne, chintz, brocade, and silk by the ever-artistic Heal's. Many hail from originals at the South Kensington Museum, others from the conservative private collector. All are charming to look upon and delightful to own. The spring-cleaning matron or the house-furnishing bride will equally appreciate their possibilities on viewing the originals at Tottenham Court Road, or the photographs contained in the before-mentioned booklet.

SYBIL.



BEDFORD'S PRESENTATION TO ITS COUNTY VESSEL: THE SHIELD FOR HIS MAJESTY'S CRUISER "BEDFORD."

The shield recently presented to the *Bedford* by the High Sheriff of Bedford is four feet in height, of solid silver, and of original design. The upper part of it is divided into five spaces, the centre space being occupied by a representation of the present cruiser, the other spaces by engravings of the warships *Bedford* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and a typical ship of the eighteenth century. The whole is the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., of 22, Regent Street, W.

An enterprising cigar-merchant has hit upon the brilliant idea of sending boxes of cigars to well-known persons—soldiers, doctors, lawyers, and so on. With them he encloses a letter apologising for sending cigars without an order, but saying that the brand is such a good one that he is sure the recipient will be pleased with them. At the same time, he sends the bill, and nine persons out of ten keep the cigars and pay for them. But, the other day, this smart tradesman caught a Tartar. He sent a box of a hundred cigars and a bill to a famous physician, who comfortably smoked the cigars, and then wrote to the sender, saying that he found them to be of a very fair flavour, and in return he enclosed a couple of prescriptions for ordinary ailments which he was sure the cigar-merchant would find very useful. He added that, by a strange coincidence, the value of the two prescriptions was exactly that of the box of cigars.

The Grand Duke Serge, who will very shortly go out to Manchuria, is two years younger than his cousin of the same name who was assassinated a few weeks ago. He is the youngest son of the Grand Duke Michael, the only surviving son of Czar Nicholas I., and for the past year has been acting in place of his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, as Inspector-General of Artillery. He is going out to the Far East to see about the re-arming of the Russian Field Artillery with new guns, as the gun at present in use is said to be a defective weapon in many respects.

The German Old Soldiers' Associations are very careful in seeing to the graves of those of their comrades who fell in the Franco-Prussian War, and for many years past the old soldiers of Avricourt have kept up a simple grave in a wood between Réchicourt and Lorquin, which bore the inscription: "Here rests a comrade who fell by the wayside in the war of 1870." The villagers have always declared that no man was ever buried there, and used to chaff the old soldiers about their comrade, so at last the Association decided to open the grave and see if they could identify the warrior. They took the village doctor with them, and, after digging some time, they found the skeleton of a horse, but no sign of any human remains. It is now recognised that the "comrade" was the favourite charger of an officer of an Uhlan regiment which was for some time quartered near the spot, who put up the stone to mark the place where his faithful horse was buried.

Mr. Harry Godfrey, son of the late Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, is meeting with much success with his "Silver" string-orchestra, so named from the fact that the excellent performers composing it wear uniforms ornamented with silver. The splendid quality of the band has been commented upon at several notable country-house dances and at a number of important London functions. Mr. Godfrey has made a point of engaging English musicians only, and is very proud of the fact.

The Gramophone Company has just acquired from the Hon. E. C. A. Parsons, of turbine fame, and Mr. Horace Short patents of an invention by which the Gramophone will be enabled to sound as loud as a full brass-band in the open air. This new invention, the Auxetophone, will also allow speech to be easily followed at a distance of from two to five hundred yards. The Gramophone Company, by the way, is starting a national library of voices of famous people, and will offer it to the British Museum.

There has just been issued, under the editorship of Mr. Ralph Shirley, a "monthly magazine devoted to the investigation of supernormal phenomena and the study of psychological problems," entitled the *Occult Review*. The magazine is published by William Rider and Son, 164, Aldersgate Street; and the third number, which is before us, contains "Some Experiments in Hypnotism," "Merionethshire Mysteries," and other matters likely to be of interest to its public.

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WATERLOO:

THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

After R. Caton Woodville.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 11.

Market Notes.

THE comparative quiet which we noticed last week has continued, but, with every indication of cheaper money after the turn of the quarter, and rumours of peace in the Far East, which, despite official denials, grow more persistent and circumstantial every day, the prospects of steady improvement are distinctly encouraging.

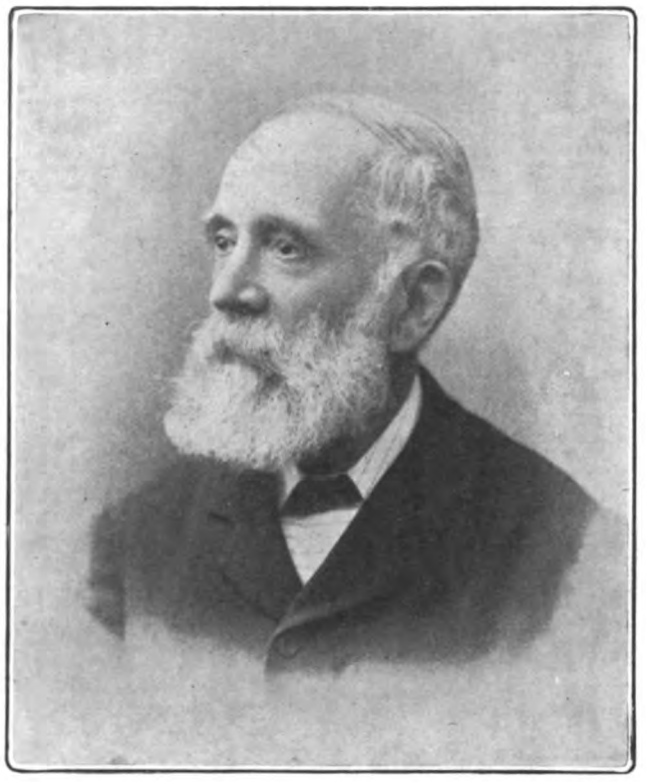
Our readers will probably remember that we have said many hard things about James Nelson and Sons, Limited, in the days gone by, but now we hear the shares, especially the Preference shares, should be bought. The report about to be published will be a good one, and there has grown up such a prejudice against the Company, and the financial methods by which its securities have been turned into gambling-counters, that they are unduly cheap. The First Preference shares amount to £150,000, and take a cumulative dividend of 6 per cent., with an additional 1 per cent. when the Second Preference and Ordinary have received the same dividend. If our informant is correct, these shares, which are dealt in at 1 to 1⅛, will certainly receive 7 per cent. this year, and there is a year's arrear of dividend to come as well. They certainly look a tempting purchase at present price.

Our estimate of the Argentine Railway dividends appears to be coming true very quickly, more quickly than we expected when we wrote.

The Westralian market seems fated never to be free of scandals. No sooner have we done with the Boulder Deep affair than a Hannan's Trust corner is engineered, and one of the most popular firms of jobbers in the market have to declare themselves defaulters because, after they have been asked to make prices in the shares, they find themselves three hundred short. In our innocence, we had imagined Mr. Bottomley was expending his energies on growing turnips or breeding bloodstock, whilst all the time he was planning a *coup* wherewith to convince us of how superior a person he is to the late Mr. Whitaker Wright. We never doubted it. Our sympathies are with Messrs. Richard Davis and Co., but, after all, they should have known what they were about.

The Late Mr. John Morris.

The death of Mr. John Morris, the senior partner in the firm of Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co., removes one of the best-known and most popular personalities from the circle of higher City finance. For more years than we can remember, Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, and Co. have been the most conspicuous Company Solicitors in England; and although of late the senior partner left much of the conduct of the firm's legal business to other and younger men, he continued to fill several important financial positions, such as Chairman of the River Plate Trust, up to the day of his death. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-two, and was in the City and at work up to the last day. There was no more interesting man to meet in private life than the late Mr. Morris, whose memory extended back to the historic panic of 1866, and one of whose proudest recollections was the reconstruction and reopening of the Consolidated Bank after the fateful "Black Thursday," when Overend and Gurney's failure demoralised the City. In later times, the National Telephone Company and the Central London Railway owed their inception and much of their success to his untiring advocacy. Mr. Morris's personal popularity was very great. His experience and his knowledge were always at the disposal of his friends, and upon the occasion of his Golden Wedding, last year, it was determined to present him with his portrait; in a very short time, Sir John Puleston obtained subscriptions exceeding £800, while the scene at the presentation will long remain in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present. There are many familiar figures in the City who could well be spared, but John Morris was not one of them.



THE LATE MR. JOHN MORRIS.

Photograph by Lauro, Nice.

American Seesaws.

In welcoming the caution that is being addressed to the United States by some of the principal brokers in the Wall Street Stock Exchange, we would add the hope that such warning may not lose any of its force in crossing the Atlantic. However good the Yankee Market happens to look at one particular moment, it is time to recognise that prices have reached a high general standard, to go beyond which might lead into the paths which run straight to collapse and slump. The dividend-paying roads are earning, we know, sufficient to allow of the distributions being very largely augmented in many cases—notably, the Union Pacific and the Atchison; but as a sensational increase of dividend would be condemned as bad finance, the current prices are too high for justification, if we take the present dividends and add a small extra percentage to them. Those who are prepared with capital and patience to see the game through have now a fine opportunity for selling bears of the popular gambles, although we should hesitate to include Unions, from the ease with which the shares could be manipulated and cornered. Peace in the Extreme East is a bull point for Yankees, it must be remembered, although doubt may be pardoned as to whether this influence is not already discounted to a large extent. We look for no immediate shake-out in Americans, but fancy that the time is not so far distant when the bears will get their long-deferred innings.

The Demand for Industrials.

Kaffirs having assumed the dishonour of being the most stagnant of the "active" markets in the House, Industrials are fully alive to the need for maintaining their newly found attractiveness to the public. From being the most inert of all departments round the Stock Exchange, Industrials have strode into the front rank of animate, and public inquiry is busy with all sorts of Miscellaneous and Commercial issues. If prices of the speculative counters have tapered off here and there, the more solid descriptions more than maintain their ground. Lyons took on a fresh lease of life with the contracts recently acquired on the Chatham Railway and at the Freemasons' Tavern, and perhaps the bow might be drawn at a venture and still get near the mark in suggesting a possible new issue of capital in the near future. Aërated Breads have found their present level and are not likely to droop lower, while Slaters go quietly ahead, with good prospects of putting on another half-a-sovereign to their price. British Westinghouse Preference have recovered from 50s. to 3¼, and the trades connected with iron and steel are, we understand, doing much better. There are excellent reasons for anticipating improvement in Harvey Steel shares, which ought not to be sold on any account; and there has been a deal of "good" buying recently in Armstrong shares.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

Everyone tells us that we mustn't mind a lull in business after having "made our fortunes" during the past month. People seem to have vague ideas about the ease with which fortunes are made. Another six months' hard, steady work would still leave some of us without the "fortune" that outsiders consider is within the grasp of every member of the House. The elusiveness of money, its atrociously fluid character, might be made the subject of an Alfred Austin poem; it would certainly attract a little attention from the public, and that would be something. Oscar Wilde, in "De Profundis"—that pathetic apotheosis of conceited humbleness—says that "those who have much are often greedy; those who have little always share." If we were free to choose, I wonder on which side we would rank ourselves, and whether the decision, if it were capable of being changed, would swing from one side to the other, or remain for ever stationary? However, Dr. Johnson himself declared that "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." So there you are.

If Mr. Newby had asked at the Bank of England meeting what were the prospects for cheaper money, we might have been more grateful to him than we are for his complaints about the thickness of the paper upon which dividends on Consols are printed. If the Bank Rate does not recede to 2 per cent. within the course of the next week or two, we shall find business badly checked, instead of its merely halting, as it is at present The March "boomlet" having been built largely upon the chance of cheaper money, failure of the Bank to reduce the minimum can only result in further depreciation of gilt-edged values. But the authorities, as well as the financier in the Street, are hopeful of the expected 2 per cent. being announced, in which case the marking-time of investment is not likely to prove anything worse than temporary.

Money, of course, is the key-note of the position in the Home Railway market. If deposit rates fall to a half or to 1 per cent. a new source of capital will be tapped and diverted to the Stock Exchange. Some demonstration will be necessary to assure the public that the market is not wholly dead; some animation must be displayed by prices if people are to be attracted to Home Railway stocks again. Because the average investor is not buying Home Rails in any quantity. He distrusts them rather, and the character of the traffic returns for the first three months of this year is not sufficiently good to act as a magnet of itself. However, with the veering round of fashion, the stocks will certainly have their own turn sooner or later, and, provided money becomes cheap, it is fairly certain that such high-class 3¾ per cent. investments as the "Heavy" stocks provide will receive some of the popular favour they enjoyed heretofore. Both the new Brighton issues are cheap and will go better. Great Eastern looks fully-priced, although it is so great a favourite with the public that the quotation may go to par. Nevertheless, it would be safer to put money into some of the others. Not Districts, though, which are dearer even than Doras.

That Siam should be able to command 5 per cent. more than Japan in issuing a loan appeals to some of us as being somewhat ironical. A keen critic of finance asks why the credit of the Argentine Republic stands lower than that of a country like Siam, whose principal claim to popular acquaintance consists in being the final

word in a "catch" sentence containing cruel self-depreciation when sung to the tune of the National Anthem. The success of the Siamese Loan will probably encourage some others. Why not Cochin China Fives, Bangkok and Malacca Municipal Sixes, or Tonquin 3 per cent. Consols? There are lots of places left even now where no local debt exists with a quotation in the London market, and, in view of the eagerness with which we have pelted after Siamese bonds, a twin issue from some neighbouring country will surely not tarry in its coming. It is easy enough to fall into a violent rage with promoting houses for bringing out so many new things, one on the top of the other, but only a wholesome failure or two convinces the paper manufacturer that the public are "fed up," to adopt an expressive vulgarism. There still remains plenty of money available for investment. Where the promoters have made several recent mistakes lay in supposing they could get whatever price they liked to ask for their wares.

Argentine Government Loans ought to be cheap, all things considered. As a good though possibly short-lived investment, Japanese 6 per cent. bonds of either issue are, perhaps, cheaper; but, since they may be redeemed in a couple of years, the security is more or less of a long-dated bill. The Fives, too, can be repaid at early dates should Japan care to exercise her option of doing this, and this thought will keep the prices of the Sixes, and the Fives as well, within fairly narrow touch of par. But the new 4½ per cent. issue has a full ten points for possible advance in value, and the Fours will, naturally, keep within proportionate distance. I was, however, speaking of Argentine Government Bonds. All the loans are worth picking up at their current quotations, and the risk involved is becoming less and less with every year of immunity from organised rebellion. The Republic and its people see well enough on which side their bread is buttered, and the love of internecine strife is surely giving way to a sense that business pays far better than fighting. The Railways, as was set out in these columns last week, are doing brilliantly, and the recent Rosario dividend, making 6 per cent. for the full year, coincides with the prophecies expressed here eight or nine months ago. That the price of the stock fell upon the declaration is nothing to be surprised at, considering the size of the bull account, the disposition to take profits, and the general atmosphere of restraint in making fresh purchases on the shady side of the quarter. That Rosario Ordinary will ultimately go to 120 I have no more doubt than that Canadas will reach 175, Grand Trunk Pacific Debentures 105, and Consols 95. Of course, it will take time for these little prophecies to culminate, but there they are.

The slashing defeat of the jobbers who wanted to abolish the taking of commission from buyer and seller in the same transaction, gives the quietus to this movement for at least another ten months. The fact that they have the Stock Exchange against them stands out with the clear-cut vividness that distinguishes heroes and heroines in a novel by Maxim Gorki. A substantial body of opinion amongst the jobbers themselves was, and is still, against restriction of any kind being placed upon the free trade which has made the Stock Exchange what it is, and has been mainly instrumental in causing the £12 shares to stand at something like twenty times this value. There are many dealers, however, who absolutely decline to do business with a member of the public, except through the agency of a broker. One of the most respected men in the House was saying only the other day that on several occasions he had been called out to the door by strangers, who bluntly proposed transaction of business direct, having seen the dealer's name on the contracts supplied by brokers to these economically-minded clients. Another jobber told me yesterday that, so far from inviting orders from country brokers, he discouraged them altogether: would have nothing to do with them unless sent in the ordinary way through a London broker, explaining that the business was really not worth the doing. And this is a man with the cream of the trade in an important section of the mining markets, where shunting has been raised to the level of a fine art, and where a turn of three-farthings per share is a common profit. Freedom of trade in the Stock Exchange must be held inviolate, otherwise goodness only knows what may happen. If only the London and Paris Exchange had confined itself to legitimate brokerage business, instead of going into the option and tape bucket-shop profession, it might have injured the House far more than it did. The London and Paris Exchange, or any similar concern, can never become a formidable rival to Capel Court so long as it caters for the class of client who gambles on the tape or backs his fancy on an option; but where competition might become fatally effective would be in the establishment of another institution, run on Stock Exchange lines, with the freedom of trade which misguided and mischievous persons are trying to banish from our midst. That the policy of these individuals has received a blow from which it is unlikely to recover is an opinion shared by very many better-informed and further-seeing members than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, March 25, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

M. (Thurso).—(1) The Van den Bergh Company is generally understood to be doing splendidly, but the price is high. We hear they should still be bought. (2) The Dairy shares do not seem attractive. (3) The Mine is a fair speculation, with possibilities of a considerable profit corresponding to the risk.

E. B. M.—Your letter was answered on the 22nd inst.

QUEENSTOWN.—(1) The Welsbach Company are the makers of three-quarters of the incandescent gas-mantles in common use. Henry Clay are the great Havana cigar dealers, and practically control the largest part of the European supply. (2) Write to the Secretary of the San Juan Company and ask price, which, we think, is about 50s. The Company's address is 42, Spring Gardens, Manchester. (3) The banker will make no charge, but he gets half the broker's buying commission.

E. S.—Your Great Southern Preference is a higher-class stock than the Pacific First Pref., and, in our opinion, the difference in price expresses accurately the difference in risk. If you can afford to run *some* risk, there is no objection to the exchange.

The Directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, intimate that the accounts for the twelve months' trading ending Jan. 31, 1905, after making ample provision for all depreciations, &c., and the payment of interim dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares, enable them to declare a final dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Company, making a total dividend at the same rate per annum for the year. The sum of £5,000 has been carried to reserve.



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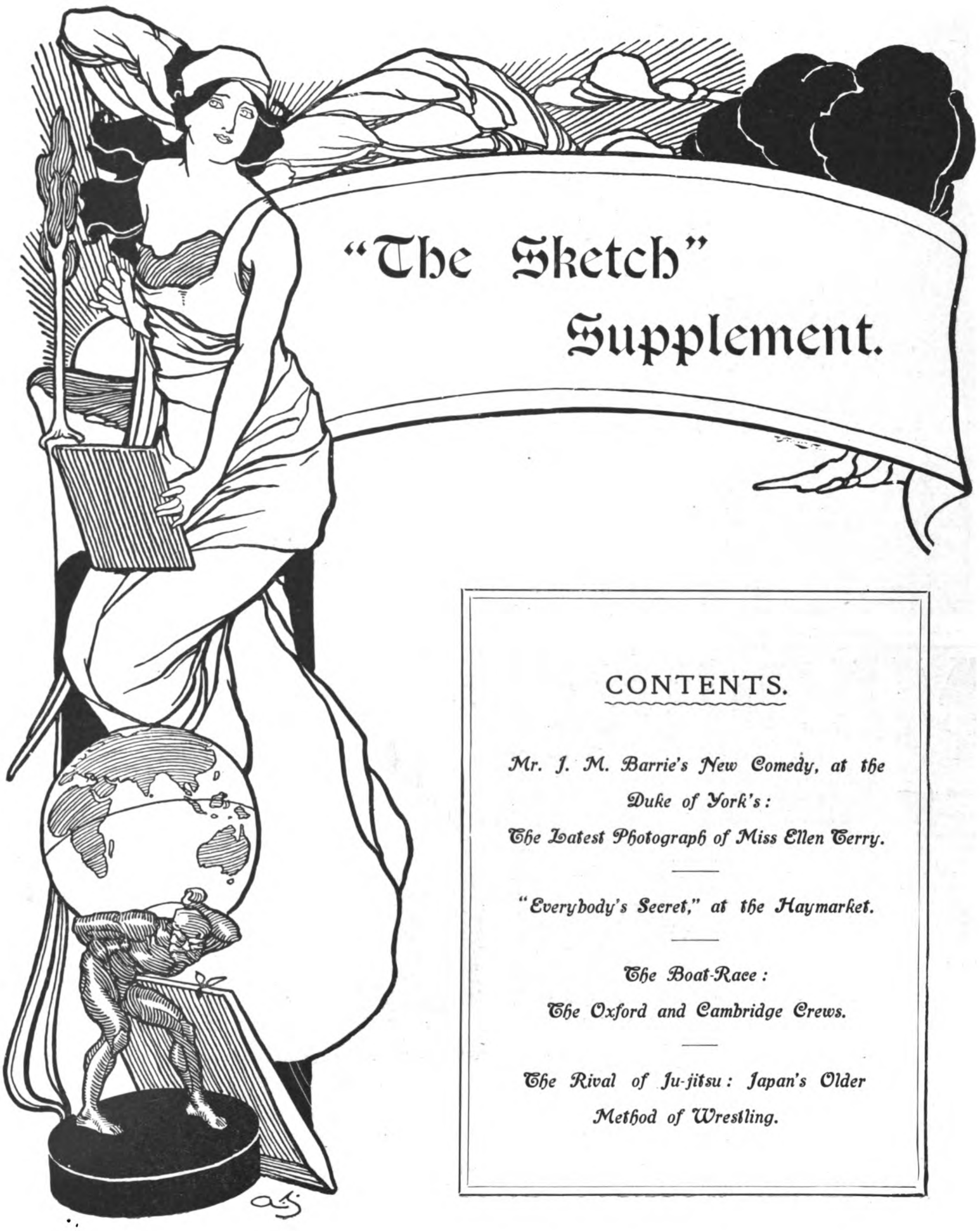
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Mr. J. M. Barrie's New Comedy, at the Duke of York's:
The Latest Photograph of Miss Ellen Terry.

"Everybody's Secret," at the Haymarket.

The Boat-Race:
The Oxford and Cambridge Crews.

The Rival of Ju-jitsu: Japan's Older Method of Wrestling.



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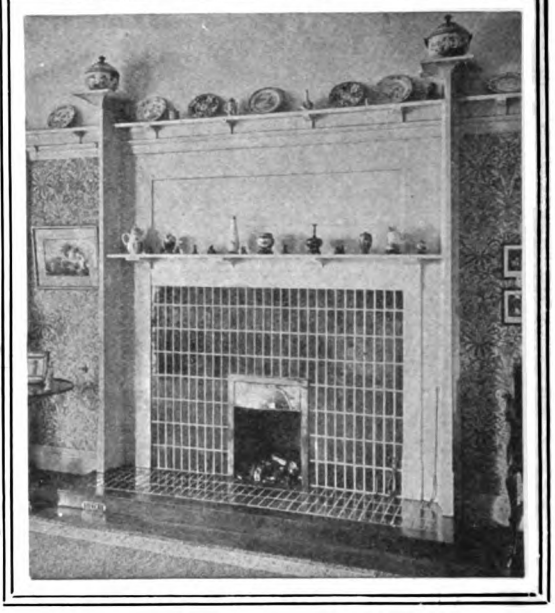
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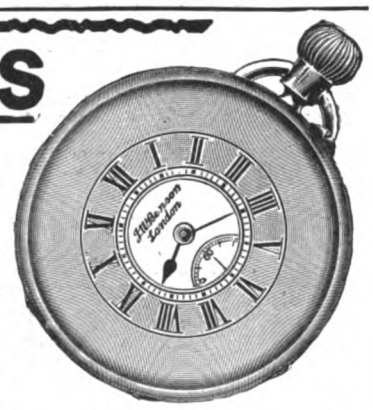
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MR. BARRIE'S NEW COMEDY, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS ELLEN TERRY, WHO IS TO HEAD THE CAST.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new three-act play will be produced on the fifth of next month. The cast includes, in addition to Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Miss Dora Hole, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Aubrey Smith, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas.

Photograph by the Rotary Photo. Company.

"EVERYBODY'S SECRET," AT THE HAYMARKET.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SIR MICHAEL PARKES, Bt.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

"EVERYBODY'S SECRET," AT THE HAYMARKET.



1. MICKEY: "POOR GEE-GEE, MICKEY LOVES HIM." 2. SIR MICHAEL ENJOYS READING ONE OF MICKEY'S FAVOURITE BOOKS.

3. MISS IRIS HAWKINS AS MICKEY.

4. LADY PARKES (MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON): "WHAT IS THAT?—IN YOUR POCKET." SIR MICHAEL: "WHY, IT'S A DOLL!" 5. MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SIR MICHAEL PARKES, BT.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

"EVERYBODY'S SECRET,"

Photographs by th



Lieutenant Richard Parkes has fallen in love with Nell, whom he met when she was in a Regent Street florist's, has married her, and has concealed the fact for four years. His expenses grow in company with his son, Mickey, and he is compelled to ask his father, Sir Michael Parkes, for an increase in his allowance. This is refused, and the suggestion that accompanies the refusal—that he shall engage himself to Miss Wilmot Cooper, an heiress—makes it advisable, if not necessary, for him to confess that he is already married. Thereupon, the indignant

AT THE HAYMARKET.

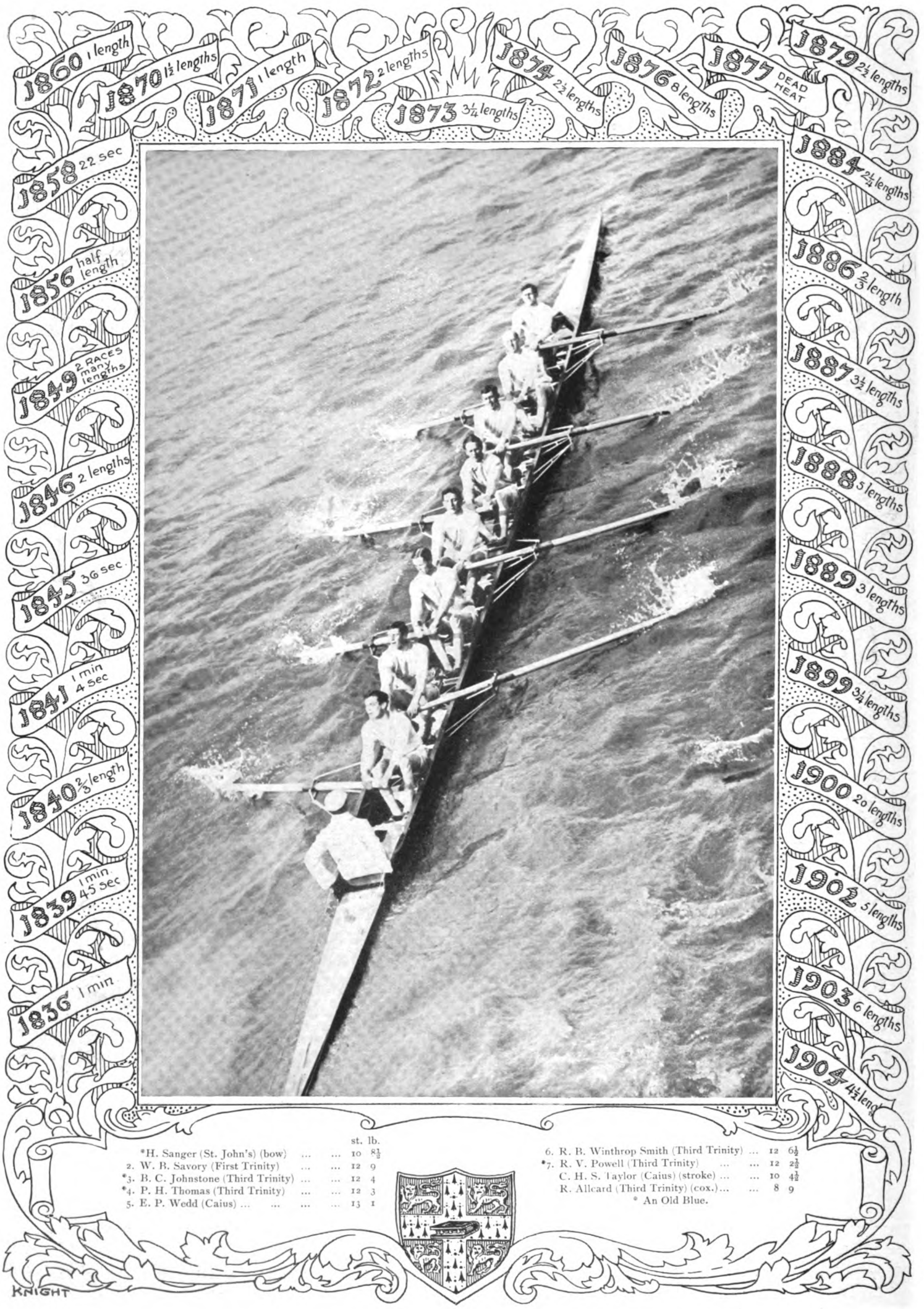
Biograph Studio.



Sir Michael and Lady Parkes refuse to visit their son's wife. Mickey, however, proves a magnet strong enough to attract them, as it has already attracted the genial Captain Pierrepoint, to the young couple's chambers, and thus we have Sir Michael and his wife visiting the "Athenæum," as the Baronet has it, each unknown to the other, the one from half-past two till four, the other from five till half-past six. The result is inevitable: a general confession and a reconciliation.

THE BOAT-RACE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

Photograph by Bowden Bros.



	st.	lb.
*H. Sanger (St. John's) (bow)	10	8½
2. W. B. Savory (First Trinity)	12	9
*3. B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity)	12	4
*4. P. H. Thomas (Third Trinity)	12	3
5. E. P. Wedd (Caius)	13	1
6. R. B. Winthrop Smith (Third Trinity) ...	12	6½
*7. R. V. Powell (Third Trinity)	12	2½
C. H. S. Taylor (Caius) (stroke)	10	4½
R. Allcard (Third Trinity) (cox.)	8	9

* An Old Blue.

KNIGHT

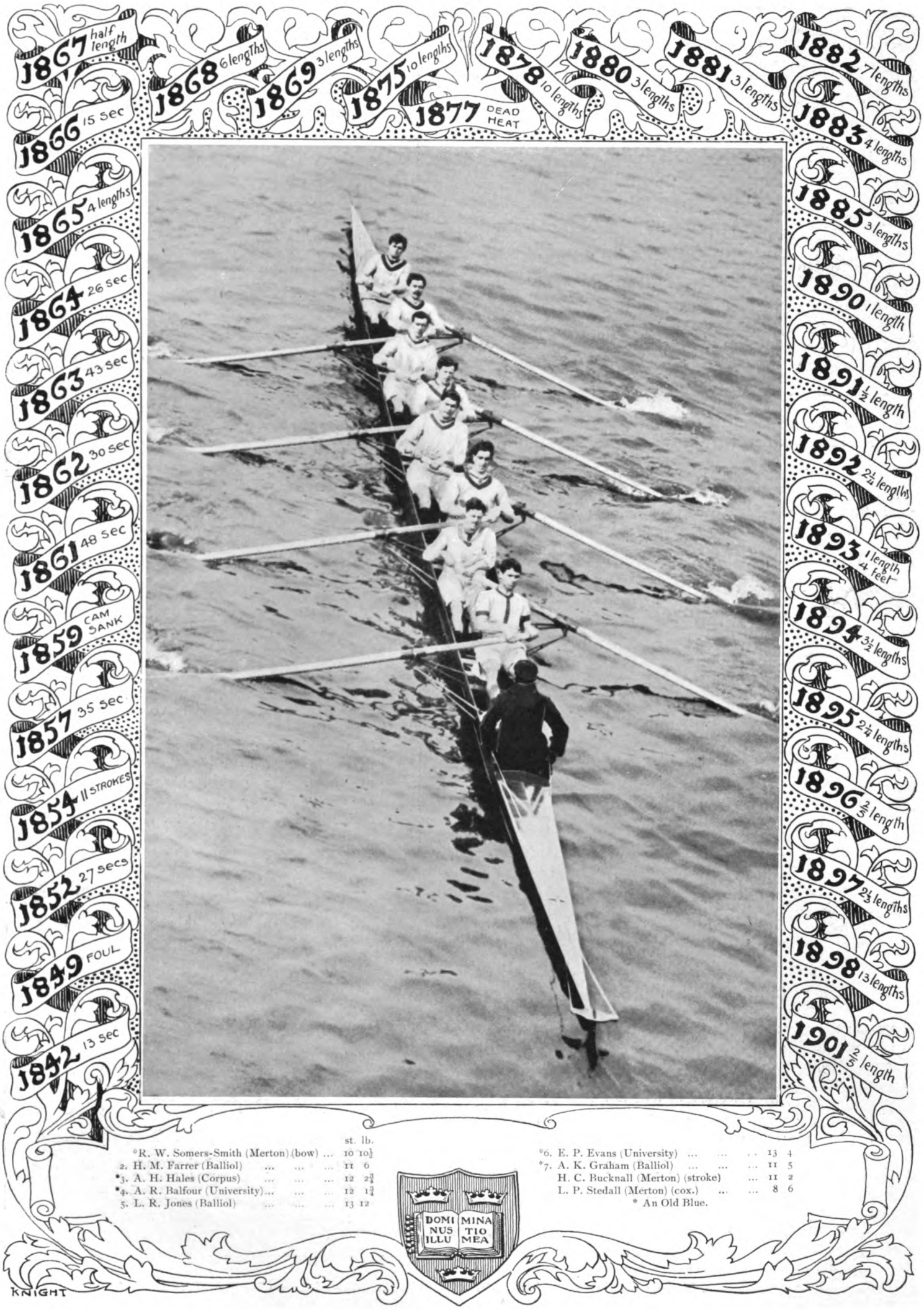
OUR BORDER RECORDS THE YEARS IN WHICH THE CAMBRIDGE CREW WON, AND BY HOW MUCH IT BEAT ITS OPPONENT.

THERE WAS NO RACE IN 1837, 1838, 1843, 1844, 1847, OR 1848.

W

THE BOAT-RACE: THE OXFORD CREW.

Photograph by Bowden Bros.



	st.	lb.
*R. W. Somers-Smith (Merton) (bow) ...	10	10½
2. H. M. Farrer (Balliol)	11	6
*3. A. H. Hales (Corpus)	12	2¾
*4. A. R. Balfour (University)	12	1¾
5. L. R. Jones (Balliol)	13	12
*6. E. P. Evans (University)	13	4
*7. A. K. Graham (Balliol)	11	5
H. C. Bucknall (Merton) (stroke) ...	11	2
L. P. Stedall (Merton) (cox.)	8	6

* An Old Blue.

OUR BORDER RECORDS THE YEARS IN WHICH THE OXFORD CREW WON, AND BY HOW MUCH IT BEAT ITS OPPONENT. THERE WAS NO RACE IN 1837, 1838, 1843, 1844, 1847, OR 1848.

THE RIVAL OF JU-JITSU: SU-MO, JAPAN'S OLDER METHOD OF WRESTLING.



A WRESTLER WEARING HIS CHAMPIONSHIP APRON SEEKS AN OPPONENT.

JAPAN'S rival to the ultra-scientific Ju-jitsu takes a form somewhat akin to that of Catch-as-catch-can, in that it is permissible to grasp any portion of an opponent's anatomy to effect a fall. The winner



A SHARP TUSSLE AT THE EDGE OF THE RING.

of the bout must have caused his rival to touch the ground with some portion of his body—even a finger is sufficient—or, if he has chosen to adopt another method, he can have pushed, carried, or thrown him in such a manner as to have caused him to touch the ground outside the ring. The touch of a toe is sufficient in the latter case. The wrestling is invariably accompanied by the observance of a number of ancient customs. In the first place, the Gioji, or Referee, enters the ring, bearing the wooden fan or staff of office, called To-uchi-wa, and followed by the challenger, whom he announces. The challenger himself, adopting the pose shown in our first photograph, then invites someone to meet him. The man who takes up the gauntlet promptly appears in the ring, and the pair squat opposite each other, with their hands on the ground, waiting the Gioji's signal to begin. This being given, the men, if both are ready, jump up immediately. Should one, however, be taken unawares, he signifies the fact by keeping his hands on the ground and crying out "Matu, Matu," which is "Again," or "Not ready." Several false starts of this sort are frequently made before the psychological moment comes, and the two men are prepared, even to the exact attuning of their breath. Both next rise together and immediately get to grips, each endeavouring to push the other to the edge of the ring, where every ingenuity



THE COMBATANTS WAIT TO GET AT GRIPS.

is used by the less successful wrestler to turn the tables and to avoid defeat. When one or the other has proved his superiority, the fact is announced by the Referee, who adopts a curiously sing-songy voice for the purpose.



THE GIOJI, OR REFEREE, ANNOUNCES THE WINNER, AFTER A CLEAR THROW.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

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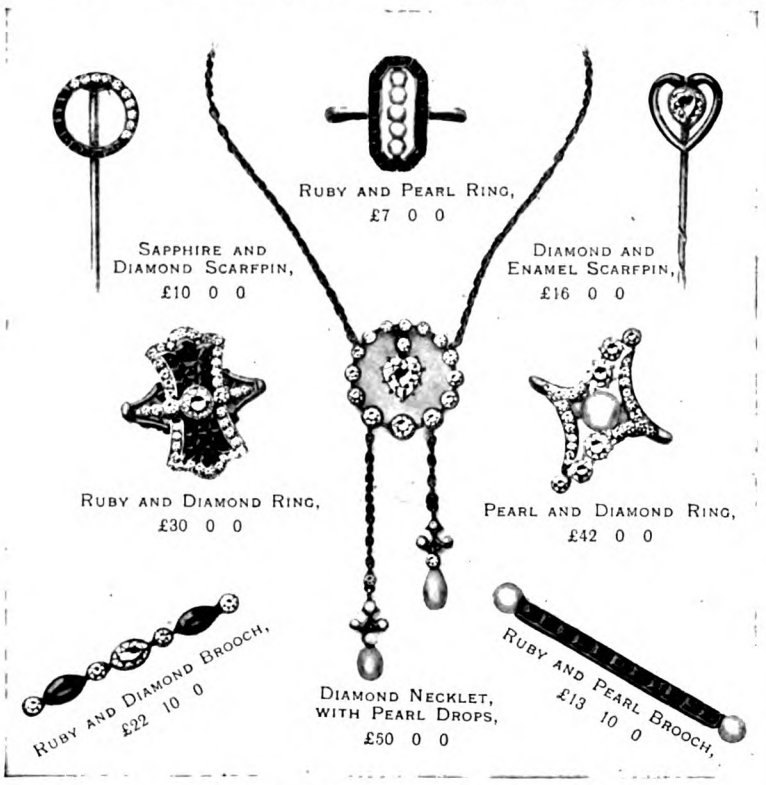
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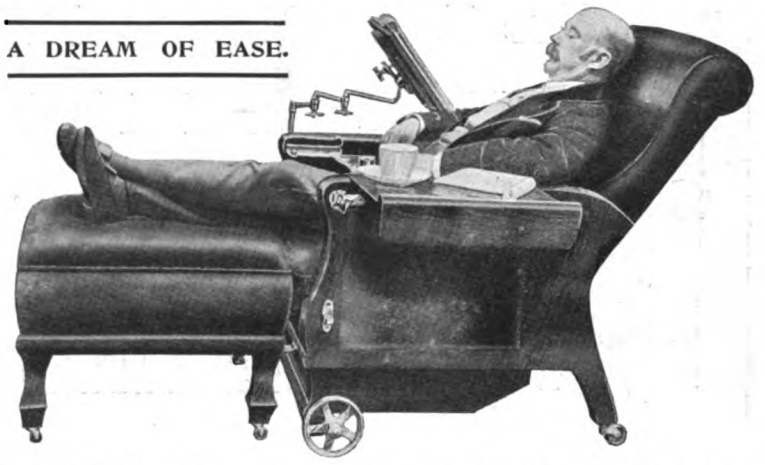
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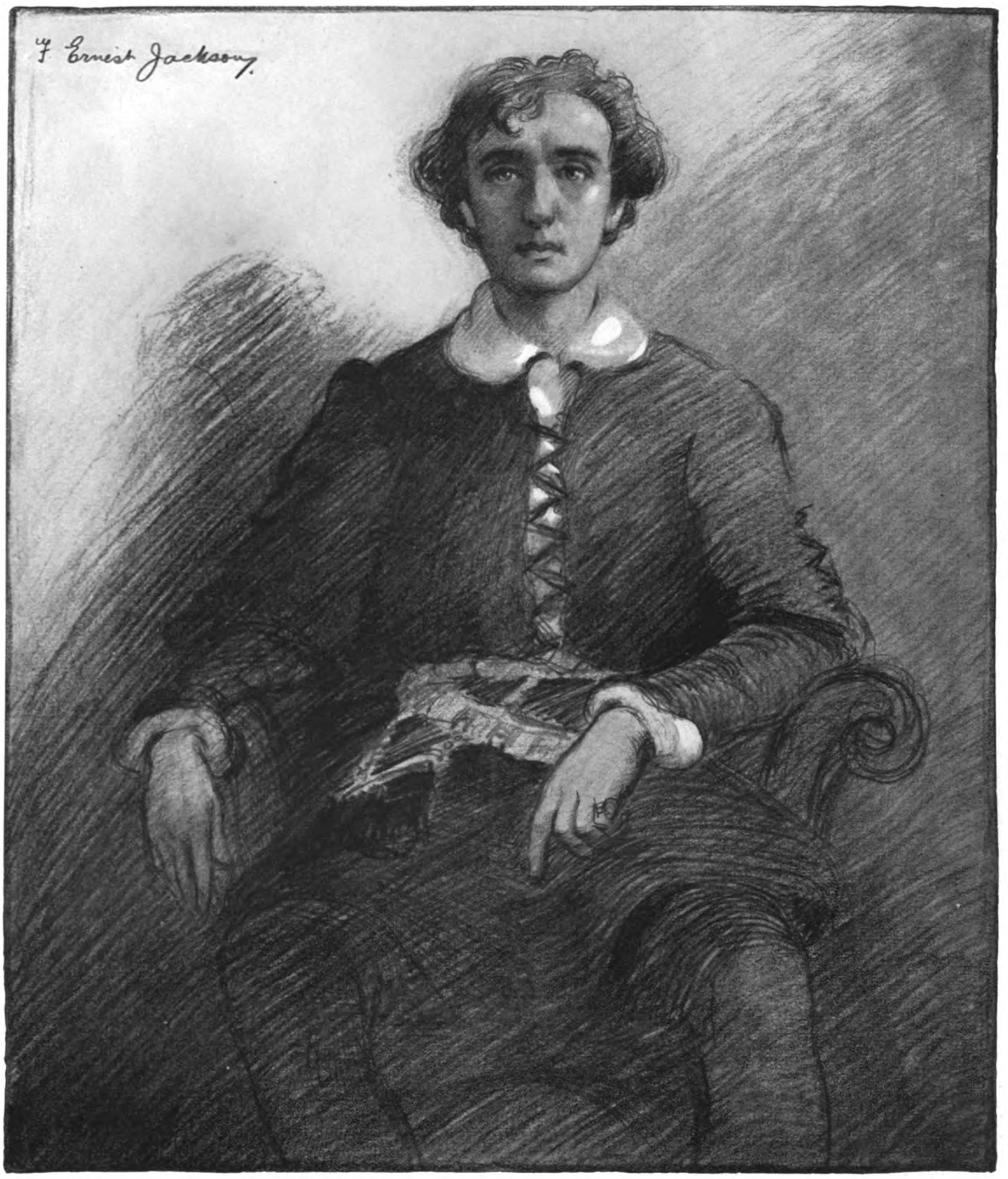
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The Sketch

No. 636.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1905. SIXPENCE.



THE NEW HAMLET: MR. H. B. IRVING, WHO IS APPEARING IN SHAKSPERE'S TRAGEDY AT THE ADELPHI.

As readers of "The Sketch" are aware, Mr. H. B. Irving does not play Hamlet during the present engagement for the first time, he having acted the part on a number of occasions when he was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Company. Associated with Mr. Irving in the present production are Miss Lily Brayton, who, of course, plays Ophelia; Mr. Oscar Asche, who plays Claudius, King of Denmark; Mr. Lyall Swete, who plays Polonius; Mr. Walter Hampden, who plays Laertes; and Mr. Charles Rock, who plays the First Gravedigger.

Drawn, at a Special Sitting, by F. Ernest Jackson.





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND":

London,
Sunday, April 2.

HE was one of these boys-about-town. He wore long, slim boots, very tight trousers, a short coat with a silly-looking slit at the back, and a bowler-hat so arranged as to display to an envious world his intellectual forehead. He was clean-shaven, of course, took great care to keep both gloves on, and was smoking a cigarette through a meerschaum holder.

I met him, to my astonishment, in the Strand. It is seldom that he condescends to come so far East.

"Hullo!" I said. "This is a little out of your beat, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, looking rather uncomfortable, and smacking his boot with his cane. "I had to come down and see a beastly Johnny about some rotten business. How've you bin going on?"

"Oh, pretty well, thanks."

"Seen anything good at the theatres lately?"

"Yes. Have you?"

"Not bad. I like that piece at . . . Theatre."

"I suppose so."

"Rather! What d'you mean, though? Don't you like it?"

"No."

"Don't you, really? Oh, I remember now. You said it was vulgar, or something."

"Well, isn't it?"

"I dunno. P'r'aps it is a bit, but I don't see that that matters as long as it makes you laugh."

"I suppose not."

"No, I'm blowed if I do. And it looks as if they'll score off you, anyway."

"How?"

"Well, I mean to say, it looks as if the piece would be a success."

"I didn't say it wouldn't be a success."

"No, but you didn't think it would, or you wouldn't have slated it."

"Don't you know that there is always a measure of success in store for a play that is vulgar and makes a joke of Divorce Court offal?"

"Why didn't you take care to be on the right side, then?"

"I did. I said what I thought."

"That's all very fine, but it doesn't do to be too independent, you know."

"You mean, it doesn't do to be too truthful, don't you?"

"Something like that, p'r'aps. Well, I must cut. Ta-ta!"

The above conversation, which is a fair sample of many that I have been forced to take part in since I undertook the duties of dramatic critic to a popular London daily, may explain, in a measure, the cautious, hesitating way in which the critic of many years' experience sometimes approaches his task. He begins, no doubt, by telling the plain truth frankly and fearlessly. Presently he discovers, though, that nothing gets a man more quickly disliked than this habit of blunt honesty. What is to be done? He is a member of a community, unable to escape the persecutions of the mean and foolish. He cannot afford, probably, to retire into private life. Under the circumstances, therefore, he finds that the simplest way out of the difficulty is to administer the pill, when required, in a teaspoonful of jam. After all, he may persuade himself, perhaps the people are right who tell him that art has nothing to do with taste or morals. If the dramatist finds that it pays him better to make use of abnormally degraded types, that, no doubt, is his affair. As long as such people do, possibly, exist—— And so on, until he runs the risk of forgetting altogether that art is of very little importance as compared with life itself. Fancy a starving man refusing a lettuce because the shade of green clashed with his complexion!

I find some vigorous opinions on this subject, by the way, by Mr David Christie Murray in to-day's *Referee*. Here, at any rate, is a journalist of vast experience who cares not a rap for the criticisms of the crowd. "We have had amongst us of late," he writes, "a school of writers of whom it may be said that they have loved squalor only, or, if art, art only for its squalor. For my own part, I am persuaded that no more pestiferous doctrine was ever offered to the world than this of the non-morality of art; and I go further, and I declare, without fear, that those who maintain the doctrine have mainly used it because they have found it a paying thing to shock into attention a public whose suffrages they would never otherwise have been able to secure at all." That is the talk of a man, and a man, moreover, who cares nothing for the inevitable retort, "Please don't preach!" which, if you come to think of it, is merely another form of the schoolboy jeer, "There's Smug Smith saying his prayers. Shy a slipper at him!"

In the current number of the *Outlook*, which has lately been improved almost beyond recognition, you will find an entertaining essay by Mr. G. S. Street on the subject of "Anarchy." The anarchy complained of by Mr. Street is being wrought daily by some builders and carpenters, who are inconsiderate enough to awaken Mr. Street at six-thirty every morning with their bangings and hammerings. (If you want one word for the din, you may call it "bammering.") The essayist pretends, very prettily, that he is more concerned for his neighbours than for himself. I can't quite believe that, though. To be roused from sleep at six-thirty by a persistent bammering, and to find that, for the same reason, further sleep is out of the question, becomes, after a few mornings, such a horrible torture that every other emotion is absorbed in self-pity. I wonder how Mr. Street would like it if he lived, as I do, close to a railway-bridge that is always being repaired. He may reply, of course, "Well, why don't you go and live somewhere else?" That is the obvious retort, but there are many reasons why I should stay where I am and try to get used to the bammering. Besides, for several years I was foolish enough to hope that, sooner or later, the repairs would be finished, and there would come an end to the awful clangings. I have now decided in my own mind, however, that the bridge never will be finished. My opinion is that the bridge is a faulty construction, and that the wear-and-tear of the traffic by day necessitate this never-ceasing bammering by night. "Clang! Clang! Clang!" I can hear it now, although, as a matter of fact, they don't do it much on Sunday. Mr. Street will be able to appreciate the hallucination.

Oxford (Don't be alarmed: I have nothing to say about the Boat-race. Indeed, I know nothing about it, beyond the bare result gleaned from the following head-lines in the *Evening News*: "Oxford Leads All the Way: Cambridge Behind their Rivals from Start to Finish." Let me put an end, therefore, to this lengthy parenthesis) has always been a godsend to the enterprising journalist. The latest discovery, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, has been made by a gentleman representing an American journal, who, after a brief visit to Oxford, informed his readers that fagging was a recognised institution at the "ancient University on the banks of the Isis," and that he had seen, with his own eyes, the younger son of a Marquess cheerfully employed in tidying up the bedroom of a famous oarsman. Was the *Westminster* sarcastic in observing that the American journalist's credulity was a high compliment to the aristocratic bearing of the Oxford scout?

"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE: A PAGE FROM A DAUGHTER'S DIARY,"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



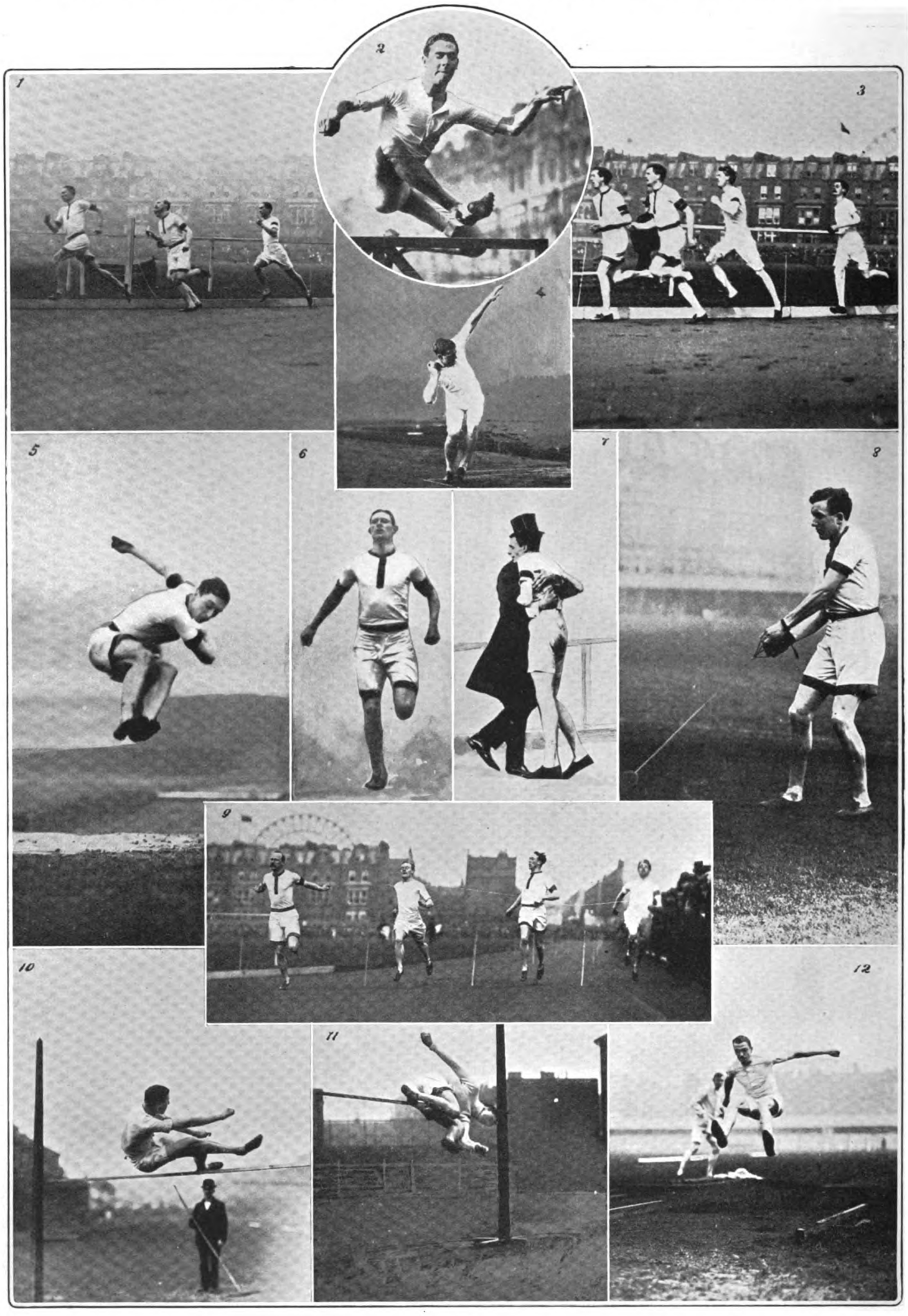
MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX, WHO IS TO APPEAR TO-NIGHT IN MR. J. M. BARRIE'S NEW COMEDY.

Mr. Barrie's New Comedy is a Play of To-day, with Action taking place within a Period of Twenty-four Hours. Act I. is "The Home-Coming"; Act II., "The Man's Rooms"; and Act III., "Click."

Miss Fairfax first trod the boards at the Gaiety and Daly's in musical comedy, leaving the latter theatre after a three years' stay to appear with Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt." Since then she has played with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "One Summer's Day"; in America, as understudy to Miss Ada Rehan; with Richard Mansfield in "The First Violin"; in "The Land of Nod"; in "When a Man's in Love"; with Mr. Tree in "Captain Swift," "The First Night," "King John," and "Rip van Winkle"; in "Facing the Music," at the Strand; in "The Price of Peace," at Drury Lane; and since that production in a number of parts in which her appearance is too familiar to call for comment.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

"ALL THE WINNERS" AT THE INTER-'VARSITY SPORTS.

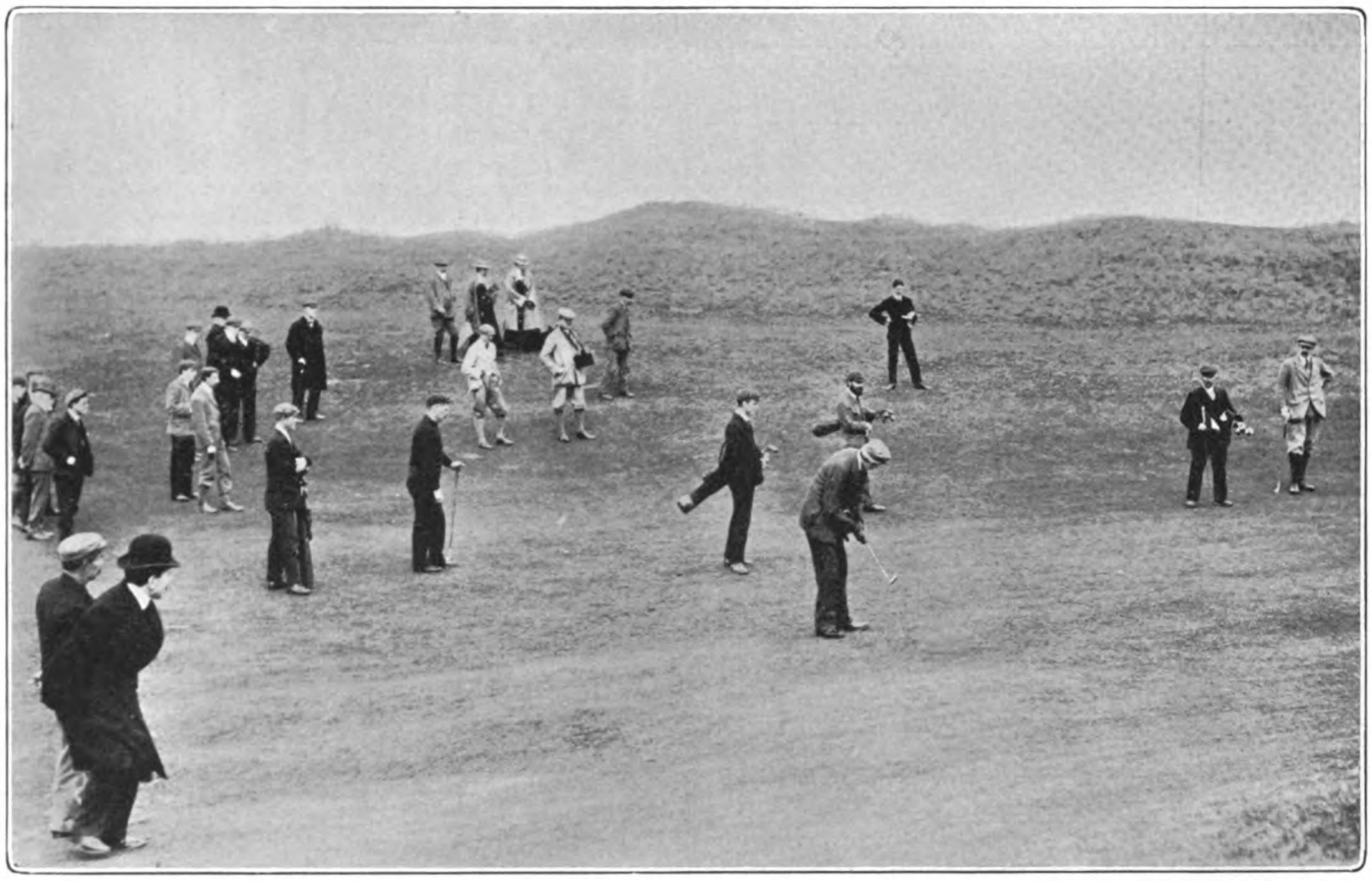


1. The Quarter-Mile, Won by J. H. Morrell (Eton, and Magdalen, Oxford) in 51 1-5 seconds. 2. F. H. Teall (Dulwich, and Sidney, Cambridge) Winning the Hurdles in 16 2-5 seconds. 3. The Mile, Won by C. C. Henderson-Hamilton (Glenalmond, and Trinity, Oxford) in 4 minutes 17 4-5 seconds. 4. The Hon. G. W. Lyttelton (Eton, and Trinity, Cambridge), Winning Putting the Weight with a Putt of 37 feet 11 inches. 5. G. Le B. Smith (Radley, and University, Oxford) Winning the Long Jump with a Jump of 21 feet 1 inch. 6. K. Cornwallis (Haileybury, and University, Oxford) Winning the Half-Mile in 1 minute 56 3-5 seconds. 7. A. S. D. Smith (West Wratting, and Jesus, Cambridge) "Done" after Winning the Three-Miles in 15 minutes 8 4-5 seconds. 8. A. H. Fyffe (Manchester, and University, Oxford) Winning Throwing the Hammer with a Throw of 128 feet 6 inches. 9. J. H. Morrell (Eton, and Magdalen, Oxford) Winning the Hundred Yards in 10 2-5 seconds. 10. E. E. Leader (Charterhouse, and Trinity, Cambridge) Tied in the High Jump with a Jump of 5 feet 7 inches. 11. P. M. Young (South Dakota, U.S.A., and Oriel, Oxford) Tied in the High Jump with a Jump of 5 feet 7 inches. 12. E. E. Paget-Tomlinson (Aldenham, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge) Tied in the High Jump with a Jump of 5 feet 7 inches.

(*See "The Mere Man."*)

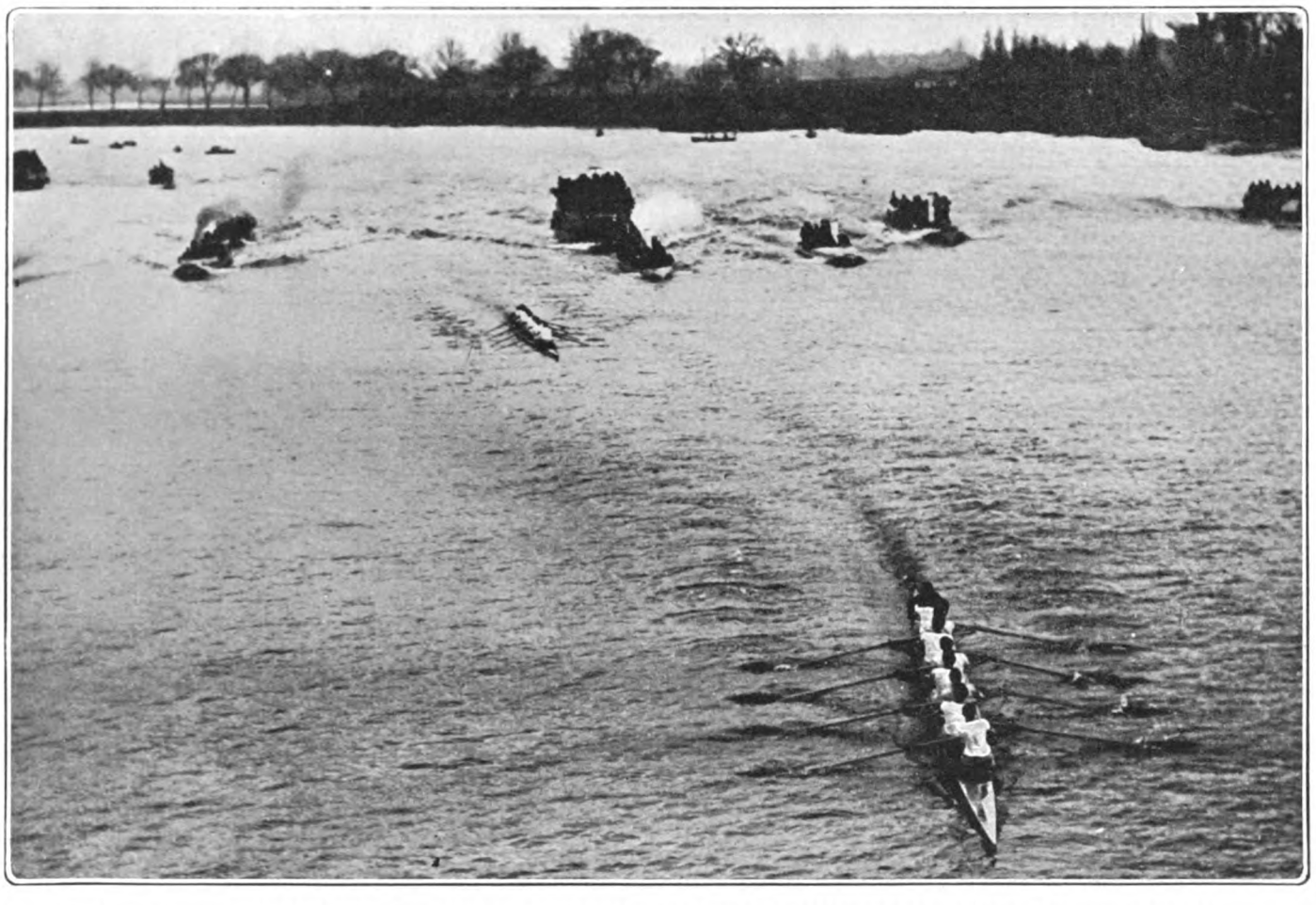
FISHERMEN, MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, AND UNDERGRADUATES AT PLAY:

THE GOLF-MATCH AT SANDWICH, AND THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



FISHERMEN-GOLFERS VERSUS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT: MR. BALFOUR PUTTING ON THE 3RD GREEN.

The prowess of the fishermen-golfers who met the team of Members of Parliament at Sandwich on Saturday last was first spread abroad some three or four years ago, when it was stated that the fishermen of Inverallochy outplayed most exponents of the Royal and Ancient Game visiting the neighbourhood. At Sandwich the ten members of the team, who had been chosen from a Club membership of 250 fishermen, were opposed to Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Eric Hambro, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., Mr. W. H. Forster, Mr. A. W. Soames, Sir Henry Seton-Karr, Mr. Wanklyn, Mr. Osmond Williams, Members of Parliament, and Mr. A. Tennyson, one of the clerks of the House of Lords. The representatives of the House of Commons won eight matches against two won by the fishermen. At the close of the play each of the Parliamentarians presented his opponent with a new club, and on those given to George and James Buchan Mr. Balfour wrote his name.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: THE EIGHTS APPROACHING BARNES BRIDGE, OXFORD LEADING.

What little betting there was in connection with the Boat-race was in favour of Cambridge, a state of things by no means justified by the comparatively easy manner in which Oxford won. The Dark Blues took the lead during the first minute, and increased it steadily, until at the finish they were two and a-half lengths ahead, and rowing splendidly. The time was 20 minutes 35 seconds.

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RED HILL	10 28	CANTERBURY SOUTH ...	11 13
EDENBRIDGE	10 43	DOVER TOWN	11 35
PENSHURST	10 51		11 55
TONBRIDGE	10 58	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	12 5
CHATHAM (M. L.)	0 45		2 15
STROOD (S.E.)	10 17	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ...	11 47
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS ...	10 38		12 0
MAIDSTONE WEST	10 42		2 17
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			2 21

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
APRIL 8.

CAVE-DWELLERS OF WESTERN TIBET.

UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS:
THE SPORTS AND THE BOAT-RACE.

THE CENTENARY OF HANS ANDERSEN.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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April 5, 1905. *Signature*.....

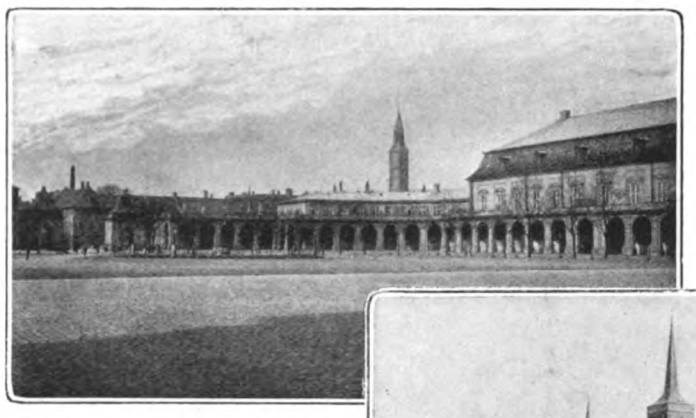
SMALL TALK of the WEEK



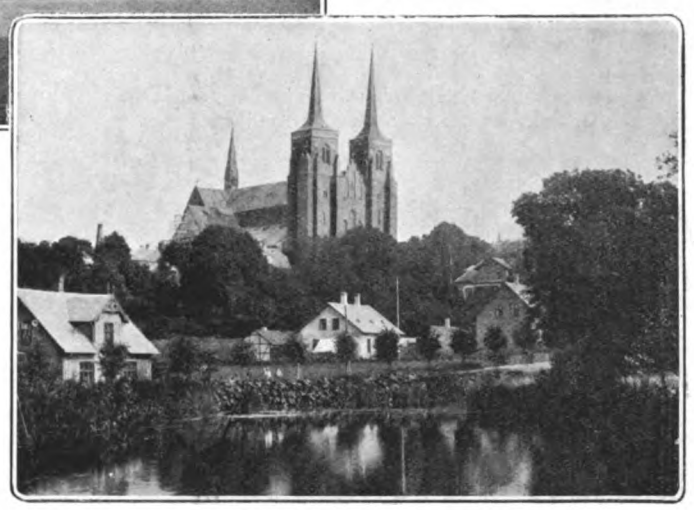
Bury's 12-Year-Old Mayoress: Miss S. M. Kay Butcher.

Miss Butcher, who is the daughter of the Mayor, is acting as Mayoress during her father's term of office. Only a few days ago she performed one of those functions rightly belonging to Mayoral dignity by opening a sale of work.

THE King of Portugal had to escort three Queens during Her Majesty's recent visit to Lisbon, for Queen Marie Amélie was helped to do the honours of the beautiful, old-world city by her mother-in-law, Maria Pia. Queen Alexandra accompanied her two queenly hostesses to many of the charitable institutions which owe their being to Victor Emmanuel's brilliant daughter and the clever French Princess who has done so much in the last fifteen years to improve the lot of the Portuguese poor and suffering. Unfortunately, Queen Marie Amélie had sprained her foot shortly before the Royal visit, and so she was not able to walk much.



THE FESTIVITIES AT COPENHAGEN IN CELEBRATION OF KING CHRISTIAN'S 87TH BIRTHDAY: THE ROYAL STABLES.



THE FESTIVITIES AT COPENHAGEN IN CELEBRATION OF KING CHRISTIAN'S 87TH BIRTHDAY: ROSKILDE CATHEDRAL, THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF DENMARK.

King Christian's Birthday. Next Saturday will see a unique gathering at Copenhagen. On that day the venerable King Christian enters his eighty-eighth year, and there will be an interesting assembly of Royalties to do him fitting honour. The Royal birthday is spent in a homely and yet splendid fashion, most of King Christian's descendants being present at the great dinner-party which has been, for many years past, the principal feature of the great day. During their stay in Denmark, many of His Majesty's guests will, doubtless, make an expedition to the Cathedral of Roskilde, the Westminster Abbey of the Danish people. It is there that good Queen Louise is buried, and her devoted daughter and son-in-law never visit Queen Alexandra's native land without journeying to Roskilde. Amongst those children of the veteran monarch who will be in Copenhagen this week will be the Dowager Empress of Russia, and every palace in the picturesque capital will be full to overflowing, while the beautiful stables of which King Christian is so proud will be taxed to their utmost capacity.



Queen Alexandra. Queen Amélie of Portugal. Queen Maria Pia.

A TRIO OF QUEENS: QUEEN MARIA PIA OF PORTUGAL, QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL, AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE GARDENS OF THE CINTRA PALACE, LISBON.

Photograph by Benoliel.

The New Whip. Mr. Gerald Loder, the new Government Whip and Junior Lord of the Treasury, is wealthy and popular. He has spoken seldom in the House, but is familiar with all its men and manners, as he has been a member for sixteen years, and has acted as private secretary to two Cabinet Ministers. Strange to say, both his old chiefs are retired Free Traders, Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton. His appointment was a safe one from the point of view of his re-election, for he represents Brighton, which is supposed to be amongst the most Conservative of constituencies. Mr. Loder is married to Lady Louise de Vere, eldest daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans. It is sometimes said that the acceptable Whip must have a good social position. That qualification, in addition to others, is possessed by Mr. Loder.

The six Whips on the Government side are now Sir A. Acland-Hood, Viscount Valentia, Mr. H. W. Forster, the Marquis of Hamilton, Sir Savile Crossley, and Mr. Loder. A fashionable Party could not be better "whipped" than by these gentlemen. They know about all the social attractions of the Season which may tempt members to neglect Parliamentary duties. Three of them have Treasury posts and three have posts in the Household, but the management of the Party is their chief function.

His Majesty's New Yacht. The King's new yacht, for which Messrs. Inglis, of Glasgow, have secured the contract, will differ considerably from the *Victoria and Albert*, which, by the way, she will not altogether displace. She will be shorter by a good deal than the old vessel; her draught will be three and a-half feet less, thus enabling her to enter any British port; her displacement will be two thousand tons, against the *Victoria and Albert's* four thousand seven hundred; and, most important of all, she will be fitted with turbine engines. Her speed is to average eighteen and a-half knots.

Half-a-Million by Parcel-Post. Those who read of the army of detectives who met the famous Cullinan diamond on its arrival at a London terminus, and, in consequence, pictured its being guarded by men armed to the teeth and ready to do or die in its defence, must have been sadly disillusioned by the announcement that it reached this country by registered parcel-post at the cost of three shillings. Such is the romance of trade in these prosaic days!

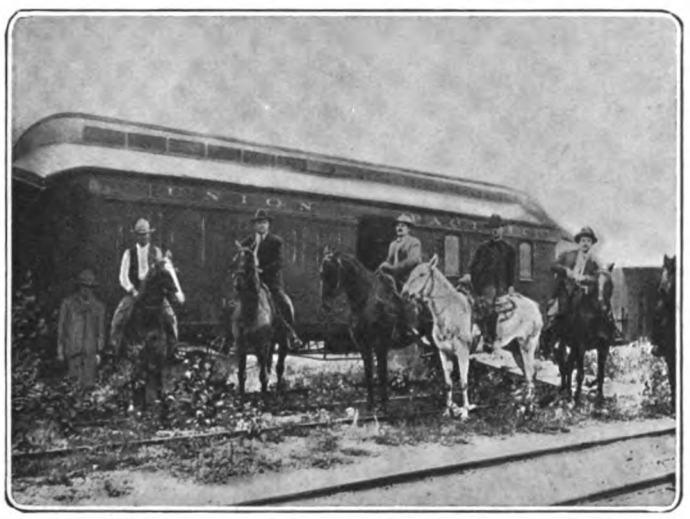
"Fram." The greatest and most successful Arctic explorer in modern days, Fridtjof Nansen, heralded his visit to this country brilliantly by his letter to the *Times*. Nansen is a splendid-looking man—indeed, many of his portraits do not do him justice. Over six feet tall, he is that rare thing, a scientist who is also an athlete. He wears his fair hair tossed, Viking-wise, back from his forehead, and he early took as his motto the word which provided his famous vessel with her name, *Fram* (forward). Nansen has many close friends in this country, and he and his beautiful, gifted wife—she is one of the most successful of Swedish singers—often entertain English travellers in their delightful house on the Christiania fjord.



LAST WEEK'S MOST DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO THIS COUNTRY: DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

The famous Arctic explorer's keen interest in the Norwegian-Swedish consular question has received additional proof by his exhaustive letter in the "Times." Dr. Nansen's statement of the case is not only based on a study of the documents concerned, but is issued only after consultation with reliable authorities.

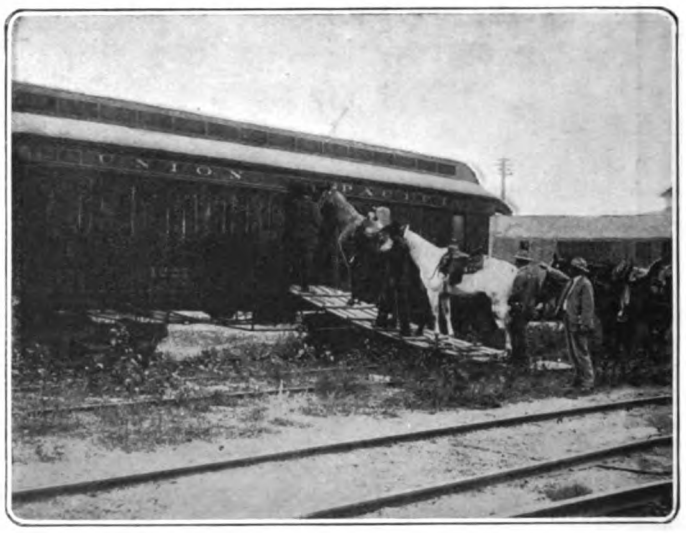
A Prince of Science. The Prince of Monaco would have a right to be considered a Prince of Science even were he not the ruler of a State which, in spite of its minute proportions—the Principality of Monaco boasts only of eight square miles—is one of the oldest in the civilised world. By a curious irony of fate, the man who has done so much for oceanography draws the huge revenues which have made it possible for him to make numberless costly experiments in the hitherto unexplored depths of the sea from the gambling establishment which is at once the shame and glory of beautiful Monaco. The head of the Grimaldis, than whom there is no prouder and older family in the



THE SURVIVAL OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER IN AMERICA: THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S BANDIT-HUNTERS.

Royal caste, is a man of distinguished personal appearance: his lithe, well-turned figure, steady bright-blue eyes, chestnut hair, and beard now tinged with grey, are characteristic rather of the naval officer than of the ruler of a European State. In a curious book published by him two years ago, and entitled "The Career of a Navigator," Prince Albert gave some glimpses of his early life and of his personal point of view. "I was brought up in those simple habits which form a man's judgment, and dispose him to look at privation and contest as probable consequences of life." Further on, he speaks of the fascination of adventure by land and sea, and how at one time he longed to become known as the greatest sportsman of his time. But even in extreme youth the sea claimed the Prince for her own, and immediately after the conclusion of the Franco-German War, in which he distinguished himself as a Volunteer in the French Navy, he began the series of deep-sea experiments which have given him his present place among oceanographers.

The Prince's Yacht and Museum. Though an English boat, the Prince's first yacht was named the *Hirondelle*, and His Highness, who belongs to the type of workman who can accomplish much with the most indifferent tools, was content for many years to carry on his scientific work from the deck of this simple little yacht. At last, however, he was able to realise the dream of his life by having a fine vessel built especially to his own plans and designs, and arranged entirely with a view to what has become his favourite hobby as well as his life-work. Where the luxurious yachtsman would have found place for a floating banqueting-hall, a billiard-room, a boudoir, and every kind of state room, the Prince has fitted up laboratories, photographic studios, and a library in which may be found every published work concerning the still little-known world which lies under the surface of the seas; while to the intelligent visitor the greatest attraction now held by Monaco is the Prince's marvellous oceanic museum, a serious rival to the wonderful old castle perched up on the rock, where, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, not only its creator, but all those of his



THE SURVIVAL OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER IN AMERICA: THE BANDIT-HUNTERS LEADING THEIR HORSES INTO A TRAIN WHEN STARTING ON A THIEF-CATCHING MISSION.

brother scientists who make their way thither, are free to come and study the wonders of the deep.

His Work in Detail. As to the actual discoveries made by this Prince of Science, it was Prince Albert who first found what is known in the parlance of oceanography as the Atlantic Vortex, and he also who first was able actually to prove the presence of argon in sea-water. Thanks to an ingenious contrivance of his own, he has brought to the surface deep-sea animalculæ—weird-looking creatures whose existence none of his predecessors had even imagined, for below a certain depth are found, of course, types of fish-life differing as greatly from those which live and have their being near the surface of the water as do, say, Europeans from Mongolians.

King Alfonso in England. The young King of Spain will arrive in London on June 5, and will be the guest of King Edward at Buckingham Palace. A State banquet will be given in his honour, and there will also be a luncheon at the Guildhall and a gala opera-performance at Covent Garden. The Continental papers, by the way, are still busy in announcing the engagement of the young King to the Princess Patricia of Connaught.



THE SURVIVAL OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER IN AMERICA: THE BANDIT-HUNTERS IN THEIR SPECIAL CAR ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Those who, in their innocence, have imagined that the train-robber was a being whose doings are now confined between the tawdry covers of the dime novel may take heart of grace in the realisation of the fact that not only do such criminals still exist, but that they are so prevalent that the Union Pacific Railway Company finds it worth its while to employ a special posse of men to hunt them down. For the truth of what might otherwise be regarded as an American tall-story our photographs vouch.

Photographs by G. G. Bain.

"La Dame aux Camélias."

Apropos of Signora Duse's revival of "La Dame aux Camélias," there is an unpublished anecdote of Dumas *fils* which is well worth recording. Some time before the play was produced, Dumas visited St. Petersburg, where he got into some slight trouble with the police. A Russian lady of rank went bail for him, as she knew him by reputation in Paris, and the author returned to France. The night before the production of "La Dame aux Camélias," the Russian lady, who had vainly tried to get a seat in the house, decided to send to Dumas, and shortly before the curtain went up he arrived at her hotel with a ticket for a box, which he said he had had great trouble in getting, but which was at her service on condition that she would accept it from him. It was not till some months afterwards that the Russian lady learned that Dumas had sold the manuscript of his play for five pounds in order to buy the box from its original purchaser.



THE WIFE OF THE COUNCILLOR TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY: COUNTESS BERNSTORFF.

Photograph by Bassano.

Wedding Bells.

Lord Herbert Scott, the most gifted of the soldier-sons of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, will shortly be married to Miss Marie Edwardes, a niece, we believe, of Mr. George Edwardes. Lord Herbert, who won his "D.S.O." in South Africa, is well known as a brilliant amateur actor, and some of his plays, notably "The Butler," have been successfully produced at private theatricals. He is, of course, one of the many grandsons of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who died the other day at the great age of ninety-two. Yet another interesting engagement is that of Lord and Lady Suffield's youngest son, Mr. Assheton Edward Harbord, to an Australian lady, Mrs Arthur Blackwood, of Melbourne. A pretty country wedding taking place at Easter will be that of Lady Gertrude Molyneux, Lord Sefton's sister, and Captain Crawford. The marriage will take place at Croxteth, in Lancashire. A Lenten wedding took place last week (30th) at Gibraltar, the bride being Lady Mabel Murray, and the bridegroom Captain Herbert King Hall, the intimate friend of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who gave the wedding-breakfast on board his flagship the *Drake*.



THE BABY CZAREVITCH'S FIRST TOY: A MULTIPLYING MANNIKIN GIVEN TO THE FUTURE CZAR OF RUSSIA BY HIS MOTHER.

The Czarina has just presented her little son with his first toys, a couple of little mannikins possessing the properties of the multiplying eggs and the nests of boxes long familiar to English children. Of one of these figures—that which represents a Russian peasant-woman of the middle ages—and the seven others it contains we give an illustration here; the companion is similar in construction, but is made in the semblance of a man.

A New Political Hostess.

Lady Cawdor, the wife of the new First Lord of the Admiralty, whose first visit to a warship was recently the subject of amusing comment, will be a very pleasing and popular addition to the group of great Ministerial hostesses. Before her marriage she was Miss Edith Turnor, of Stoke Rochfort, and she was one of the most beautiful débutantes of her year. As the mother of ten children, Lady Cawdor, both as Lady Emlyn and after her husband succeeded to his Peerage, lived a happy, busy life in famous Cawdor Castle. She will, of course, now entertain her husband's Party in the fine rooms which have seen so many historic gatherings at the Admiralty in Whitehall. Lady Cawdor will be helped to do the honours of Lord Cawdor's official residence by her three unmarried daughters, of whom the youngest, Lady Muriel Dorothy Campbell, is one of this year's débutantes.



A NEW POLITICAL HOSTESS: COUNTESS CAWDOR.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Prince of Wales and the Royal United Service Museum.

The always interesting collection at the Royal United Service Institution is the richer by the telescope used by Nelson's Flag-Lieutenant, John Pasco, at the Battle of Trafalgar, which has been presented to it by the Prince of Wales. The instrument that now becomes one of the country's assets was given to the late Duke of Edinburgh, on the occasion of his visit to Australia some years ago.

Of Interest to the Red-haired.

Lady Helen Forbes is evidently bent upon altering the fashion which decrees that hair of a red shade is "the" thing. In a recent article, she points out that with women red hair "seems to run more to wickedness than piety," and cites Cleopatra "the red-haired Greek," Lucrezia Borgia, and Queen Elizabeth. With regard to men, she is more charitable, and argues that "nearly all the great reformers or founders of religions had red hair; history mentions that Mohammed was a red-haired man." The colour of Moses' hair before it became grey is unknown, but David was distinctly "ruddy." Others mentioned are Louis XIV. and Barbarossa—the original, not the German caricaturist's version of the Kaiser.

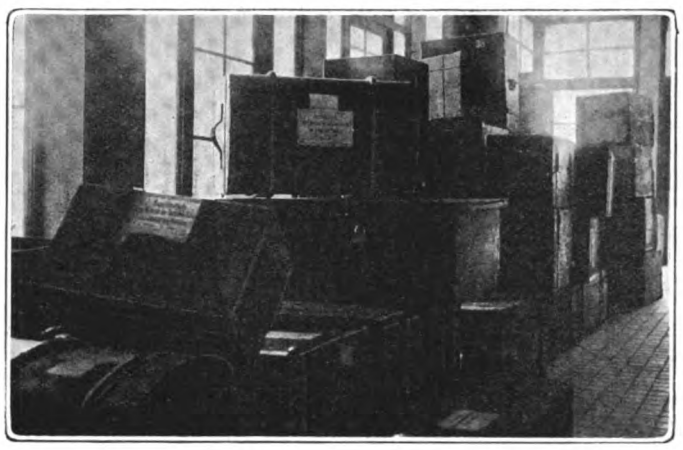
An American Countess.

Of the many American heiresses who have married European noblemen boasting of great historic titles, one of the most interesting from every point of view is the young Countess de Castellane, who, as Miss Anna Jay Gould, was one of the wealthiest American girls in the world. Her marriage created an extraordinary sensation in America, and, needless to say, the unfortunate pair had to run the gauntlet of the Yellow Press. The young Countess soon showed herself possessed of great social tact and charm; she became popular amongst her husband's many friends and relations, and she has shown all the American adaptability to new conditions. Comparatively recently, she became the owner of the famous Château de Marais, and there she has more than once given magnificent entertainments to crowned heads visiting Paris. The Countess's eldest son—who, by the way, was christened "Jay," after his famous American grandfather—will be in days to come one of the richest of living Frenchmen, for his mother's only sister, Miss Helen Gould, is unmarried, and is devoted to the youthful Castellanes.



AN AMERICAN COUNTESS: THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE, AND HER SONS.

Photograph by Otto.



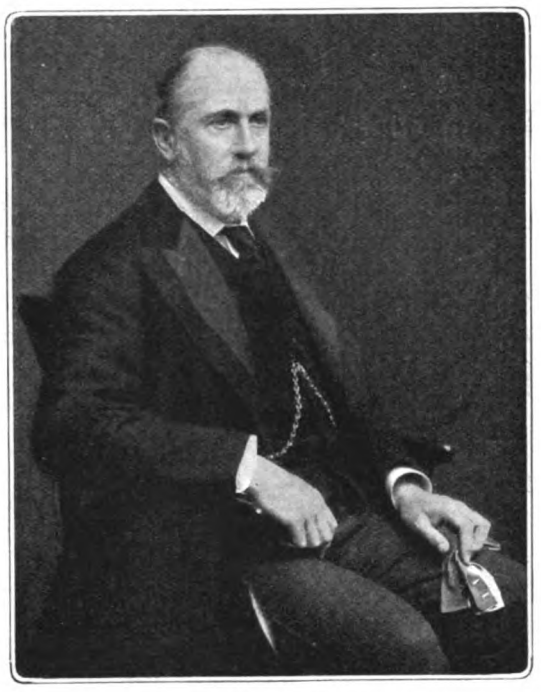
TRAVELLING IMPERIALLY: BAGGAGE AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT TAORMINA.

The Kaiser "en Voyage."

The German Emperor travels in truly magnificent fashion: he is said to be the most generous of Royal and Imperial "tippers," and he also comes to foreign Courts well provided with beautiful jewels for the ladies, and snuff-boxes and similar tokens of esteem for those whose duty it is to wait on him during his stay in their midst. Unlike most Sovereigns *en voyage*, the Kaiser does not like to remain faithful to any one itinerary; he often changes his Imperial mind, if he hears of some interesting spot or of some person whom he thinks worthy of a call from him. He has always wished to visit North Africa, and more especially Tangier, and his present tour was planned as long ago as last year.

The King's Host for the Grand National.

Lord Derby, who, it is said, has been more often honoured by visits from our Sovereign than has any other great noble, might now be a King had the early Victorian bearer of the title thought proper to accept the offer which was made him by the intermediary of Lord Palmerston. "Pam," however, felt sure that the head of the house of Stanley would prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon and Lancashire to the Attic plains. But Lord Beaconsfield, years later, declared that he could not understand the refusal of so great an offer. The owner of Knowsley is very popular in Liverpool, as are also his many children, for the connection of the Stanleys with the famous seaport is of old standing, dating from hundreds of years back. The King for many years past has nearly always honoured Knowsley with a visit during the week of the Grand National, and Lord and Lady Derby are wont to drive their Royal guest to the racecourse in old-world and magnificent style.



THE KING'S HOST FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL: THE EARL OF DERBY.

Photograph by Langfier.

Early Rivals to Sherlock Holmes.

The *Academy* has discovered in the works of Charlevoix, the Jesuit explorer of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, an Indian Sherlock Holmes, a dabbler in that practical employment of minute observation that made Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous creation as fascinating as he is fantastic, and proceeds to tell the story of the ingenious manner in which he furnished himself with a description of a thief he had never seen. "The thief, I know, is a little man," he said, "by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison . . . and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. . . . That his dog is small I know by its tracks; and that it has a short tail I discovered by the mark it made in the dust when it was sitting at the time its master was taking down the meat." This is excellent and interesting, but why, when finding parallels to Dr. Boswell Watson's Johnson, omit the worthy Arab of our School-Reader days, who described a straying camel unknown to him as blind in the left eye and minus a tooth or two, supporting his case by the fact that the missing beast had grazed only on the right side of the road, and where it had grazed had left little tufts of grass where it had bitten—to put it in an Irish but expressive manner—with no teeth? Surely so old and picturesque a friend should not be burked!

Sir Hiram Maxim Loses a Watch.

Sir Hiram Maxim has made a discovery one would have thought well-nigh impossible in these days of magicians, Oriental and otherwise, whose marvels are apparently without end: he has found a conjurer whose promises are greater than his skill, and he is now a man of little faith, with a shattered watch to remind him of the fact. His letter of warning is quite pathetic: ". . . he asked that someone should give him a watch; what he wished to do was to smash the watch and return it intact to the owner. I very foolishly handed him mine. . . . The first part of the experiment succeeded admirably, but the last part was a total failure; notwithstanding all the Professor's skill, the watch persisted in remaining in a smashed condition, and is still a smashed and worthless watch." Sir Hiram and the Professor were, doubtless, equally astounded, unless, indeed, the latter was a practical joker, as his name and his lack of knowledge of the rudiments of his art certainly suggest.

Convicts as Bait for Cow-Catchers.

A contemporary devoted to the interests of motorists is responsible for a decidedly American story, which should certainly tempt the illustrators of the Yellow Press on the other side. The Automobile Club which has its habitat in the neighbourhood of the famous Sing-Sing Prison has, we are told, suggested a questionable substitute for the electrocution-chair—although, probably, that is not quite how the Club itself would put it, inasmuch as it, apparently, argues that "the object of the experiment is humane," and that the human participators in the said experiment will have "an interesting time." Briefly, the proposal is that the Club shall purchase all the condemned murderers sent to the prison, and save them from electrocution in order that the effects of collision with a car running at full-speed may be tested upon them. The chosen convicts' opinions as to the "interesting time" they are likely to have under these circumstances should be both various and obscene, nor is the sporting chance lent by the provision of cow-catchers on the motors calculated to increase their eagerness to fall in with the idea, any more than is the statement that "though they will eventually be killed, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that their lives have been taken in a good cause—the discovery of an effective life-saving appliance." "Eventually" is not allurin', as Quex would have it, and there are those who may point out that "the satisfaction of knowing," &c., will avail them little after death.

"Had he been in France."

The Boulevardiers of Paris are still talking of an amusing *lapsus linguæ* which M. de Flotow, the Chargé d'Affaires of the German Embassy in Paris, made at Amiens, where he was sent to convey his Imperial and active master's condolences to Madame Jules Verne on the occasion of her husband's death. "My august master, had he been in France," said M. de Flotow, "would have made a point of travelling to Amiens on purpose to condole with you himself, for he has always had a great admiration for your late husband's genius and his works." "Had he been in France" has amused Paris not a little, and about the Boulevards the question asked is: "If he had been in France! Does he imagine we are still in 1871?" Officially there may be a desire for *entente cordiale* between France and her neighbour, but in the street the German remains the Parisian's *bête noire*.

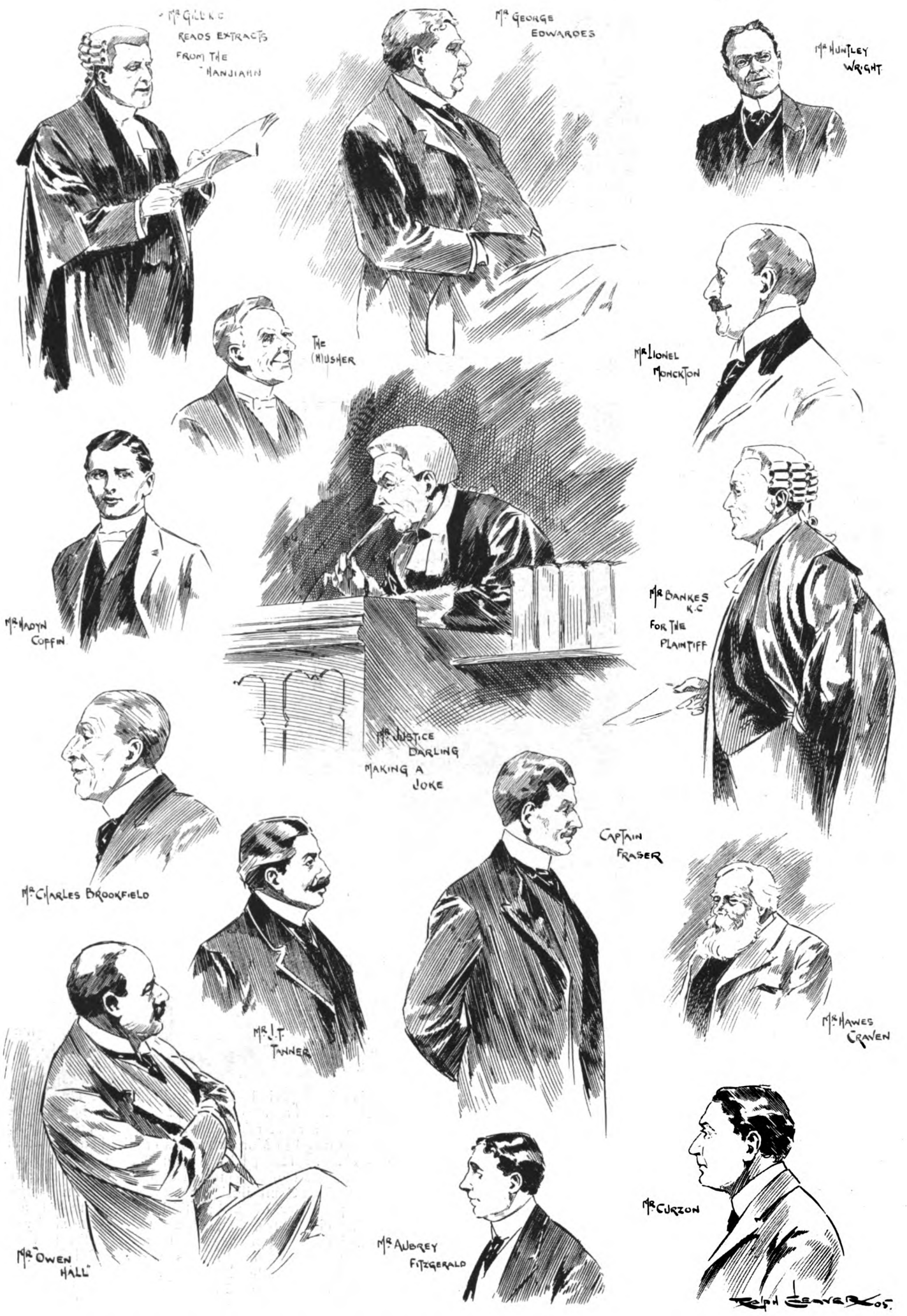


Mr. Watson. Mr. Edwardes. Capt. Hood.

"LOTUS GIRL" VERSUS "CINGALEE": MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, THE DEFENDANT, MR. MALCOLM WATSON, THE DRAMATIC-CRITIC, AND CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, THE PLAYWRIGHT, LEAVING THE LAW COURTS.

"LOTUS GIRL" VERSUS "CINGALEE":

THE ACTION AGAINST MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.



SKETCHES IN COURT BY RALPH CLEAVER DURING THE TRIAL OF THE FRASER-EDWARDES CASE.

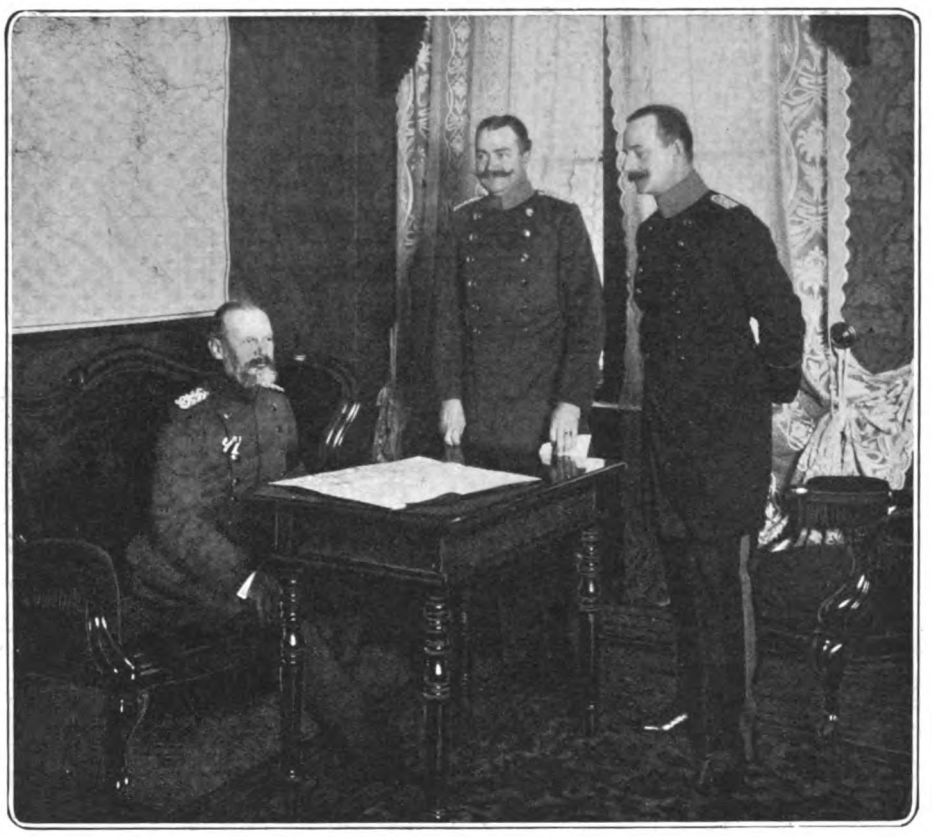
The trial in the King's Bench Division brought together an extraordinary number of literary and theatrical celebrities, and the Court took, as nearly as a Court can, the semblance of a gigantic green-room. Well-known actors and actresses, musicians, and members of the playgoing public alike showed their keen interest in the course of events. Counsel for the plaintiff were Mr. J. Eldon Bankes, K.C., and Mr. E. F. Spence, and for the defendant Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mr. Gill, K.C., and Mr. Willis.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IF hitherto I have not been able to regard the Duke of Orleans quite in the light of a philanthropist, it is because I have chanced on several occasions to be staying in some neighbourhood that he has delighted to honour, and have heard many of his actions discussed freely by a censorious world. But my morning paper has published such a generous offer from the tenant of Woodnorton that I am constrained to repent of my former attitude, and, by adding to the publicity already attained, set out the Duke's claims to a nation's gratitude. Although "King Philippe" is living in luxurious retirement, he is not unmindful of France; she is, so to speak, his spouse, and, like Mr. Micawber, he will never desert her. He has come to the conclusion that the country of his fathers is in a very bad way, that it is threatened by anarchy and other evils, that it has been going downhill for a very long time, and that the hour has come to save it. There is only one man who combines the divine right, the public spirit, the understanding brain, and the capacity for government, and he is ready to forgive France for having overlooked his splendid qualities so long.

The Orleans Programme. In the first place, "King Philippe" is prepared to interest himself in the Army. Even to my own mean intelligence there is little surprising here. So soon as he is restored to his rights, the hope of the French Royalists will offer one arm to his soldiers and the other to Mother Church. The ill-judged people who pass Laws of Associations and seek to rule over their own house will be sternly suppressed, Mother Church will be invited to stretch out her benevolent hand over the erring offspring who have endeavoured to live their own lives without her help, and poor, misguided France will return to the times of the "Bien-Aimé," with all the pomp and circumstance that Mrs. Brown-Potter is showing us to-day at the Savoy Theatre. A fascinating prospect truly, and one that we should have expected a right-minded country to realise without stopping to think. Unhappily, France makes no sign; a few old gentlemen, whose royalty and loyalty matter very little save only to themselves, have read the letter and communicated it to the world — and the Duke of Orleans is not likely to seek a tenant for Woodnorton just yet.



Prince Leopold. Major von Gramon. Captain von Faber.

A SCENE SUGGESTIVE OF "OLD HEIDELBERG": THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S FAVOURITE SON-IN-LAW, PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, though only a second son—for it is his elder brother who will ultimately become King of the romantic kingdom which has Munich for capital—is an important personage owing to the fact that he is the favourite son-in-law of the Emperor of Austria. His Royal Highness's marriage to the Archduchess Gisela took place exactly thirty-two years ago, and the venerable Francis Joseph is fondly attached to this excellent Royal couple's four children.

Photograph by Dietrich, Munich.

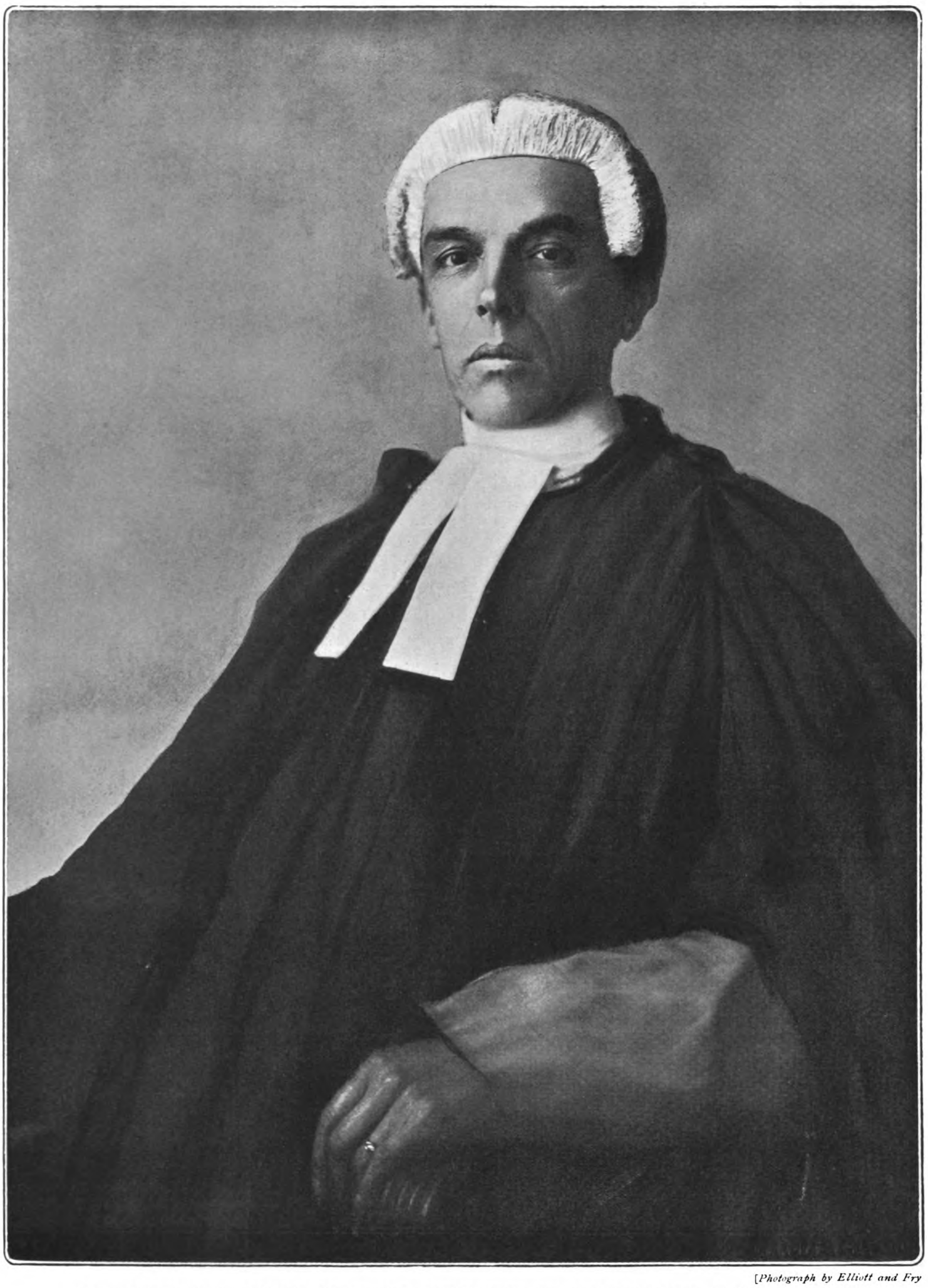
Don Jaime. Writing of men whose political intelligence seems limited to the framing of manifestoes, I am reminded of another rather ridiculous person, Don Jaime de Bourbon, whose hopes of fulfilling the programme that his equally absurd father handed over to him must be considerably dashed by events now taking place in Spain. Don Jaime is son of the Don Carlos who sought for many years to recover the throne of Spain from the Alfonsist party, but for some time past has found the atmosphere of Venice so soothing to his ambitions that he is content to live there in less state than comfort. Don Jaime is an officer in one of the Russian regiments of Dragoons, and has been in Manchuria, where he does not seem to have gained more distinction than he could carry away with him. Now he is enjoying the more leisured life of the Riviera, and has been interviewed for a paper there. He could not say much about the war in the Far East, perhaps because he is a Russian officer—possibly he was not close enough to the fighting-line—but he had something to say about the great Russian victory at Kishineff, because his regiment was quartered there at the time of the massacres. "The affair was a small one," he is reported to have said; "it was just an outbreak of anti-Semitism. Who bothers about it now? There are a few less Jews in the world, that's all, and it doesn't matter." And yet people wonder why Don Jaime de Bourbon can find no work to do, outside the ranks of a foreign Army.

Mr. Henniker Heaton. On Saturday last, April 1 (*absit omen*), Mr. J. Henniker Heaton should have been a proud man, for on that day it became possible to send a letter all the way to Australia for one penny. But for the fact that I know nobody "down under," I should have sent a letter, regardless of the expenditure. I have friends in other parts of the British Empire, however, and many a time and oft I must have handed an extra three-halfpence to Lord Stanley or his predecessors, but for the worthy Mr. Heaton, who has fought the battle of postal reform very valiantly these many years. Down to the present he has had little reward for his pains, apart from the success of his plans, and yet the man who facilitates correspondence between the scattered sections of our great Empire has done more to deserve reward than — quite a number of distinguished gentlemen you and I could name, an we had the will.

A "Times" Correspondent. Mr. Walter B. Harris, the *Times* Correspondent in Tangier, has had so many adventures in his day that the recent narrow escape from an assassin's dagger must have come almost in the light of relief from the monotony of an existence that threatened to become humdrum. It is at least two years since Mr. Harris last went in danger of his life, and that is a long period of tranquillity for the author of "Tafilat." Mr. Harris has had an adventurous career. He has travelled far and wide, knows Syria and Arabia better than most European travellers, and has put more travel in Morocco to his credit than any other Englishman can claim. He speaks Arabic fluently, was for a long time the intimate friend of the present Sultan, and probably knows more about the various Court intrigues than anybody in Tangier. He is the happy possessor of a beautiful house situated a few miles beyond the city gates, but, owing to the proximity of restless tribesmen, he has been compelled to leave it, and seek shelter nearer the town, for the Sultan's resident Minister for Foreign Affairs will not guarantee his safety. Mr. Harris has enjoyed the doubtful honour of being Raisuli's prisoner, and the more definite privilege of being the one Englishman who has penetrated unaided to the mysterious city of Shefshawan and the far-off oases of Tafilat—where the dates come from, as Charley's Aunt might have remarked.

THE HUMOURIST OF THE JUDICIAL BENCH:

THE CHIEF ACTOR IN THE FRASER-EDWARDES CASE.



[*Photograph by Elliott and Fry*

MR. JUSTICE DARLING, BEFORE WHOM, AND A SPECIAL JURY, THE FRASER-EDWARDES ACTION WAS TRIED.

Mr. Justice Darling, as a contemporary neatly put it the other morning, "from beginning to end thoroughly and characteristically enjoyed himself" during the progress of the Fraser-Edwardes case. Never, perhaps, did his Lordship find opportunity for so many jokes, and he kept the court in an even more constant ripple of laughter than does Mr. Plowden. Even summing-up proved too much for his gravity, and he amused the court by remarking: "The plaintiff wrote the whole of the musical comedy—but did not go to a Cambridge Professor for the lyrics, and was, therefore, called an amateur." (Laughter.) He also suggested, in connection with the similarity between the ideas of one author and another, that "if they went to see a Landseer they would expect a horse or a stag, and if they were lucky they might get both" (Laughter); and, again, "Captain Fraser admitted that he had no property in the East, and even if he had he would have been supplanted by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; and if Mr. Kipling had left anything Mr. Anstey would have taken it." (Laughter.)

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"Lady Ben"—"A Man's Shadow"—"Monsieur Beaucaire."

PUTTING aside the "Cingalee" case, which has thrown a lurid light upon the conceivable artistic value of musical comedy and should prove to be the last nail in the coffin of that hybrid form of entertainment, the most interesting affair of the week was the production of "Lady Ben" at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. George P. Bancroft by his other work has proved himself to be a dramatist of value, and, indeed, has lost his claim to the amiable consideration due to the beginner. He displays such qualities that one cannot help warning him against the defects of them. First of all, the reception of "Lady Ben" was less favourable than otherwise would have been the case, simply because he does not know when to stop. Almost every scene outstays its welcome: there is no popular fallacy so grossly untrue as the one involved in the phrase that you cannot have too much of a good thing—too much of a good thing is even worse than a fast. Secondly, he clings to now old-fashioned ideas. Ingenuity was the curse of comedy at the time when Mr. Bancroft was a boy. His trick of the substitution of a bundle of receipts tied up with pink ribbons for a packet of compromising letters which they resembled in appearance would have made the success of any comedy given at the time when I began to write about the stage, and the device of causing the handwriting of a father to resemble that of his son, so that the one at the vital moment could take on himself the peccadillo of the other, would have passed, though without causing enthusiasm. Nowadays, one feels that this kind of thing is tricky and insincere, and that the characters contrived to take advantage of it necessarily are not according to nature.



"LADY BEN," AT THE COMEDY: MISS DOROTHY GRIMSTON, WHO PLAYS PAMELA BARSTOWE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Bancroft that, starting with such a matter as his foundation, he should have kept his play so fresh, and have given, during the first half at least, some characters which, if not startlingly rich in real life, are interesting and fairly human. The pity is that these characters when moving towards a pure comedy are suddenly arrested in the middle. It is remarkable—almost unique—that the "juvenile lead," though very fully developed, should almost disappear during two Acts. He, as the young man of family who falls in love with the charming, ill-treated wife of a baronet, and, for a while, has the idea of marrying her if she can get a divorce, is drawn very agreeably, and Mr. Charles Maude played the part in such a manly, simple, easy fashion as to charm the house. Miss Darragh, doomed to a sort of adventuress part, represented Lady Ben with a good deal of power and skill, but certainly exhibits—as the result, doubtless, of playing too many conventional characters—a trace of a stagey, melodramatic manner peculiarly undesirable in the second half of the piece. Miss Betty Callish, one of the pupils from Mr. Tree's Academy, earned a round of applause by her clever performance as a French maid: one is not surprised by a little over-acting which she should deal with. Another new-comer—to me, at least—was Miss Cooper, an agreeable *ingénue*. The "old hands," such as Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Frank Cooper, and Miss Fanny Coleman, gave a good account of themselves.

"A Man's Shadow," Mr. Beerbohm Tree's latest revival, exhibits very well his reliance upon the policy embodied in the French phrase, "*reculer pour mon mieux sauter.*" The producer would, I believe, admit without hesitation that Buchanan's version of the Ambigu melodrama is by no means worthy of the traditions of His Majesty's Theatre. But Royalty had desired to see it, so that Portugal might know that we possess a glorious national drama, so, after being put to the trouble of mounting it, one cannot be surprised if Mr. Tree gave it a little run for its third edition. Moreover, his Luversan, his picture of the shabby-genteel French scoundrel, is one of the cleverest and most entertaining of his wonderful character-studies, and he gives a very vivid, amusing study of the ruffian. Of the business of doubling the parts one does not write with enthusiasm. A play might be written in which the doubling of parts would enable a player to give a piece of really subtle, fine acting. As far as I know, it has not been written yet, and probably, if it were, the actor in search of strong effect would ignore the intentions of the author and render it difficult to imagine that anybody could mistake the one Dromio for the other.

Many playgoers will revel in the energetic acting of Mr. Fernandez during the trial-scene, in which, as an advocate, he finds himself in an appalling dilemma. It may be admitted, without reservation, that he really moved the house. Still, and although some other parts were capitally presented, one cannot regard the piece as more than a stop-gap or pretend to be enthusiastic concerning the production.

Mr. Lewis Waller is lucky to have in stock such a useful stop-gap as "Monsieur Beaucaire," a piece in which he shows himself at his best and charms everybody. Moreover, the work, which began with no very great freshness, has consequently little to lose. Like the picture-hats and dresses of the ladies, a play such as "Monsieur Beaucaire" is never "up-to-date," and, therefore, never out-of-date, and the playgoer of to-day—and, indeed, probably of the year 1915—is as likely to enjoy it as were the crowded houses to which its first long run was given. The weak spot in it is that it needs Mr. Waller for the name-part. To me it seems unimaginable without the actor so peculiarly fitted for it—doubtless, one should say, "by it." Fortunately, he is in the cast, and by his art contrives to make even the Chauvinist forget to be wrathful at the scurvy way in which the English gentlefolk are handled by the American playwrights: what courage to have presented the play in this country! It is needless to say that Mr. Waller's Prince of France is quite as irresistible as at first, and shows no signs that constant playing has rendered his touch any heavier. Miss Eva Moore appears in the part originally played by Miss Grace Lane charmingly. Comparison is needless. Certainly everybody will be delighted by her dainty, light method in the earlier scenes, and by the admirable art with which she plays the remainder in a deeper key, and brings out a real touch of pathos, almost passion: one cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of the house. It must be added that the rest of the cast is excellent.



"LADY BEN," AT THE COMEDY: MISS DARRAGH, WHO PLAYS LADY ALLIX.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE "SKETCH" PORTRAITS.—I.



MISS OLIVE MORRELL, JUNE (A GIPSY GIRL) IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

THE HEROINE OF "EVERYBODY'S SECRET."



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN,

WHO IS PLAYING NELL IN THE ADAPTATION OF "LE SECRET DE POLICHINELLE," NOW RUNNING AT THE HAYMARKET.

Miss Bateman made her début at the Globe Theatre, at that time under the control of Mr. F. R. Benson, in 1889, and during an eight years' engagement with that actor-manager appeared in every play he produced. She then joined Mr. Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy, following this with a tour in South Africa as a leading member of one of Mr. George Edwardes's Companies, and another in the United States under Mr. Charles Frohman. After this came a season with Mr. Penley, as the heroine of "A Little Ray of Sunshine," and then, in 1899, her appearance with Mr. Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." Her career since that time is so generally known that there is no need to give it in detail.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

ONE OF "THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS" AT DALY'S.



MISS MAGGIE MAY,

WHO IS ANNOUNCED TO PLAY ONE OF THE TWO HEROINES IN MR. HENRY HAMILTON'S ADAPTATION OF "LES P'TITES MICHUS."

As we stated in "The Sketch" some time ago, an adaptation of M. Messager's "Les P'tites Michus" will form the successor to "The Cingalee" at Daly's, and rehearsals are in progress. Miss Maggie May and Miss Adrienne Augarde will play the heroines, around whom, it is said, a strong and sequent story has been written.

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

RIVAL MUDLARKS!

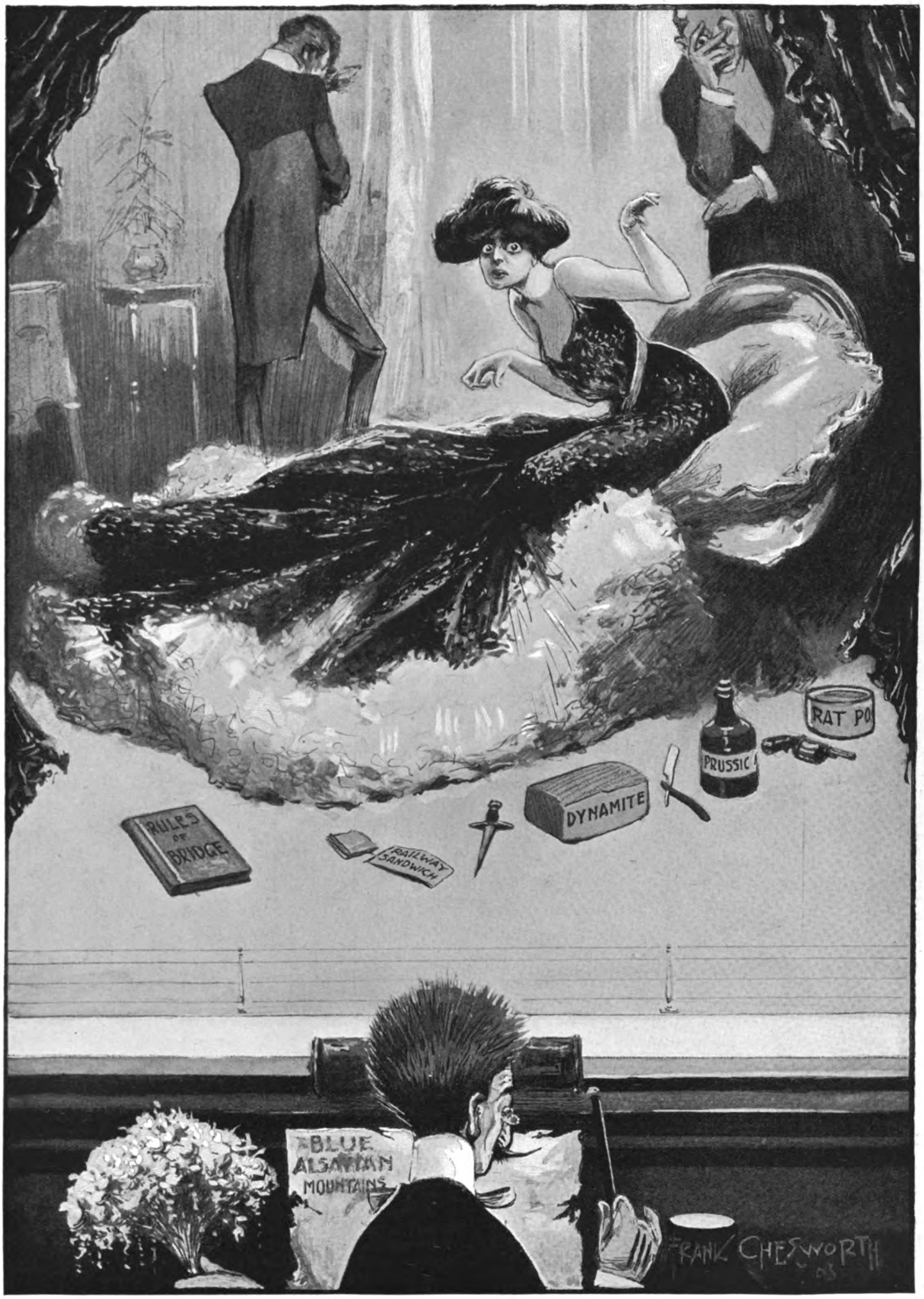


The Mudlark (*to the old gentleman who has fallen from the breakwater*): No good, Guv'ner; ye're too late. I've got the 'apenny.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

CURTAINS CARICATURED: III.—THE PROBLEM PLAY.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST.



"THE NECESSITY OF APPEARING INNOCENT."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE two volumes with which Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff brings to a close his "Notes from a Diary" are very welcome. They embrace the period from 1896 to Jan. 23, 1901, and complete the fourteen volumes of the series, which is published by Mr. John Murray. It would be absurd to say that the fourteen volumes will live. For one thing, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has not given himself away sufficiently. No diary will live unless the writer is more than frank, and on many points our author is more than reticent. Besides, there is a great deal that is neither edifying nor diverting in these pages—many otiose and trifling entries, many useless extracts, much amateur botany, and the like. But it is a high compliment to say that two volumes judiciously selected from the fourteen might go on living with books like Mrs. Thrale's anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.

The tone of the Diaries is complacent throughout, but they record the life of a man who has not succeeded as he might have succeeded. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has done fairly well: he has occupied one or two posts of distinction, and he has kept in close contact with the ruling class. He is also indubitably accomplished in certain directions. But his career has been marred by that gentility which is the curse of so many. He started out as a Radical Democrat, but he was genteel from the beginning, and that was fatal. He is very advanced in his religious opinions, occupying, probably, the same position as Renan, but he has vehement Catholic sympathies, or, at least, he has fallen in love and remains in love with Mrs. Craven's "Récit d'une Sœur." The reconciliation is too difficult. Again, though he has read a great deal, he is most curiously limited, and on essential points strangely ignorant. His own essays in literature are, on the whole, thin and trite. Where he has succeeded is in putting down a considerable number of good stories, repartees, and epigrams heard by himself. Many of them are not new, but the proportion of novelties is gratifying and unusual.

Sir Mountstuart's limitations are strikingly illustrated in his estimate of Mrs. Hemans. He complained to Professor Saintsbury about that critic's "over-laudation of Miss Christina Rossetti." "I maintained that I could find twenty short poems by Mrs. Hemans superior to any twenty similar ones that could be selected from the writings of the, no doubt, gifted lady whom he places so much above her." We all say foolish things, but few of us would print so foolish a thing as that. Sir Mountstuart's taste in poetry is for a good, sentimental, minor poetry like that of the late Dean Alford and Whittier. He has a poor opinion of Browning.

A saying by Lord Kelvin is suggestive. He thought many of the middle-age stories about the sudden disappearance of magicians, who were supposed, naturally enough, to be carried off by the Devil, had a real foundation in an age when chemistry was most imperfectly understood. Men would be constantly trying experiments which even very young students would now know to be certain to lead to most terrific results.

This is a curious conversation which took place between Gladstone and Dean Lake about the late Lord Iddesleigh—

GLADSTONE. What is wanting in Northcote is manhood.

LAKE. Oh, but I heard him make an excellent speech the other day when the room was filled with his opponents.

GLADSTONE. Anyone can stand up to his opponents. Give me the man who can stand up to his friends.

It was Mr. Gladstone who checked Sir Mountstuart's political career. Gladstone was expected to make Grant-Duff a member of his Cabinet, and did not. The result has been very perceptible. In these volumes Sir Mountstuart avoids controversial matters as far as possible, but he lets us see what he really thinks of Gladstone. When we find that he brackets Gladstone with Brougham, "who was once so tremendous a personage in English public life and is now little more than a name," we know all. Encyclopædias could not say more. Again, we are told that "everyone behind the scenes knew that Gladstone liked flattery as much as he disliked flattering others, however great. He left that to his rival, who made consummate use of it."

When Zola was in London, a humourist known to him declared he had been ill for a whole week trying to compose an epigram about Zola and Gorgonzola. He failed, but Jowett made something of it. This was his riddle—

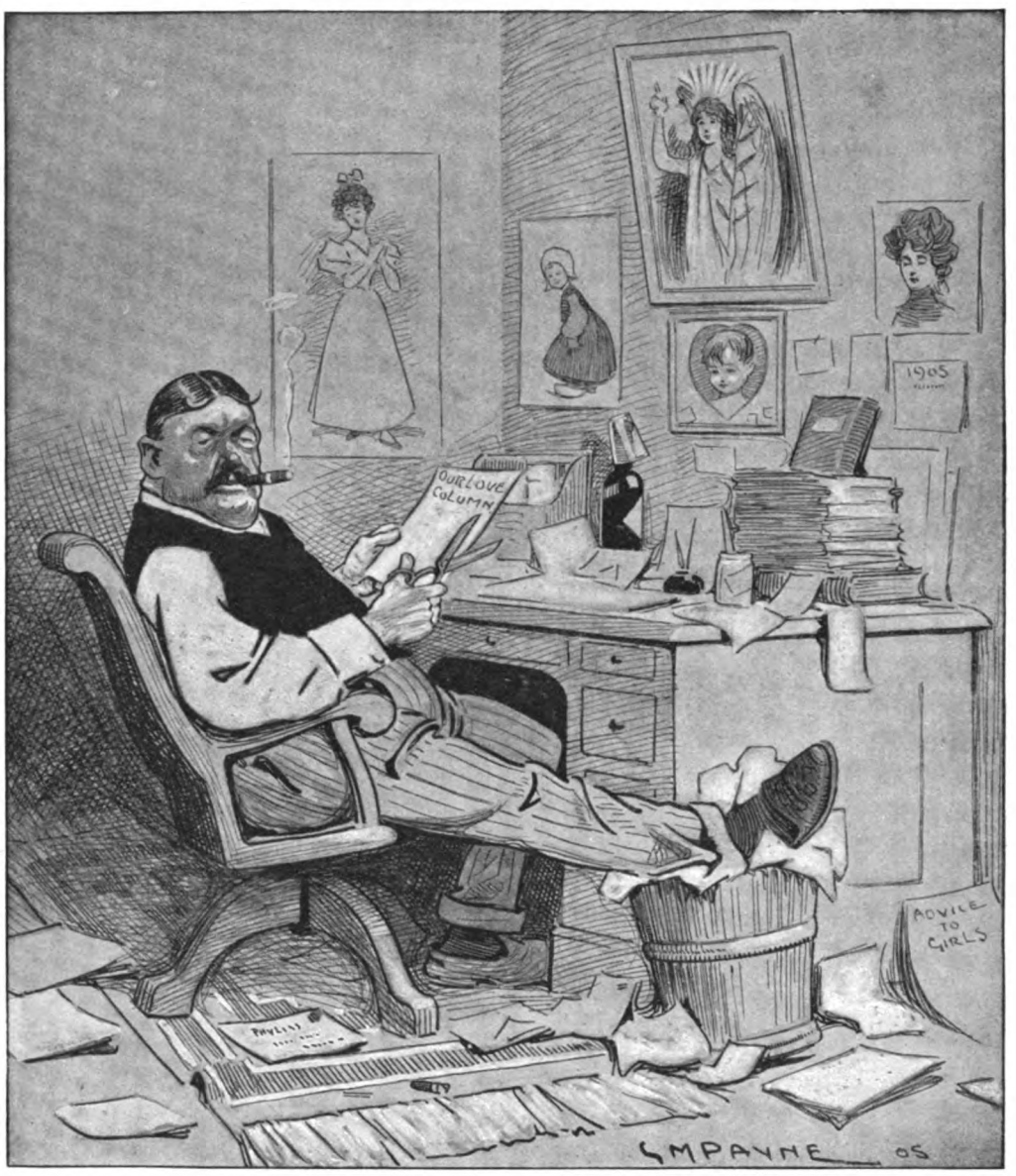
> My first is a monster, my second a beast,
> My whole the conclusion of many a feast—Gorgonzola.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, many years ago, found himself at a Club in Edinburgh, where he fell into conversation about Russia with a youth who put forward some views in which he could not acquiesce. "Oh," said this personage, "it is all very well for you to say that you do not agree with me, but I know all about it. I have just been reviewing Wallace's 'Russia.'" "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The speaker lived to be very famous; he was R. L. Stevenson.

Of Mr. A. J. Balfour's literary taste we have one or two interesting glimpses. He is an ardent admirer of Bagehot, and finds a quarter of an hour over Sainte-Beuve an infallible recipe for cheerfulness. It is well and very well to possess an infallible recipe for cheerfulness.

O. O.

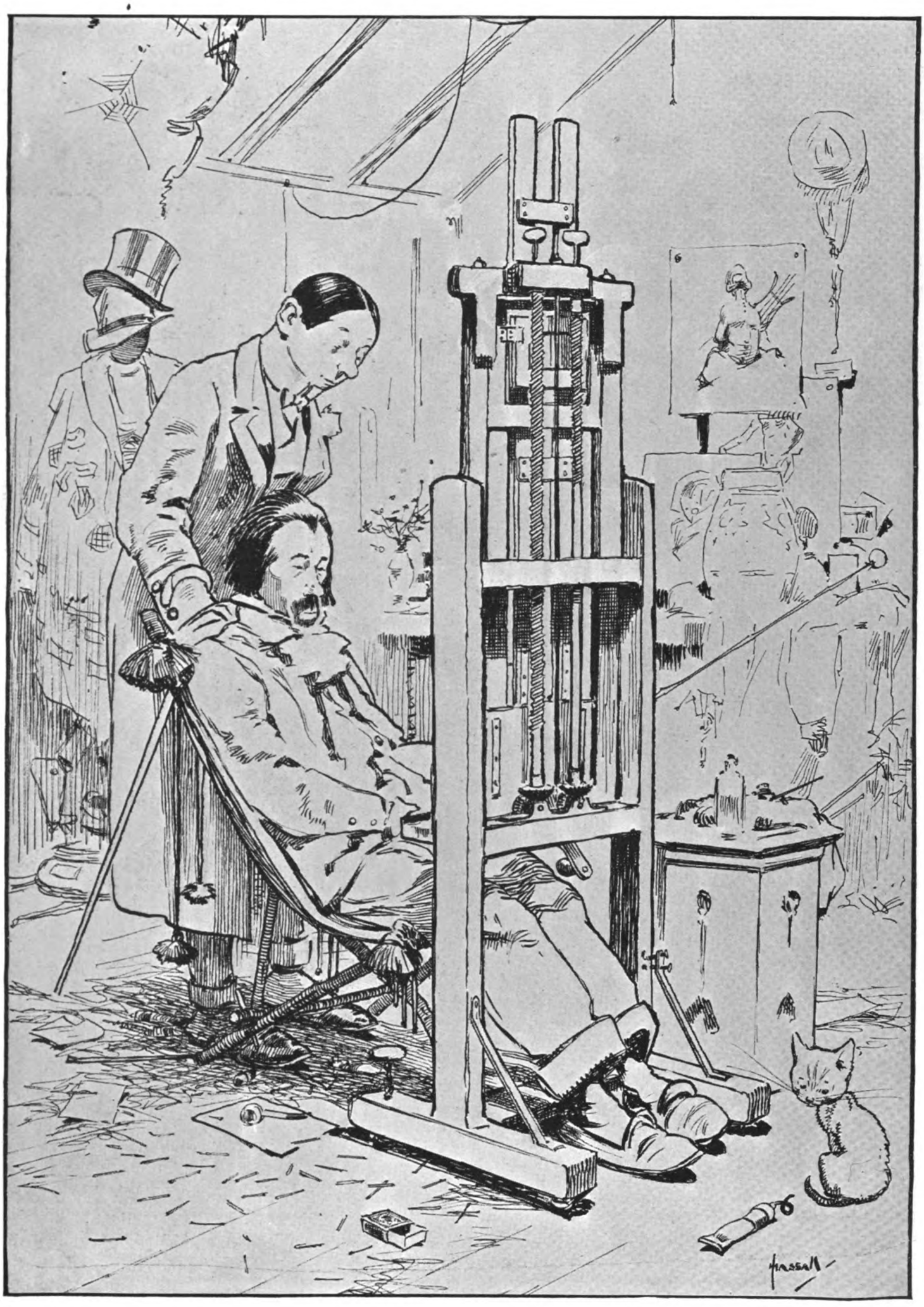
LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: II.—THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S HEMISPHERE" AND "THE LITTLE TOTS' MAGAZINE."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

OUR COMIC ARTIST PAINTS A "REAL PICTURE" FOR THE ACADEMY.



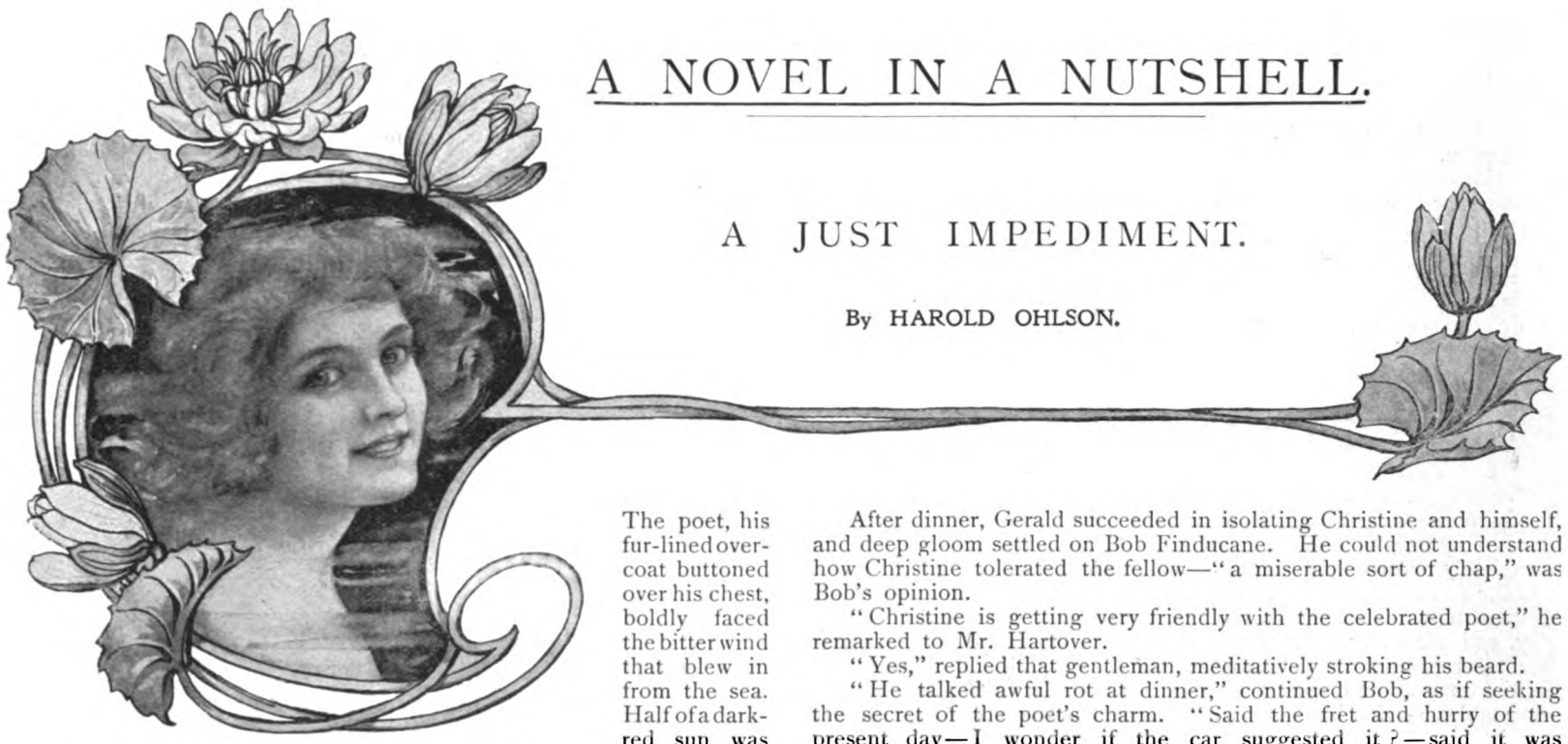
THE VISITOR: It 's not meant to be comic, is it?

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



III.—THE LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A JUST IMPEDIMENT.

By HAROLD OHLSON.

The poet, his fur-lined overcoat buttoned over his chest, boldly faced the bitter wind that blew in from the sea. Half of a dark-red sun was hidden in the murk of a winter sky; the cold was intense, but Gerald was filled with a fine elation as he gazed over the waste of grey water. For the moment, he felt as a monarch overlooking his kingdom; he was confident of Viking ancestors; he knew Christine was watching him; he hoped his nose was not red.

Christine had explained to him that the car had been stopped on the cliff in order that Mr. Finducane might crawl under it and hit it with a hammer. She added that it seemed to her a mean thing to do. But, while Gerald perfected an attitude, she was urging the mechanic to hit harder: the situation was exposed. In spite, however, of her encouragement and advice, it was a considerable time before the cheerful countenance of Mr. Finducane appeared, to announce that he "thought she'd do now." The descendant of the Vikings was glad to tuck his legs under the wraps, and find the distance that separated him from a comfortable fire lessening.

Gerald, coming on a visit to the Hartovers, had been met at the station by the pride and hope of that family (so Christine described herself) and her cousin, Bob Finducane. They had whirled the unhappy poet, something of a hot-house plant, many miles over a frozen country, in order, as they explained, that he might acquire an appetite for his dinner. In vain Gerald had promised them that he would have one ready in time. Bob assured him of the superiority of cold air taken in large quantities over sherry-and-bitters, and Christine announced that she could never really respect a man who could not eat his dinner. So Gerald shivered, but said no more.

All the previous acquaintance he had enjoyed with Christine had gone to show him that she was the only woman in the world whom he could rely on to make him happy. It was his great purpose to live surrounded by objects of beauty; his flat in town was a feast for the eye. And Christine—dainty, graceful, laughing Christine—would be strictly in keeping with his furniture. He wanted beauty that would not fade; he could fancy other women growing old and losing their charm, but not, strangely enough, Christine. It was chiefly for that reason, he persuaded himself, he wished to marry her. (He was not really foolish; even wise, according to his lights. But his lights had pink shades over them.)

In order that she might not lose any of the respect and admiration he knew she must feel for him, he climbed into the car without asking Mr. Finducane not to drive too fast, and with a great resolve to eat a good dinner.

When they arrived at the house, they were greeted only by Mr. Hartover; their hostess had contracted a chill while on a visit to a friend and could not travel in such inclement weather. Gerald, in after days, wondered that he, with such sensitive perceptions, had felt no premonition of evil at the mention of Mrs. Hartover. He marvelled that he had regarded the incident as trivial. Perhaps his perceptions were not so sensitive when his feet were cold.

Dinner was not to him a pleasure unmixed with sorrow. He had so etherealised Christine that to see her eat heartily gave him pain; also, he had so etherealised himself (the term is not, of course, medical) that for him to eat heartily meant more pain. That the two feelings were distinct was evident; but, as neither was a fitting subject for verse, they irritated him. He only loved to be miserable in hexameters. But for Christine's sake he endured to the end, even to the dessert. Then he rested from his labours, feeling that he had, indeed, earned his rest.

After dinner, Gerald succeeded in isolating Christine and himself, and deep gloom settled on Bob Finducane. He could not understand how Christine tolerated the fellow—"a miserable sort of chap," was Bob's opinion.

"Christine is getting very friendly with the celebrated poet," he remarked to Mr. Hartover.

"Yes," replied that gentleman, meditatively stroking his beard.

"He talked awful rot at dinner," continued Bob, as if seeking the secret of the poet's charm. "Said the fret and hurry of the present day—I wonder if the car suggested it?—said it was ruining society."

"Society likes being ruined," said Mr. Hartover, cheerfully.

"For himself, he said, he liked solitude and peace. A quiet cavern in some distant hillside was—was his ticket. I say, I wish he'd get one."

"He would reserve it for summer-time."

"That's what Christine said, and it made him awfully wild," chuckled Bob. "Told him he had better choose one with a Southern aspect. Said some of them were dug so carelessly."

Mr. Hartover smiled and moved towards the pair in the far corner of the drawing-room. He had decided that he ought to have a share in his guest's conversation. He may have been influenced by his duty as a host, or as a father, or as uncle to Bob Finducane. In any case, Gerald was annoyed; he could see he was amusing Christine—he was not sure of this big, quiet man with the long beard. He fancied he might prove more difficult to fascinate.

Although Bob could not understand it—and the objection is serious—it is certain that during the first couple of days of Gerald's visit Christine endured much of his society with apparent resignation, even with lightness of heart. It must be remembered, if Bob forgot it, that the fellow was something of a celebrity, and his well-known worship of beauty could not but bring some satisfaction to Christine. Bob, usually so cheerful, could find no reason for dispelling the gloom that had settled on him.

It was on the third day, and in the dusk of the afternoon, that Gerald and Christine happened to be alone together in the drawing-room, watching the flame of a great fire leap and flicker, casting so cheerful a light into the room that Christine had stoutly opposed the designs of a servant who had entered with matches.

For once Gerald had forgotten the value of words—his words—and had sat in silence for some time meditatively considering the tea-cup in his hands. It was Christine who spoke first.

"I believe we have both been dreaming," she said.

"Dreams are the wings that bear us to the pleasant lands; to the castles and fairy palaces," said the poet.

"Or to your cave?" asked Christine.

"No; I was dreaming of a beautiful house, with bright flowers and old trees round it; with the sunlight streaming through great windows, giving life and youth to the fancies of dead painters on the walls; a house filled with the treasures that Art gives to her servants; and with, above all——" Gerald hesitated, for once at a loss for some effective suggestion.

Christine, serenely obtuse, suggested the roof.

"No," said Gerald, putting down his tea-cup and smiling faintly. "Someone to pour out the tea."

The fire had sobered to a bright glow; in the shadow Christine sat motionless. Gerald recognised an advantage, and was preparing to go into the matter more thoroughly, when the door was opened.

"What, all in the dark?" came in cheerful tones from the doorway.

"Mother!" cried Christine, jumping up. "We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm all right again now. Dear Mrs. Burton was so kind. A sweet woman. She knows at least a hundred certain cures for a cold, and I've tried them all."

Mrs. Hartover had not noticed Gerald in the darkness, and for a moment Christine, a little anxious about the situation, hesitated to introduce him. A flood of light fell on the two ladies through the open door. Gerald stood in the shadow, rigid, his hands gripping a chair-back, staring wide-eyed as at a ghost.

He was watching Christine's mother.

And all that evening he was enveloped in a dark cloud of silent meditation. He seemed to avoid Christine, and when he parted from Mr. Hartover for the night told him that he was very sorry that circumstances compelled him to bring his visit to a close on the following day.

The night brought no change in his plans, nor in the appearance of secret sorrow that Christine had remarked the evening before. He ate nothing at breakfast, and decided on an early train. Bob drove him to the station in the car—by quite the shortest way—and seemed to find all his old cheerfulness as he stood with Christine on the platform and watched the train moving out.

"Poet chap seems to have got the blues," he said. "Come along, Chris; we'll go back along the cliff and make her rattle."

Christine watched the last carriage disappear, thoughtfully silent, and then went back to the car.

They made her rattle.

So the poet went back to town, and Christine dwelt in the country. She could forget; indeed, other matters occupied her attention so completely that she quite forgot. But he went less among his friends, and the sorrowful note wailed louder through his verses. There was in them now the tragedy of an idol shattered, a goddess proved but clay, and yet compelling worship. Time, often before his friend in like trouble, brought him now no relief. Several days passed, and still he hung about the door of his dream-palace, fearful of entering, yet unable to stride boldly away. He felt he dared not marry with the conviction that one day love, as he knew it then, would cease to be. Marriage meant close companionship for life, yet why should that deter him? He could see Christine; picturing in his mind her graceful and charming figure. But there beside her was her mother; and in all likelihood, in after years, when his eyes must constantly dwell on her, she would be like her mother——

And her mother was the fattest woman he had ever seen.

On a bright February morning, about a week after he left the Hartovers, Gerald, utterly wearied of the ceaseless wrangling in his mind of "I will" and "I won't," and the mournful wailing of "I wish I could," went out to find consolation. Knowing renunciation to be wisdom, yet clinging to folly, the idea had come to him that his friend Felix, painter and misogynist, who held all women in contempt for having seen the starved soul of one, might sour for him the cup of the sweetness of love fulfilled, so that he might the more easily set it down untasted.

Felix, busy on a masterpiece, greeted him kindly, but without warmth, and went on with his painting. Gerald flung himself into a chair, and sat in moody silence.

"Written any verses lately?" presently inquired the artist.

"Yes," sighed the poet.

"Cheer up," urged Felix. "It shows a good heart to be sorry afterwards."

Gerald was too miserable to retaliate, and began to wander aimlessly about the studio. Presently he stood before a picture resting on an easel in a corner and looked long at it, wondering at a feeling of recognition of the face of the woman painted there.

"Who is this?" he asked, presently.

Felix looked up sharply, then turned to his work again.

"An old picture of mine," he said, briefly.

"So bad that the lady wouldn't have it?"

"So good that I wouldn't part with it," retorted Felix. "Christine Hartover called yesterday, and I got it out to show her. It was her mother, you know."

"Her mother!" gasped Gerald. "But she's fat—enormously fat."

"She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"But I saw Mrs. Hartover a week ago, and she is——"

"Christine's step-mother. What's up?"

The poet had seized his hat. In a moment all his doubts had been dissipated. He trod on air. He must go to Christine at once, throw himself at her feet, and pour out his love. His troubles were over.

But the deep voice of Felix came again from behind his easel.

"Christine came for my congratulations. She is just engaged to young Finducane."

Gerald dropped back into a chair; Felix, disturbed again, came towards him.

"What's the matter with you to-day?" he asked.

"I—I haven't been very well lately. I think I'd better get home."

"Have a drop of brandy," suggested Felix.



WHY WASTE MONEY ON MATINÉES WHEN YOU CAN IMITATE THE REAL THING PERFECTLY WITH THE AID OF A GRAMOPHONE AND A HAT OR TWO?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHILE almost all his fellow-dramatists seek short titles for their plays, a fact which anyone may verify by looking at the list "Under the Clock," Mr. J. M. Barrie maintains his partiality for long ones with a sub-title, or something very like it, for his new play, which will be seen for the first time this evening at the Duke of York's, is called "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire: A Page from a Daughter's Diary." Mr. Barrie has described it as "a play of to-day," a fact which gives an added interest to Miss Ellen Terry's reappearance at the West-End of London. If her production of "The Good Hope" in the provinces and the suburbs is excepted, we must go back to that season at the Lyceum which gave us "The Medicine Man," by Mr. R. S. Hichens and the late Dr. Traill, for Miss Terry's last appearance in a modern part. Playgoers, however, with long memories and students of the drama or of the careers of contemporary players will recall that before Miss Terry joined Sir Henry Irving in their interesting association she by no means infrequently acted in modern plays, one of her most successful characters being Lilian Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres," a part, by the way, which was also acted by Mrs. Kendal. In connection with that play it is interesting to recall that Mr. Fred Terry probably spoke for the first time on any stage in it, for he acted the part of the boy with Miss Terry.

In addition to Miss Terry, the cast of Mr. Barrie's play will include such well-known actors as Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who will have played in three successive Barrie plays, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier.

Meantime, if there happen to be any people who have not seen "Peter Pan," but who desire to do so, the opportunity will be afforded them on and after Dec. 14 next, for Mr. Frohman has already advertised the revival of the play—a record, surely, in the matter of theatrical announcement.

Interest in Mr Martin Harvey's promised production of "Hamlet" at the Lyric Theatre on May 22 will be stimulated, to no inconsiderable extent, by the fact that Mr. Stephen Phillips will appear as the Ghost, a special arrangement having been come to to that end. In this part, Mr. Phillips once made a great success with Mr. F. R. Benson, with whom, as playgoers are aware, the poet was associated for many years. At that time, whatever may be the case now, it used to be Mr. Benson's custom to make constant changes in the parts played by the various members of the Company, and Mr. Phillips is said to have played every part in "Hamlet," with the exception of the Prince and the First Gravedigger. At one time, in particular, he used to play Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, and Mr. William Mollison, who on Monday evening began his "starring" tour at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," used to play the Ghost.

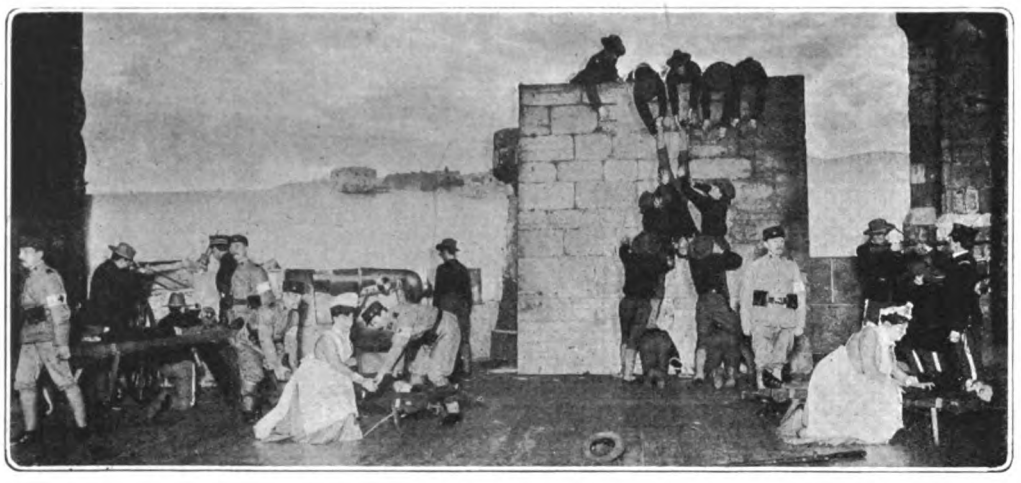


DAN LENO AS A SCENE-PAINTER: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HIS ART.

It will be remembered that we have already remarked upon the late Dan Leno's abilities as a scene-painter, and have illustrated the remark by the reproduction of a back-cloth by him. We are now able to show another example of this particular work of the "King's Jester," part of a panorama on which he was occupied for four years. This is to be sold by auction shortly.

Arrangements having been concluded with Mr. George Alexander, who primarily held the English rights of "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," Mr. Tree has resolved to make it his next regular production at His Majesty's. It may be regarded as another play which comes to London viâ the United States, for it has been acted with signal success on the other side of the Atlantic by Mr. William H. Crane, one of the most popular and successful "stars" in that country. Mr. Crane's version was, however, prepared by Mr. Robert Hichens, and Mr. Tree's has been written by Mr. Grundy, so that certain differences are sure to be noticed. Happily, however, the English playgoer will be spared comparisons, for Mr. Crane is scarcely likely to come to London to act.

Miss Maxine Elliott is so beautiful a woman and her acting has such a simple directness that she is sure of a warm welcome when she makes her appearance at the Lyric Theatre on Easter Monday in "Her Own Way," a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, which she has been acting all the season in the United States. She will bring the Company which has been playing with her, so that, whatever may be the result, there will be that ensemble in the acting which comes from the players being thoroughly at home with each other's work. Amongst the members of her Company who are more or less known to London audiences are Miss Nellie Thorne, Mr. Charles Cherry, and Mr. R. C. Herz, while in Miss Fanny Addison Pitt playgoers of the older generation will recall an actress who, at one time well known in London, has been for many years associated with the American stage.



"AMERICA'S LADS IN BLUE," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: DRAGGING A WOUNDED MAN OVER A WALL.

The Hippodrome's new spectacle is designed to illustrate the American soldier at work. To quote the official description, the exuberance of which the producers have certainly made every effort to justify, "The curtain rises on a fortification, and the boys in blue are followed through shifting scenes to the evening bugle-call, when the full-orbed silver moon rises majestically over the distant hilltops. Then come lighthouse signals. Guards change, and later on an enemy's warship heaves in sight and begins bombarding the fort. Excitement rises to fever-heat as the boys in blue rush to their guns, and anon the attacking ship is blown out of the water by Yankee torpedoes, while the welkin rings with the shouts of the jubilant victors, and the electrifi.d air is filled with showers of American flags."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

The doings of favourite actors and actresses off the stage are always an unending source of interest to the public; but there are degrees even of that interest. It has been conspicuous of late even in the charmed circle of the theatre itself with regard to certain highly esteemed and popular members of the fraternity, who are reported to have been speculating both wisely and well. Miss Marie Dainton, for instance, is credited by rumour with having been the lucky winner of what may be considered a large fortune, while Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore are said to have returned from America with some eight thousand pounds each over and above what they earned by their professional abilities.

KEY-NOTES

THE Philharmonic Society gave the second concert of its ninety-third year of existence, under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, last week. The "Philharmonic" is nothing if not progressive. Even Beethoven recognised that fact by his acceptance of the invitation made to him by this Society to compose a special Symphony for a performance in the hall which was then known by the name of the "Hanover Rooms." That Symphony was no less than the Ninth, and the Society was kind enough to provide everything for the great musician, as he lay upon his death-bed. There is a legend that he, absolutely deaf, sat upon a chair near the first-violinist, attempting to listen to the work, the ultimate work of his magnificent inspiration. But he heard nothing; when the applause at the end of the first movement became quite unrestrained, it is said that he had to turn round, by the help of a friendly hand, in order to bow to the audience, whose applause he could not hear, but whose sympathy he well understood.

The present writer has dwelt upon these particular facts because it is difficult nowadays to visit a concert given by the Philharmonic Society without remembering such a wonderful circumstance as this. We are modern in our own feeling to the last degree; but who shall catch up Beethoven, whose modernity passes all the dreams of our present generation? As Wagner said, when he himself conducted a performance of the Choral Symphony before the opening of the Bayreuth Theatre: "We may run, we may run, but it will take us many generations before we overtake this work of the greatest man who ever had the right to call himself a musician."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphony (No. 2), "Antar," was given at the Philharmonic Concert a few days ago for the first time. The work is very efficient, and deals with matters in the musical scheme of things which are, no doubt, important enough, but which, unless they are accompanied by actual genius, from the programme point of view, are not particularly interesting. We all know that modern Russia has produced music which touches the very heart of the present system of life. It is for that reason that one feels almost the heart-throbbings of Tschaïkowsky. But there is a point when one quite understands that a man is attempting to do a similar thing and yet fails in his endeavour. We are told in the programme that "After long and mutual happiness the Fairy notices that Antar is absent-minded." Nothing could be more descriptive of the effect upon one's musical intelligence concerning the whole Symphony than that particular phrase. The beginning is somewhat impressive, and attracts by a certain amount of well-orchestrated music. One settles oneself down, as it were, to the interpretation of a work deftly put upon one side for one's own emotional nature. By degrees one notices a certain absent-mindedness which is utterly justified in Antar, and, despite the fact that "she passionately embraces him" (for so the words of the programme run), one quite sympathises with the hero when, rejecting all things, he "dies in the arms of the Fairy." The Concert concluded with Bach's Violoncello Suite in C. This was played by M. Pablo Casals, who, earlier in the concert, took the solo part in Saint-Saëns' Concerto in A Minor. His technique is absolutely wonderful. He plays with a certain knowledge of his instrument which we do not remember to have noted in any player since the time of Piatti. But it must be said that he is rather hard, that his tone lacks sweetness, that everything which he touches seems to appeal rather to the stern and implacable man of the world than to the artist who looks for beauty in all work. Bach especially brings one back to this point; he was a man of infinite self-restraint, and yet he was a man whose sense of beauty has never been surpassed save for the exemplary instance of Mozart. But even as Mozart gathered hope from the tree which Bach had planted, so one might wish that Bach's gravity, his serious and workmanlike beauty, would appeal less upon its technical side than upon its sentimental side to a player like M. Casals.



THE ORGANISER OF THE RIVAL TO COVENT GARDEN OPERA: MR. HENRY RUSSELL,

Who is Responsible for the Management of the Season at the Waldorf Theatre.

Mr. Russell, the son of that Henry Russell whose songs reached such extraordinary popularity, is a most successful teacher of voice-production, and, it will be remembered, organised the "cheap price" opera season at Covent Garden last year. His season at the Waldorf is likely to prove a considerable rival to that of the older house.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

Mr. Henry Russell, who has frankly taken steps towards creating a new kind of opera season in London, is still quite a young man. The son of that Henry Russell who composed innumerable songs which took the heart of England by storm, he has been most subtly successful in his teaching of voice-production; finally, at the present moment, in his managership of the Italian Company which he is bringing over during the season, in order to prove how Italian singing actually, at the present moment, overtops the singing of such nations as rely more upon expression than upon the vocal tunefulness. Henry Russell is an audacious young man; and not the least of his audacities is his taking upon himself a first lease of the Waldorf Theatre for his opening season. He goes even further than this, inasmuch as "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "L'Amico Fritz," and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" have been entrusted entirely to him — that is to say, he holds the sole right of producing these operas during the forthcoming season at the Waldorf Theatre. We shall see what we shall see; but we must not forget that Mr. Russell is a very astute manager, and the list of his artists makes one feel that even Covent Garden might consider the possibility that here is a rival with whom it would be wise to make terms. Madame Calvé, Miss Garden, Miss Nielsen, and Madame Giulia Ravogli are amongst the principal artists engaged in Mr. Russell's scheme, in conjunction with Ancona, de Lucia, and Fornari. We understand that negotiations are pending with Bonci, and even with Edouard de Reszke.—COMMON CHORD.



A TALKING POST-CARD: SPEECH BY POST BY MEANS OF AN INGENIOUS ADAPTATION OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

The latest ingenuity of the inventor takes the form of an amusing adaptation of the phonograph. It is claimed that by means of post-cards similar to the one here illustrated messages can be sent through the post, providing always that the officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand are sufficiently careful with their punches. The circular disc placed on the card, of course, carries the record made by the sender, and all that it is necessary for the recipient to do is to remove this disc, place it on a little machine specially constructed for the purpose, and listen to the spoken message.



EXTRA PRIZES FOR COMPETITORS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY—OVER-LUBRICATION—HORSE-POWER—SICILY AS A FIELD FOR MOTORISTS.

IF the Continental Caoutchouc and Guttapercha Company does hail from without the confines of the British Empire, and, thanks to our hallucinative Free Trade and the excellence of its productions, does do a large and remunerative business in this country, it cannot be said that it is in any way niggardly in offering substantial prizes in connection with competitions organised by our Automobile Club and other bodies. Both in this country and on the Continent, the Continental Tyre Company, to give it its short title, has always encouraged and in every possible way assisted any competition or movement likely to benefit the industry. At the moment, it is very much to the front with a handsome offer in connection with the International Tourist Trophy. In addition to making the amplest possible arrangements for the users of its tyres in the trials, it offers a cash prize of a hundred guineas, or a cup of that value, to the winner of the trophy, provided his car runs on Continental tyres, and a further prize of ten guineas to the car fitted with Continentals that accomplishes the fastest circuit, regardless of all other conditions—two good, sporting offers which will cause entrants to consider Continentals seriously.

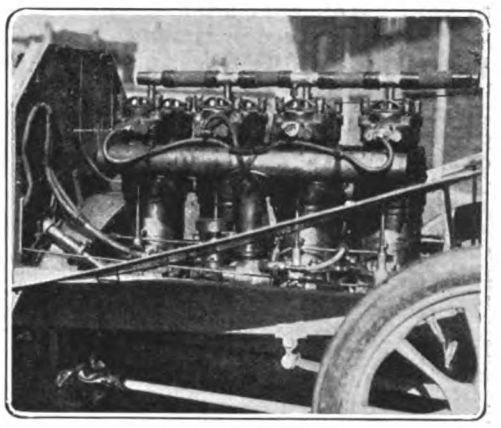


A DRIVER IN THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE: MR. CECIL EDGE.

Photograph by Topical Press.

The Continental Company gives as its reason for offering the above-named prizes its opinion that a competition of the description laid down for the Tourist Trophy must make for the early production of a thoroughly reliable car, satisfactory in every way for reasonable use on English roads. Everything which tends to the installation of engines of reasonable power makes the durability problem set before the tyre-manufacturers easier of solution. Tyre-manufacturers are beginning to gird not only at the increasing horse-power, but also at the ever-growing weight of bodies—witness the large prize offered by the Michelin people for the lightest and best body for a car suitable for *la grande tourisme*. By the way, I do not remember ever having seen any notification of the Michelin prize being awarded to any body-maker.

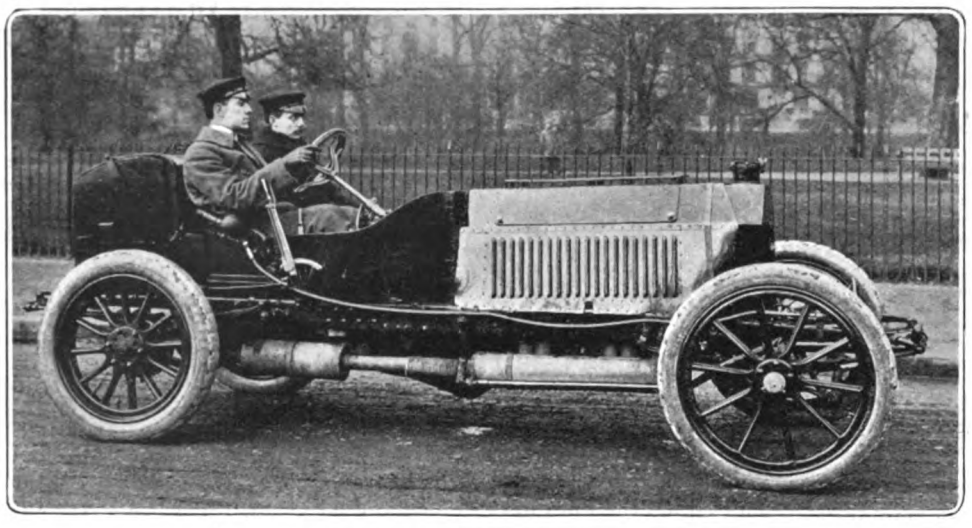
Over-lubrication, resulting in a choking cloud of thick, blue, throat-biting and nostril-stinging smoke being emitted from the silencer, is an unpardonable offence against automobilism and against the community, for the simple reason that it is invariably due to rank carelessness. In nine cases out of ten, when a car is seen worming its way through the congested traffic of the West-End, vomiting this abomination, the leather-jacketed "shuvver" is found at the wheel. It is nothing to these careless beings that their exasperating slackness is irritating the public and wasting their master's expensive lubricating-oil at the same time. If, in lieu of harrying steam-car owners for the occasional emission of a little harmless, odourless, rapidly vanishing steam, the police were to take up a flagrant case of over-lubrication, they would be doing the State some service. On cars of over three hundred pounds in value I marvel not to find fitted automatic lubricators, which will serve oil in proper quantity to the engine, and in due proportion to its speed. There is a good opening for some enterprising English accessory-maker to put a moderately-priced, automatic lubricator on the market.



THE MACHINERY OF A COMPETITOR IN THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE: THE ENGINE OF A 100 HORSE-POWER PANHARD-LEVASSOR.

Photograph by Branger.

Horse-power is a term which is always on the lips of the automobilist, but if you catechise him upon the subject you will find him delightfully vague in his knowledge. The effect of the Channel air upon the horse-power of imported cars is quite bewildering, for no one not conversant with the horse-power of a foreign-built car on both sides of the Channel would credit the extraordinarily stimulating effects of the salt sea-breeze. Cars which quit the shores of France as 8 horse-power vehicles are 10 horse-powers, and even more, by the time they are landed on the south coast of this island or arrive in the Thames. It is really most puzzling, and even the importers can't explain it—satisfactorily. But when experts are puzzled, who shall blame the common man for his haziness? In *L'Auto* of 27th ult. appeared an article on this subject of horse-power, with much consideration how best to arrive at it. Example was given of the Mors engine styled of 40 horse-power by those responsible for its construction, which, tested by the formulæ of Vigreux, worked out at 39·40 horse-power, by that of Ringelmann at 37·92 horse-power, by the first formulæ of Witz at 31·56 horse-power, and by his second at 32 horse-power. Computated by the formulæ advised by the author of the article, the same engine was found to be of 56 horse-power. "Who shall decide, &c.?"



THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE: MR. CECIL EDGE ON HIS NAPIER.

The eliminating trials for the British competitors will take place on May 23, and once again in the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine's countrymen having decided that it is worth their while to encourage the contest. Mr. Edge's car is 4-cylindered, and nominally of 80 horse-power. Particular attention has been paid to the steering, the steering-lever being so arranged that the movement of the front springs does not affect the steering. The ignition is the well-known Napier high-tension synchronised ignition, all the parts being easily accessible, and in view of the driver, on the dashboard. The ignition is driven from the motor by means of chain to the half-time shaft.

Photograph by Topical Press.

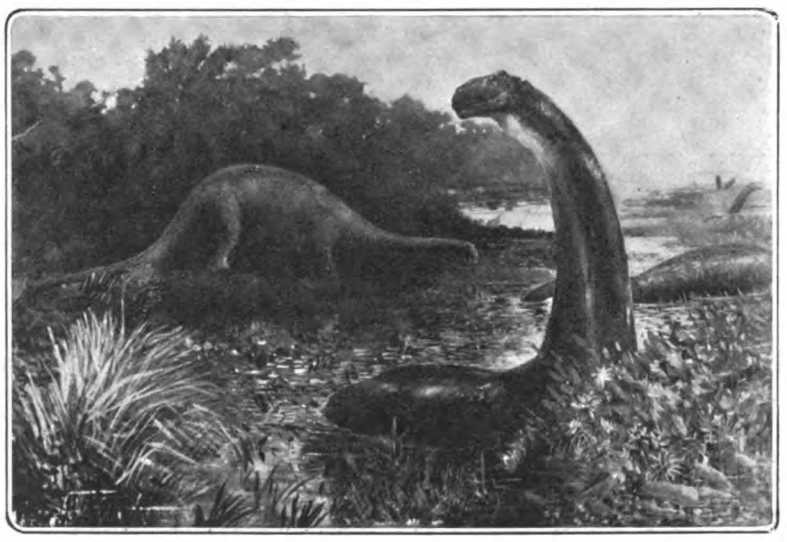
By Chapter IX. of that delightful book of Douglas Sladen on Sicily, I learn that "Sicily presents a most interesting field to motorists." Here, then, is a *terra incognita* to the automobilist aweary of the narrow, winding roads of this country, and the arrow-straight, tree-lined highways of France. Sicily, says Douglas Sladen, has the crowning charm to the motorist that he can go where other people cannot, quite a new experience indeed for the law-harassed motorist of these isles, and the perusal of this particular chapter shows that a motor is the only convenient means by which the crowded and varied antiquities of Sicily can be visited in comfort. Trains and horse-drawn vehicles are alike impossible, while the great main-roads are kept in excellent order.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—SANSOVINO—ANTE-POST BETTING—MYSTERY MEN.

THE Epsom Summer Meeting will this year commence on May 30. The Derby will be run for on May 31, and the Oaks on June 2. It is usual to have a five weeks' interval between the Two Thousand and the Derby, but this year it is cut down to four weeks. There is a big "if" connected with M. Blanc's three-year-olds. It is now said that Jardy will run for the Guineas and the Derby. In the Newmarket race he will have a doughty opponent in Rouge Croix, who has come on by leaps and bounds. The Flying Fox three-year-olds may be as bad as the Meltons. On the other hand, they may improve with age. Anyway, from information received, I am going to suggest that the Derby of 1905 will be won by Cicero. Lord Rosebery has already tasted the sweets of victory by the aid of Ladas and Sir Visto, and although I am told his Lordship did not think too highly of Cicero's performances as a two-year-old, he is now convinced that he owns a three-year-old second to none—at least, in this country. Cicero will be ridden by D. Maher, who rode Rock Sand to victory in 1903. J. H. Martin rode Ard Patrick in 1902, and L. Reiff was successful on Volodyovski in 1901. Thus, three American jockeys won in succession. I mention this fact because some people, highly charged with our insular prejudices, contend that American riders cannot act on the Epsom gradients. Maher is good enough for me if the colt is capable of winning.

The race for the Lincoln Handicap was one of the most exciting on record, and the finish was worth going half-way round the globe to witness. Sansovino got home all right, but I think Catty Crag must have won comfortably in another fifty yards. And, indeed, I fancy the third horse, Park Ranger, would have been second with a little further to go. I stuck to the winner in this column right from the appearance of the weights to the finish, but he was, I must admit, lucky to have won, and his victory was, in the main, due to the masterly riding of Griggs, who is an artist in the saddle. I am not likely to forget Marco, the sire of Sansovino, as he beat our good thing, Bedlight, for the Lewes Handicap, and after the race the late Mr. George Gotham told us he would most certainly win the Cambridgeshire. He did, too, but very few Pressmen were on the good thing. It was a big tip for Sansovino, who had run second to Romer for the Derby Cup, when Mr. Joe Davis declined to accept with Romer for the Lincoln Handicap. As I have said many times before, Mr. Davis is one of the best judges of racing in England. He won the Lincoln Handicap with the patched-up cripple, Fulmen, who started among the any-price-you-like division. Mr. Luscombe is a fine sportsman, and his latest victory was very popular, although it did not suit the pockets of the public.



WHAT THE PREHISTORIC HUNTER HAD TO FACE: BRONTOSAURS "IN THEIR HABIT AS THEY LIVED."

By the side of such fearsome beasts as the brontosaur, or thunder-lizard, the cunning of the tiger, the bulk of the elephant, and the ripping horn of the rhinoceros become, comparatively, insignificant, and the hunter of prehistoric days must have found himself the hunted a good deal more often than does the big-game shot of to-day. Nature, however, has done the work which prehistoric man could, probably, not have done alone, and all that we now have to remind us of the existence of such beasts is an occasional bone or piece of hide, and such exhibits as the gigantic skeleton, recently illustrated in these pages as the hero of a "brontosaur tea," which now has its habitat in the American Museum of Natural History.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

After the experience of the scratching of horses engaged in the Lincoln Handicap, I should say we have very nearly seen the last of ante-post betting so far as big handicaps are concerned. It is a remarkable fact that the favourites in the big handicaps show a bigger percentage of accidents than the outsiders. Some owners with certainties want 20 to 1 to their money, and when they are offered 8 to 1, which, in my opinion, is six points too much, they decline the contest. No end of people backed Csardas, Wolfshall, and Hackler's Pride, one after the other, in the early betting for the Lincoln Handicap, and all these were scratched. No doubt, the owners of the horses named had legitimate excuse for the scratching out of their animals. Indeed, Wolfshall was beaten in a trial, and Hackler's Pride and Csardas were amiss. At the same time, little backers must see the danger of backing horses before the numbers have been hoisted. Often and often it is possible to get a better price about an animal on the day than is obtainable a month before the race. Further, owners' intentions are not known nowadays until the course has been reached. The ante-post betting should be left to the Continental agents who swoop down on our Clubs directly the weights appear and appropriate all the long shots offered against anything entered in a handicap. Many of the professional backers now do all their business at starting-price.



THE GORGING CAPACITY OF A TWENTY-FOOT PYTHON: A CAPTURED SERPENT AND ITS MEAL.

The python here shown was found sleeping off the effects of a debauch on the edge of a jungle in India. A surgical operation, which was by no means for the good of the victim, revealed his meal as a full-grown deer, swallowed whole.

Photograph supplied by George Wentripp.

The turf is overrun with men of mystery, half-educated, weak-minded beings, who can never say right out what they mean, but who by nature are seemingly compelled to creep about, look very knowing, and whisper nothings to their patrons. They wink, nod, and talk in riddles, but never say right out anything understandable. These hangers-on of the Turf hint at pulling, and every other foul practice. They never believe that the game is being played straight by anybody, but their "information" is always of the gilt-edged consistency, according to themselves. These poor, misguided creatures more often than not have to beg for silver to help them to pay their return railway-fares. They are always going to run a shilling into a hundred pounds, and they would often have succeeded in doing so if this, that, or the other had not happened. Within the last three months a gutter-merchant was selling penny goods in the streets of London. He does the rounds of the Metropolitan race-meetings in the summer months, and retails Big Bonanza certainties. One naturally wants to know why it is he cannot capture the winter's keep if the goods are so precious. Why not back his certainties himself? The late Jack Dickinson used to get sufficient out of his tips at the Doncaster meeting to keep his household going for a year.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE was a time when — difficult as it is for the present generation to realise—women did not think it "quite nice" to be seen in a hansom, when girls were not supposed to drink port, to cross a street without a maid or male escort, or do a dozen other feebly venturesome things; while as for the woman who ventured into the City, she was indeed *rara avis*, and was stared at as such. This contrasting state of things is forced upon one just as much on one side of Temple Bar as the other nowadays, and anyone who journeyed Citywards for a Japanese Loan prospectus the other day might have regaled himself on Parisian millinery intermixed with the indigenous stove pipe in the neighbourhood of the banks that dispensed the desirable documents. Satirical scribblers still enlarge on the matters of the marriage market, but if they took cognisance of daily events they would find feminine interests hover quite as fondly over the Bourse. Most women, as a matter of course, have their own banking-accounts, which presupposes a stock-broking one to boot, and "values" are discussed at luncheon-parties or at tea-time with an intimacy and insight which our grandmothers could hardly have brought to bear on pickles and pomatum.



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DARK-BLUE VELVET AND BRAID.

Talking of millinery, its intricacies are a proverb just at present, and quite put out of court the puny efforts of the amateur. Hat-brims twist and curl and curve most tantalisingly over pretty faces, and the flat hat of too many seasons' fashion has dropped out of sight and mind completely. In Dover Street, which may be regarded as the fount of all Metropolitan inspiration, one receives a series of agreeable shocks at the unexpectedness and charm of each new model.

Kate Reily and Paquin naturally lead off, with the more recently arrived Lola an excellent second. At the former temple of fashion some silky-looking crinoline-straws just arrived for Easter headgear were very bewitching. We all know how lucky it is to wear something new on Easter Day, and when in doubt what to purchase, always let it be a hat, say I. One of these white Kate Reily confections had a little wreath of apple-blossom, mimosa, and heliotrope winding in and out amongst the curves, with white feathers nestling on the hair at the back. It is what an American friend who bought it called "too charming." Another sported two superb ostrich-feathers in palest eau-de-Nil, held in place by the most absolutely natural posy of field-flowers—the work of inspired French fingers. There is a noticeable absence of buckles on all the best hats, glittering eccentricities in paste or enamel or jet being replaced by flowers more exquisite in colour or construction than one seems ever to have seen before.

For glittering effects, women restrict themselves to jewellery, the delicacy and lace-like effects of which increase with increasing excellence of workmanship. Take, for instance, the necklet of small brilliants set in platinum which is illustrated on the next page. It is one of the Parisian Diamond Company's newest effects, and easily distinguishable by its originality as well as the lace-like gem-work for which that wonderful firm is justly renowned. Pearl and diamond ear-rings, which seem to form part of every smart exterior nowadays, are also a specialty of the Parisian Diamond Company. The particular pair illustrated is beautifully set in gold and silver, with large, lustrous pearls, only costing the bagatelle of seventy shillings, and rivalling in appearance, if, indeed, not excelling, facsimiles that cost over a hundred guineas. Diamond-encircled miniature pendants are now



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SHOT TAFFETAS WITH BLACK-AND-WHITE TRIMMINGS.

favourite jewels with proud young mothers, and examples of the daintiest designs are here obtainable at prices modest exceedingly. Other pendants of original and exclusive design, beautifully rendered in jewels and translucent enamels, are on view at the Company's different addresses in the Burlington Arcade, at 143, Regent Street, and in the famous corner-shop of New Bond Street which proves so irresistible a magnet to the passer-by. Those marvellous pearls to which the Parisian Diamond Company owes so much of its fame are still a chief attraction amongst their

many alluring wares, and the woman who does not possess a string or rope cannot be considered completely equipped. Many imitations have from time to time been introduced, but their defects bewray them. The Company's secret of imitating "to the life" that treasure-trove of the deep has never been discovered, and until it has been—which is another way of spelling "never"—the Parisian Company's will remain unique and unapproachable.

We went Savoywards this week to see Mrs. Brown-Potter personate Du Barri, and I could only think that if that fascinating Frenchwoman ever looked half as handsome, much was to be forgiven the susceptible Louis. Mrs. Brown-Potter's wigs and gowns were really ineffable, and her brocade *saut du lit* in the bedroom scene was daintiness incarnate. We have gone back to that period for many effects in silk and stuff to-day, and the ombré taffetas, with tiny knots of flowers, and the pale-tinted brocades of this season are enchanting, but are all copies of the old French, which once more goes to prove that there is nothing new under the stars. A correspondent has written asking for a pattern of the pretty little tailor-made illustrating one of Charles Lee's frocks that appeared in our last number; but *The Sketch* not being primarily a woman's paper, we do not issue paper patterns, and the commendable course would really be for the admirer to order the



A NECKLET OF SMALL BRILLIANTS SET IN PLATINUM, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

frock at the fountain-head, which would ensure its being smartly and economically carried out. Many women still pin their faith on the cheapness of the home-made frock, but let it be once more proclaimed that the little dressmaker is a fount of bitterness, a snare, a delusion, a sort of Goodwin Sands into which our treasure is poured, and from which only emerge wrecks and remnants of shattered hopes. The wonder is that she survives when the present standard of dressing in England is so high. It should be remembered that it takes an expert to achieve a satisfactory frock, just as it takes one to make a pudding or to build a yacht, and no bungler at a bungler's wages can, or could, or should attain to what skilled labour is alone entitled.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

I. Hylton.—I cannot say off-hand by whom Miss Violet Vanbrugh's frock was made in the second Act, but can find out and let you know in the next number if that will do. I should not think there would be any objection to its being copied. SYBIL.

Mr. Robert Ganthony, the well-known entertainer, is to play Sir John Bendwill, K.C., in "Counsel's Opinion," at the Theatre Royal, Richmond, during next week. The gown and wig he will wear on this occasion will make their first appearance on any stage, though they have appeared in many important cases when worn by the eminent K.C. whose friendship for the actor induces him to make a "Lent" concession to dramatic art. Mr. Ganthony commences an engagement at the London Coliseum in July, "presenting" an entertainment of geometry and art, and will follow this with a tour of Mr. Stoll's suburban and provincial Empires. Later still he opens at Mr. Proctor's Variety Theatres in New York, working two theatres each evening and doing two entertainments at each.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces a number of special trains for the Folkestone Steeplechases on Monday next. A Club train, first-class only, will leave Charing Cross at 10.15, the fare being eight shillings for the day return. Two of the other specials will be third-class only, and the fare by these will be five shillings.

THE PARIS THEATRES.

JUST as "Scarron," M. Catulle Mendès's play in verse, in which Coquelin the elder is appearing with immense success at the Théâtre de la Gaîté, has been produced, the news has spread that the old quarrel between Mendès and Madame Sarah Bernhardt has finally been patched up, and that the two great folk are reconciled. *Sketch* readers may remember the uproar which the quarrel aroused a few years since, and the absurd way in which Paris took sides for Mendès or against, against or for the Divine Sarah, for all the world as though the matter were another Dreyfus case, instead of the small storm it was in the dramatic tea-cup.



TASTEFUL EAR-RINGS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

The letters from Sarah Bernhardt to Mendès, and from Mendès to "his divine but all impossible Sarah Bernhardt," filled columns of the newspapers, and after a few weeks' excitement Paris had quite forgotten what the quarrel was about, and was, in true Parisian style, very excited about the details. The quarrel was merely in reference to a play by Mendès, "Sainte Thérèse," which Madame Bernhardt, after accepting it, could not or would not produce, and, instead of settling the matter, in brutal British fashion, with a cheque, the parties exchanged a correspondence almost as passionate and interesting as the more famous and historic one of that between Alfred de Musset and Georges Sand. However, all is amicably settled now, and, as the poet said of old, "Embrassons nous Folleville" is the order of the day.

Meanwhile, M. de Max, the creator at the Théâtre des Bouffes of the chief part in Andersen's and Fulda's play, "Le Talisman," has quarrelled with the management of the Bouffes-Parisiens, because that management wished to advertise the piece with a poster in which—in full accordance with the story—M. de Max, the King, appears dressed merely in his shirt. M. de Max objected to be made ridiculous, and—convinced that he has not done so—has retired from the Bouffes' bill, to resume his old part of the Homodei in Victor Hugo's "Angelo," at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, and M. Armand Bour, who had no understudy ready, has engaged Madame Yvette Guilbert to give a series of her "Chansons Crinoline" and "Chansons du XVII. et XVIII. Siècle" at his theatre.

These old-time songs of Madame Yvette Guilbert are delightful, and the Bouffes is doing roaring business. The whole performance is charmingly artistic; the orchestra of old-world instruments, at the head of which are M. and Madame Casadesus, has won its way into the wayward hearts of the Parisians, and it is not unlikely that Madame Guilbert may remain at the Bouffes until she leaves Paris for her engagment on this side of the Channel, somewhere in June.



TO BRIGHTON FOR TWO-AND-FOURPENCE: DEMONSTRATING THE UTILITY OF THE MOTOR-VAN.

The utility of the motor-van as a carrier of goods was amply demonstrated the other day by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, who forwarded, by this means, a load of sixty dozen of wine from London to Brighton in 3 hr. 48 min., at a cost of only 2s. 4d. for petrol.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

INLAND.	ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 11.

The Markets and the Japanese Loan.

THE Settlement and the success of the Japanese Loan have operated to restrict general Stock Exchange business, which has been on a smaller scale than at any time during the last two months. Now that the Account has been arranged without any trouble, the better class of investment stocks all show a cheerful tendency. There is no doubt that there is plenty of money about for both investment and speculation, but the enormous subscription for the Japanese Loan does not in the least represent what people wanted, for, of course, with a premium of 2 per cent. before the issue, everybody who wanted £500 applied for three or four thousand, and a host of people who did not want any at all sent in applications on the chance of making a trifle by premium-snatching—a game on which not a few persons lived in the good days of the middle 'nineties.

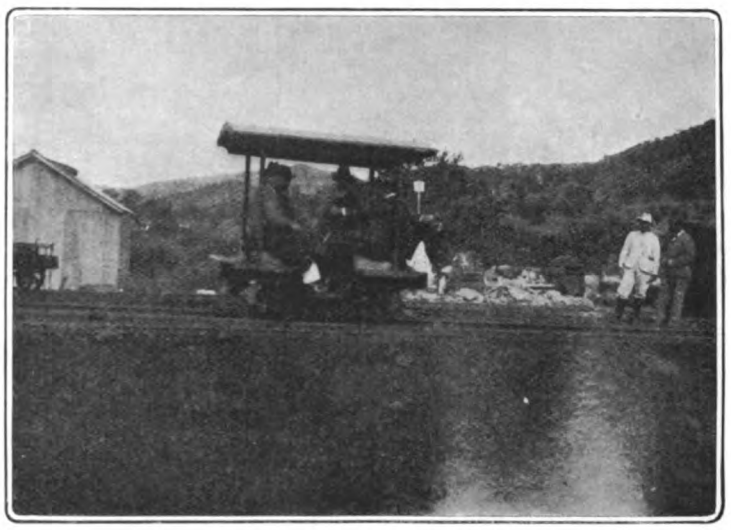
The Mining Markets have been very dull, and only kept alive by various stories about gold discoveries in Rhodesia, which the wire-pullers hope, we suppose, will in time excite public interest. The Continental speculators are more concerned over the continuance of the war than we are on this side of the Channel, and until they see whether Russia is determined to continue the struggle will hardly be tempted to launch out in extensive buying.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the "A" certificates of the Central Bahia Railway Trust, which were then 82-4. At that price they were a cheap and safe purchase; but at the present price of 90 they are about their true value.

In a few days we are promised the great Harmsworth Company, to include the *Daily Mail*, the *Illustrated Mail*, the *Evening News*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*. The shares will be divided into three classes and the capital will exceed a million and a half. The profits are certified at over £150,000 a year, and the title will be "The Associated Papers."

Hope and the Kaffir Market.

What specific cause brought about the sudden recovery in the Kaffir Circus at the end of last week it would be rather difficult to say. The market for months past has been a happy hunting-ground for bears, who contentedly allowed their shares to run, in spite of the ever-decreasing rates of contango that they received. The big houses allowed this kind of thing to go on without any attempt to check it, other than an occasional hint of "syndicates" being formed for the support of the market. At last the weekly meeting—at which the magnates were supposed to come to some conclusion with regard to how Kaffir prices should be maintained—came to be the laughing-stock of Throgmorton Street. Accordingly, when option-buying started to raise quotations, the bears affected no anxiety. But the rise went beyond the conventional half-a-crown per share, and the shorts took counsel with themselves on the point of repurchasing. As the advance progressed, they added their buying-back to the other elements of strength, and the whole improvement is merely a market movement, nothing more. It may, of course, be the opening of the bull campaign of which so much has been said and written during the past twelvemonth, but we cannot help being very dubious as to that. Prices are too high; that is the worst feature making for lack of substantial rise, and the public are sellers all round. We fear the Kaffir boom has not come yet, but then, as the jobbers say, "you never know."



SHEBA COMPANY: TROLLEY FROM MINE.

The Miscellaneous Market.

Still dominated by the price of Hudson's Bay shares, the Miscellaneous Market finds business considerably less active than it was a month ago. Dealers who came into the Industrial department from other parts of the House are inclined to wonder whether they have struck an Eldorado after all. One man doesn't think so, anyway. He made a price in 100 Hudson's Bay, and cut 30s. a share loss on them an hour or so later. The bull account and the readiness of real holders to take heavy profits now that the rise has been checked is at the root of the relapse. Perhaps the bull account is not underrated by those who would like to see the price lower, and we are quite prepared to hear before long that the situation has shifted to one in which there is a scarcity of shares. Then will Bays rapidly recover.

It is a good sign to see Brewery stocks getting over their acute weakness. The market is one which we dislike thoroughly, from its narrowness and the exorbitant terms upon which the buyer or seller too frequently has to deal, but constant drooping of prices in a department that carries so much of the public and the publican's money does no good to Industrials at large. Consequently we observe the rally with some pleasure, and should say it was justifiable enough. A sort of uneasiness has crept quite lately into the shares of those Electric-lighting Companies that operate in the Metropolis. Such sound investments as St. James's and Pall Mall, Westminster, Kensington, Notting Hill, Metropolitan, and similar shares are dull upon apprehensions of what harm may be done to the undertakings by the passage of the new London Electric Power Bill, if it becomes law. For ourselves, we fail to see how the older Companies would greatly suffer even if the Bill were passed, and the nervousness seems to be overdone. Something similar is observable in the fall which has lowered the prices of London General Omnibus stock and Road Car shares. We have already discussed the motor-'bus question in these columns, and need only repeat that the new Companies stand a very poor chance of successfully competing with their long-established rivals.

Our Stroller in Throgmorton Street.

He was standing on the towing-path, not far from Hammersmith Bridge, and rather aimlessly wondering what to do next.

The usual Boat-race crowd surged by him, and he allowed himself to be carried along with it, when an umbrella hit him sharply on the hat.

"What in the wide, wide world brings you down here?" cried a deep bass voice, and in another second Our Stroller was shaking hands with a former schoolfellow he had not seen for years.

"How is it you're not over there?" demanded our friend, nodding across the river at Biffen's stand.

"Oh, I like the great unwashed occasionally," was the reply. "By Jove! You see the primitive side of man out here, don't you?"

"And woman," chimed in Our Stroller. "But where are you off to?"

"Whithersoever fate leads. I've nothing to do, having made a fiver on the Boat-race. Which way do you go?"

"I was thinking of running up to the City," said our friend.

"Latish for that, eh? Tell you what, let's have a hansom up, and——"

"Stock Exchange," was the brief direction The Stroller gave the cabman.

And on the way down from the West to the City The Schoolfellow told how he had gone out to the Argentine Republic, done well, and was home for a few months' rest.

"Then you ought to be an authority upon Argentine Rails?"

"I know a little about them, perhaps. Look at the Albert Hall: dirty as ever."

"Oh, I don't know. It might be worse. What do you think of Buenos Ayres and Rosario?"

"First-class stock. Of its kind, I mean to say. They've just declared 6 or 7 per cent. for the year, haven't they?"

"Six per cent. the final dividend makes it. Then you think it might be locked up, eh?"

"Bound to improve, in my judgment. Why, this is Sloane Street, isn't it?"

"It is. You seem glad to recognise the familiar spots."

"I am. Came down by District, so I didn't catch much of the scenery. I say, that stock ought to be a thundering good investment, surely?"

"Why?"

"Line is going to be electrified, isn't it? Look at the magnificent route, the crowds of passengers even now, the cheap fares, the popularity of the line. I feel as though I'd like to buy five thousand on the nail."

"If you were to go to my broker I don't believe he would let you buy them"; and Our Stroller laughed, leaning back in his seat.

The hansom missed collision with a motor-car by the narrowest of shaves.

"Good driver, this chap," commented The Schoolfellow laconically. "Quite the fault of the chauffeur. Looks like a foreigner."

"These drivers are very cosmopolitan," returned Our Stroller, looking less unhappy. "If they——"

"That just reminds me," cried the other; "I met a man at dinner last night, and, although I'd never seen him before, he told me, most confidentially, to buy Cosmopolitan shares. Know anything about it? Is it a soap concern, or cocoa, or what?"

"It's a gold-mining Company in West Australia, and that's all I know," was The Stroller's answer. "Here we are at the top of Cheapside. Come and see my broker and you can ask him."

Throgmorton Street was full of contents-bills announcing the result of the Boat-race. There was a good-sized crowd outside the Stock Exchange door, and when the pair of travellers reached the broker's office they were asked to wait until he returned from "the close."

"New boy, sir," The Stroller said, as the Houseman hurried in. He shook hands cordially with his two visitors, tossed his dealing-book to one clerk and told him to make out the contracts,

then called for the letters to sign, and asked if anyone had rung up about Cosmops."

"Why, we've been talking about those," said The Stroller. "Talking of them only just now."

"I'm rather putting my people into them," the broker remarked, confidentially. "I need hardly tell you that they're a gamble, but I honestly believe they are a good one."

"Is it anything more than a general kind of a tip?" inquired The Schoolfellow.

"I think it is. From what I hear—and I believe the information is reliable—there are developments on the property which make the shares worth ten shillings, anyway. Only, as I tell you, it is a gamble."

"All mining shares are," said The Stroller, sententiously.

"Are Districts a gamble?" The Schoolfellow asked.

"Districts? I wouldn't touch Districts with a live rail!" exclaimed the Broker. "Here is the shop with tons of stock at prices from twenty-five and upwards, and the line is about as likely to earn a dividend on its Ordinary stock as I am to—to—row in next year's Boat-race."

"How is it the price stands over 40, then?" and The Stroller looked conscious of having delivered himself of a poser.

"It's kept there by people who want to get out of the stock later on," was the prompt reply. "At 4, the price would look promising; at 40, it is absurdly high."

"If that's the case, I'd better buy something else," and the second visitor ran the tape through his fingers. "I don't understand a tithe of these mysteries," and he tapped the long white strip with his forefinger.

"D' you want to buy something?" asked the broker, as he ceased to sign the letters.

"Says he means to buy five Districts," replied The Stroller, evoking swift denial from the capitalist.

"I have a good deal of Argentine odds-and-ends, so thought I might go into some fresh field this time," he explained.

"I see," said the broker. "Speculative?"

"Speculative investment."

"I'm rather sweet on Grand Trunk Third Preference myself."

"Didn't I see the Company badly slated in the financial papers last week?"

The Broker smiled. "That particular attack you need take no notice of," he nodded; and went on to discuss the prospects of the Company, the price of the stock, and so on.

"Will you please buy me five thousand pounds stock?" asked The Schoolfellow. "I will take it up, and if you want any references——"

The stock was bought.

Saturday, April 1, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules--

(1) *All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.*

(2) *Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.*

(3) *Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.*

(4) *Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.*

(5) *All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.*

(6) *Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.*

(7) *No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.*

(8) *Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.*

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. O.—(1) How you can be taken in by such rubbish as the "London and New York" touts send you passes our comprehension. We have not space to point out the folly of the whole thing, but it is absurd to talk of making money out of buying and selling the same stock at the same time. People like you must lose their money somehow, as well this way as any other.

Arthur.—See this week's Notes. The price was about 82½ when we recommended the purchase.

Norman Giles.—The proposal in your letter is not a bad one, but we should prefer some Argentine Railway stock, or, if you will take a little more risk for the chance of a corresponding profit, Cuban Central Railway shares, for the reinvestment.

Jap.—The allotments will probably be out before this answer is in print, so it is useless to guess at what you will get.

Cat's Meat.—We really cannot answer your questions. All we knew as to the Nelson report was given in last week's issue.

THE CLUBMAN.

Lord Curzon and his Troubles—The Method of the Babu—The Kaiser as the Protector of the Faithful.

LORD CURZON rose from a sick-bed to defend the proposals for the Indian Budget in his Council, and was really pathetic when he alluded to the discontent of the educated natives. When Lord Curzon first took up his appointment, I wrote that sooner or later, in his zeal for reform, he would come to hand-grips with the Babu, and that when that happened he would find an unlimited amount of passive resistance opposing him. The educated native, from Mr. Jabberjee downwards, is, on paper, more anxious for the efficiency of all Government departments in India than any of the other inhabitants of the continent; but his idea of efficiency is that nearly all the posts held by Europeans should pass into native hands, and then, in a spirit of brotherly love, he will find two appointments for the native-born where one Englishman did the work.

Every white man in India, whether he be in one of the branches of the Civil Service, a railway-man, or a soldier, tries at intervals to put his office into order and to rout out of it the minor native clerks who are doing unnecessary work. He probably finds that all letters which come into the office are copied out in long-hand into books by two most industrious scribes, are then handed to another to be registered, to yet another for a précis to be made of them, and, finally, come to him after three hours' unnecessary delay. The white man sends for the head native clerk, tells him that the contents of the letters are to be noted when the receipt of them is registered, that they are to be in his hands half-an-hour after their arrival, and that the services of the two junior clerks are to be dispensed with.

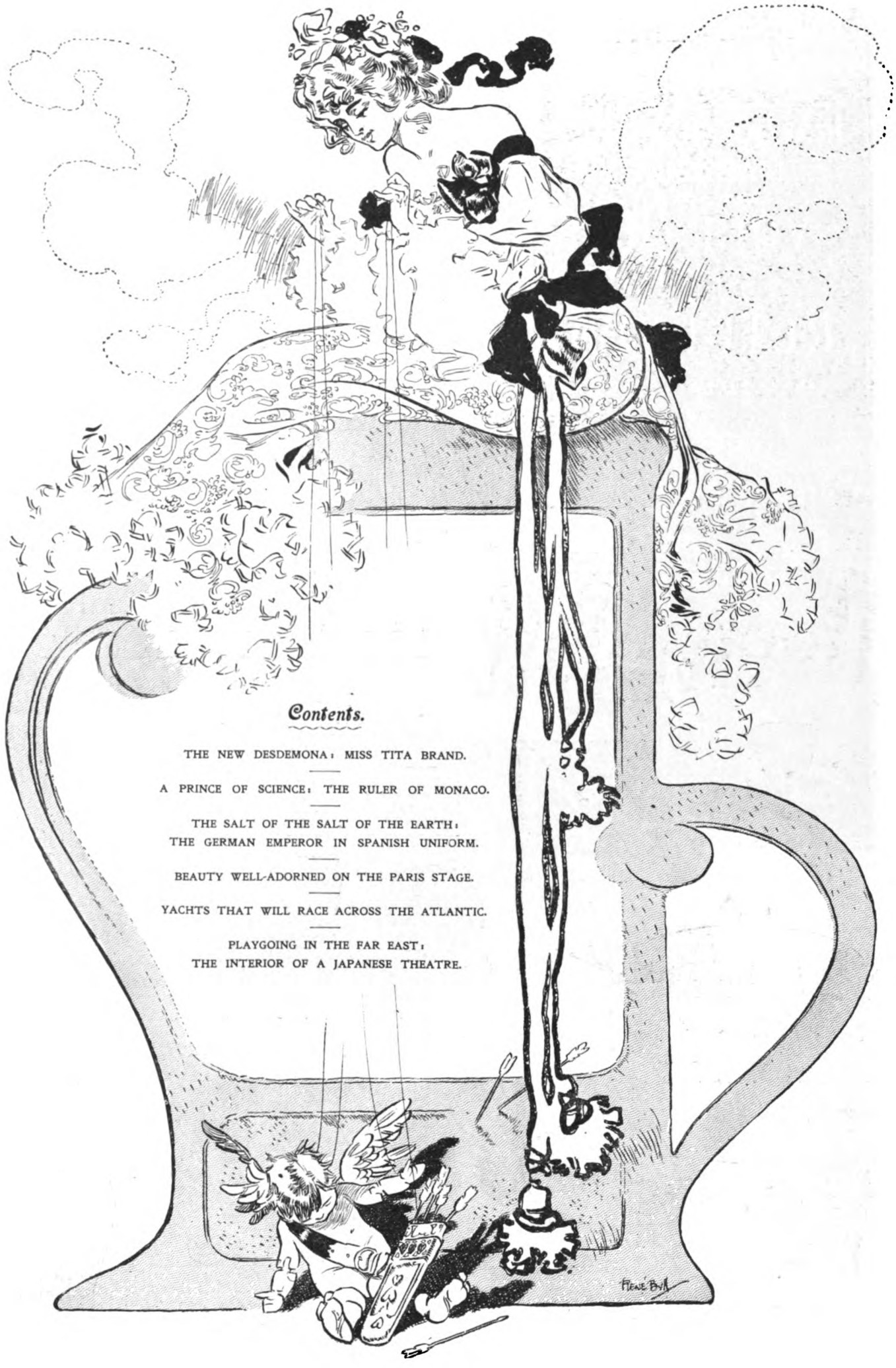
The head-clerk salaams respectfully and says that the protector of the poor's orders shall be obeyed. Half-an-hour later the sound of wailing is heard, and, before the Englishman leaves his office, the two clerks, weeping copiously, have presented petitions which set forth the ruin which has fallen upon them, and beg that the cherisher of the lowly will not hide the light of his countenance from them. The white man persists, and the two clerks, with loosened hair and covered with dust, take up permanent positions outside his bungalow-gate, and announce to all who pass that they have come there to die of starvation because the lamp of the world is angry with them.

Everything goes wrong in the office; the most important letter of the week is lost, owing, as the head-clerk points out, to the irregular method of registration; every circular, begging-letter, advertisement, and applications from sweepers and bheestis for employment come before the worried official, as well as the letters he should see. His milch-cow dies under suspicious circumstances, his pony goes lame, and he knows that the whole office rejoices thereat; and his wife's native maid and his baby's ayah both give warning, saying that there is "Jadoo" upon the house. The native paper commences a series of attacks upon him, and he himself begins to feel ill with worry and overwork. At last, unless he is a very determined man, he says that employment may be found again for the dismissed clerks, and at once the office work goes again on greased wheels and his domestic troubles cease.

Lord Curzon is experiencing something of the same kind on a much larger scale. He has taken immense interest in all things pertaining to the nations he governs, he has spent great sums on preserving their monuments, and has not only protected their religions, but has made himself acquainted with the tenets of them. He has remitted taxes which pressed on the very poor, and risked his popularity with the Army by always giving the benefit of the doubt to the coloured man in all cases of disputes between soldiers and villagers; but he does not consider that to be a B.A. of the Colleges of Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta is a claim to Government employment, and wishes to get the maximum of useful work out of native employés instead of multiplying posts for the duly qualified.

One of the rumours made in Germany concerning the Kaiser's visit to Morocco was that His Imperial Majesty purposed to take on his shoulders the protection of all Mohammedan peoples. This is a far more picturesque picture than that of the War Lord turned into sublime commercial-traveller; but in Germany there is not much knowledge concerning the thoughts and feeling of Mohammedan races. If the Kaiser were willing to become a follower of the Prophet, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca and wear a green turban, he might be accepted as a leader of the Mohammedan peoples, though the Sultan would probably have a word or two to say on the matter. The fanatic follower of the laws of the Prophet has a deep contempt for all infidels. He is quite pleased should they cut each other's throats, but, at the best, he tolerates their presence as a necessary nuisance. There are some verses in the Koran which lay down that the infidel and all his family, his domestic animals, and all that belongs to him should be destroyed, and in the Indian Mutiny, in one of the captured towns, the Europeans were solemnly led out to execution, the Mullahs going in front of them and chanting these verses. Unless the Kaiser is prepared to build a Mosque in Berlin and to pay surprise visits to his garrisons with a praying-carpet under his arm, I am afraid he will never be accepted as a Protector of the Faithful.

"The Sketch" Supplement.



Contents.

THE NEW DESDEMONA: MISS TITA BRAND.

A PRINCE OF SCIENCE: THE RULER OF MONACO.

THE SALT OF THE SALT OF THE EARTH:
THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN SPANISH UNIFORM.

BEAUTY WELL-ADORNED ON THE PARIS STAGE.

YACHTS THAT WILL RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

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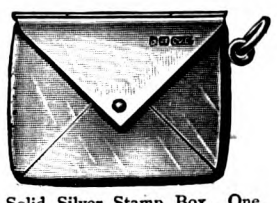
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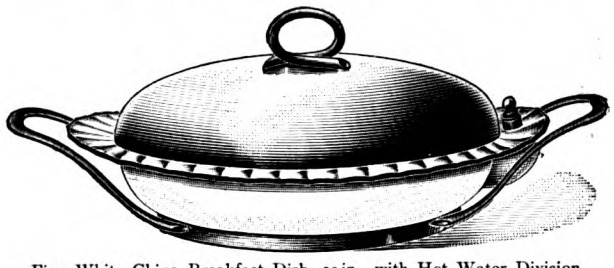
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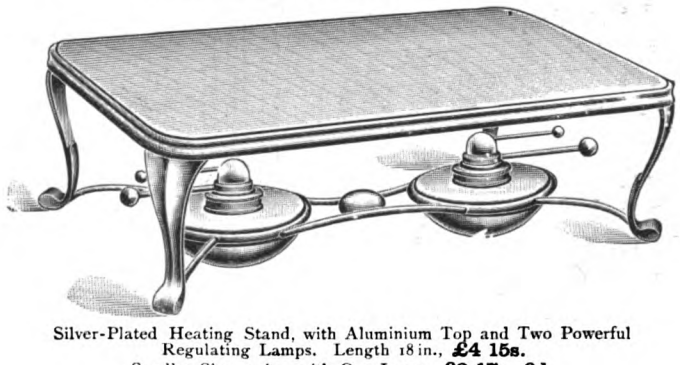


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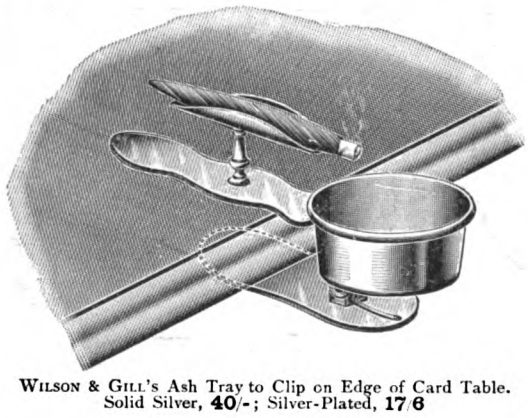


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Brown Doulton Ware Spirit Jug, Solid Silver Cork, **16/-**

THE NEW DESDEMONA.



MISS TITA BRAND,

WHO WILL PRODUCE "OTHELLO" AT THE SHAFTESBURY ON SATURDAY NEXT.

Miss Brand will play Desdemona to the Othello of Mr. Hubert Carter and the Iago of Mr. J. H. Barnes. Miss Granville will be the Emilia. The Shaksperian revival will be followed by the production of Franz von Schonthan's play, "Renaissance," translated into English verse by Miss Alice Greeven (Mrs. J. T. Grein). Later, a triple bill, including Mr. Carter's adaptation of "Punchinello," is likely to be presented.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

A PRINCE OF SCIENCE: THE RULER OF MONACO,

OCEANOGRAPHER AND OWNER OF THE GAMBLING-ROOMS OF MONTE CARLO.



1. Prince Albert of Monaco in his New Museum of Oceanography at Monaco. 2. The Prince in his Laboratory.
3. The Museum of Oceanography constructed by the Prince of Monaco. 4. Prince Albert on Board his Vessel, the "Princesse Alice."
5. The Prince at Work in One of the Laboratories of the "Princesse Alice." 6. The Prince as a Motor-Cyclist. 7. The Prince on Board the "Princesse Alice."

The cares of a ruler of a State of eight square miles, even though that State be one of the oldest Principalities of the civilised world, do not weigh so heavily upon Prince Albert of Monaco that he cannot find time to indulge in any other work, and he has probably done more to encourage the study of oceanography than any other living scientist. To this study he devotes much of the money that comes to him from the gambling-rooms at Monte Carlo. The vessel on which he engages in his pursuit of science is fitted with an elaboration that would delight any scientist, and his Museum of Oceanography is one of the sights of Monaco.

Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens. (*See "Small Talk of the Week."*)

THE SALT OF THE SALT OF THE EARTH.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN SPANISH UNIFORM.

"A MAN SO VARIOUS, THAT HE SEEM'D TO BE NOT ONE, BUT ALL MANKIND'S EPITOME . ."

The Kaiser's statement at Bremen that his people are the salt of the earth strengthened the fear that His Imperial Majesty was intending to dump certain of the salt upon the tail of whatever bird is represented by Morocco. France, on the other hand, makes light of the visit, stating that His Majesty's Government, "with perfect correctness, acquainted the French Government with every detail of the plan long before it was officially announced," and that not only can the call at Tangier have no political significance, but that it will in no way change France's line of conduct, "the object of which is to strengthen the Sultan's authority and to bring about order, prosperity, and calm in the large empire submitted to her influence, while safeguarding the commercial interests of the European Powers."

Photograph by Voigt.

BEAUTY WELL-ADORNED

Photographs by Reutlinger; Co



(1.) MLLE. PIERRAT. (2.) MLLE. ARLETTE DORGÈRE. (3.) MME. CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

(7.) MLLE. ROBINNE. (8.) MLLE. CARMEN DE VILLERS. (9.) MLLE. CÉ

ON THE PARIS STAGE.

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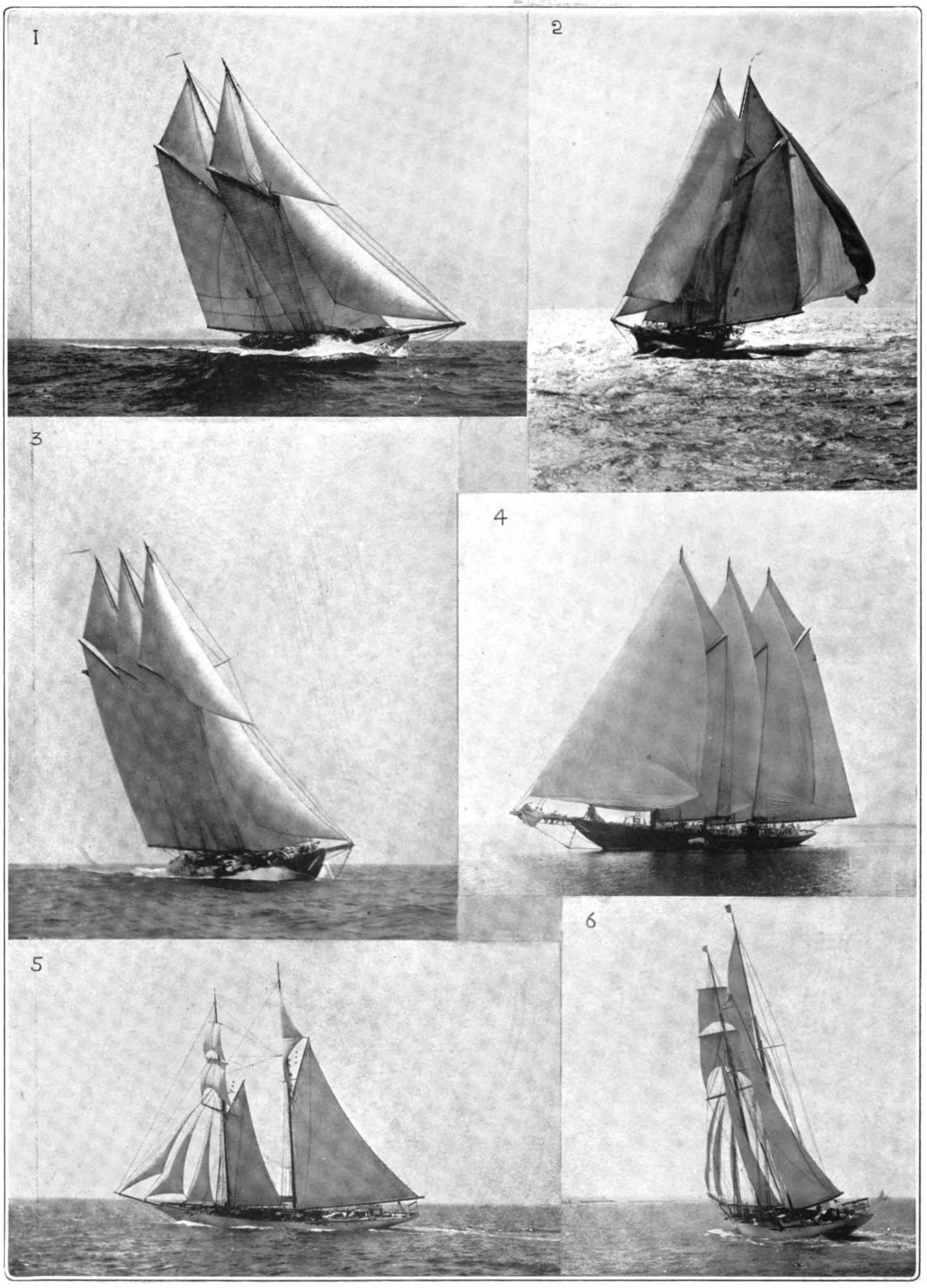


(4.) MLLE. GEORGETTE SANDRY. (5.) MLLE. MADELINE CARLIER. (6.) MLLE. MARGUERITE BRÉSIL.

ILLE SOREL. (10.) MLLE. AUGERAU. (11.) MLLE. MARTHE BRANDÈS.

YACHTS THAT WILL RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC:

CRAFT COMPETING FOR THE KAISER'S CUP.



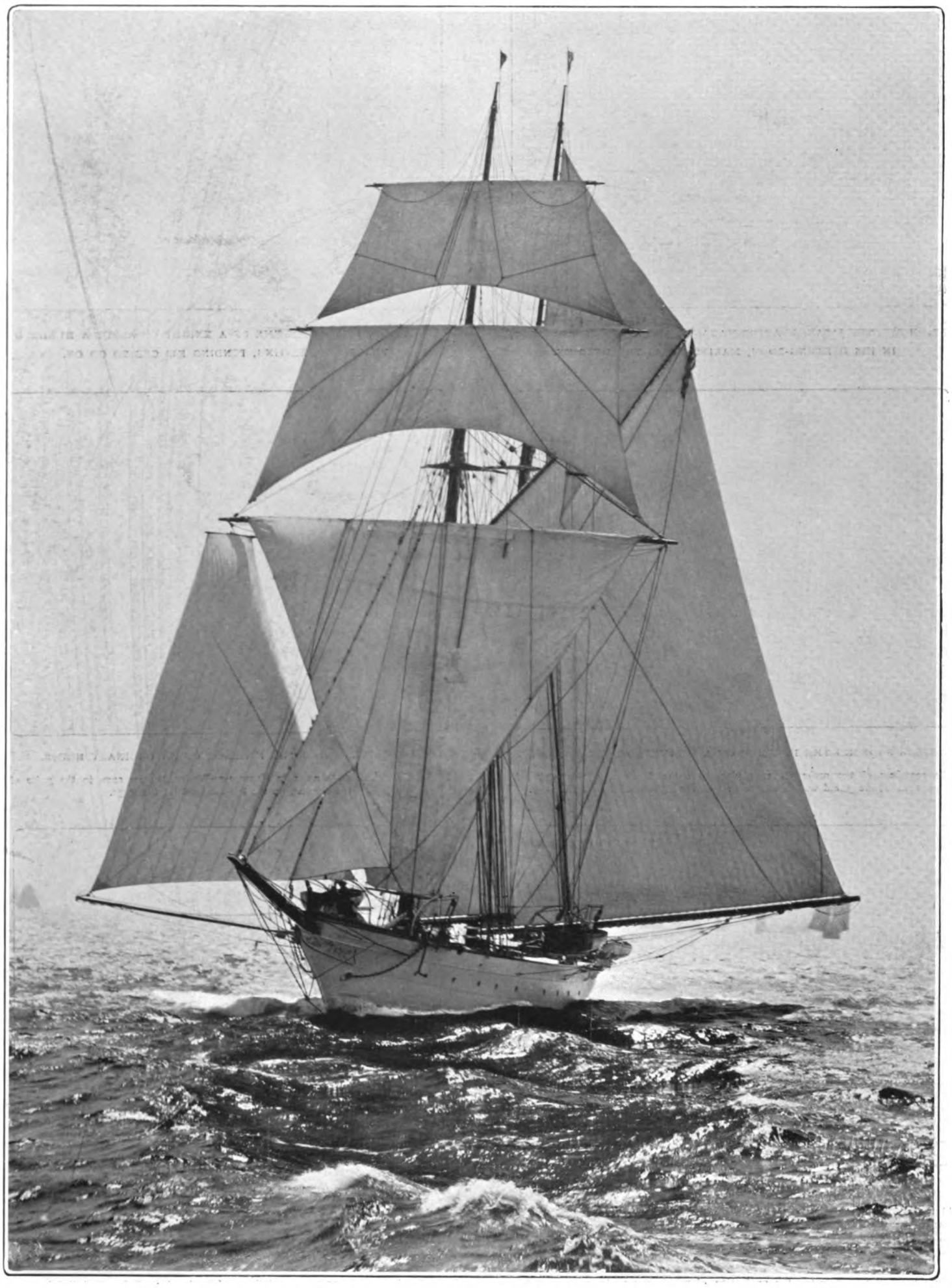
(1) "THE RESOLUTE." (2) MR. GEORGE LAUDER JUNIOR'S 116-TON SCHOONER "ENDYMION."
(3 AND 4) MR. WILSON MARSHALL'S SCHOONER-RIGGED AUXILIARY "ATLANTIC."
(5 AND 6) MR. ROBERT E. TOD'S 235-TON TOPSAIL SCHOONER "THISTLE."

The entries for the race for the Kaiser's Cup, which will take place in May, closed at the end of March. For details as to certain of the yachts illustrated, we are indebted to the courtesy of the Editor of the "Yachting World."

Photographs by J. Burton, New York.

A YACHT THAT WILL RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC:

ONE OF THE CRAFT COMPETING FOR THE KAISER'S CUP.



MR. ROBERT E. TOD'S 235-TON TOPSAIL SCHOONER "THISTLE."

Photograph by J. Burton, New York.

PLAYGOING IN THE FAR EAST: THE INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE THEATRE.



MR. INOWE, THE JAPANESE ACTOR-MANAGER AND LADY-IMPERSONATOR, IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM, MAKING-UP AS THE HEROINE.

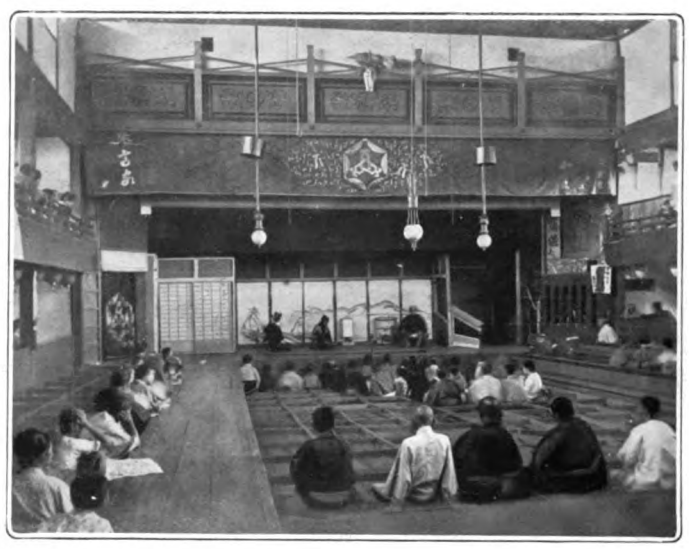


AN ACTOR, IN THE COSTUME OF A KNIGHT OF ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, RESTING, PENDING HIS CUE TO GO ON.



A SCENE SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF A WEALTHY SAMURAI'S HOUSE.

The members of the orchestra, who play upon the Samisen, a three-stringed instrument, are placed within the "cage" on the right-hand side of the stage.



A SCENE SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF AN ORDINARY HOUSE.

Mr. Inowe, whose stage name is Hamura-ya-Ritoku, is here seen, in the guise of the heroine, on the left-hand side of the stage.



THE GALLERY AND PIT.

At the end of the raised platform on the right is a dark curtain forming the door of a small room used by the actors to make certain of their entrances and exits. As a general rule, entrances and exits are made along this platform, better seen on the left-hand side of number four of our photographs.



A SCENE SHOWING A MIDNIGHT DUEL IN PROGRESS.

In this photograph is shown a novel and apparently dangerous method of lighting, the back-cloth being studded with lighted candles. The lady in the white costume is the heroine, who, after severely wounding the Samurai, makes a thrilling exit down the platform already mentioned, and here, again, shown.

The story of the play during the production of which our photographs were taken at the Huku-i-za Theatre is, roughly, as follows: The heroine's father is killed by the villain, who has a grudge against a certain wealthy Samurai; and this villain, after the manner of Western villains, attempts to divert suspicion from himself by telling the heroine that the Samurai in question was the murderer of her father. This is believed, and the heroine not only makes up her mind to kill the falsely-accused man, but nearly succeeds in doing so. The Samurai, in turn, then tells his story; the heroine learns that the villain has been lying, and is so distressed that she attempts suicide. Needless to say, she is prevented from doing this; the guilty man is handed over to justice; and the heroine marries the noble Samurai. The play in question, of which our photographs show some of the early scenes, runs from 4 p.m. to midnight. In our first photograph, Mr. Inowe's elaborately worked kimono is seen hanging on the wall; the wig he wears as the heroine is by his left elbow. In view of the very Eastern aspect of the theatre, its audience, and its actors, it is interesting to note the installation of electric-light, both in the auditorium and in the actor's dressing-room.

Photographs supplied by E. H. Nelson.

The Moral of This Life: *ADAPTABILITY!*

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SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE, SO GLIDING ON;
IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR AND IS GONE!

MORAL FOR ALL:

"I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown;
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

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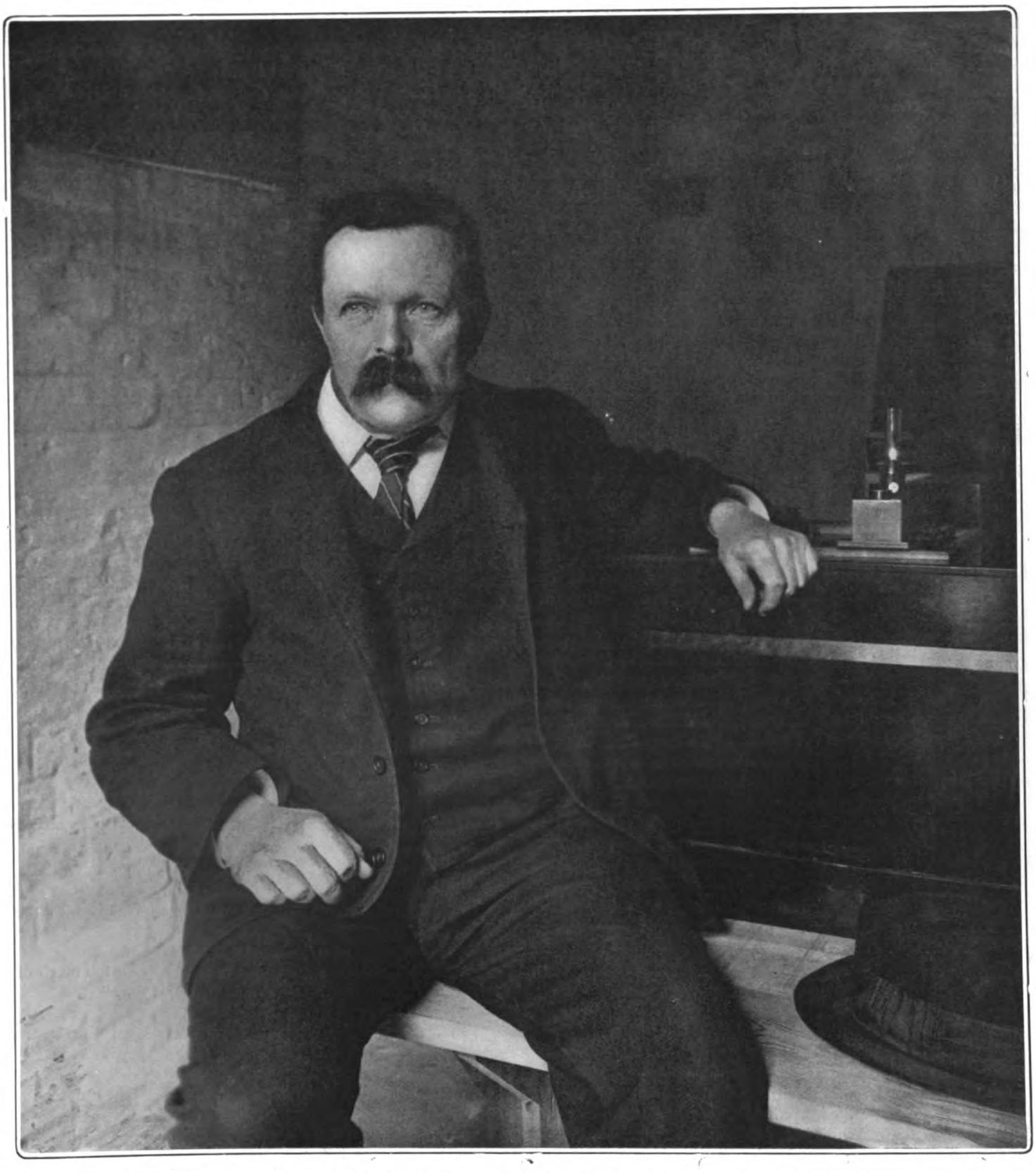
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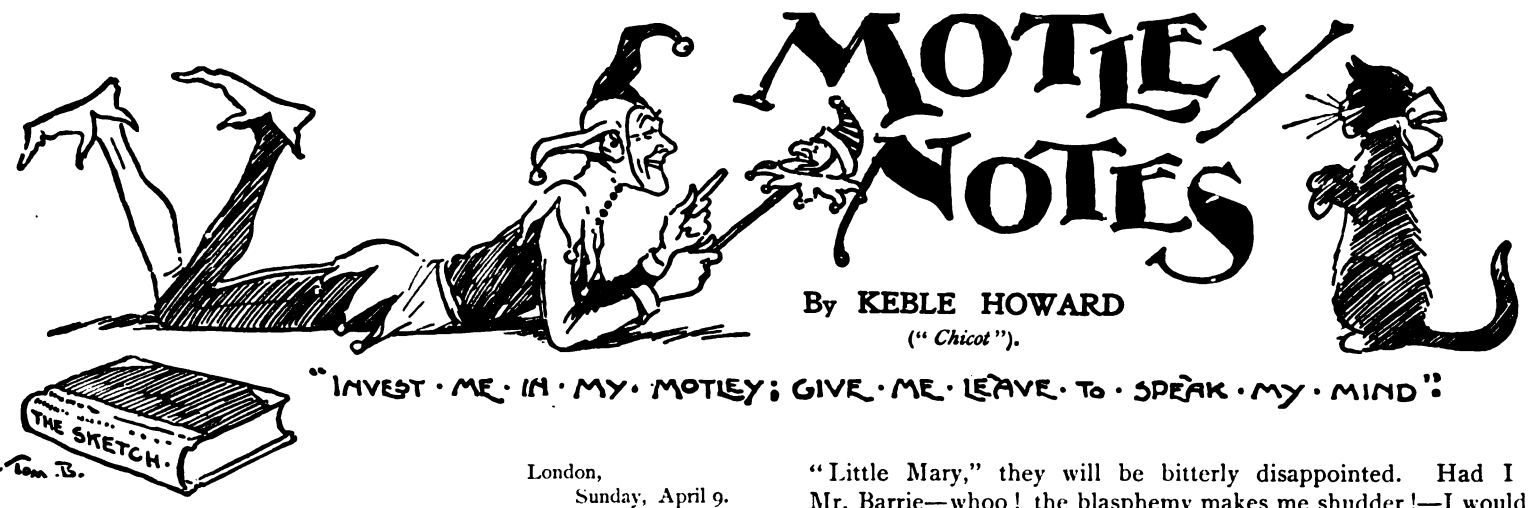
The Sketch

No. 637.—Vol. XLIX. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1905. SIXPENCE.



THE FIRST MAN IN ENGLAND TO KNOW OF THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE: PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE, AND THE SEISMOGRAPH WHICH REGISTERED THE SHOCKS.

Professor Milne, F.R.S., who courteously gave our photographer a special sitting, is one of the greatest authorities on earthquakes, and has sought his knowledge at home and abroad; indeed, over almost all the world. The manner in which records such as that which enabled the Professor to name the precise time of the disastrous occurrence in India are made is best described in the distinguished seismographist's own words, as given to the "Telegraph": "Exhibiting a strip of bromide paper which indicated the record of the Lahore earthquake, the Professor said: 'The paper has been moving by means of a clockwork arrangement. Underneath the pointer of the earthquake instrument an image of the end of this pointer of the seismograph has been impressed, by means of a small light which is always kept burning, on this photographic film. When there is no earthquake, this image is represented by a straight line; but when there is a disturbance, the pointer moves from side to side and gives a series of waves on the photographic film, from which you can see the time of the disturbance, when it reached its maximum, and when it ended.'" The working of the seismograph is fully illustrated in next Friday's "Illustrated London News."



London,
Sunday, April 9.

LET us be flippant! . . . No; on second thoughts, I have a few disjointed remarks to make on three rather gloomy subjects. The first is "Hamlet," the second is "Othello," the third is "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Those are the three plays that I witnessed last week. "Hamlet"—to begin with the most cheerful—was produced at the Adelphi on Tuesday, and proved to be a very tasteful, very spirited, very interesting revival. Mr. H. B. Irving played the Prince in workmanlike style, and Mr. Lyall Swete was excellent as the doddering Polonius. The dress-rehearsal, by the way, was attended by a large number of young women who, I was told, were being trained as school-teachers. Their admiration of Mr. Irving's performance was unbounded, and they received many of the more serious lines with roars of laughter that testified to their thorough appreciation of Mr. Otho Stuart's hospitality. Polonius's beard, for example, amused them intensely, and at the real first performance I quite missed the almost hysterical shriek of merriment that on the previous afternoon had greeted the line, "Let her not walk i' the sun." The new curriculum, it is evident, includes a special course in Humour. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that the grave-digging scene was received in stony silence. I must make further inquiries on the point. In the meantime, Mr. Owen Hall had best look to his own.

The revival of "Othello" is under the management of Miss Tita Brand, who follows Miss Olga Nethersole at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and thus arrays herself amongst the distinguished actress-manageresses of the twentieth century. Miss Brand, of course, plays Desdemona, the Othello being Mr. Hubert Carter. The best performance of the evening was certainly the Emilia of Miss Granville, who, when she discovered that Mr. Carter had been smothering Miss Brand with the pillows, gave the stupid fellow the scolding that he richly deserved. I wish the school-teachers in embryo had been there to hear her. I feel sure they would have been wildly delighted when Emilia cried, "O gull! O dolt! As ignorant as dirt!" They would have stored the phrases in their memories for use on a future occasion, as when some luckless brother, for instance, upset the ink-pot over a precious piece of fancy-work, or some equally luckless husband forgot to call at the Stores and order four pounds of the best moist sugar. Mr. Henry Ainley looked very sweet as Cassio. It seemed a little hard, however, that the youth should be compelled to cut short his schooling in order to rule in Cyprus. There is no doubt that he, too, would have had the full sympathy of the teachers in embryo. Mr. J. H. Barnes played the villainous Iago. It was easy to see that he was considerably annoyed about something.

"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" (who is in the right to claim no connection with our dear, familiar old friend, "Lob-lie-by-the-Fire") is a new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, seen for the first time on Wednesday last at the Duke of York's Theatre. Mr. Barrie, unfortunately both for us and for himself, has evidently made up his mind never again to do anything that cannot be described as "whimsical." Indeed, the term is almost as familiar in connection with Mr. Barrie as with that celebrated comedian, Whimsical Walker, whose professional cognomen, I presume, first gave Mr. Barrie the idea of writing a play called "Walker, London." Be that as it may, Mr. Barrie will be Whimsical Barrie for all time, and if the critics care to supplement the description with another adjective or two, they may employ, on the authority of the *Times*, any of the following adjectives—"inimitable, incomparable, freakish, fanciful, fascinating, original, quaint, delightful." It remains to be seen what adjectives the paying public will apply to "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." If they go expecting to see a "Peter Pan," an "Admirable Crichton," or even a "Little Mary," they will be bitterly disappointed. Had I been Mr. Barrie—whoo! the blasphemy makes me shudder!—I would have cut down this nimble burlesque to two short Acts and presented it, for one performance only, before a special audience composed of playwrights, players, and enthusiastic admirers on the daily and weekly Press. (I include the last-named because, under no circumstances, should I have liked to miss the first Act of the piece, or the exceedingly clever performance of Miss Irene Vanbrugh.)

As some relief from such a dose of playgoing, I paid a visit, one afternoon last week, to the "Zoo." I had not been to the "Zoo" since 1881, partly because I could never remember where it was, and partly because, on that occasion, I fed an elephant with a pocket-handkerchief. Elephants, as we all know, have memories as long as their trunks, and for years and years afterwards I used to lie awake o' nights thinking what a dreadful thing it would be if I met that elephant again when he was not securely imprisoned. An inviting hansom and a bright afternoon, however, made away with both objections, and I was presently lost in an economic speculation as to the actual reason for the existence of the giraffe. Have you ever wondered about that, friend the reader? I must confess that, for my own part, I have rarely given the creature so much as an idle thought. Friday, though, is my day for worrying, and I determined that, before leaving the Zoo, I would do my utmost to discover the why and wherefore of the giraffe. As it happened, there was a gentleman in the uniform of the Society sitting on a seat in the giraffe-house. He had a copy of the evening paper with the largest circulation in one hand, and a toothpick in the other. Judging, therefore, that he was not, at the moment, deeply absorbed in some abstruse zoological study, I stepped up to him, raised my hat, and asked him if he would kindly inform me, in passing, why giraffes had such long necks.

The zoologist looked up in slow surprise. "Eh?" he replied.

"Would you kindly tell me," I repeated, "why giraffes have such long necks?"

The gentleman, to whom the toothpick stood in much the same relation as a cigarette to an actor or a fan to an actress, studied me carefully from head to foot and foot to head, glanced for sympathy at a lady who was trying to persuade her nephew not to eat the buns that had been bought expressly for the elephants, looked again at my boots, shrugged his shoulders, and then returned to his paper.

Thereupon, I made so bold as to sit down by him on the bench.

"Don't think me too persistent," I said, softly, "but any information on the point that you can give I shall receive with the utmost gratitude."

"Not ser much of it," observed the zoologist.

"On the contrary, there seems to me to be far too much of it."

"You think yerself bloomin' funny, don't yer?"

"Not so funny as the giraffes."

"What's the matter with 'em?" He eyed the creatures dispassionately.

"Nothing, I trust."

"Why can't yer let 'em alone, then? They never done you no 'arm."

"On the contrary, they have given me the heartiest laugh I've enjoyed for a month."

The gentleman curled his lip. "If I was you," he retorted, "I should look in the glass. Then, p'r'aps, you might see summat ter laugh at."

"Now you're getting cross, you see, and all because I wanted to know why giraffes had such long necks. You won't deny, I suppose, that they *have* long necks?"

Once again the zoologist ran his eye over his charges. "Can't say I ever noticed it meself," he said, wearily.
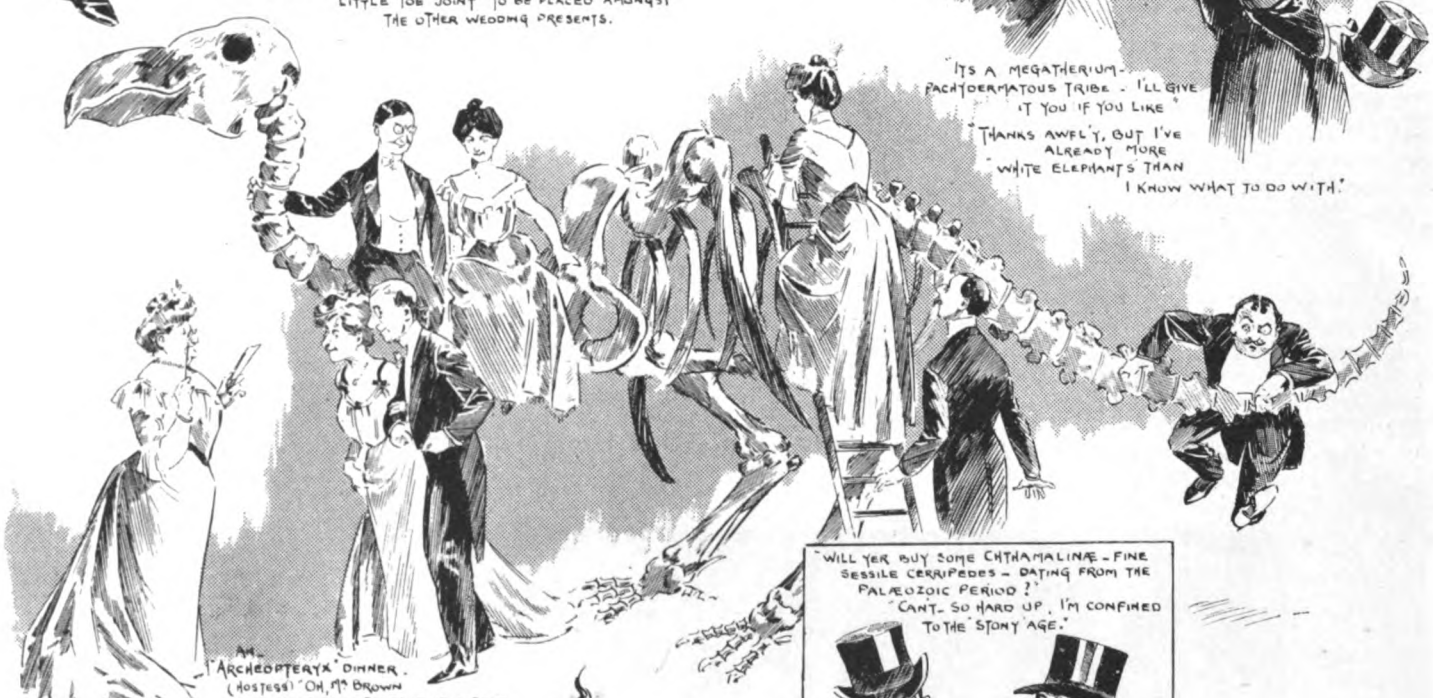
MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT OF THE SKELETON OF A 70-FOOT DIPLODOCUS TO THE KING,

AND WHAT MAY COME OF IT IF IT SETS A FASHION.















As we note on another page, Mr. Carnegie, the American millionaire, is reported to have presented the King with the skeleton of a Diplodocus discovered in Bone-Cabin Quarry, Wyoming. The remains are said to have been brought from America in thirty-six sealed cases, and to have been deposited in South Kensington Museum.

Drawn by Ralph Cleaver.

THE CLUBMAN.

Bouillabaisse—The Earthquake in India—An Experience at Manilla—The Lahore Tiger.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has eaten Bouillabaisse at the Reserve de Roubion at Marseilles, and she has won the hearts of all the Marseillais by asking that the *recette* should be given her. The Provençals will believe that in future no feast at Buckingham Palace will be complete without the great dish of the South. I see that Thackeray's ballad of Bouillabaisse is quoted as showing what the savoury mixture is, but the great English writer, when he ate roach and dace in the fish-stew at a Parisian tavern, no more ate the real Bouillabaisse than a Frenchman would eat Irish-stew if he were given mutton cutlets and boiled potatoes in a Soho restaurant.



THE WINNER OF BRIGHTON FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY: MR. E. A. VILLIERS.

Mr. Ernest Amherst Villiers was once a clergyman, but took advantage of the Clerical Disabilities Relief Act to resign his orders. He is actively interested in philanthropic work, and is a Director of a Gold-mining Company.

Photograph by Kent and Lacey.

There is only one Bouillabaisse, and that is made on the borders of the Mediterranean, out of fish which swim in the Mediterranean. The devotees of the dish say that it can be eaten in its absolute purity only at the little inns of Villefranche, where the fishermen and sailors go for their meals. I am always bold in the cause of gastronomy, and I went to one of these to try the stew. I never knew how strong rank oil, garlic, and saffron combined could be until I tried this experiment, and I have been contented ever since to take my fish-stew as M. Echenard serves it at the Roubion, or as Madame Ré, who learned the art of cookery at the Roubion, gives it to me at the white restaurant above Monte Carlo.

There are five fish essential to a Bouillabaisse, as it is understood in the land of its birth—the rascaz, who is a choleric-looking little fellow, all head and eyes, the eel, the langouste, the girelle, and the mackerel. If I found some of the fat little soles which are caught between Toulon and Hyères in the stew, I should not quarrel with the cook. The Roubion Reserve is for those who have a delicate palate and a fairly long purse. Any man who is daring and wants to see what Marseillais cookery is like in the rough should try a "Braadade," or a mixed stew of all the little monsters of the deep, cuttlefish, and hedgehogs, and suchlike, frizzing in oil and rough wine, as Bregailloa's at the Vieux Port serves it.

No one who has not experienced an earthquake can appreciate the helpless feeling that even a slight one brings to everybody within its radius. The sensation is of being dizzy and of finding that everything you want to cling to for support is staggering also. I felt several slight earthquakes in Japan and in the Philippines, both of which groups of islands are well in the line of shocks, and I had no wish to experience anything more severe. To hear the window-shutters begin to rattle and a picture fall, to see the lamp swing, to notice the sound of cracking wood and of falling plaster, to get the disagreeable feeling of dizziness which precedes a fainting-fit, give one quite a sufficient feeling of helplessness without experiencing more severe phenomena.

Once, in Manilla, at the mess of one of the big business-houses, the man sitting next to me at dinner told me, if I could, without being noticed, to set the chandelier a-swing. I did so, and, as soon as he caught sight of the swinging ornament, the man sitting at the head of the table, who had been many years on the island, ran from the room and made for the cellars. I was very sorry for my practical joke when I heard that he had lain once, for a day, under a beam which just held up a mass of masonry, which would have crushed him to death had the wood not stood the strain.

I was in India when a great earthquake shook to pieces the hill-station of Darjeeling, and I heard at first-hand the terrifying experiences of the people who passed through the horrors of the shocks. Great crevasses opened in the earth and closed again, the shape of hillsides changed, roads disappeared, streams were engulfed. It was said then, as is said now, that the Himalayas were moving in their growing-pains. After this particular series of shocks the natives who had land on the lower slopes asked that there should be a fresh survey of their property, because the shape and extent of their fields had changed.



THE NEW HEAD-MASTER OF ETON: CANON THE HON. AND REV. EDWARD LYTTELTON.

Mr. Lyttelton leaves Haileybury to become Dr. Warre's successor at Eton. He is, of course, a younger brother of the Colonial Secretary. He and each of his seven brothers were all at Eton, and all played in the Eleven.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas.

It is a great mercy that this earthquake occurred when it did, and not a month later. At this time of the year the exodus to the hills has begun, but Dharmsala was not crowded with ladies and children and officers on leave, as it would have been at the end of this month. Simla, where the shock was severely felt, has a large population of Europeans all the year round, and Lady Curzon has gone there earlier than usual this year, so as to escape the heat while she is convalescent. The Viceregal Lodge, one of the chimneys of which fell through the roof and crashed through an upper floor, luckily not breaking through to Lady Curzon's room, is a comparatively new building, which has taken the place of Peterhof, which was the Viceregal abode which Kipling has sung of in his Departmental Ditties.



ARTISTIC WEARY WILLIES AND TIRED TIMS: MEMBERS OF THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB AT THEIR RECENT "UNEMPLOYED" DINNER.

Reading from left to right and starting from the back, those figuring in the group are Messrs. De la Bere, Harold Goldthwaite, Lawson Wood, Champion Jones, W. S. Parkyn (in the back row); H. May Hemsley, Starr Wood (next to the gentleman in "evening-dress"), P. Wadham, Cecil Aldin, Edkins Clarke, Lee Hankey, Edgar L. Patterson, J. W. Gilmer, E. A. Norbury; John Harker, Walter Churcher, W. P. Ritchie (second row from the front); John Hassall (the policeman); Broughton Black, J. Protheroe, H. Sandham, and Lance Thackeray.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

The Zoological Gardens at Lahore, where the birds and beasts were put into such great fear by the earthquake, contain a very fine collection of animals. The finest Bengal tiger in the world is, or used to be, in one of the cages, and I remember all Northern India being warned that the animal had escaped and was at large and dangerous. For two days no one near Lahore cared to go abroad at night, but one morning the keeper through whose carelessness the animal had escaped met the tiger walking quietly along one of the station roads. He called the animal by name, made obeisance to him as the embodiment of Kali, then unrolled his cummerbund, put it round the tiger's neck, and led the great cat quietly back to its cage.

T

EASTER HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

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PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE AT EASTER.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS Viâ NEWHAVEN. Thursday, April 20, from Victoria 9.15 a.m., 10 a.m., and 2.15 p.m. and London Bridge 10 a.m. 1st and 2nd Class), and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 19 to 22, from Victoria and London Bridge 9.10 p.m. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). Fares, Paris, 37s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d.; 27s. 3d.; 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s.; 25s.; 20s.

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PARIS, viâ FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE, or DOVER-CALAIS, First Class 58s. 4d., Second Class 37s. 6d., Third Class 30s., available by 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. Services from CHARING CROSS on April 19, 20, 21, and 22; also by 10 a.m. Service on April 20. Returning from Paris any day within 14 days. For Return Times, see Handbills.

BRUSSELS and Back, viâ CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 22s. 11d., viâ OSTEND 18s. 4d., tickets available for 8 days.

CHEAP SATURDAY to MONDAY TICKETS, also Special 8-Day Tickets, will be issued to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; and 8-Day Excursions will be run to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services as usual during the Holidays. A Special Express will leave Victoria (S.-E. and C.) at 8.50 p.m. for Dover, on Thursday, April 20, in connection with the Boats to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend respectively.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA). CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 20, 21, and 22, available to return on Tuesday, April 25, by any Train (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted).

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND (for Rosherville Gardens), HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 9.24 a.m. Return Fare 3s., Third Class.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Tickets (including admission) will be issued from London.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS

From LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain SUBURBAN STATIONS to the
PRINCIPAL HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS
OF THE
SUNNY SOUTH
AND SOUTH-WEST COASTS,
DEVON, CORNWALL,
&c., including
ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, Wadebridge, Camelford, Padstow, Lyme Regis, Swanage, WEYMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, The ISLE OF WIGHT, &c.

EXTRA TRAINS and SPECIAL FACILITIES for Passengers holding Ordinary and Week-End Tickets.

PARIS AT EASTER.

14-Day Excursion Tickets from WATERLOO, &c., viâ Southampton, to the FRENCH COAST, for
PARIS, NORMANDY, BRITTANY, &c.;
Also to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

For full particulars, see Programmes, obtainable at the Company's Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Station, as follows:—

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, to Ireland for 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 19, to Blackpool, Carlisle, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Liverpool, Manchester, Maryport, Preston, Stockport, Warrington, and Principal Stations in Lancashire, returning April 24, 25, and 28.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 20, to North of Ireland, viâ Greenore, for 16 days.

To Birkenhead, Birmingham District, Blackpool, Bolton, Bradford, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Derby, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Northampton, North Staffordshire Stations, Rugby, Preston, Southport, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire and Yorkshire, returning April 24, 25, and 28.

To North, South, and Central Wales, returning April 24, 25, and 29.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 20, to Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, Maryport, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire, returning on April 24, 25, and 28.

To Carlisle and Scotland, returning April 24, and within 18 days.

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 21,* to Birmingham District, Northampton, Rugby, returning same day and on April 22, 24, and 25.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 22, to Crewe, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Rugby, Stockport, Warrington, &c., returning April 24, 25, 26, and 29.

ON MONDAY, APRIL 24,* to Birmingham District, Northampton, Rugby, returning same day and on April 25 and 26.

ON EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,* to Bedford, Bicester, Bletchley, Blisworth, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Woburn Sands, and Wolverton, returning same day or following Sunday or Monday.

To Newport Pagnell, returning same day or following Monday.

* No bookings from Woolwich or Greenwich by these trips.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS will be issued on Thursday, Friday (where train service permits), and Saturday, April 20, 21, and 22, to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Carlisle, Church Stretton, Grange, Lancaster, Leamington, Llandrindod, Llanwrtyd, Llangammarch, Malvern, Morecambe, North Wales, Stratford-on-Avon, Windermere, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Inverness, Montrose, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other places, available for return any day except day of issue up to and including the following Tuesday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices, or on application to Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

London, April 1905. FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING (except Mondays), at 8.30,
A MAN'S SHADOW
(for a limited number of performances).
Luversan ... ... } MR. TREE.
Lucien Laroque ... ... }
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. — Lessee and Manager, MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. LADY MADCAP. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.45, MR. HOPKINSON. An Original Farce in Three Acts by R. C. CARTON. Preceded at 8.15 by MR. NELSON JACKSON. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—Tita Brand's Season. EVERY EVENING, at 8, OTHELLO. MATINEE APRIL 15, at 2. HOLY WEEK, the Old Morality Play, EVERYMAN, will be given by arrangement with Mr. Wm. Poel. Everyman, Miss E. Wynne Matthison. MATINEE. APRIL 17, 19, and 22, at 3.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT at 8.30 (LAST FOUR NIGHTS),
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
MR. LEWIS WALLER and MISS EVA MOORE.
LAST TWO MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.

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Chairman, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

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THE LYCEUM. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.
TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. MATINEES WED. and SAT., 2.30.
Popular Prices. Children Half-price.
Managing Director, THOMAS BARRASFORD.

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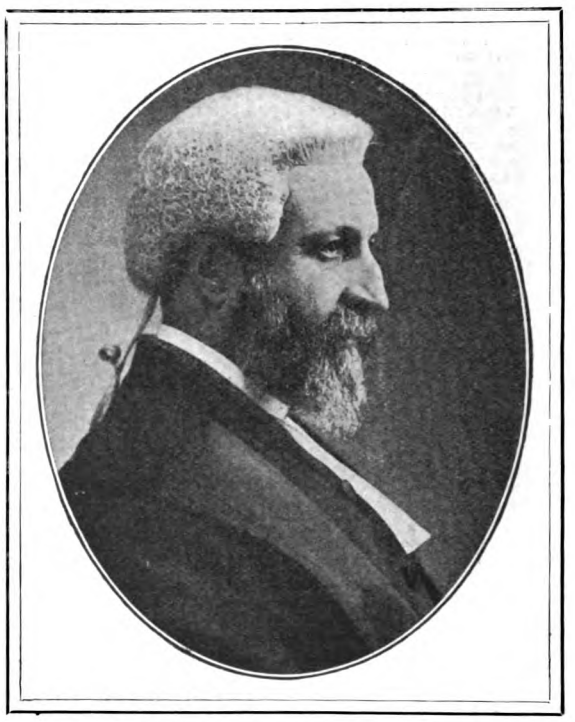
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(*Applicable to Passenger Trains in Great Britain and Ireland.*)
Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.
ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.
PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.
This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "**Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,**" 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.
The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.
April 12, 1905. *Signature*.....

THE LATE "SIR FRANCIS JEUNE."

LORD ST. HELIER, far better known as Sir Francis Jeune, a title he only exchanged a couple of months or so ago on his retirement from the Presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, did not live long to enjoy the honour he had so well earned, his lengthy illness culminating in his death on Sunday last. There is very little doubt that Lord St. Helier's days were considerably shortened by the strenuous nature of his career. Always a hard worker, and never, perhaps, one of the strongest of men, he had of late years frequently been compelled to abandon his duties for a time, and, after his retirement, his health showed no signs of mending. Trained largely before Parliamentary Committees and in Ecclesiastical Courts, he yet proved the wisdom of his selection by Lord Halsbury as successor to Sir Charles Butt. His career, useful although it most undoubtedly was, and always before the public, cannot be said to have been in any way sensational, but he was the participator in at least one historic trial, that of the Tichborne Claimant. His earliest clients, Baxter, Rose, and Norton, gave him his chance in this, sending him to Australia to obtain evidence on behalf of the Claimant. His experiences in the Divorce Court are said to have had an effect upon him that one would have hardly expected, for, on his own showing, they impressed him with the goodness of human nature.



THE LATE LORD ST. HELIER (SIR FRANCIS JEUNE), EX-PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
APRIL 15.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA:
THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.
REGISTERING EARTHQUAKES.
THE NAVAL MOVE IN THE FAR EAST.
PRICE SIXPENCE.
EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



Lady Herbert, who is Coming to England.

Lady Herbert, who is coming to England with her sister, Mrs. Goelet, is the widow of the late Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador to Washington. She was one of the beautiful Miss Wilsons.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

Small Talk of the Week

Gossip

At the present moment there is no more popular personage in France than the Sovereign whom his Gallic hosts style "le Roi Edouard." His Majesty first won the hearts of the Parisians when he was a very small boy; in fact, in 1855, when he accompanied Queen Victoria to France for a week's visit. The future King enjoyed himself so well that at the end of the time he begged the Empress Eugénie to keep him yet a little longer as her guest. When she pointed out that his parents would certainly miss their little son, the Prince exclaimed, "Not do without me! Don't fancy that, for there are seven more of us, and they can spare me quite well!" A little story which went the round of Paris and much delighted its hearers.

The Prince of Wales.

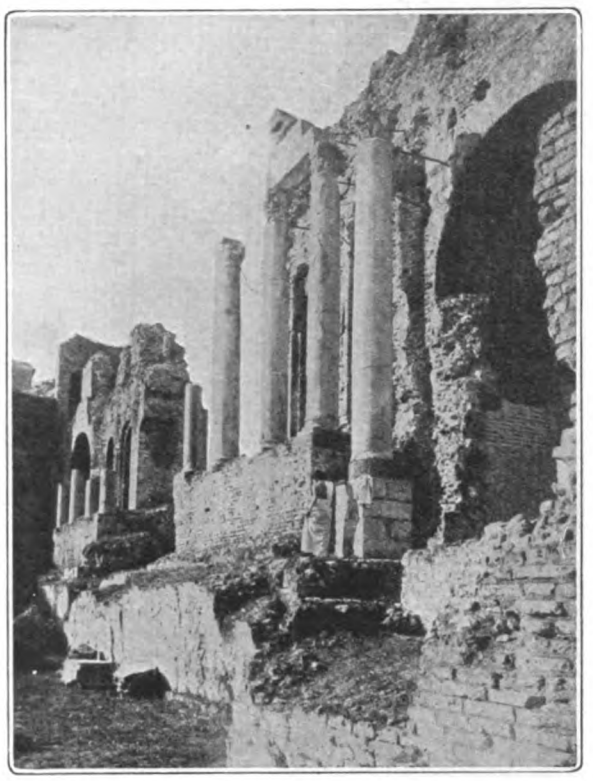
The news that the Prince of Wales had been compelled to undergo a slight operation burst on the country last week like a thunder-clap. At first, there was some uneasiness lest the reassuring terms in which the announcement was worded should be too sanguine, but the public soon became aware that the operation, whatever its nature, has, indeed, been slight and unimportant. Following in this the example of Queen Victoria, King Edward has always made it his policy to take his devoted people into his confidence, but it is a curious fact that the public mind is never prepared, as might so easily be done, when announcements of this nature are about to be made. A week before our beloved Sovereign's momentous illness, His Majesty was declared, on the highest authority, to be "in perfect health"; and the operation recently performed on Princess Victoria was apparently unlooked for by even the large circle who are on terms of personal friendship with our Royal Family!

Lady Herbert.

Lady Herbert is coming to England with her sister, Mrs. Goelet, and she will receive a warm welcome from the late Sir Michael Herbert's large circle of relations and friends. Before her marriage to the distinguished Englishman whose premature death was so great a loss to British diplomacy, Lady Herbert was Miss Lelia Wilson, one of three beautiful and brilliant sisters who all made great marriages—the one becoming Mrs. Ogden Goelet, the other Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the third Lady Herbert. Lord Pembroke's sister-in-law has become quite English; she brings up her two young sons—of whom the eldest is named Sidney, after his famous grandfather, Lord Herbert of Lea—in the English rather than in the American way, and it is thought that she will spend a great portion of each year in Europe.

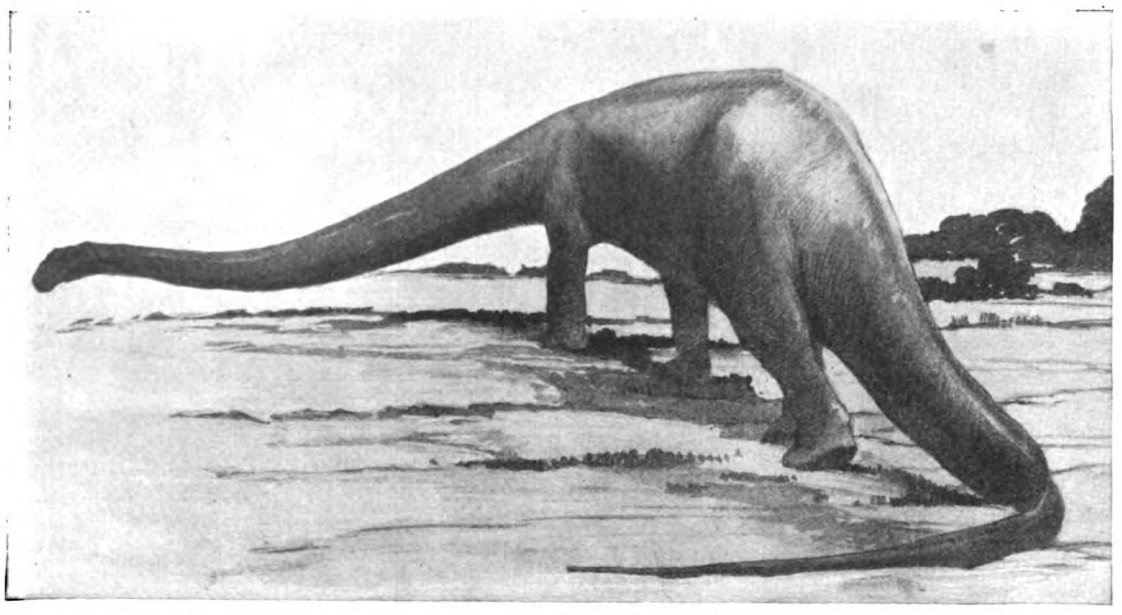
Taormina.

Taormina, hanging like an eagle's-nest on the ledge of a Sicilian mountain, has become quite famous of late as a health-resort, and the German Empress is staying there to benefit one of her delicate younger sons. Should he join the Empress, the German Emperor, who inherits his British mother's love of beauty, will delight in the exquisite loveliness of this Sicilian town, of which the houses and the monster hotels, which are a recent feature of the place, command marvellous views of the sea and of Mount Etna. His Imperial Majesty actually took the whole of one of the principal hotels, in order that the Empress might enjoy the complete privacy by which Royal personages set such store.



THE REMAINS OF THE GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA, WHERE THE GERMAN EMPEROR HAS "BOUGHT UP" AN HOTEL FOR A MONTH FOR THE USE OF THE EMPRESS AND ONE OF HIS SONS.

Taormina, on the east coast of Sicily, is famous for the remains of a Greek theatre rebuilt by the Romans. This could hold forty thousand spectators.



A STRANGE GIFT FOR THE KING: THE "LONG-LIMBED" DINOSAUR DIPLODOCUS (RESTORED), REMAINS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY BY MR. CARNEGIE.

It is reported that the skeleton of the Diplodocus which has been received at the South Kensington Museum has been sent as a present to the King by Mr. Carnegie, of Free-Library and other fame. The remains were discovered, as were those of the Dinosaur illustrated last week, in Bone-Cabin Quarry, Wyoming, and were brought to this country, in six-and-thirty sealed boxes, by Dr. W. J. Holland, of the Carnegie Museum, one of the greatest American authorities on antediluvian animals. In life, the long-limbed Dinosaur Diplodocus was between 68 and 70 feet long.

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Chamberlain's First Eye-glass.

The attractions of the monocle which has proved such a godsend to the many who have caricatured him are said to have first become patent to Mr. Chamberlain when he was taking part in amateur theatricals, although this hardly conforms with a drawing we remember to have seen, in a paper devoted to the journalism of religion, showing the afterwards famous politician as eye-glassed teacher in a Sunday School. The character he is said to have sustained is that of Puff in Sheridan's "The Critic." Another opportunity for the "greatest asset of the Liberal Party": we present it to "F. C. G." Had it been Mr. Partenopex Puff in a stage-version of Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" matters would be different.

The King of Spain's Bag. Alfonso XIII., whose matrimonial projects are causing so much gossip just now, has developed into a great sportsman during the last few years. His bag for the past two or three seasons includes no fewer than four thousand rabbits, nearly two thousand partridges, two hundred and eighty head of big game, one hundred and ninety pheasants, thirty hares, twelve snipe, one eagle, and, horrible to relate, one fox. This last item he will be well advised not to boast of when he pays his visit to England. The young King is accompanied on his sporting excursions by his two Chief Huntsmen, the Marquess de la Mina and the Count de San Roman, and by his private medical-man. All the game shot in the Royal preserves is, with the exception of a few head given to friends or to members of the Diplomatic circle, distributed amongst the poor of Madrid.



"THE YELLOW SLAVES" OF THE RAND ENJOY THEMSELVES: CHINESE COOLIES EMPLOYED AT THE FRENCH RAND GOLD-MINE ABOUT TO START A SUNDAY PROCESSION.

Photograph by Simpson

"Lèse-Majesté" as a Living. An ingenious out-of-work painter, one Hartmann, has discovered that the board and lodging carried by a sentence for *lèse-majesté* is a good deal better than no board and lodging at all, and has promptly put his knowledge to practical use, insulting—is it necessary to say?—the Kaiser, and thus ensuring a three months' sojourn in a State prison. Were we not tax-payers, we would suggest that, if recent report be true, Hartmann would find the methods of this country even more to his taste. *Lèse-majesté* would, of course, avail him nothing in a community in which the freest of free speech is encouraged; but there are other minor offences, if we may call the first minor, that would give him a stay in a British convict-prison, and, apparently, any British prison must be preferable to the least uncomfortable German gaol. "The prisoner," we learn, "has eternally preached to him the prison gospel, 'Don't hurry'; and he doesn't. To make a job last out is the perennial prison programme. The ordinary man in such a prison as Parkhurst . . . very quickly discovers that . . . his business there is to loaf. He must dawdle over his work and loiter away his life," at the cost of some seventy-five pounds a year to the country. What an elysium for some of the working-men of to-day!



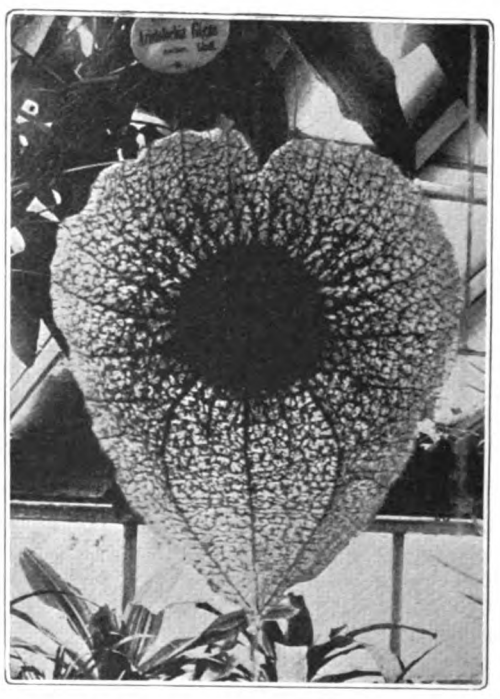
AN 18-INCH BLOSSOM THAT CATCHES INSECTS: A SIDE-VIEW OF THE ARISTOLOCHIA GIGAS.

There are some 180 species of Aristolochia, of which seven are found in the United States. The curious flowers of the plant vary greatly, both in form and size, but are all constructed in such a way that they imprison any insects visiting them. Certain species have a reputation as remedies for snake-bites.

Eton's New Headmaster. Eton's gain is Haileybury's loss, and the most famous of our Public Schools may be congratulated on the choice made by its Governing Body. The Reverend and Honourable Canon Edward Lyttelton, to give him his full name and title, is, of course, a younger brother of the Colonial Secretary and of General Sir Neville Lyttelton. He and each of his seven brothers were all at Eton, and each member of the unique octave played in the Eton Eleven.

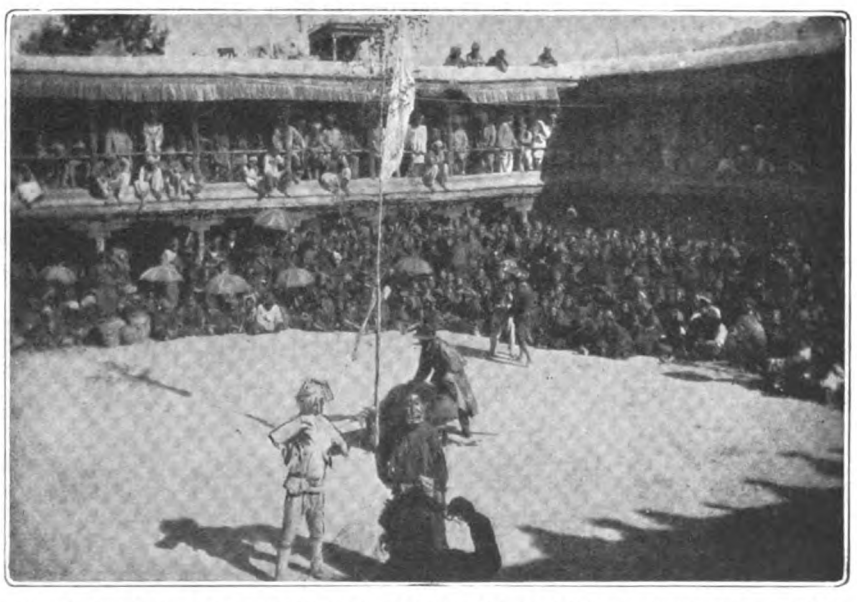
Through his mother, Canon Lyttelton is a nephew of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and this, perhaps, accounts for the fact that he is a strong Liberal. The new Head has the keen, intellectual Lyttelton face, and the slight, lithe Lyttelton figure. He has always been something of an enthusiast, and is believed to cherish uncommon views as to the value of Greek and Latin to the twentieth-century boy who has his way to make in the world.

A Butterman's Paper. It is not in Germany that one would expect to find innovations in the newspaper world. But the *Generalanzeiger* of Eberswalde has just issued an announcement addressed to its lady readers in which it says that, having noticed the inconvenience which is caused by the printer's ink coming off on the butter, cheese, and meat which is wrapped up in the paper, it will for the future print two numbers a week on one side of the paper only. But, in order that the numbers printed on one side only may not contain less reading-matter than usual, the issues in question will comprise double the ordinary number of pages. It is rumoured that the rival paper will do better than this, for it will not only print the paper on one side, but will wrap up in it a slice of sausage or a piece of cheese, whichever its readers may desire.



AN 18-INCH BLOSSOM THAT CATCHES INSECTS: THE FRONT-VIEW OF THE ARISTOLOCHIA GIGAS.

The particular specimen of Aristolochia here illustrated has a blossom measuring roughly 18 2-5 inches, and a stem of about 32 inches. It forms part of a collection of plants left to the town of Magdeburg by the merchant Hermann Gruson, and is kept in the "Grusonhaus."



TIBETAN PLAYERS AND PLAYGOERS VISITED BY THE BRITISH: A DRAMA IN PROGRESS NEAR THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

While in Lassa and its neighbourhood, the peaceful British Mission that fought its way to the Forbidden City witnessed several theatrical performances, one, at least, in the courtyard of the Mission quarters. No stage is used in Tibet, and the arrangement of the performers is suggestive of the chorus in Greek drama. In the case of the play given in Lassa, several small children figured amongst the actors, and one of these, according to the business of the drama, was eaten by a demon.



A WESTMINSTER WEDDING:
MR. RUPERT GWYNNE,

Who will marry Miss Stella Ridley next month.

Photograph by Thomson.

A Westminster Wedding.

Braving popular superstition. Miss Stella Ridley, the daughter of the late Home Secretary and the niece of Lord Tweedmouth and Lady Aberdeen, has elected to be married early in May, rather than late in April. St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be the scene of the bridal, and the function will be quite a Parliamentary event, for the late Lord Ridley was loved and respected by politicians belonging to every Party, and his orphan daughter will have many to wish her sincere joy on her marriage to Mr. Rupert Gwynne, the brilliant young barrister whose father is owner of one of the prettiest estates near Eastbourne.

Miss Lily Hanbury's Wedding.

Miss Lily Hanbury's wedding on Tuesday of next week should interest the Society of the great world as much as it will certainly interest the Society of the profession, for the charm of the bride-elect's art has earned her many friends before the footlights, as her personal charm of manner has earned her many behind them. In view of Miss Hanbury's comparatively long stage-career, it is but chivalrous, although obviously unnecessary, to point out that she had the advantage of beginning young—in point of fact, at the age of thirteen, when she appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Savoy, her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, playing in the same piece. Success first came to her in considerable measure when she was with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket, and since that time she has created or filled scarcely a rôle without enhancing her popularity. It is interesting to note that she was the first to take the leading part in that brilliant play of Oscar Wilde's, recently revived, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and that her favourite characters are Lady Windermere, Lady Isabel in "The Tempter," Ophelia, and Portia. Mr. Herbert Guedalla is, indeed, to be congratulated, and with the congratulations should be mingled, in the interests of the playgoing public, the request that he will not ask his wife to give up her profession.



MISS ADA MANSELL, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CHARLES FORESTIER-WALKER AT EASTER.

Miss Mansell is the heroine of an Easter bridal that will be of interest to Army folk all the world over. The bride-elect is the daughter of a distinguished officer, and the bridegroom, Mr. Charles Forestier-Walker, the son of the late Sir George Forestier-Walker.

Photograph by Langfier.



AN INTERESTING THEATRICAL BRIDE-ELECT: MISS LILY HANBURY, WHO WILL MARRY MR. HERBERT GUEDALLA ON TUESDAY NEXT.

Miss Hanbury made her début on the stage in 1888, when she appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Savoy. Her first considerable success was with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket.

Photograph by Langfier.



A MARRIAGE IN THE PEERAGE:
THE HON. DOROTHY GOUGH-CALTHORPE,

Who is to marry the Earl of Malmesbury this month.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.

What's in a Name?

Eleven years ago the name of the Empress-Dowager of China was Tzu-hsi-tuan-yu-kang-i-chao-yu-chuang-cheng-shou-kung-chin-hsien-chung-hsi, and since that time it has, doubtless, lengthened, Imperial favour being marked by the addition of syllables. Yet a very much shorter name is probably the most valuable in existence—"Edison," which has just been computed as worth nine million pounds to a Trust.

The Countess of Yarmouth's Brother Wedded to an Actress.

One of those short periods of excitement so necessary to the well-being of the Society American is brought to mind by the announcement that Mr. Harry Thaw, a brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, has just married Miss Florence Nesbitt, the actress, with the consent of his mother and also of the parents of the bride. It will be remembered that it was rumoured last year that Mr. Thaw and Miss Nesbitt had been wedded secretly in Europe, and that, in consequence, Mrs. Thaw had threatened to disinherit her son. The bridegroom's sister, Alice, became the wife of the young Earl of Yarmouth in 1903. Mrs. Harry Thaw, who is under twenty, has probably sat to the photographer more often than any other American, and she was also Charles Dana Gibson's model for "The Eternal Question."



A WESTMINSTER WEDDING:
MISS STELLA RIDLEY,

Who will marry Mr. Rupert Gwynne next month.

Photograph by Thomson.

A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.

News from the other side yields the statement that the youthful millionaire, Mr. J. Graham Phelp Stokes, son of the New York banker, is engaged to a young Russian Jewess, Miss Rose Harriet Pastor. To the bride-elect belongs the credit of having supported a mother and sisters by working as a cigarette-maker, and it is also said that, for some years, she earned a pitiful wage in London. More recently, her abilities as a writer of verse gained her a position on the *Jewish Daily News*, and her future husband and herself first met, as interviewed and interviewer, while Mr. Stokes was working in the University Settlement, New York. The wedding will take place in July.

Lord Malmesbury's Marriage.

One of the most distinguished of bachelor Peers, the young Earl of Malmesbury, is an April bridegroom, and during Easter week Elvetham will be *en fête* in honour of the bridal of Lord Calthorpe's youngest daughter to the owner of Heron Court. The new Countess of Malmesbury will leave a beautiful home for one of even greater charm, for Heron Court has about it many unique features which render it equally fascinating to the student and to the naturalist. The estate, which is close to Christchurch, is famed for its birds and rare wildfowl, and the house is filled with historical relics, political and Royal, for Lord Malmesbury's ancestors have served Sovereign and country well.



A MARRIAGE IN THE PEERAGE:
THE EARL OF MALMESBURY,

Who is to marry the Hon. Dorothy Gough-Calthorpe this month.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The Originator of the Motor-Derby.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, is one of the most interesting of living millionaires, partly owing to the fact that he is anxious to use his wealth so as to secure the active pleasure of the greater number. This is why he takes so keen, some would say, so exaggerated, an interest in automobilism; he has given his name to the great race which has become the Derby of the motor-car world, and it is not too much to say that every motorist owes him a real debt of gratitude, for he believed in the horseless carriage when it was still regarded as little more than a dangerous and eccentric toy. Mr. Gordon Bennett has long made his home in France, and he concerns himself very actively with the Paris edition of his world-famous paper He is generally voted a typical American—tall and wiry, a first rate horseman, a fine whip, and a noted shot. He looks a good deal younger than he is, and he has long been regarded as a singularly obdurate bachelor.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE MOTOR-DERBY: MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Mr. Gordon Bennett is, of course, the ardent motorist who gives his name to the Motor-Derby. He lives in France, tasting the pleasures of the city to which it has been said all good Americans will go when they die, and working hard upon the Paris edition of his paper, the "New York Herald."

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

A Bulrush-less Moses.

Tradition dies hard—the saying is too trite to meet with opposition—and, with scores of religious pictures, old and new, good, bad, and indifferent, in its mind, the great British public will, doubtless, be shocked by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's picture for the next Academy. Briefly, the famous artist has depicted Moses; that is nothing, but he has depicted him without bulrushes. His arguments in favour of this procedure are both erudite and ingenious—"bulrushes," it appears, is a mistranslation for "papyrus," and what Moses's mother doubtless did was to leave her babe in a papyrus ark made water-tight with mud; also, bulrushes do not grow by the Nile. The position of the latter statement reminds one of the gentleman who gave half-a-dozen excellent reasons for having missed his 10.30 train, and then wound up by stating: "Lastly, there is no 10.30 train." What will the Philistine say to all this?



G. F. WATTS'S PAINTING OF "ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE," AND HER SISTER, MISS KATE TERRY.

Miss Ellen Terry's appearance in the title-rôle of Mr. Barrie's new play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," was made additionally interesting on the first-night of the production by the fact that her sister, Miss Kate Terry, was amongst the audience.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

"Look on this Picture."

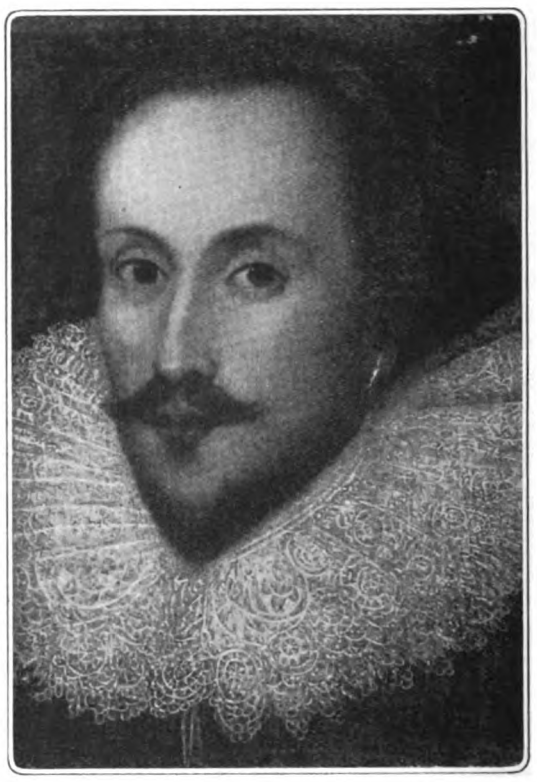
Every play-goer who is welcoming back Miss Ellen Terry in the title-rôle of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" must regard with keen interest the charming portrait of the great actress and of her sister Kate, painted when they were still in their teens by the late Mr. G. F. Watts. Never had great painter better sitters, and he caught, as perhaps none of his contemporaries could have done, the feeling of deep affection which bound the two together.

A Czar and a President in Danger.

By one of those curious coincidences that so often give History its romance, those widely contrasted rulers, the Czar and President Roosevelt, shared the doubtful honour of being the target of Nihilistic attack last week. In the case of the Little Father of All the Russias, the procedure adopted was what is, apparently, now the usual one: a representative of those active gentlemen of whose powers the late M. de Plehve spoke so disparagingly just before his assassination eluded the guards set before the Tsarkoe Selo Palace, and would, doubtless, have placed his bomb effectively had not a lynx-eyed officer trained to note niceties of dress remarked that he wore an infantryman's sword with a cavalryman's uniform. In the case of the most strenuous of Presidents, the method was even more prosaic, resolving itself, in fact, into dynamite placed on the line over which his special train was to run. Needless to say, when the wisdom of so many deems it better to ignore or give the lie to such affairs, both incidents are likely to be denied. Indeed, it was immediately argued that the presence of the explosive on the railway-track in Missouri was due merely to the carelessness of workmen—criminal carelessness, in a word!

Was Shakspere like this?

In a few days Stratford-on-Avon will be celebrating what it hopes and believes to be Shakspere's birthday. But "Will Shakspear gent," as he is described in the parish register, remains, Mr. Sidney Lee's efforts notwithstanding, a curious enigma, and over no matter concerning him has there been more discussion than over the difficult question as to whether the world possesses any contemporary portrait of England's greatest poet. The portrait here reproduced for the first time is one of the most authentic and valuable paintings which claim to be counterfeit presentments of the Bard, and is one of the most treasured possessions of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

A New Member of the French Academy of Fine Arts.

That there are no mortals more easily offended than artists, except sculptors, is a dictum which is constantly being proved, and it goes without saying that the election of M. Denys Puech as a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts has raised the usual outcry against official favouritism. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether a better representative of the French official school of sculpture could have been found, for M. Denys Puech, if lacking in the phantasy and the poetic inspiration of men like Rodin, has done a great deal for French art whilst treading the thorny path of memorial sculpture. It is as the recorder of France's great men in stone that M. Puech is most remarkable. M. Rodin, by the way, defied his friends by refusing to be a candidate for the vacant chair, arguing that his art should not be too much hampered by official recognition.

Millionaires' Clothes.

The tailors' organs—we put the journals in the plural since we have been chidden by the editor of one of them for referring to "the organ of the tailors"—will be interested in, and, with an eye to their readers, should certainly encourage, the talent of a writer in *Illustrated Switzerland*. This gentleman has decided that "an American millionaire can dress as a millionaire should on from £1,500 to £2,000 a year"—"as a millionaire should" is, of course, the corner-stone of the argument. In evolving this sum, the writer has gone to some pains, and, in order to round it off nicely, he says: "A pair of braces can, it is true, be obtained for a sovereign (Oh, most modest man!); but the gold buckles on them are, perhaps, worth £25, while they are often, into the bargain, set with diamonds and precious stones. The very garters have gold fastenings." Obviously, he would have all millionaires fifth Marquess of Angleseys; but what is the poor multi-millionaire to do that he may be distinguishable from his less fortunate fellows?

THE RIVAL TO THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON:

THE NEW WALDORF THEATRE, ITS FIRST MANAGER, AND SOME OF THE ARTISTES WHO WILL APPEAR IN IT.



1. Mme. Calvé,
who will appear in "Adrienne Lecouvreur."
2. Signor Ancona.
3. Mr. Henry Russell,
the Director of the Season.
4. Signora Eleonora de Cisneros.
5. Miss Alice Nielsen.
6. Signorina Giulia Ravogli,
who will appear in "Orfeo."
7. Miss Mary Garden.
8. Signor Fernando de Lucia.
11. The Waldorf Theatre, Aldwych.
9. Signora Eleonora Duse,
who will head an Italian Company, and will appear in at least two of Ibsen's plays, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in various plays by Italian and French authors, and in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."
10. M. Edouard de Reszke.

Special efforts are being made to complete the new Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych by the fifteenth of next month, when Mr. Henry Russell hopes to begin his season of opera and drama. The operas to be presented include "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "L'Amico Fritz," "Il Maestro di Capella," "Orfeo," "Serva Padrona," "Don Pasquale," "Fiorella," "Sonnambula," and "Il Barbiere." Should the present plan hold good, six evening and three afternoon performances will be given each week, opera being varied by drama, and the season will be of about eight weeks. The elevations of Mr. Seymour Hicks's theatre and the Waldorf are similar, for the reason that they form the two wings of one block of buildings, which when completed, with the Waldorf Hotel, which forms the centre, will extend from the corner of Catherine Street to Drury Lane, the whole of the frontage abutting upon Aldwych.

The Elevation of the Theatre is reproduced by the courtesy of the architect, Mr. W. G. R. Sprague. The Photographs are by Hills and Saunders, Falk, Dupont, and Berger.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THERE was a tide in the affairs of man that would have carried him across the Atlantic only a few months ago at a ridiculously low rate. When Shipping Companies fall out, poor men come by their own, and, had the various lines engaged in the Transatlantic business been content to remain bad friends, the world-wide problem of a cheap holiday would have stood in fair way of solution. Unfortunately for the seekers after inexpensive travelling, a truce has been called to the rate-war, and, for the reason of this triumph of the peace movement, it is not necessary to look beyond some of the balance-sheets of the Shipping Companies. It is sport for the passenger to be taken to America for fifty shillings, and to be well fed *en route*, but it is death to the line that endeavours in this generous fashion to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. Doubtless, competition has not survived its uses. Many and strenuous endeavours will be made by one competing firm to oust another, but the cutting of rates down to a point that makes business an affair of loss rather than of profit will hardly be regarded as a trump-card in the future. In fact, it isn't a card at all; it is just a boomerang.

"*Ex America.*"

America's latest acquisition seems to be an exceptionally unpleasant one. Of all epidemics, one that attacks the brain is most to be feared, and in a city like New York, where no brain ever tasted the joys of an eight hours' day, there must be a distinct predisposition to attack. This is bad enough, but, to make matters worse, the Yellow Press has an acute attack of nerves, and its responsible commentators—if the adjective be permissible—have been studying Defoe's "History of the Plague," and dispensing its horrors in small, paragraphic doses. Now it is a commonplace that illness may be conveyed by suggestion, and if you lead people to believe that they are seriously out of condition, their bodies will make a prompt response to their minds. If there had been half-a-dozen editions of certain cheap papers in London at the time of the Great Plague, I am sure the death-rate would have been even greater than it was. If the administration of New York could urge upon newspaper "bosses" the propriety of dealing lightly with the present trouble, the doctors of New York City ought to be able to stamp it out. I suppose the epidemic will be felt most seriously amongst the "hustlers," the people who never rest until Nature strikes.

M. Breittmayer. M. Tarride.



M. Le Bargy. M. Adrien Vély. Mme. Le Bargy. M. Wolff. M. Armand Lévy. M. Magnier. (hidden by the fencer's arm).

MME. LE BARGY, WHO IS TO PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE IN ENGLISH ON A DATE NOT YET ANNOUNCED, WATCHING A FENCING-MATCH BETWFEN HER HUSBAND AND M. PIERRE MAGNIER IN M. PIERRE WOLFF'S GARDEN.

M. Wolff, author of "Le Secret de Polichinelle," the English version of which is now running at the Haymarket under the title of "Everybody's Secret," arranges numbers of fencing-matches between his friends, and these take place in his garden on Friday mornings. Amongst those who fence there is M. Le Bargy, husband of the well-known actress who has arranged to play at the St. James's Theatre later on. M. Le Bargy himself has been acting at the Comédie-Française since 1880, but it was only three years ago that his wife discovered that she also possessed considerable talent for the stage. Most recently she has been playing in "Le Bercail" at the Gymnase Theatre.

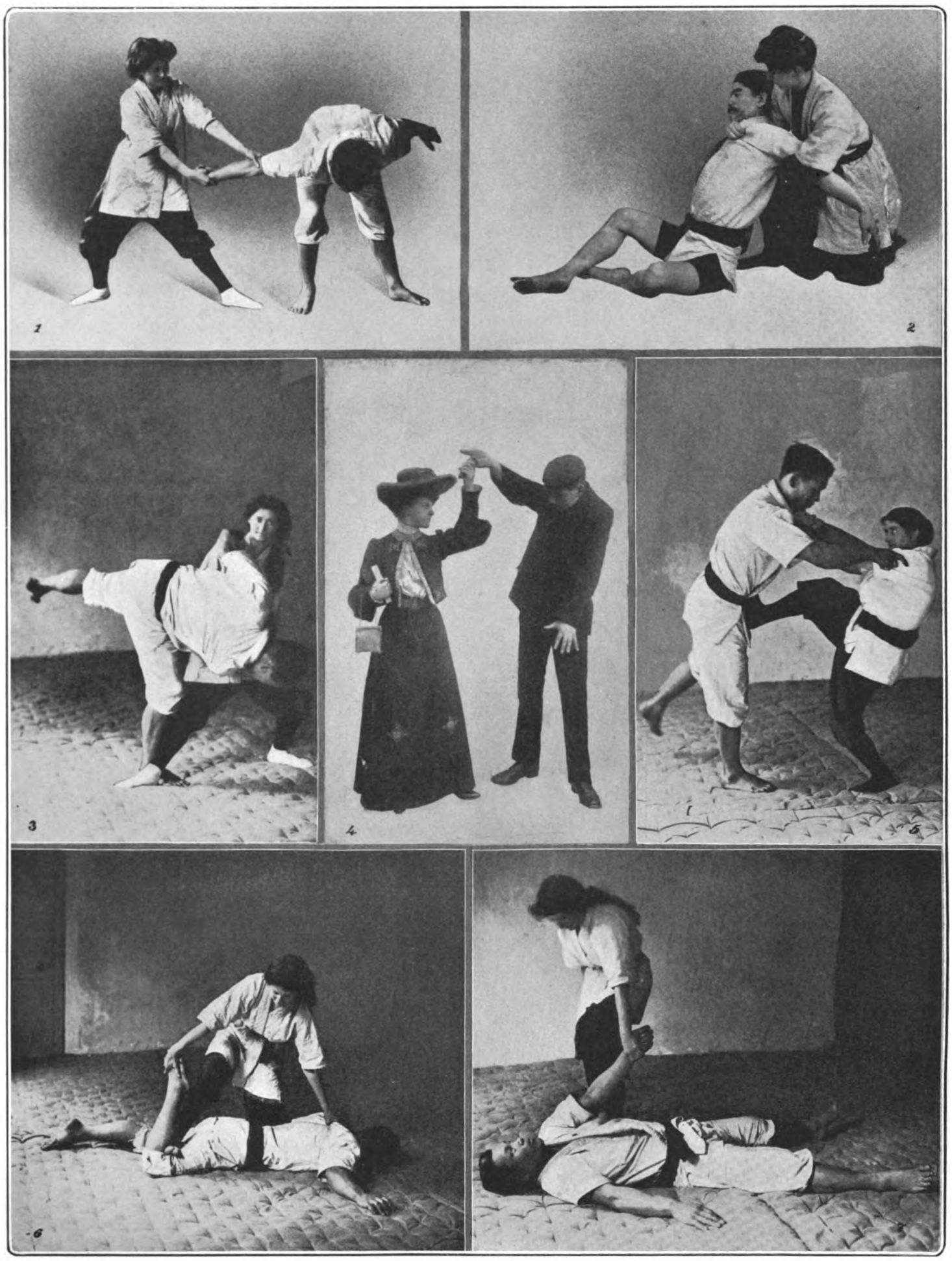
World Illness. The world is having a very bad time just now in the matter of illness, and, if we do not realise the extent of the tragedy, it is because a murder in the Mile End Road has a more intimate appeal to our senses than a tidal wave in China or an earthquake in Lahore. There is serious illness in every direction. Manchuria is threatened with plague. India is stricken already. New York has the bad form of meningitis. Cholera is threatening St. Petersburg. In these days of unrestricted intercommunication, we cannot afford to be indifferent to such developments, and I venture to believe that the men who look after the health of London on behalf of the City Corporation are making all the necessary plans to keep any serious trouble from attacking the Metropolis by way of the river. We owed our immunity from cholera during the last outbreak to the splendid work of the sanitary officers of the City of London, but it is not the fashion to give the City Corporation credit for anything. Popular fallacy still fancies that the Guildhall is a place wherein portly men, long past middle-age, assemble to drink each other's healths and vote themselves back-pay.

Madame Katti Lanner. The news of Madame Katti Lanner's impending retirement from the Empire will be received with great regret by her admirers all over Europe and America. For many years the greatest dancer of her time, the inheritor of the traditions of Fanny Elssler, Lucile Grahn, Taglioni, and Cerito, Madame Katti Lanner has done more than any other living woman or man to preserve ballet for us in the form our fathers loved it. Even to-day, after more than half-a-century of hard work, the great dancer and teacher is still as lively as ever, and her skill is shown in the ballet now running at the Empire. All Europe has delighted to do honour to Madame Katti Lanner, and she has a wonderful collection of souvenirs from every capital city. In Vienna, where her father, Josef Lanner, achieved fame as a writer of dance-music, Madame Lanner is still immensely popular, and in Lisbon, at San Carlos Opera House, I was told a couple of years ago that they had never known an artist of equal gifts. To her we owe the National School of Dancing which was the forerunner of the many schools that thrive to-day. I don't suppose that Madame Lanner's retirement from the Empire denotes any intention to give up work; she bears the burden of the years too lightly to become idle now.

The Imperial Tourist. I suppose that the majority of morning-paper readers realise that there are great political changes afoot in Europe. That stormy petrel of European politics, who will hurry from place to place paying unnecessary visits and making superfluous speeches, is really more an object of pity than of anger. Germany runs a great risk of being left out in the cold when the Powers of Europe re-arrange themselves. In the end, she may have to consort with Abdul Hamid II., whose reputation is not of the best. The Triple Alliance exists more in name than fact; the Dual Alliance was mortally wounded when the friendly and allied nation closed her purse with a snap that was heard all over the civilised world; and the Kaiser's yachting-tour has been little more than an attempt to secure some sort of controlling position in the Concert of Europe, or, failing that, to put all the instruments in the orchestra out of tune. The impulsive grandson of his never-to-be-forgotten grandfather seems to be making quite a number of diplomatic blunders, and to be adding to the list of Powers that do not wish him well. But there are many shrewd observers who do not think that the Kaiser is so foolish as his actions.

FOR WOMEN WHO WALK ALONE: HOW TO TACKLE THE HOOLIGAN.

JU-JITSU FOR LADIES.



1. Should her assailant seek to take hold of her jacket, the lady catches him by the right hand, and by twisting it and pressing the elbow, which causes exquisite pain, easily throws him to the ground. His arm is then in such a position that it can be "locked" without much trouble. **2.** The assailant can be rendered unconscious by this neck-hold after he has been thrown. **3.** To effect this side-throw, the lady places her right foot in front of that of her assailant, pulls him sharply round, and throws him with the aid of his own strength. **4.** The lady can also deal with any ruffian who may attack her by means of this hand-lock, which if fought against would lead to broken fingers. **5.** The stomach-throw here shown is a favourite with the exponents of Ju-jitsu, and is especially useful against a big opponent. The lady places her foot against her assailant's stomach, and then drops quickly to the ground, with the result that the man's weight causes him to be thrown over her head. **6.** Having thrown her opponent flat upon the ground, the lady places one foot upon the back of his knee, catches hold of his collar with her left hand and of his toes with her right, and at the same time puts her left knee against his back. The foot is then pressed back towards the body, the pain caused rendering the victim helpless. **7.** After she has thrown her assailant, the lady places her left foot on his chest, and then, catching hold of him by the left wrist and pressing her left knee forward, is soon in a position to dislocate his arm should need be.

Photographs Numbers 1, 3, 5, 6, and 7 were taken, exclusively for "The Sketch," at the Japanese School of Ju-jitsu, 305, Regent Street, W.; the others are by Park.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("*Monocle.*")

"Hamlet"—"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire"—"Pantaloon."

MR. H. B. IRVING may well feel proud and happy, for even if there are variations in the degree of enthusiasm shown concerning his Hamlet, there is unanimity in admiring it very warmly. It is the disadvantage of every new Hamlet that we all have, or think we have, very different opinions about the character—it is almost a case of so many critics so many opinions—so no performance can escape disapprobation on a number of points. Mr. Irving, at least, can boast that even those who distrust his conception greatly admire his execution. To me there seems only one really important matter to quarrel with, and it is not one for which the actor is to be blamed. He suggested too strong a personality for so weak a personage. Here is the actor's dilemma—which resembles that of the actress and the part of Juliet in the matter of experience and appearance of age—no actor is fit to play all the scenes of "Hamlet" who has not by nature a personal note of power that forces the irresolution of the wavering Prince to seem unnatural. Put this aside, and the new Hamlet seems wholly admirable, giving, indeed, a fascinating study of the unfortunate young man, in which great natural gifts are taken full advantage of by profound technical skill. The production at the Adelphi, as a whole, is very praiseworthy. The mounting hits the mean capitally between the over-gorgeousness which involves an insult to the dramatist and the meanness that distracts attention. I should like to see the "wild and whirling" robes of Mr. Oscar Asche as King curtailed: his performance is well considered, and in the prayer scene was very impressive. Miss Lily Brayton's Ophelia charmed everyone: she seemed to me to render the painful mad scenes a little needlessly cruel; there is a natural tendency on the part of every actress to extract every ounce of pitifulness out of them. The Polonius of the very clever actor Mr. Lyall Swete was rather disappointing: a modern disposition exists to treat the old gentleman as by no means so foolish as he appeared to our ancestors, but this is consistent with more quaintness and comicality than the actor shows and is well able to show. The First Gravedigger of Mr. Charles Rock was an excellent piece of dry acting. Miss Maud Milton, the Gertrude, Mr. Hignett, the Horatio, and Mr. Hampden, the Laertes, acted very well, but the two latter seemed rather lacking in distinction.



MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT'S SISTER AND SUCCESSOR: MISS EVELYN BEAUMONT,

Who is now playing Lady Lucy Derenham in "The Walls of Jericho," at the Garrick.

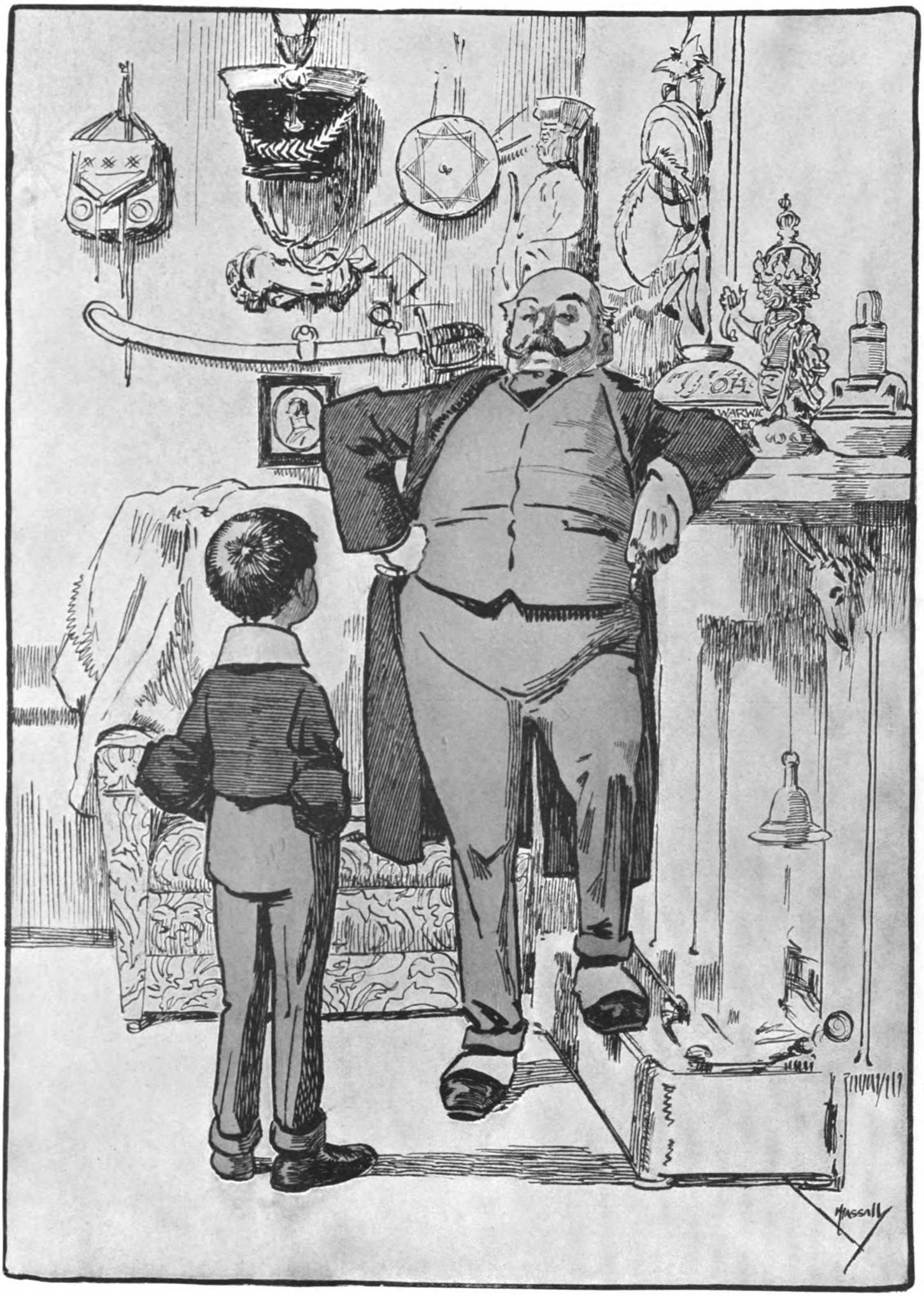
Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

Probably Alice will sit by the fire for a long time at the Duke of York's Theatre, but the play is not quite of such a quality that a seat on the Embankment would be safe for her in chilly weather. Much of the piece is pure Barrie, typical Barrie, and delightful; but it is easy to be out of touch with the main element of the play, the domestication of Alice owing to her adventure with her daughter. Once more the dramatist has succeeded in breaking new ground: at least, so far as I know, the humour and pathos of the return home of the Anglo-Indians to their family, to the boy and girl almost grown up, and to the babe, all strangers to their parents, is novel to our stage. The whole of this part of the work is quite charming. When, however, the intrigue begins and the excessively ingenious burlesque of the Seventh-Commandment drama is started, pleasure wanes a little. It is very clever to give us Amy, the daughter with ideas of life founded on passages in five plays that she ought never to have seen, and Mr. Barrie makes fun of them neatly, though he is not above employing the stage devices which he derides; but the plot that results becomes a little tiresome at times and rather puzzling. Moreover, some people will feel that the element of Rollo's joy at believing that Alice has a guilty passion for him does not mix very nicely with his obvious admiration of her daughter. Really the play would gain if all this business of Rollo's fatuous delusion were removed, though a neat little scene, admirably acted by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, would have to disappear.

The last part of the play to be considered is the closing scene, which came very late on the first-night, where Alice, who has a devoted, charming, elderly husband, and three delightful children, makes up her mind that the time has arrived for her to close the livelier side of her career as a youngish married woman. She has had a good time, has been belle of the garrison-towns in India, and has flirted desperately with "the boys"; she has sown her wild oats, and decides to sit by the family hearth and seek her happiness as wife and mother, not as flirt. I suppose it is very pathetic; many certainly thought so, even if I did not feel deeply moved by her belated retirement from the active ranks of the philanderers. To my jaundiced eyes, she began very ill by making spontaneously a needless, cruel confession to her husband that the flirtations he had tolerated as trivial had been more serious than he thought, had, in fact, been dangerous, though not quite criminal. Whether the study of the Anglo-Indian giddy matron mixes up agreeably with the lighter parts of the play must be a matter of disputed opinion—that Miss Ellen Terry achieved a triumph in the part cannot be denied. Feeling, from the first, the delight of the audience in her, she played with a vigour and confidence she has never before displayed, I think, on a first-night, and her exhibition of the motherly aspect of the part was irresistible: hence prodigious applause. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had a difficult task in the part of Amy, the daughter who seeks to rescue her mother from imaginary danger; she showed a great deal of quiet humour. The house, I think, regretted that the little "general" part, admirably played by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, was so short; we would have gladly spared some of the serious, rather perplexing, scenes of the second Act, in order to laugh again at the quaint little slavey. Mr. Aubrey Smith had a charming note of tenderness in his skilful performance as the elderly husband of Alice. Mr. Kenneth Douglas and Mr. A. E. Matthews — the former made up too young — were of real service. Even after saying some harsh things concerning "Alice," I cannot help adding that a great deal of the play is quite delightful.

Mr. Barrie's one-Act piece, "Pantaloon," given as prelude to "Alice," is rather bewildering. One can hardly take as serious his heavy pathos concerning the elderly Pantaloon of British Harlequinade and his woes at the loss of his artistic activity. For a little while, grim humour, in the idea of old "Joey's" belief that he is the "second funniest man on earth," renders the play comic; but when the pathos business is turned on, with an accompaniment of snow falling upon the windows, one asks whether the dramatist is not trying to trick gulls into tears in order that he may laugh at their stupidity. Nobody can reasonably object to the convention of speaking Clown and Pantaloon and dumb-show Harlequin and Columbine all in customary costume—a pity, though, that the music for the miming is poor—and certainly some clever comic strokes are contrived. Mr. Gerald du Maurier acted very cleverly as the chief figure, and Mr. Baskcomb's Clown was a capital piece of acting. Children, however, if taken to the play, may resent the idea that the Clown is represented as a really cruel, selfish beast. What has he done that he should be thus ill-treated in order to render Pantaloon a pathetic figure? Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Willie Warde represent Columbine and Harlequin, who elope, get married, and bring a little baby-clown to work the very reconciliation business of which Mr. Barrie makes fun in the chief work of the evening.

"BUT THINGS LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW, MUST BE AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY"



"Yes, my lad, my grandfather was killed at Waterloo!"
"Oh, I say, was he really? Which platform?"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

M. JEAN RICHEPIN'S "DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.



Prince Rohan Rochefort (Mr. A. Holmes Gore). Jeannette Vaubernier, or "L'Ange," afterwards the Du Barri (Mrs. Brown-Potter). Jean du Barri (Mr. William L. Abingdon).

"L'Ange," an assistant in Mme. Labille's shop, hesitating between the love of Prince Rohan Rochefort and the wiles of the dissolute Comte Jean du Barri, decides to accept the latter's proposition that he shall take her to see the King.



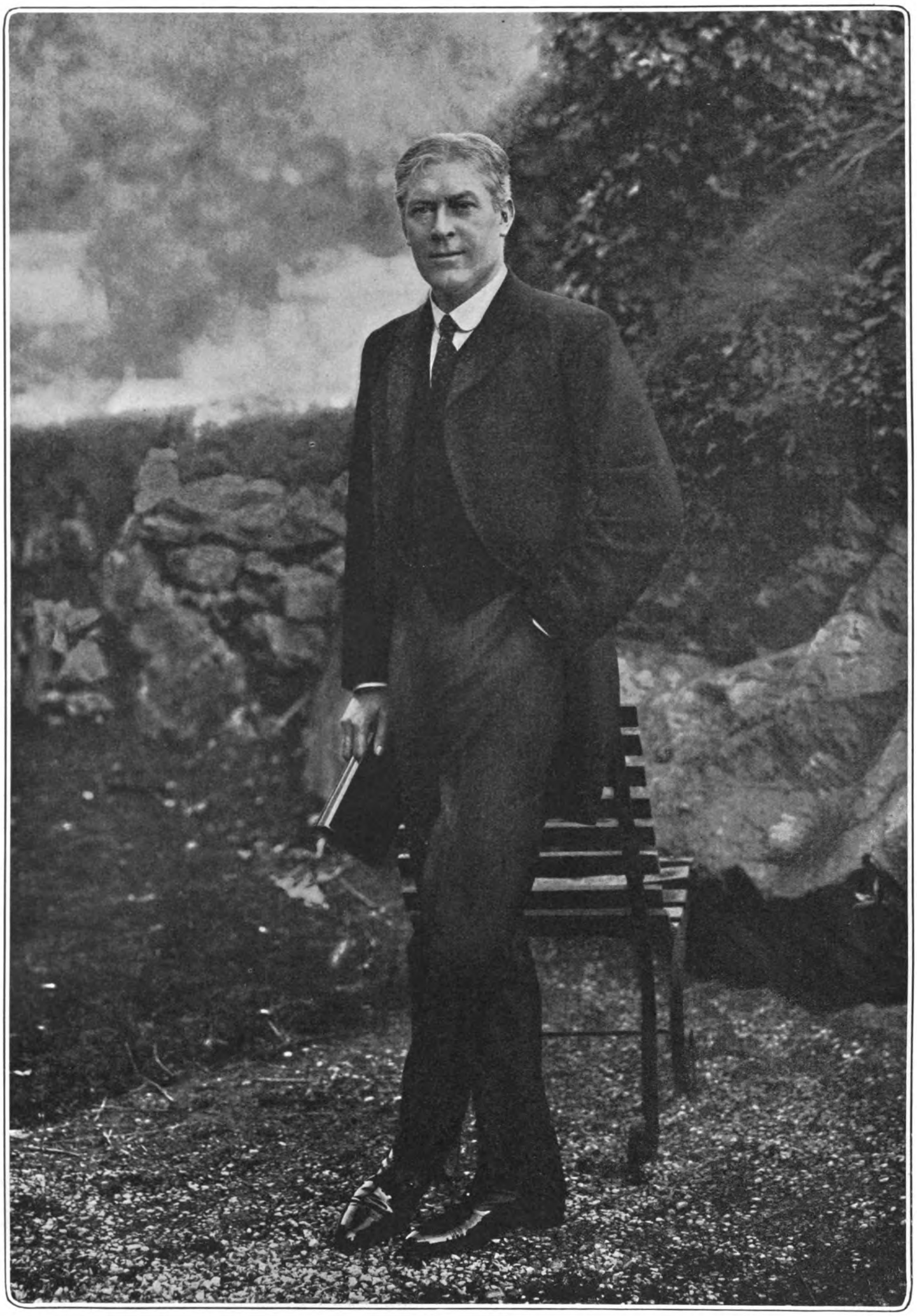
Jean du Barri. Louis XV. (Mr. Gilbert Hare). The Duc de Richelieu (Mr. Herbert Ross).

The roué, Comte Jean du Barri, who marries "L'Ange" in order that it may be possible for her to be presented at Court; Louis, the Well-Beloved; and the Duc de Richelieu, one of several courtiers who make the Du Barri fulfil their wishes.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE FORTHCOMING REAPPEARANCE OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER.

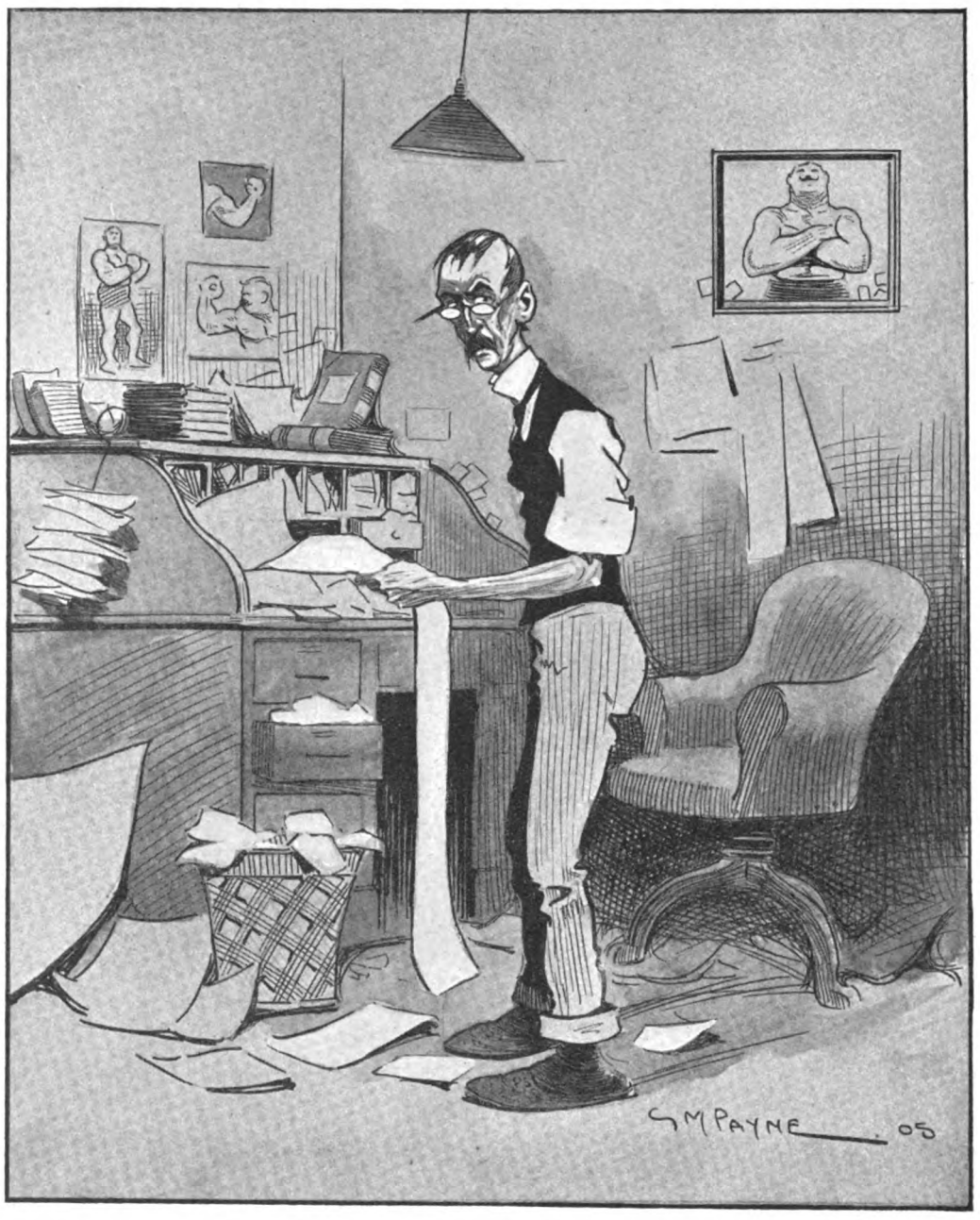
Mr. George Alexander, whose successful tour with the "Mr. George Alexander Concert Recital Company" closed on Thursday last, will make his reappearance at the St. James's, if present arrangements hold good, on the 1st of May, the occasion being the production of "John Chilcote, M.P." Mr. Alfred Sutro's "Mollentrave on Women" finishes its run on Saturday next.

Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

An ingenious arithmetician has been working out the rates per word paid to authors whose services are in universal demand. According to his reckoning, the authoress of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is at the head. She received for that story more than a sovereign per word. Sir Conan Doyle received about half-a-crown a word for positively the last series of Sherlock Holmes stories. Mrs. Humphry Ward is well paid, but, as her words are very numerous, her rate is smaller than that of less copious writers. We are told that for most novelists twopence or threepence a word is good payment. I have known many who have been satisfied with very much less—or, at least, they had to be satisfied.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: III.—THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSCLE AND BICEPS NEWS."

Drawn by G. M. Payne.

Considering the number of manuscripts an editor has to decline, there is a great deal to say for the old practice of concealing the name of that functionary. The wonder is that he is not assassinated by irate contributors. Great editors tell me that their enemies are not, as a rule, amongst men whose work they have declined, but amongst the writers they have tried to help. To deprecate the wrath of contributors many plans have been devised. Ingenious circulars have been printed, explaining at great length and with anxious courtesy that the declinature of a manuscript does not involve any adverse judgment on its literary merit. A humourist suggests that a corresponding circular should be prepared for acceptance, and he has drawn out the following model—

> The Editor takes pleasure in stating that your story, entitled "The Buzz of the Buzzard," is accepted for the *Surething Magazine*. The acceptance of an article, however, does not necessarily imply that it possesses merit Any one of a number of reasons may lead to its acceptance—such, for instance, as a spacious timeliness, the fact that it will exactly fit an empty space, any kind of notoriety attached to the writer's name, the possession by the magazine of a useless illustration, purchased by mistake, which, in an emergency, can be made to misillustrate some of its incidents, or even temporary aberration on the part of the Editor. The absence of criticism is kindly asked to be excused, owing to the vast number of manuscripts which the Editor daily returns without reading at all. Cheque in payment for your story will, in all probability, be sent you some day; meantime, the Editor would counsel the beautiful virtue of patience.

The new edition of the collected works of William Hazlitt published by Messrs. Dent has now been completed and is a work of real and lasting value. The editors, Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller, have done their work thoroughly. We have lost in Mr. Glover one of the most conscientious and learned students of literary history. Mr. Waller's high reputation is richly deserved, and is enhanced by every fresh piece of work that comes from his hands. There is an introductory essay by the late Mr. Henley. Mr. Henley declares that Hazlitt "was never an exalted Wordsworthian," and he mentions that "once, in a moment of supreme geniality, Hazlitt likened Wordsworth's best passages, not to their advantage, to those of *the classic Akenside*."

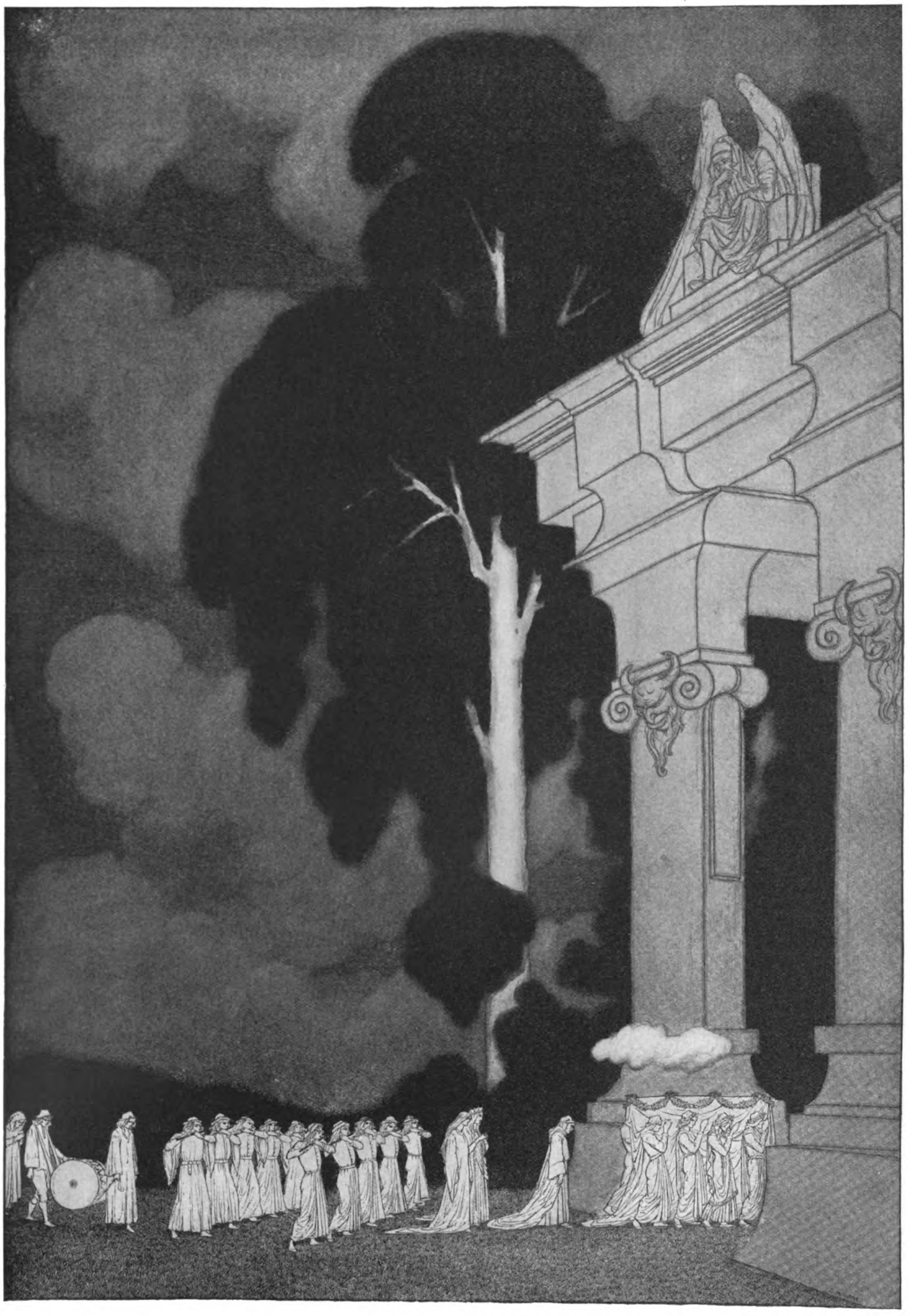
A competent critic in the *Athenæum* has pointed out that, so far is this from being true, that the very reverse is the truth. "What Hazlitt originally (1814) wrote was that the poet's 'powers of description and fancy seem to be little inferior to those of thought and sentiment.' In 1817, embittered by the fall of Napoleon, and desiring, so far as he could, to disparage the poet who had, as Hazlitt thought, sold himself to the Treasury, he cancelled this passage, and substituted one to the effect that 'Wordsworth's powers of description and fancy seem to be little inferior to those of his classical predecessor, Akenside.' But this revised judgment was delivered not in a supremely genial moment, but at a time of recent and intense exasperation." In fact, Hazlitt struggled between his passionate admiration for Wordsworth as a man and his hatred of his politics. Thus, in his Observations of "The Excursion," which first appeared in the *Examiner* for 1814, Hazlitt wrote of Wordsworth: "There is in his sentiments and reflections on human life a depth, an originality, a beauty and grandeur, both of conception and expression, which place him decidedly at the head of the poets of the present day—or rather, which place him in a totally different class of excellence. It is not in our power to add to, or take from, the pretensions of a poem like the present, but if our opinion or wishes could have any weight, we would take our leave of it by saying, 'Esto Perpetua'!" When Hazlitt, three years after, came to reprint the article in the *Round Table*, he omitted this passage.

His relations with Coleridge were quite parallel to his relations with Wordsworth. Though he had in his heart the keenest appreciation of Coleridge's genius, he allowed political passion to lead him into the most dastardly and dishonest attacks on Coleridge's work. All that can be said in extenuation was that Hazlitt fought a very hard and difficult fight for his political principles, while Wordsworth and Coleridge managed to accommodate themselves to the drift of the day.

O. O.

BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL MARCH TO THE MEMORY OF A HERO.

Drawn by S. H. Sime.



BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN E-FLAT, NO. 3 ("EROÏCA").

Mr. Sime made this drawing while the "Eroïca" Symphony was being played to him, and regards it as the outward expression of the effect that the music had upon his imagination. The famous work was given at the recent Concert at the Queen's Hall in commemoration of the anniversary of Beethoven's death in 1827, the choice being partly determined by the fact that this year marks the centenary of the first performance of the composition.

THE NEW PHASE OF "VÉRONIQUE":

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.



Mr Aubrey Fitzgerald

Mr Aubrey Fitzgerald

Mr Aubrey Fitzgerald
as
Mons. Loustot, a Bailiff.

Mr Ralph Nairn as Seraphin
A Groom

Miss Sybil Grey as Aunt Benoit

When the evergreen "Véronique" was first produced, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald played Seraphin, and Mr. Fred Emney, M. Loustot. Miss Sybil Grey has acted Aunt Benoît from the first. Mr. Ralph Nairn joined the cast comparatively recently.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

ON THE HIRE-SYSTEM—WITHOUT SECURITY.



"PITY 'T IS, 'T IS TRUE."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

CURTAINS CARICATURED: IV.—FARCE.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST



Various Erring and Hen-pecked Husbands, Irate Wives, "Johnnies," a Pallid Curate, etc.

Generous Uncle. Headstrong Nephew. Sweet Girl of Nephew's Choice. Comic Page. The Stout Lady, who will Faint in Stranger's Arms

"WHY JONES WASN'T VACCINATED."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PHYLLIS AND CORYDON.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.

WHEN the world heard the news it shook its head and sniggered. There was no need for the display of this fatuous wisdom, however. As a matter of fact, the affair was an accident, and the two parties chiefly concerned were entirely innocent. I think to the latter sentence I had better append "on that occasion." It is, from what I have heard, probably safer. There was, of course, a *deus ex machina*. He was Sir Jasper's man.

It commenced with Sir Jasper's sudden distaste for the machine-made artificiality of his life.

"Blinks," he said to his man, "life at present is an exhausting strain. I spend my days in intellectual dram-drinking. It may be stimulating at the time, but it threatens an eternity of the 'morning after.' I am tired of discussing the Drama, when our only dramatist—I, of course, allude to Bernard Shaw—is not sure whether he is not really a humorous politician. I am tired of guessing at what he means. I am tired of patronising new religions—the Christian Scientists are no longer even amusing. I am tired of discovering art in obscure Belgian villages. I will try the simple life."

"Very good, sir," said Blinks the excellent. He had achieved a reputation for discretion by the repetition of those words.

"You have a brother, Blinks?"

"It is a painful subject, sir. I am not responsible. My parents are alone to blame."

"He is something to do with land?"

"Yes, sir. I rarely speak of it. He is, I regret, a gamekeeper. He might have been a hairdresser, but he had no aspirations."

"Ah, a gamekeeper! We will visit him, Blinks."

"Sir!"

"I am going back to the land, Blinks." Sir Jasper said, dreamily. "I think I shall be a plough-boy. It is all simple—pure air, pure surroundings."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—but is it wise to go by hearsay?"

"A simple life—everything simple, not at all like Bernard Shaw. You will be a cow-herd. That sounds delightful. We will go next week. Let your brother know."

It continued in this way. Blinks, among many attachments, had formed one for Milly Orwell. She presided over the mysteries of Lady Agatha's toilet. Lady Agatha had never met Sir Jasper. During her meteoric Season in town he had been seeking intellectual light in Dublin, under the guidance of the Irish Literary Society. As a comment upon the futility of human hopes, I may add that he did not find it.

Blinks told Milly of the rash resolve of Sir Jasper, reserving particulars of his brother.

"If it were not for the fact that his figure is exactly the same as mine, I should resign my position. But, as it is—his suits are never out of fashion by the time they come to me. It is a consideration."

The same evening Lady Agatha spoke to Milly.

"The world is very flat," said she.

"Indeed, m'Lady! I was always told at school that it was an orange."

"Don't be silly. I mean that there is no more interest in it."

"That is probably from its lack of principle," said Milly, who could afford to be smart, having been initiated into some of her Ladyship's toilet secrets, and having found out the rest.

"And the last Bridge broke me I have a yearning for the country—not a country house, but the real country. It is a happy life, Milly; it is full of sunsets, and trees, and churches with bells. Besides, I must retrench."

Then Milly rose to an inspiration.

"Ah, if your Ladyship goes to the country you will carry the town with you," said she, insidiously.

"I shall travel incognito."

"I am told the life of a Devonshire milkmaid is one long happiness, m'Lady. My sister—ah, you did not know I had a sister, but I have, m'Lady; she was all I had when I entered your service, but you have been so generous—my sister tells me so." The sister was an effort of Milly's imagination.

"Where is she?"

"At Over Tracey, in Devonshire." That was the place Blinks had mentioned. Milly reasoned that a sister would easily be forthcoming for a consideration. "It is a beautiful place, m'Lady. There are more buttercups there than in any other village. They have taken prizes."

"Buttercups—how simple and refreshing! How idyllic, after all the pernicious champagne-cups one knows! Milly, we will go to Over Tracey and I will be a milkmaid. No one will know me; I shall be happy."

At Over Tracey, Blinks, sent on before Sir Jasper, met Milly, who preceded her mistress. Supreme satisfaction did not, at first, overspread the face of Blinks. There were one or two village-girls who were attractive and might have proved an agreeable relaxation.

"My dear Miss Orwell," cried he, "this is an unexpected—er—pleasure! What are you doing here?"

"I am looking for a sister."

"That is curious. I have just found a brother."

"Did he come high?"

"About five feet seven."

"No; I mean, was he expensive?"

"No. He is too dreadfully cheap. Birth is an accident, Miss Orwell. He is, I am ashamed to say, a gamekeeper."

"I did not know they played golf or bridge here. Is he a real brother?"

"Consider, Miss Orwell; should I adopt a gamekeeper?"

"No, of course not. My sister is unreal. I must find one. It will not be difficult, I presume. In exchange for her sisterhood we shall pay for board and lodging."

"You will find the whole village one family if you offer them that. You may have your choice of parents, brothers, sisters, uncles—indeed anything, according to the amount you pay."

Miss Orwell explained matters. To be with Blinks, she had buried herself in the country; to share the solitary and neglected existence imposed upon him by the freak of his master, she had gone to the length of creating a sister. Lady Agatha was, she said, so enthusiastic over the project that she had spent a whole afternoon at the Zoological Gardens in order to familiarise herself with wild animals.

It was Milly Orwell who hinted, with delicacy, that her mistress was not responsible for her actions; it was Blinks who plagiarised her (at her own request) with respect to his own master. The gamekeeper Blinks, honest man, saw no objection if it were regarded as "an extry"; the new-found sister, Mrs. Bowden, quite welcomed the idea, on the understanding that double charges should be made. "Er's one, you see, my dear, and as she's not herself, she must be another; so it's all right and reasonable," she announced.

Miss Orwell and Mr. Blinks travelled back together after their successful arrangement of affairs. Milly, foreseeing the opportunities so close an association with Blinks would afford her (she preyed always for a husband), smiled. Blinks, foreseeing the same opportunities, was more thoughtful. His was a plastic nature. As all truly great men, he was aware of his weaknesses. It was enough to render him thoughtful.

So Lady Agatha first, and, at an interval of two days, Sir Jasper, came to the village of Over Tracey. Their welcomes, if a trifle noisy, were, at all events, severally warm. The juvenile population received them with marked enthusiasm. "It was touching," said

Lady Agatha. It would have been more so, had not the schoolmistress discovered the stone in Tommy Endacott's hand just in time.

Although both Lady Agatha and Sir Jasper attributed the popular interest to the rare coming of strangers to the village, it was, in reality, evoked by an expectation of wilder conduct. As a matter of fact, Over Tracey had not been visited by a circus for seven months, and the advent of two lunatics wrought on the popular fancy. The tameness with which they followed their several "keepers" was quite a damper.

Lady Agatha spent two bewildering days seeking for a situation as milkmaid. Each farmer she approached behaved in the most unaccountable way. They heard her in silence, and went off to laugh in company with cows. She had dressed the part to the best of her ability. Clarkson had given her designs, which she entirely altered. Milly had given her advice, which she resented, laughed at, and finally adopted. The result was not so outrageous as it might have been. She clung, however, to a short skirt, which, in its turn, clung to her. She had uncommonly neat ankles.

It was on the fifth day of her country life that she first met Sir Jasper. She had seen him and admired him (his velveteens were cut with distinction), but had not previously met him. She heard that he was a friend of Tim Blinks, Lord Orter's gamekeeper, and out of work. Both by that time were just a little out of heart with the masquerade.

The place of meeting was in a field. She was looking over a stile into another field. He came up with the same object in view—there never was any other view in Over Tracey.

"Good-morning," he said, taking off his hat.

She giggled. It was her conception of the part. She had read somewhere that country maids always giggled when addressed, and she religiously perpetuated the idea. It was painful, it seemed imbecile, but it was undoubtedly fitting.

"You are," he continued, "the milkmaid, I believe? At present unemployed, I hear."

"Yes. And you are the gamekeeper, out of work, I am informed?"

"Yes. I am an idler. I have been working too hard—the doctor suggested change."

"How sad! I suppose keeping game *is* arduous?" She was very sympathetic.

"When kept too long—very," he replied. "Were you walking?"

"I was. But there are so many loose cows in the next field. I always think loose creatures are dangerous, don't you?"

"Ah, yes; I believe so."

"And I don't like the cows down here. They are so ungroomed."

"A sad lack of refinement. A groomed cow is an exquisite work of art. While cleanliness is a British virtue I am sure that Cooper's pictures will be always treasured."

"You are an admirer of art?" she asked, gladly. Really, quite an interesting gamekeeper.

"Rather should I say an admirer of beauty!" he replied, slightly suggesting an Arcadian bow.

"The distinction is hardly discernible. Beauty is generally a matter of art." She was young enough and beautiful enough to call attention to the fact that she was wearing her own complexion by suggesting the opposite.

"Beauty," he supplemented, with a perfect appreciation of her manœuvre, "is frequently artful."

From that time Lady Agatha ceased to provide merriment for the farmers—that is to say, actively, for passively and retrospectively the joke of a "vine lady a bit off her 'ead" seeking to become a milkmaid was a source of unrestrained laughter for years.

Day by day the two unemployed members of an agricultural community met, stared at the fields in company, walked together, and talked most agreeably. Each found in the other that charm of simplicity which is so characteristic of the soil. Each found the other distinctly above his and her station in life. Each, in fact, admired the other enormously.

At the close of a fortnight, Sir Jasper came to the conclusion that life without a milkmaid would be an intolerable void. He read Tennyson's "Burleigh," and found it stimulating. He thought of the abject horror of his relatives, and was pleased. It is curious what consolation a man has in annoying his family.

Lady Agatha at the end of a fortnight was tenderly sentimental. That was a bad omen for all Sir Jasper's hopes. A refusal, naturally, rendered her sentimental, whereas the prospect of a proposal that might with discretion be accepted would have merely produced a speculative triumph. She liked him very much, but a gamekeeper was, of course, impossible. Woman exhausts her sentiment over books.

They came to a stile that led into a wood. She composed herself for an affecting refusal. She had determined that she would suggest an inalienable tie to which she must be loyal though her heart broke.

"My dear one," said he—they had adopted such expressions as being natural to the characters they had assumed—"my dear one, life is a complex riddle."

"It is," she assented.

"A riddle for the solution of which we grope and grope."

"We do. And, oh, is it not elusive?"

"My sentiment exactly. Thinking so, I have evolved the thought that it can only be guessed by two."

"Do you mean by the hour two?" she asked, prettily.

"My simple maid! Adorable simplicity! No, I mean by two minds with but a single thought."

"I really don't see the assistance of the second head if there is only to be one thought between the two."

"My practical pretty one! What I am endeavouring to convey is this: Let us solve the riddle together. I have loved you ever since I first saw you. In some cottage let us wreathe garlands of flowers about this sphinx, life."

"Is—I am an untutored girl, so forgive me if I do not clearly grasp your point—is this a proposal of marriage?"

"My sweet one, yes! Here in this—oh, confound it, here is someone coming!"

Footsteps approached from the path through the wood. Lady Agatha was at the very point of breaking her heart with a romantically worded refusal when the accident happened. Sir Jasper uttered a groan.

"Oh, Lord!" said he, "it's Tom Orter!"

"Lord Orter?" she cried.

"Yes. That's the worst of having so many relatives. You are always sure of one poking his nose in at the wrong time."

"A relative!"

"He's my cousin twice removed—and cropped up again."

"And you're not a gamekeeper?"

"No. I'm Jasper Ember."

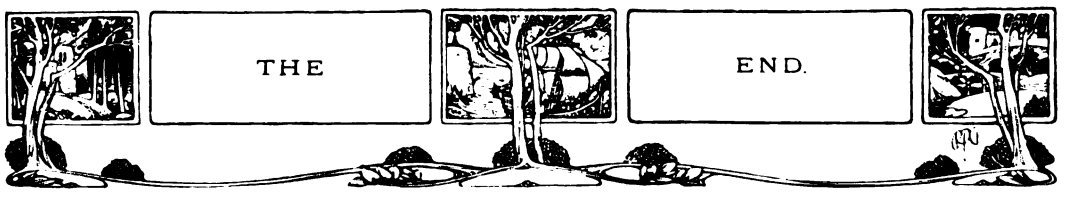
"Oh, I'm so sorry! I did so want to marry a—a gamekeeper. And now there'll be no romance. I'm really Lady Agatha!"

"*The* Lady Agatha?"

"Yes. And now it will be St. George's, after all!"

From this it will be seen that it was not the result of a carefully engineered plot on the part of Lady Agatha, but the accident of Lord Orter's arrival, which changed a refusal into acceptation.

Milly and Blinks were also married. They run a little shop for the disposal of clothes "of the best cut and second-hand prices," although they are both still indispensable to Sir Jasper and Lady Agatha.





"ADEQUATE" is the adjective Mr. Waller would apply to the production of "Romeo and Juliet" he is so busily engaged in rehearsing for next Saturday. If, however, the decoration of the play is not over-elaborate, it will, nevertheless, be found to be characterised by a sense of fitness and good taste. After the impersonations of Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Waller himself, interest will, of course, centre around the Mercutio of Mr. H. V. Esmond; while Miss Mary Rorke will be the Nurse; Miss Helen Leyton, Lady Capulet; Mr. Frank Dyall, Paris; Mr. Thomas Kingston, Tybalt; Mr. Arthur Lewis, Peter; and Mr. A. E. George, who goes from success to success and from comedy to serious parts with equal facility, will have the opportunity of appearing in a new light, in the fine part of Friar Laurence.

A conspicuous feature of the production will be the music, for which Gounod's opera will be drawn upon, by arrangement with Mrs. Edward Terry, formerly Lady Harris, who controls the English rights. Amongst the selections will be the minuet, which will be danced in the first Act; and the "Sommeil de Juliette," which will be used for the death-scene. A word of reminder may be added that the play will be arranged in four Acts, the second being the long one.

When a play is not long enough to fill the evening programme, will the author of the chief piece be the author of the curtain-raiser as well in future? At the St. James's we have Mr. Sutro's "A Maker of Men" preceding "Mollentrave on Women," and Mr. Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" is preceded by—Mr. Barrie's "Pantaloon." The arrangement is known to be Mr. Barrie's own, for he needed a play of a "decorative" character to lend contrast to the modernity of "Alice."

Mr. Sutro, in his lighter mood, has scarcely caught the public fancy to the same extent as he has dominated it in serious vein, for "Mollentrave on Women" is to be withdrawn immediately, and "John Chilcote, M.P.," is underlined for the evening of May 1. That play offers an exceedingly interesting addition to the list of the literary productions in which husband and wife have collaborated.



A SOMERSET NOVELIST TURNED LECTURER: MR. WALTER RAYMOND.

Mr. Walter Raymond, the well-known Somerset novelist, gave a successful lecture, entitled "Rural Life and Humour," in the Smaller Queen's Hall, on Thursday of last week. He has given his entertainment frequently in the West Country.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

When His Majesty's opens, on Easter Monday, Mr. Tree will inaugurate a week's programme the variety of which may possibly have been equalled, but can never have been exceeded, even in the palmiest of the palmy days of the drama, for he will give a different play of Shakspere on each day of Easter week, which, in consequence of its lateness, also happens to be what has come to be called "the Shakspere Commemoration Week." All the plays, it need hardly be said, have been already mounted at His Majesty's, although that fact by no means diminishes the magnitude of the undertaking, for several of the parts will be played by actors who have not hitherto been associated with them. Mr. Tree's bill will include "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "The Merry Wives," "Much Ado," "Richard II.," and "Twelfth Night."

In that week, therefore, eight Shakspere plays will be given in London, "Othello" being at the Shaftesbury, "Romeo and Juliet" at the Imperial, and, of course, "Hamlet" at the Adelphi.

After the wedding of Miss Lily Hanbury, of which we have something to say in "Small Talk of the Week," a reception will be held at Claridge's Hotel, at which, naturally, most of the leading members of the theatrical profession will be present to wish happiness to the bride who is so popular a member of the community. Miss Hanbury will be attended by eight bridesmaids, headed by her sister, Miss Hilda Hanbury, the others being her cousins, Miss Hilda Jacobsen, Miss Florence Jamieson, and Miss Norah Kerin, Miss Phyllis Terry, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), Miss Gladys Marsden, Miss Maude Simmons, and Miss Margery Gould, the daughter of the late Mr. Nutcombe Gould.



THE PRODUCER OF "LA RETRAITE": M. POREL.

M. Porel, who, as most people are aware, is Madame Réjane's husband, is at present running an adaptation of that much-discussed German play of military life, "Zapfenstreich," in Paris, under the title of "La Retraite." He is manager of the Vaudeville, and was once one of the comedians of the Palais-Royal.

Photograph by Nadar.

When actors first become managers, it is amazing how often they seek to dominate the whole interest by placing the other parts of the play in the hands of actors who are not of the first importance. It is, obviously, a poor policy; the more brilliant the jewel the greater is its effect in a brilliant setting. That is evidently the principle on which Miss Ethel Irving has acted in the casting of the adaptation of Madame de Gresac's "Chou," which will be produced at the Criterion on the 22nd inst. Amongst the leading members of her Company are Miss Lottie Venne, a "star" in herself; Miss Vane Featherstone, just returned from America with Sir Charles Wyndham; Mr. Frank Cooper, an actor whose consummate merit is hardly appreciated as it deserves; Mr. Leslie Faber; Mr. John Tresahar; and Mr. Lennox Pawle, a low-comedian who knows how to restrain his humours.

It is so long since M. Porel gave up acting in order to manage the Vaudeville Theatre that few people outside the most habitual theatre-goers, even in Paris, recall the fact that he was once an admirable comedian at the Palais-Royal. Under his vigorous administration, aided by the genius of his wife, Madame Réjane, the Vaudeville has acquired a distinguished position amongst the popular theatres of Paris, and so firmly fixed is it in the public esteem that not even Madame Réjane's secession from the Company, in consequence of those domestic differences which have been frequently discussed in the newspapers, is likely to affect its prestige. M. Porel always produces the plays himself, and, exigent as he is—and as all great stage-managers must be—he is an exceedingly popular man in the theatre.



AN OLD SAVOYARD FOR THE COLISEUM: MR. WALTER PASSMORE.

Mr. Passmore is booked to appear at the Coliseum shortly. Mr. Rutland Barrington has, also, engagements there in two scenas of his own.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

Next week being Holy Week, certain of the theatres in the West-End will close their doors to the public, although the stage-door will remain open, for the actors will be exceedingly busy. This will notably be the case at His Majesty's and the St. James's. On the other hand, Miss Tita Brand will change the bill of "Othello" and give the old morality-play, "Everyman," which has achieved so great a success since it was first produced by Mr. Ben Greet that it has been constantly revived.

KEY-NOTES

THE Orchestral Concert given a few days ago at the Queen's Hall, at which M. Jacques Thibaud was the solo violinist, was a very great success, owing chiefly, of course, to the playing and the persuasive musical genius of M. Thibaud himself. It is a matter of necessity nowadays that any violinist shall be completely equipped with the meaning and the significance of his instrument. No matter what the musical temperament of a man may be, without these particular and elementary qualities the modern musical world declines to accept him as a great artist. But M. Thibaud is a great artist, in that he never pretends to cover his personality with any strange and impersonal emotions. He can scarcely be described as a very emotional player; but he must certainly be spoken of as one whose intensity of feeling and tenseness of thought must place him amongst the first players of this generation. Apparently it did not matter which work he chose to interpret: for our own part we are not very devoted to the creative portion of Wieniawski's "Romance," or to Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," but M. Thibaud never deflected from the technical portion of both these works, which are evidently written simply for the display of any exceptional fiddler, and which make no pretence to achieve anything absolute in the way of artistic music.

Richard Strauss conducted his "Sinfonia Domestica" the other day at the Queen's Hall, and he was nobly interpreted by the Orchestra attached to that hall. It appears that Strauss himself has conducted no less than thirty performances of this Symphony, and his tribute to Mr. Henry Wood is full of generosity, admiration, and the fellow-feeling which must always make artists, one with another, "wondrous kind." "I can well appreciate," writes Mr. Strauss, "what an amount of hard work, expert knowledge, and sympathetic comprehension of my intentions have been expended on this performance, through the energy and self-effacing work of Mr. Wood. Performances such as these mark days of rejoicing in a composer's life. May I ask you to

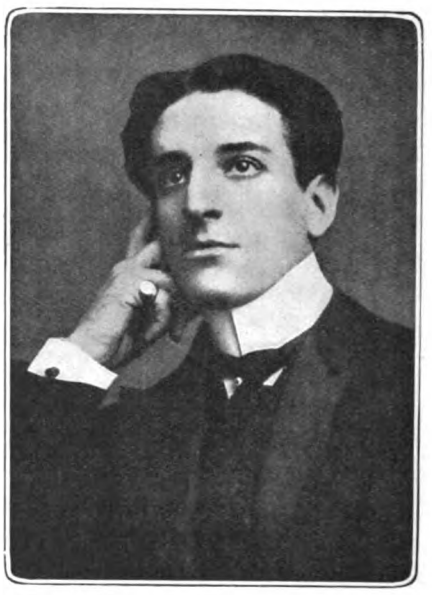


HERR KUBELIK SEEKS INSPIRATION AND RELAXATION AT MONTE CARLO.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

transmit to the eminent conductor and his wonderful band of enthusiastic musicians the expression of my sincerest and warmest thanks for the rare enjoyment given me to-day?" In these words Strauss has practically criticised himself; he has, as a matter of fact, summed up everything that his own most intimate critic could apply to him in words. For, indeed, Mr. Henry Wood seems to understand everything that is not only modern, but which may also be future, in the extraordinary progress of that modern music which was assuredly inaugurated by Mozart.

There have been certain critics of Richard Strauss, as, in the past, there were certain critics of Richard Wagner, who have objected strongly to any proposition which connects the work of Strauss with musical simplicity. The present writer was, on one occasion, delightfully abused by Mr. Ernest Newman because he insisted upon the essential simplicity of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." Mr. Newman went out of his way to point out that Strauss was not complex, but that he was enormously occupied by the actual scoring of his works. On that occasion, of course, Mr. Newman gave himself entirely away. To be simple in your elemental idea is quite a different thing to being simple in the manner in which you work out that idea.



THE THIRD GENFRATION: MANUEL GARCIA,

Eldest Grandson of the Veteran Manuel Garcia, who gave a successful Vocal Recital at the Æolian Hall last Week.

Mr. Manuel Garcia is the son of Mr. Gustave Garcia, son of the centenarian Professor of Singing, and, naturally enough, has lived his life in the midst of music. He studied the piano and composition at the Royal College of Music, becoming an Associate of the institution in 1898, and studied singing in Paris under M. Bouhy, who advised him to sing in Grand Opera.

The grandson of the great voice-producer whose centenary was celebrated a few days ago, Mr. Manuel Garcia, gave a Vocal Recital at the Æolian Hall on April 5. He sang two songs by Brahms and three by Purcell with much distinction and with a good deal of tenderness. "Rothe Rosenkospen" was interpreted by him quite sincerely and with no touch of commonplace. It is true that Mr. Garcia did not altogether impress one as being an artist of the highest distinction; but he certainly sings with intelligence, and he never for a moment appears in the capacity of one who has not carefully studied his work. One of the greatest tests that can be given to a man who desires to be known as the possessor of a brilliant voice is Rossini's famous composition from "The Barber of Seville," in which is included all the praise which attaches to the eternal gossip of all times and of all barbers, "Largo al Factotum": this song Mr. Garcia rendered not quite brilliantly enough, but with excellent feeling and with a good deal of abandonment. Such lines as "La ran la lera, la ran la la!" were not given by him with the complete and almost foolish abandonment which were in the mind of the Italian composer when he set them down upon paper. We scarcely think that Rossini has ever been thoroughly appreciated in the West of Europe. He was, in his instincts and in his sentiments, quite Oriental; he used to drive about Italian cities decked with a pale straw-hat tied round with green ribbons; he was for ever munching jam-tarts; and, as a matter of fact, apart from his work, he might have been a creation in "Alice in Wonderland." Yet one must always remember those early days of his career, when art was all in all to him, and when he was found unconscious beneath the stage after the first performance of "Tancredi." There was the real, the elemental sentiment of art embodied within him; but he seems to have lived his life, as the late Jules Verne described it in his extraordinary work, "Dr. Ox's Experiment," in a sort of early atmosphere of oxygen. His music flew upon the wings of the wind, and, comically enough, flew so fast that it tired out the man who was its guide, its philosopher, its friend. Rossini commanded music less than music commanded him. When the ecstasy of his spirit had died out, he had no feeling except for the continuance of a sense of humour which never left him, even to his last day.

COMMON CHORD.



THE FRENCH STRIKE AN EXCUSE FOR DELAY—THE DUST QUESTION—TYRE ECONOMY—PATCHING INNER TUBES—OPEN MOTORS.

THE strike of French motor-car body-makers, which only continued a few weeks, has quite fluttered the dove-cotes of the English importing trade, or those concerned therein tell you it has. If you have had a French car on order for quite a long time, have been stirred by the delightful weather March and April have given us, have become restive about it, you are met with the unanswerable excuse for non-delivery that the French body-makers' strike is *au fond* of the trouble. And there is nothing to do but wait for our slowly moving body-builders in this country, who are quite busy if they have a dozen on hand, and are so choked up with work that they talk quite mildly of delivery in a couple of months. There is a big opening for some enterprising people who will lay themselves out, and put machinery down to do what the West-End body-builders sneeringly refer to as cheap work, and which will be cheap merely because its production is systematised, organised, and multiplied. The body-cost presses very hardly on the man of moderate means, for it is that purchaser who would be content with a standardised body so long as it was convenient and comfortable.



THE EXHIBITION OF MOTOR-BOATS AT MONACO: A GENERAL VIEW.

The exhibition of motor-boats with which the Monaco Motor-Boat Fortnight was inaugurated was opened on Sunday of last week by the Prince of Monaco. Some sixty boats only were on view, although there were 160 entries in the catalogue, the French strikes having delayed the balance of the craft.

Photograph by Branger.

The dust question is going to be a serious factor when the time for the reconsideration of the present Act under which we drive our cars comes into strenuous being. Then the reckless and inconsiderate driver will have much to answer for, for he will be, in the main, at the bottom of all the trouble that may come therefrom. The rural public are now more or less accustomed to vehicles that move with a little more celerity than those to which they have hitherto been accustomed; indeed, they rather admire them, and, if driving, will pull out of their way, but they will not pardon the tornadoes of dust raised in narrow village-streets by owners of professionally-driven cars, who rush through them without heed. The Club is much to blame for not pressing this point home upon every possible occasion, for its members are in many cases just as guilty as though outside the pale.



A DRIVER IN THE GORDON-BENNETT SELECTION TRIALS IN THE ISLE OF MAN: MR. SYDNEY GIRLING.

The Dunlop Tyre Company has issued "Some Hints upon Tyre Economy" which are so valuable and seasonable that I offer no excuse for borrowing from them for the benefit of my readers, particularly as the advice applies to tyres generally and not to Dunlop tyres in particular. If, says the Dunlop Company, your car has been laid up for the winter, it is prudent to have the tyres removed, thoroughly examined, and renovated for active use. If your car is in constant use, it will pay to keep spare tyres in readiness to exchange for any that may need repair. A "penny-wise" policy in relation to pneumatic tyres is unquestionably foolish. The old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," applies, perhaps, more forcibly to pneumatic tyres in wear than to anything else, although you don't stitch them. Even when tyres give outward and visible signs of good condition, it will frequently be found that wet has penetrated to the inside of the rims, causing rust, which, if not removed, will shorten the life of the tyres, rendering them liable to burst at most inconvenient moments.

Minute punctures, cuts, and scratches in outer covers, if skilfully treated, can be prevented from extending. New treads should be fitted before the rubber of the tread has become so worn that the upper layers of the fabric insertions are exposed to wet. Punctured tubes may be temporarily patched with solution, but the earliest opportunity should be taken to have patches vulcanised on by a special process. Speaking personally, I have found the patching of inner tubes on the road to be a very exasperating sort of business. In the first place, it is a nasty, sticky, tedious affair, and, when done, is seldom, if ever, satisfactory. The odds are that, owing to the fact that the repaired tube is replaced in the tyre within some twenty minutes or so of the patch being applied, it slips out of place, and there is all the trouble over again. It is better for one's temper and all concerned to carry two sound, spare inner-tubes in suitable bags and use them to replace damaged goods, a half-hour's job at the most. The punctured tube can be then sent straight off to the factory for vulcanised repair. It is always advisable to get vulcanised repairs done by really responsible people.

There is no doubt that motoring in an open car, not the boxed-up landaulet variety, is a sovereign cure for insomnia, in addition to being a splendid nerve-tonic. I hear of a certain newspaper magnate who inhabits Surrey who keeps a 90 horse-power Mércèdes for no other purpose than to fettle himself up for the day's work. He turns out early, before any traffic is abroad, and just dashes over the breadth of two counties to give himself an appetite for his kidneys and coffee and brace him for the strenuous hours that separate him from dinner. Returning to the sleep-inducing effect of motoring, it is quite remarkable to watch the members of a house-party who have been motoring during the day. It is as much as ever they can do to keep their eyes open after dinner, and the way they disappear while the night is yet young is instructive.



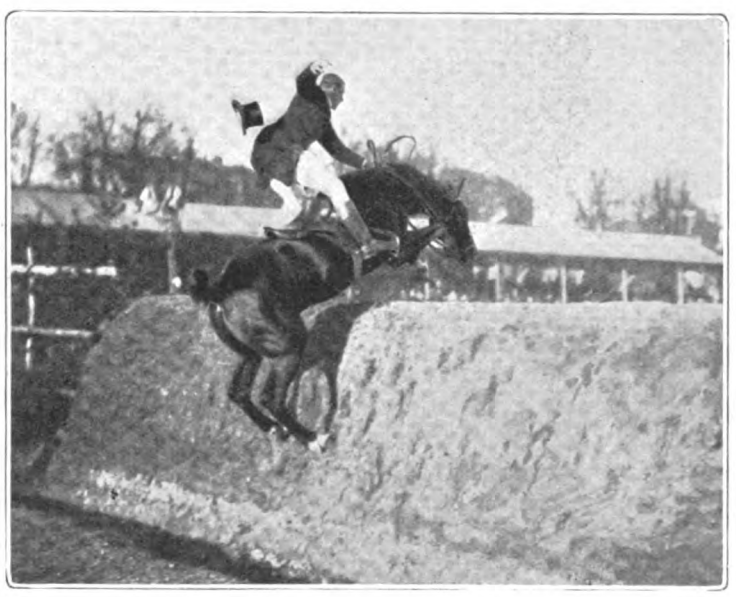
MOTOR-BOATS BY RAIL: ENTRANTS FOR THE RACES AT MONACO ON THE SPECIAL TRAIN WHICH CONVEYED THEM FROM PARIS TO THE SCENE OF THE COMPETITIONS.

The British exhibits are said to have been by far the best, and the first prize was awarded to Mr. Edge's 60 h.p. Napier, a 120 h.p. twin-screw Napier taking a second prize.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CLASSICS—HANDICAPPING—SHORT RACES—FUTURES.

THE Frenchmen are very cocksure about avenging Waterloo this year, and in Paris the opinion prevails that Jardy will win our Two Thousand and Derby. The colt ran like a smasher in the Middle Park Plate, but he is anything as a three-year-old—very good or very bad. Rouge Croix is the best of the Newmarket lot, and if it be true that he is fancied by his owner for the Derby, the colt is very likely to run the Frenchman close for the Two Thousand. Full Cry is spoken well of for the One Thousand, but that race is better left alone until the numbers have gone up. If Jardy wins at Newmarket easily, he will be started single-handed for the Epsom Derby. Here, however, he would meet Cicero, a colt considered by good judges to be the best



JUMPING EXTRAORDINARY: TAKING A DIFFICULT OBSTACLE AT THE EXHIBITION OF RIDING RECENTLY HELD AT PAU.

seen at Newmarket for a very long time. Sam Darling is not likely to have a dangerous candidate running for the Derby this year; but John Porter has a couple of useful colts engaged in Plum Centre and Polymelus. The master of Kingsclere is an artist at training classic winners, and it would indeed be a stroke of luck should he have anything good enough to beat Flying Fox's famous son. Anyway, the Derby this year will be a big draw; the only matter for regret in connection with the annual is that His Majesty does not possess a candidate good enough to win.

The position occupied by Catty Crag at the finish of the race for the Lincoln Handicap draws attention to the risks handicappers take by letting in old horses too lightly. I suggest that in the early part of the season all horses be weighted on their best and not on their worst form. The late Admiral Rous used to say that if a handicapper was perfect in his work the race would result in a dead-heat between all the runners, and it is just as necessary to give a chance to the plater who is presumably soaring above his class as it is to set the perfect classic performer a difficult task before the spoils are his. Many sportsmen think our big handicaps would be vastly improved if a selling clause were inserted. Thus, horses winning the Lincoln Handicap should be sold for five hundred pounds, and winners of the Jubilee, City and Suburban, and Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire for a thousand. This would, in a manner, act as a sort of leveller in the matter of the class of the entries. If, in addition to the above, the Clerks of Courses were given the option of claiming any horse before the start, on condition that he ran for the race fixed, we should get better sport, and many of the deep-laid *coups* would be undone. Handicaps are still very popular amongst certain owners, but it is lamentable to note that the cream of the owners never patronise this particular form of racing.

The four-furlong races for two-year-olds are not likely to prove a success, and I shall be surprised if they have a long life. It is worthy of note that none of the swagger stables with good youngsters patronise these new-fangled notions. John Porter, as a rule, keeps his two-year-olds until Ascot; and, in a measure, he is right, for the youngsters are not thoroughly developed until they have had plenty of sun on their coats. So long as four-furlong races are encouraged, two-year-old racing during the first months of the flat-race season will have little charm for plungers. Indeed, one or two of the chief professional backers have not, as yet, touched the two-year-olds this year. The races are now run at top-speed from end to end, with the result that the first off is invariably first home, and the man lucky enough to be able to back 'em in running could spot the winner nine times out of ten, provided always that the jockey was a good one. It is pretty safe to assert that those two-year-olds that have already won this season will not carry top-weights successfully in the nursery handicaps, and many of these are hardly likely to win another race. Why not adopt the French plan and delay two-year-old racing until later in the season?

It is said at Newmarket that Delaunay could not lose the Queen's Prize at Kempton on Easter Monday if started. The horse disappointed me much in the Cambridgeshire, and I, for one, do not think he gave his true running in that race. Big weights are often carried to victory at Kempton by good horses. Catgut, who receives 29 lb. from Mr. Gilpin's horse, must have a big chance if fit; and Andria, with 7 st., is a likely one to get a place, as he was desperately unlucky at Lincoln. There will be a big crowd to see the race, which is one of the prettiest run on this pretty course. Seisdon Prince is, by the talent, booked a certainty for the Lancashire Steeplechase, to be run at Manchester on Easter Monday, and I, for one, cannot see how he can lose, bar accident. For the Great Metropolitan, to be run at Epsom on April 25, Mark Time, despite his weight, will go close, but Karakoul must be there or thereabouts. The latter, by-the-bye, is a veritable Yellow Jack on the flat, as he has several times finished second. Another that will run well in the Metropolitan is Bellivor Tor, who has been through a course of hurdle practice. I



A DEVONSHIRE RIDD: MR. W. H. RIDD, A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING-FARMER.

Mr. W. H. Ridd, despite his bulk (he weighs about 26 stone) is one of the keenest of sportsmen, and is well known in the neighbourhood of his farm, at Challacombe, North Devon.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

have had a big tip about Ambition for the City and Suburban. He ran last year as the Pegaway Colt, and was uniformly successful. Indeed, he showed to great advantage over the straight course at Epsom more than once. Nabot is also highly spoken of for the race. He was never better, and, with a straight race free from interference, he would go very close. Nabot is a grey; so was King Charles, who won for Alec Taylor.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT Paris at the moment spells "Paradise" there is not a doubt in the minds of many. The air is clear, bright, sparkling, indescribably different from "over here." The giant magnolias in the Champs-Elysées are in milk-white flower. The insouciant *belle Américaine*, the self-satisfied *dame Anglaise*, in fact, strangers of every kind and condition, are within the gates buying clothes,



[*Copyright.*

A CHARMINGLY SIMPLE BALL-DRESS.

thinking clothes, concocting clothes—doing almost everything in connection therewith except wearing clothes. By which one means those ineffable confections that are every day in process of making, for Paris is not, be it understood, a costume-exhibition as far as its streets are concerned, and the true Parisienne keeps her sartorial triumphs for home, or the houses of her friends, and the afternoon drive, but not for walking. Therefore, to see how Paris frocks herself one must visit the exclusive and expensive salons of the smart *couturière*, or, better still, have the *entrée* to some of the many gay sets and cliques into which Society in the Gay City is divided. Shades of mauve, violet, and purple seemed to possess the passing fancy when I was there a week ago, but women, other than those of unimpeachable colour and complexion, should beware the temptations these beguiling but unbecoming tones convey. Girls with what I have heard unkindly called beige-coloured skin—and they are very many—should eschew the simple violet, and dress in tones of brown, or fawn, or dark blue, rather than commit themselves to the clear, pitiless contrast given by tones shading from lavender to purple. The same remark applies to one's other surroundings as well as dress. Walls, furniture, draperies should, as far as possible, harmonise with their owner's appearance, instead of fighting with it, and, indeed, so lovely and artistic in the best sense are colourings and designs of wall-papers, curtain-stuffs, furniture, brocades, and so forth nowadays that it would be a tasteless woman truly who could achieve an ugly house or commonplace environment at the present time.

Still, many remain—there is not a doubt of it—whose ideas or artistic education are insufficient to teach them to avail themselves of all the opportunities that lie everywhere around. To these, as well as to the most cultured, may be suggested, and suggested emphatically, a visit—many visits—to the Royal School of Art Needlework, in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, where all that is best in modern and mediæval art expresses itself in a hundred ways. There are chairs, tables, dower-chests, coffers of every country and period, genuine antiques, as well as exquisitely faithful copies; brass-ware, leather-work, delicate porcelain, doughty Doulton, and majolica; marvels in lace, old and new. And the embroideries! One pauses for adequate adjectives to describe their fascinations. Bold effects in English Elizabethan crewel-work, magnificent stitchery of Portugal and Italy, landscapes in finest floss, four-post hangings and *couvre-pieds* in colouring and design that only the artist's brain and the expert needlewoman can accomplish—all this and much more is to be seen at the school, where visitors can go freely at all times, which is really a wonderland of charming surprises. When it is added that prices are absolutely low, a further inducement is given to the house-proud matron or the benevolent buyer of wedding or birthday presents. It is, further, useful to know that the entire decoration and furnishing for a house can be undertaken by trained experts, who willingly give their experience and advice



[*Copyright.*

A LINEN FROCK FOR EARLY SPRING.

in connection with the small matter as well as the large. Princess Christian may indeed be proud of the Royal School of which she is the active Managing-President. Her Royal Highness has seen it grow from small beginnings to its present important position mainly through her own untiring interest and efforts. The school is quite self-supporting, and yearly helps hundreds of poor gentlewomen whose highly trained skill produces the unrivalled embroideries for which it is so justly celebrated.

Happy are those whose House Beautiful is the prelude to a Garden Beautiful. While most of us own in some sort "our own four walls,"

only the privileged possess that other very real delight to the soul of man, however. Now the man who can convert a couple of acres into a terrestrial paradise, with fountain and fernery, pergola and rose-arch, given taste and knowledge, is a greater than he who builds houses in stone, for, if there is one thing in this occasionally satisfactory world that delights the heart more than all else, it is a lovely, well-arranged garden. Nature does much, but does it twice as well when her efforts are directed. Therefore, in bringing Mr. John White, of The Pyghtle Works, Bedford, and 24, Margaret Street, W., to the notice of those enviable mortals who own roods and perches, and other desirable spots and plots of old Mother Earth, I am doing them a kindness which they should at some future time reward with week-end invitations, for, by a wave of his wand or a corresponding interchange of coin, John P. White can put trellis-arbours, and rosaries, and sun-dials of quaintest design, fairy-like summer-houses, garden-seats of glorified shape and sort, lych-gate pavilions, rustic bridges, and a dozen other aids to beauty which, at small cost, transform a commonplace "patch" into a place of pleasant thoughts and grateful memories—always, once again, with the aid of kind and quickly growing Dame Nature. SYBIL.

SMALL TALK OF THE BOULEVARDS.

Pierre Wolff. With "L'Age d'Aimer," the play in which Madame Réjane has returned to the Gymnase, the theatre in which she made her début, M. Pierre Wolff has scored as great a success, and possibly an even more durable one, than that which "Le Secret de Polichinelle," from which "Everybody's Secret" was adapted, earned for him. Pierre Wolff, who is still in the thirties, is a nephew of the Clement Scott of Paris, Albert Wolff, and the story of the young man's first-produced dramatic effort is a quaint one: Albert Wolff was no upholder of the Théâtre Libre and its ideas, and his nephew had the neat notion of writing a play upon Théâtre-Libre lines, by way of a début, and taking it to his uncle's *bête noire*, Antoine. Antoine produced "Jacques Bouchard," but truth compels the admission that the audience, liking it but little, whistled and hooted like a steam-boat in distress. On the day after its production, Albert Wolff met his nephew. "You young rascal!" he exclaimed; "if I had any fortune, I would disinherit you." "That's not a bad idea," said Pierre. "Under the circumstances, I rather wish you would. Déshéritez-moi tout de même, va! It will look so well in the newspapers."

The Next President. There is a great deal of talk, small and otherwise, with regard to candidates for the Presidency of the Republic, when M. Loubet's term ends next year. M. Loubet has decided definitely that he himself will not be a candidate, and it is now thought that M. Paul Deschanel—"le petit Paul," as Marie Bashkirtseff used to call him—will not press his candidature. M. Deschanel's wife, the daughter of one of the directors of the Crédit Lyonnais, Mr. René Brice, is, though it dates a long way back, of English extraction, and her husband's ambition is to become the French Ambassador in London when M. Paul Cambon retires from that honourable post. It is difficult to imagine any Frenchman, except perhaps M. Cambon himself, more qualified for the position, for M. Paul Deschanel, besides being endowed with real diplomatic gifts, is a scholar and a gentleman, has a perfect knowledge of English, and owns to an extraordinary degree that gift of urbanity which is so valuable an asset to the Ambassador. He is, besides, a personal friend of His Majesty King Edward VII.

Sarah Bernhardt as Ahasuerus. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is producing at her theatre Racine's old tragedy, "Esther," exactly as it was produced in 1689 by the pupils of the famous St. Cyr School, patronised by Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. It is preceded by a curiously interesting *avant-propos* in verse, by M. Jean Sardou, the son of the veteran playwright; and, with the one exception of M. de Max, who will play Louis XIV. in the prologue, all the performers are ladies. Madame Sarah Bernhardt herself plays Ahasuerus; Madame Blanche Dufresne Haaman; Madame Jeanne Méa, Mardochée; and so on. The chorus consists of a hundred and twenty young girls, dressed in the costumes of the St Cyr School of 1689, and aged from ten to twenty-one.

Two engagements of the first importance are announced—that of Mr. Thomas Coke, heir-presumptive to the venerable Earl of Leicester, to Miss Marian Trefusis, a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch; and that of Lord Northampton's only daughter, Lady Margaret Compton, to Lord Loch. The Cokes hold a unique place in Norfolk, and are on terms of intimate friendship with the Royal Family. Mr. Coke is not yet five-and-twenty, but early marriages are a tradition amongst his kith and kin. Lord Loch is a first-cousin of Lord Lytton. He was on Lord Methuen's Staff in South Africa, and was seriously wounded during the later stage of the War. He succeeded to his Peerage five years ago, but elected to remain in the Service, where he is a valued and active officer. His future wife was one of last year's prettiest débutantes.

THE BARRIE PLAYERS.

TO those who look beneath the surface of the passing plays there is a fact of more than ordinary interest in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's appearance in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," at the Duke of York's. Young as she is, she forms the connecting link between Mr. Barrie's first appearance as a dramatist and his most recent. It was in "Walker, London," at Toole's Theatre, where Mr. Barrie's first play was produced, that, amongst the little band of actors, Miss Vanbrugh took a prominent part as Bell Golightly. All unconsciously to themselves, the members of that cast, numbering ten all told, started what may, without exaggeration, be regarded as a Barrie Guild. This has widened and grown with the passage of years.

In the drama, as in everything else, the old order changeth, and it is useless to repine or to lament over the fact that it gives place to the new. It is in that way progress lies, a fact which Shakspere himself felt when he declared that the end and aim of acting is "to show the age and body of the time its form and pressure." It is by no means improbable that the words were a protest against the too frequent production of the works of the older dramatists, to the exclusion of his own, in just the same way that certain of our own dramatists have complained against the way in which Shakspere is monopolising the modern stage, to the exclusion of their work. Three centuries hence a similar protest may be raised against Mr. Barrie, an analysis of whose plays shows an undoubted tendency on his part to employ the same actors again and again in the representation of his characters. It is a happy circumstance all round, for the author gains by the fact that the players are in tune, as it were, with the spirit of his work; the players gain in being afforded constant employment for the exercise of their talents; and the public gains by being able to see the parts played in the best possible way. In time, no doubt, there will be a Barrie school of actors, and already clever children, like George Hersee and Ela Q. May, who were Arthur Wellesley Tomson in "Quality Street" and John Napoleon Darling in "Peter Pan," and Liza in "Peter" and the Young Clown in "Pantaloon," respectively, are being educated in the way they will go when they are able to take more important characters fifteen or twenty years hence. Even then Mr. Barrie will still be weaving exquisite fantasies and delightful impossibilities for the entertainment of an audience which, however old it may be, he will always contrive to keep young enough to appreciate his whimsy.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is, so to speak, at the head of the Barrie class by reason of her association with "Walker," has acted in three of the plays, for she was Lady Mary Lasenby in "Crichton" and she is Amy in "Alice." Her record is equalled, but in a more compact manner, by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who acted Moira in "Little Mary" in the suburbs and provinces, and Moira in "Peter Pan," following it, like Miss Vanbrugh, with her present part in "Alice."

It will, no doubt, be regarded as another injustice to the women that the record of the ladies is overborne by a man, for Mr. Gerald du Maurier has acted the Hon. Ernest Wooley in "Crichton," Lord Rolfe in "Little Mary," Mr. Darling and the Pirate Chief in "Peter Pan," and Pantaloon in the play of that name, while Mr. George Shelton and Mr. Clarence Blakiston come next with three characters each. To Mr. Shelton belongs precedence, for he took the part of Ben in "Walker, London," his other parts being a Recruiting Sergeant in "Quality Street" and Smee in "Peter Pan," while Mr. Blakiston was Davidson in "The Little Minister," the Rev. John Treherne in "Crichton," and Dr. Topping in "Little Mary."

Time has added greatly to the laurels of another actor who acted in "Walker," Mr. Hicks, the Andrew MacPhail, who later on became Valentine Brown, the hero of "Quality Street." An actor who may certainly be regarded as typically imbued with the Barrie spirit is Mr. Henry Vibart, for it was undoubtedly his success as the Rev. Mr. Gibson in "The Wedding Guest" which caused him to be selected to play Terence Reilly.

Other actors who figured in "The Wedding Guest" were Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the Kate Omanney, who was likewise associated with "Walker," for when her sister was out of the bill with Mr. Toole she took her place; Mr. H. B. Irving, the Paul Digby, who later became Mr. Crichton; Miss Dorothea Baird, the Margaret Fairbairn, who became Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan"; Miss Joan Burnett, the Jenny, who was Tootles in "Peter Pan"; and Mr. Brandon Thomas, the Mr. Fairbairn, who had previously impersonated Thomas Whamond in "The Little Minister."

Amongst Mr. Thomas's comrades in "The Little Minister" was Mr. F. H. Tyler, who had previously acted in "The Professor's Love Story," a play, by the way, which, forming, as it does, part of Mr. Willard's répertoire, has necessarily had many different impersonators for each of the characters, so that probably even Mr. Barrie himself would be unable to name them all with accuracy and precision. Amongst other players who have appeared in two of the plays the name of that most accomplished actress, Miss Nina Boucicault, the heroine of "Little Mary" and the hero of "Peter Pan," naturally occupies a prominent place, while Miss Pauline Chase, one of the children in "Peter," is the Columbine of "Pantaloon," and Miss Fyfe Alexander, who acted the insignificant part of one of the ladies in "Quality Street," was the Lady Millie of "Little Mary," and Mr. A. E. Matthews, *facile princeps* in the impersonation of boys, was the Earl of Plumley in that gastronomical jest, and he is Cosmo Grey in "Alice"; while, finally, there is Mr. Compton Coutts, the Tompsett in "Crichton" and Mr. Deighton in "Little Mary."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 26.

The Markets.

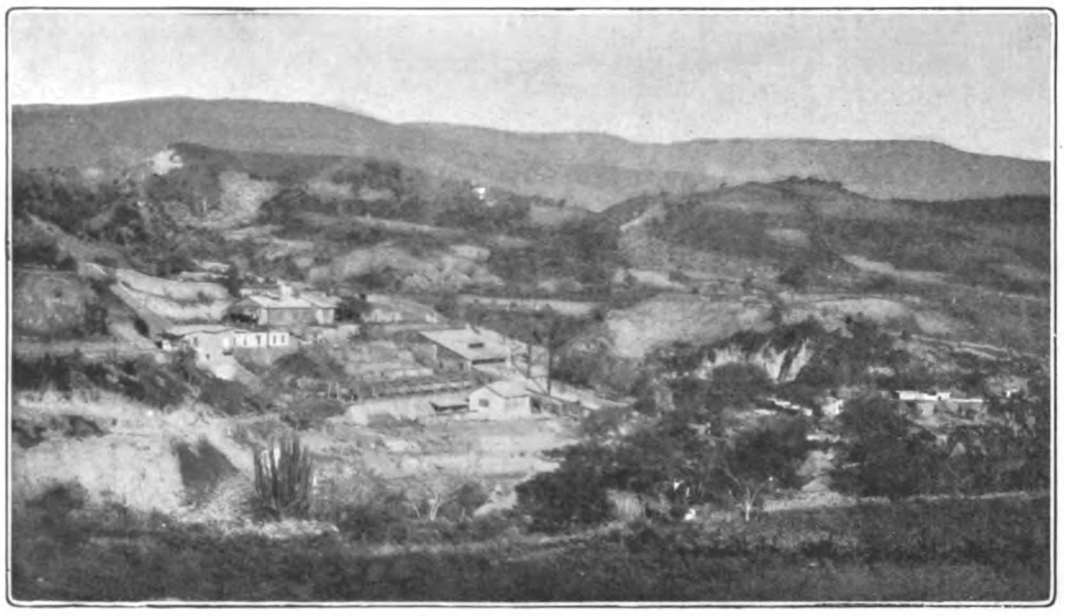
FOR various reasons, the markets have been dull, with less business doing. Dissolution fears and the determination of Russia to continue the war have acted as depressing influences, while the passing of the Ind, Coope Preference dividend has helped the Meux affair to upset the Brewery Market. As to the dissolution rumours, we deal with the effect of such an event on the course of business lower down; and as to the war, it is exactly at the moment things look most hopeless that peace is likely to come. Probably, however, Russia will play her last card with the Second Baltic Squadron before acknowledging defeat. When the Japanese have sent this fleet to join the Port Arthur squadron, there will be no use in further prolonging the struggle. Russia is probably right in this, for the whole position would be altered if Admiral Rojdestvensky were to succeed.

In the Kaffir Market all the talk is of the £6,000,000 Syndicate, whose £20 shares are being taken at 5s. premium. It is to be directed by the Kaffir magnates, and appears to have received a warmer welcome in Paris than here. We think that there is little doubt a real effort will be made on the first favourable opportunity to get the public into South Africans again, but the difficulty which presents itself is the amount of stale bulls and investors waiting to realise, who, on the first upward move, swamp the market by their sales.

The Welsbach accounts are made up to the 31st of last month, and the meeting will be held early in May, we believe. Unless the information which reaches us is altogether wrong, the Company will have had a very fair year's trading, and, in addition to the Preference dividend, the Ordinary may expect to get 4 per cent.

We are told, also, that the prospects of Paterson, Laing, and Bruce have considerably improved under the new and more energetic management in Sydney, so that the Preference shares may be worth picking up at the present cheap price. Buyers must not think they have got Consols, of course.

The 4½ per cent. Second Debenture stock of the British Electric Traction Company appears attractive. The issue at present consists of £250,000, and ranks after the £1,300,000 of First Debenture stock and ahead of capital to the extent of £2,900,000, while the price is about 94, we think. The income available for payment of interest was, for the year ending March 31, 1904, £274,730, or, after providing for the First Debenture Stock service, more than enough to pay the Second Debenture stock interest nineteen times over.



THE MESQUITAL MINES AND BUILDINGS.

The Mesquital Gold-Mines.

Some months ago, we called attention to these Mexican mines, which were, even then, a promising speculation. The latest mine developments, and the present market movements in the shares, cause us to refer to the subject again. The capital is £100,000, in shares of 5s. each, of which 300,000 are issued and paid up. The mines are situated in the State of Zacatecas, and during recent years £350,000 of gold has been taken from the reef. A battery of fifty stamps is now at work, and the unwatering of the mine is in active progress. When this has been accomplished, the question of whether or not the proposition is to prove a great success or merely a payable concern will be solved. The property is under the management of Mr. Cockerell, a very competent man, and he considers that, with ore averaging about 25s. a ton gross value, he can make a profit of over £30,000 a year. We have seen letters from an entirely independent Englishman, written last month, in which the prospects are referred to in the most optimistic terms, and a discovery of a considerable bulk of payable ore above the main adit is spoken of. The price of the 5s. shares (which were 2s. 6d. a few weeks ago) is about 4s. to 4s. 6d., so that the whole mine is only capitalised at about £70,000, and, for a gamble, there can be no doubt the shares present great attractions.

Concerning the General Election.

Home as well as foreign politics are now making their influence felt upon markets in the Stock Exchange, and the dulness of Consols, with its overclouding effect upon the investment sections as a whole, is due very largely to the impression that a General Election cannot well be postponed for long. The unsettlement which an appeal to the country always causes to trade throughout the kingdom is one reason for sales of Consols by speculators. Another reason looks farther afield, and takes up the position that the coming of a Liberal Administration must conceivably act as an indirect cause of the war in the Extreme East being prolonged, unless some very strong Minister for Foreign Affairs could be found in the ranks of a new Government. To us this latter argument sounds more than sufficiently far-fetched, but it is discussed in Capel Court with a gravity that it scarcely seems to deserve.

The dislocation of trade is a much more practical reason why prices should be dull, because public interest might easily be led away from the markets for a month or two during the progress, not only of an election, but of the election's preparation and aftermath. Speculation requires continual fresh accession of interest for its successful conduct, and if the public are excited over politics, it is good-bye to hopes of active business for the Stock Exchange, unless the House has something of exceptional attraction to offer in the way of possible money-making. To the unfortunate malady of financial indigestion in the investment markets there is now added the apprehension of a nearly-approaching General Election, and, inevitable though these things may be, they are not liked any the more on that account by a Stock Exchange which loses business because of them.

Foreign Railway Aspects.

To-morrow, Thursday, the Mexican Railway dividend is expected to make its appearance, and if the First Preference stock fails to receive less than 6 per cent. we should say there must be a smart drop in the prices of the group. The notorious faculty of the Mexican Railway Company for providing its supporters with surprises must not be overlooked in considering the situation, but people who can foresee more than the immediate future entertain little doubt as to the ultimate settlement of the Company upon a basis that shall, at least, give the First Preference its full 8 per cent. The price of this stock came up from 61, which was touched last year, to nearly double that figure, and we shall be surprised if, in the course of time, it does not get to the round hundred and fifty, at which, supposing the full dividend to be paid, the return upon the money will be rather over 5¼ per cent. This prophecy may take a year or two in its fulfilling, but its consummation we see no reason to question, provided that the country continues to open out in the way which it is now doing. With the First Preference, Mexican Railway Ordinary and Seconds will, of course, move too. Checks there must occasionally be, even as Buenos Ayres and Rosario Consolidated has lately found. In this latter case, the shake-out may be traced to the judicious, if somewhat painful, weeding-out of weak bulls, who were rendered timorous by the coming of the new issue and the rumoured competition. All things considered, Rosarios are an excellent speculative investment, full of a five-point rise. Next to them, Buenos Ayres and Pacific deserve attention both from the investor and the speculator, who will probably do better in buying these than in running after fancy articles like Costa Rica shares. The tip to buy Cuban Centrals has been very general throughout the past fortnight, but purchasers must remember the Ordinary can hardly hope to see a dividend for another fifteen months; they are therefore very speculative and for sober-minded people. Western Railway of Havana are, perhaps, better value, since, in spite of the return upon the money being just under 4½ per cent., there may be a new issue of shares this spring at a price that will give holders some fair bonus. The 7 per cent. Preference Shares of the North-East Uruguay Railway make an excellent purchase.

Kaffir Questions.

For the Kaffir Circus to have been so little affected by the near prospect of a General Election is somewhat remarkable,

considering how prices wobbled not long ago by reason of the very same consideration. But the market is being sustained by the impression that the Six Million Syndicate will come to the rescue of Kaffirs if the bears attempt too great liberties with the shares; and the general feeling that prices must go better in the near future is extremely strong. Having been inanimate for so lengthy a period, it is urged that the claims of the market to speculative favour cannot be overlooked for much longer; therefore, Kaffirs will go much better. This train of reasoning takes also to its side all the advantages to accrue to the mines by the gradual improvement of the Chinese labourers, with the consequent reduction in costs of working, and the higher dividends that will thereupon be paid to proprietors. All these arguments are good enough in their way, but they altogether overlook the unpleasant features about the market to which critics have directed attention times without number. We refer, of course, to the eager selling by inside houses directly any sort of a demand springs up from the public; to the issue at absurdly inflated prices of shares in new Companies innocent of prospectuses; to the known passivity—amounting almost to antipathy—on the part of the public whose buying must be the eventual lever with which prices will be raised. The mere idea of the Randfontein Company paying a 30 per cent. dividend is sufficient to provoke a smile, and yet that is the rate which should be distributed—either in cash or shares equivalent to the cash—to justify the price standing in the neighbourhood of 3, because 10 per cent. on the money is not too much to expect from an "investment" of this type. And the public are beginning to look into these things—at dividends and lives and so forth—all of which inquiry is to the good of the general purse, though it may lead to yet further stagnation in the Kaffir Circus.

The Le Roi Reconstruction.

We have received a long letter from Mr. James Lawler, of Rossland, on the subject of the Le Roi reconstruction and amalgamation, in which he sets out his views on the proposals with considerable freedom. As the gentleman in question lives on the spot, the views he puts forward must be treated with respect, although his letter is far too long for us to reproduce, to say nothing of the editing it would require to make it suitable. Substantially what Mr. Lawler says may be summed up (as far as we are able to understand his extraordinarily involved sentences) by saying that the evils Le Roi is suffering from consist of over-capitalisation and not too honest management; and he strongly urges that the capital should be reduced by one half, and that the shareholders should be satisfied with two new £1 shares for each £5 share now held, the balance to be applied in payment of debts and used as working capital. Mr. Lawler is most emphatic against the proposed combine, especially the inclusion of certain coal lands "hundreds of miles away, and to which the title is bad." We have no doubt that, as Mr. Lawler says, the matter is of great interest to a large number of English and Scotch people, and we wish we could make head or tail of much of what he has written, or be sure that the above summary is a correct paraphrase of what he desires to convey.

Saturday, April 8, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Safety.—All your list are good enough; of course, the Mines cannot be classed with the Railways. As to holding or selling your second list, you do not say whether you want advice from the point of view of immediate market movements or investment. The Dock stock is a speculation, and the Railway debentures will be redeemed in ten years at par, so that you ought to put away some of the interest to provide for depreciation. Subject to these observations, there is no reason why you should not hold.

Philomemus.—As you have bought and paid for the shares, you had better keep them. We do not see the value for your money.

F. S.—The people in Paris are supposed to be safe enough, but on the instalment system they always change more than the market-price for the bonds.

Malo.—Yes. The Cotton shares are good, but very high.

Isle of Wight.—Richard Hill shares are a speculation. The Tramway shares are the sort of thing you want. Why not buy River Plate Gas, James Nelson 7 per cent. Pref., and Cuban Central Railway 5½ per cent. Pref. shares?

Mockta.—We see two or three things in your list that we do not remember having recommended, and one or two others which are speculations, not investments. (1) James Nelson 7 per cent. Pref., Welsbach Pref., C. A. Pearson Pref., and Buenos Ayres and Belgrano "A" Pref. (2) Great Western Ordinary and Great Central 1889 Pref., Cuban Central Railway Pref., Argentine Great Western Cumulative Pref. (3) Yes, both good to buy. (4) Welsbachs are, of course, speculative, but we think the Pref. good and cheap. (5) Write to Mathieson and Sons, 16, Copthall Avenue. We think they publish such a thing. (6) "Irredeemable" means that the Company need not pay the stock off. Of course, you can get your money out by selling.

Isca.—We really cannot speculate on how many years it will be before a dividend can be paid. If the present rate of progress goes on, the stock will appreciate in value from year to year, which is what most people buy it for.

Investor.—Your letter is dated March 3 and the post-mark is April 4. The drawings are fair enough, and you can sell if you want to.

Nebel.—The shares are a good investment; they are comparatively low, because people do not like the liability of £15 a share, which is part of the security for the debentures. The stamps and fees on purchase are 10s. per cent. *ad valorem* on the consideration money and 2s. 6d. transfer-fee. We have sent you the broker's name privately.



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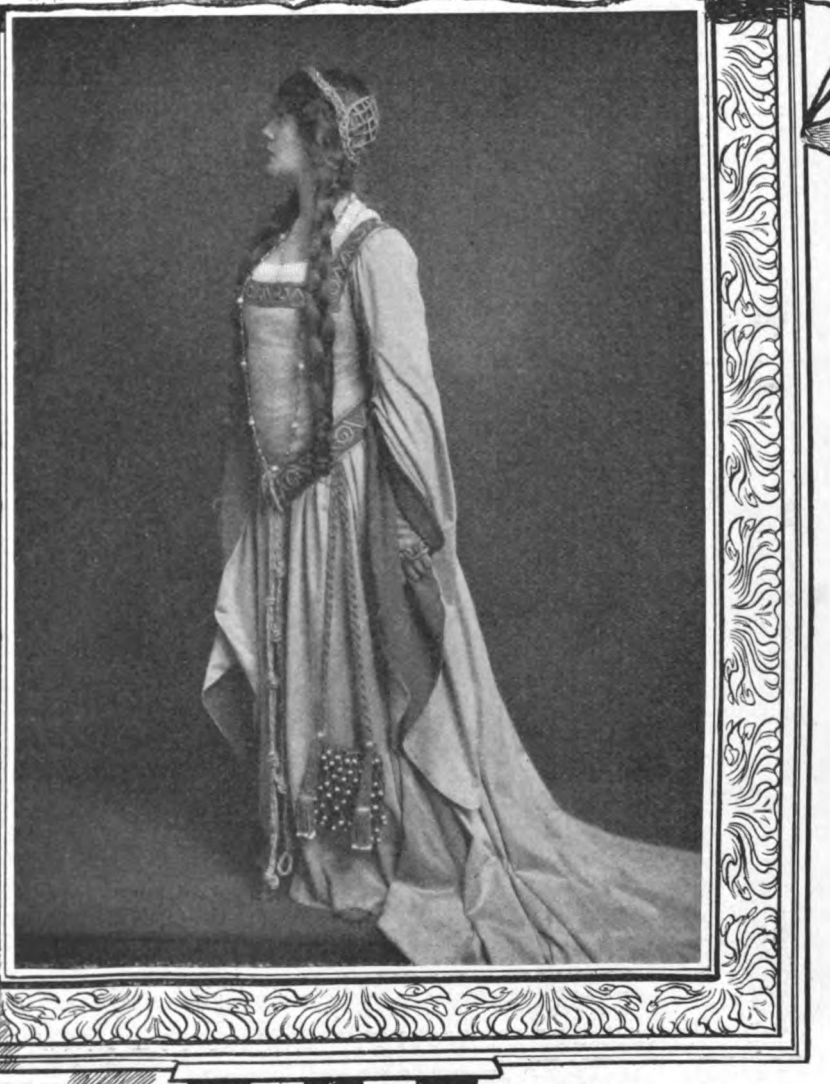
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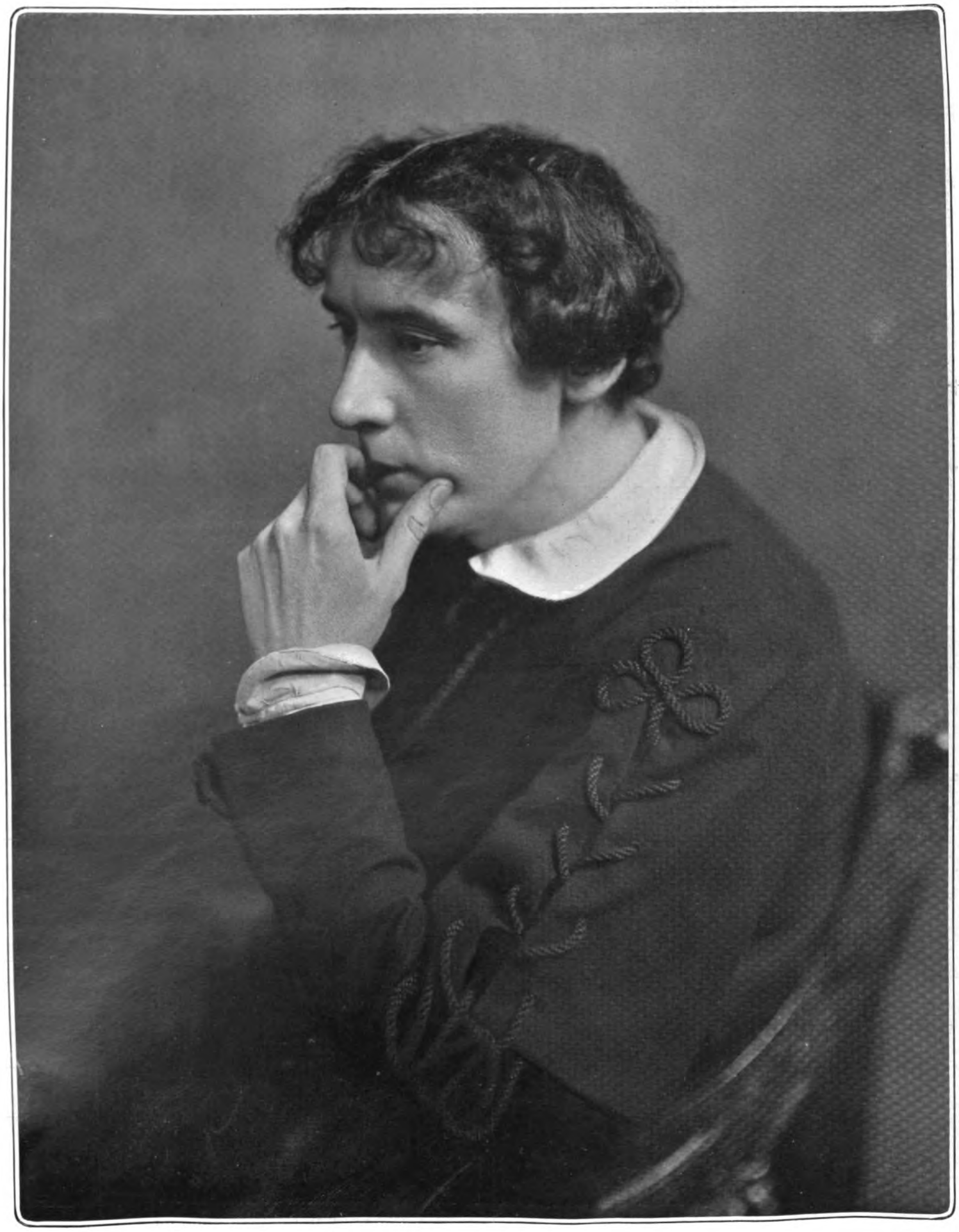
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"HAMLET," AT THE ADELPHI.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS HAMLET.

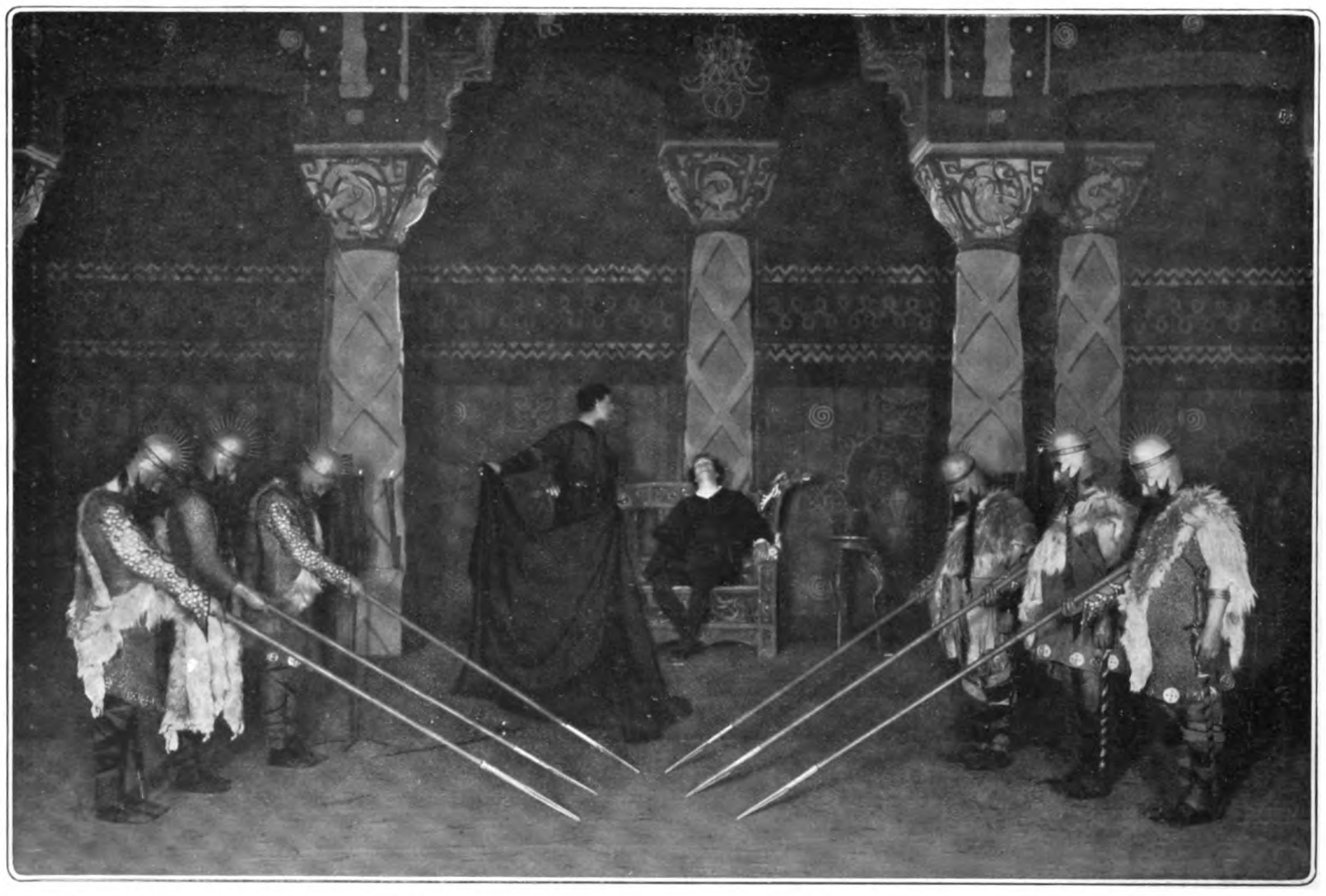
Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

"HAMLET," AT THE ADELPHI.



Ophelia (Miss Lily Brayton). Polonius (Mr. E. Lyall Swete).

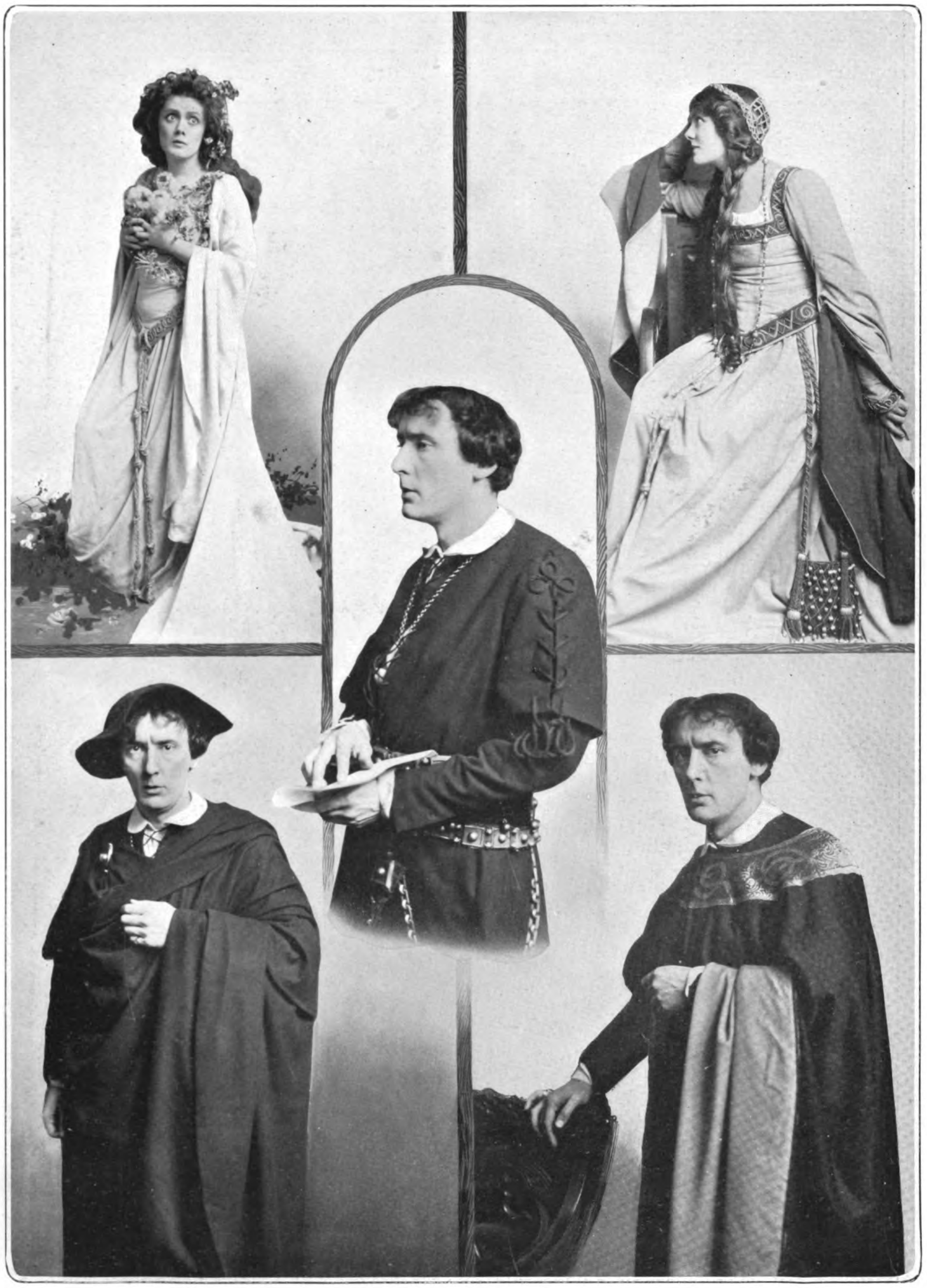
"For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;—
Not of the eye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile."



"O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence."

Photographs by the Biograph Studio.

"HAMLET," AT THE ADELPHI.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS HAMLET, AND MISS LILY BRAYTON AS OPHELIA.

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS HAMLET, MISS LILY BRAYTON AS OPHELIA, MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS CL

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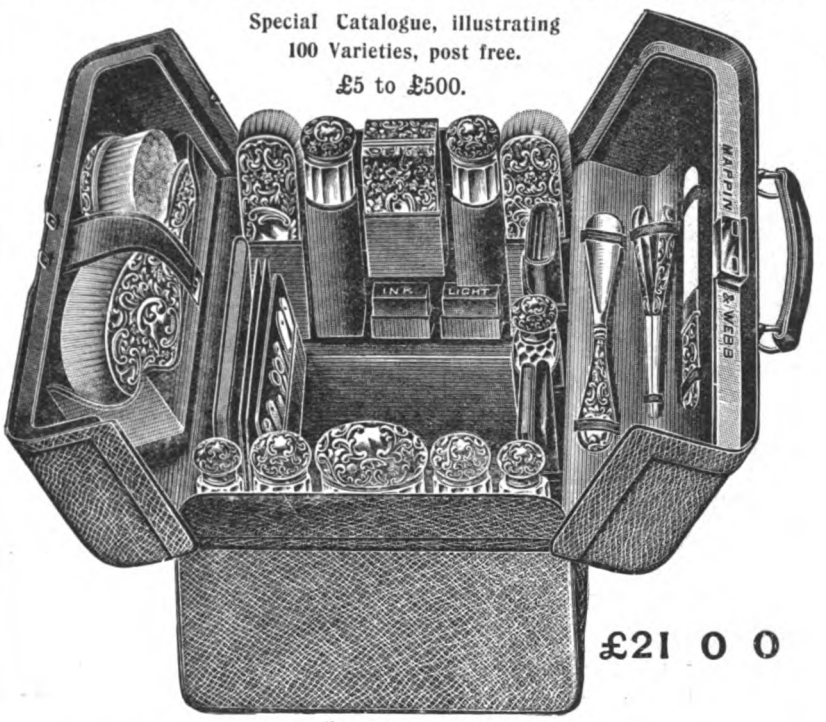
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